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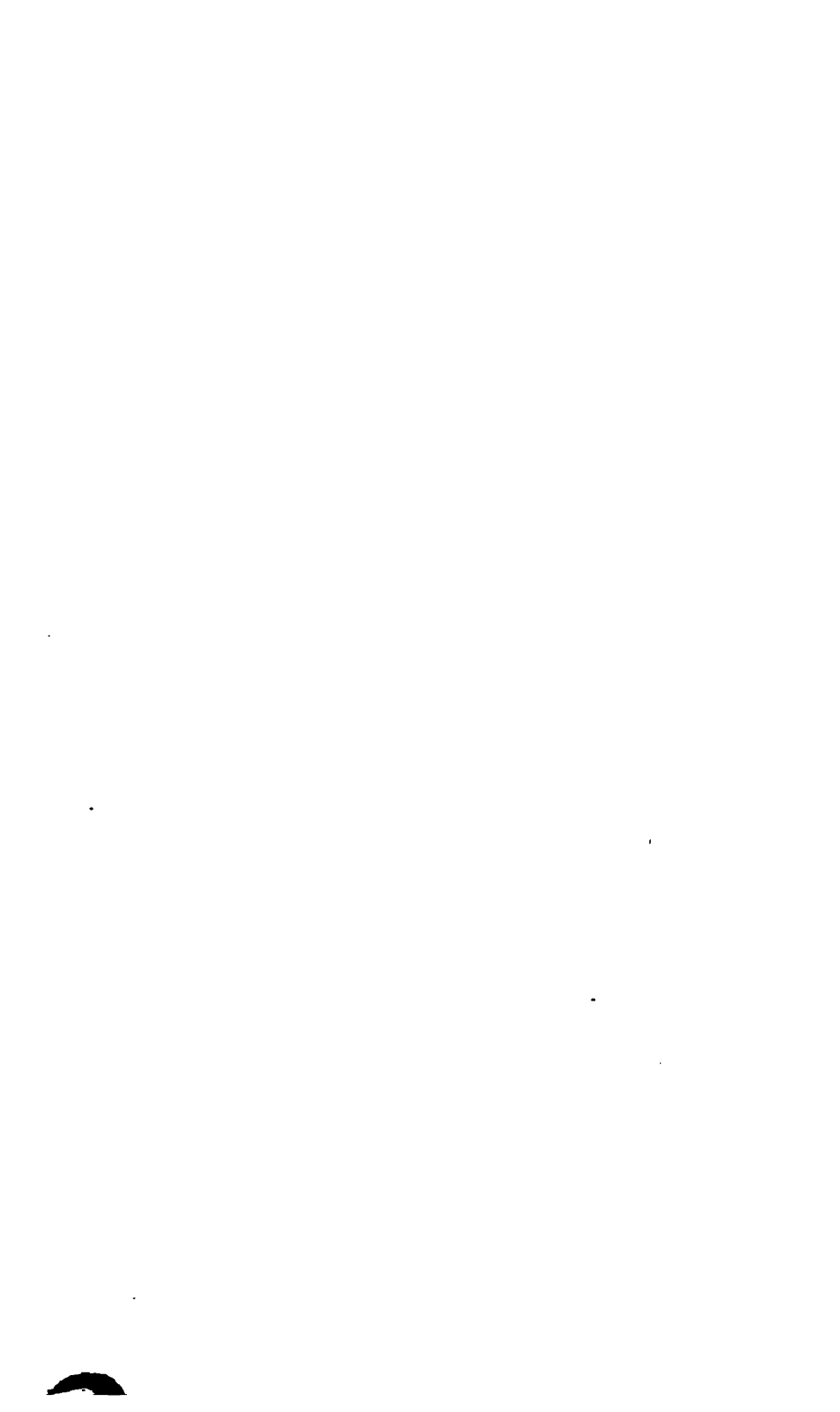
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VOL. LXXXII.

NEW SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

NO II.—THE SCILLY ISLES.

THE traveller's first wish in Shakespeare's—

"I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city."

At Scilly there is no city, and this non-existent city boasts no "things of fame" unless we choose so to consider the spot where Sir Cloudesley Shovel was first interred, which culminates the negative attractions of the isles by being no grave at all. I am quite serious. They ask you here, whether you have seen the grave; on investigation, this renowned spot turns out to be destitute even of the rudest stone or landmark to indicate where the bones of the wrecked admiral may imaginatively be supposed to lie; it is simply a strip of land on the coast, where no grass will grow by reason of the shifting sand. And yet, if "gossip report" be not wholly a fibber, somewhere in this neighbourhood lie the remains of the great admiral, who was wrecked as he returned home covered with glory, 1500 or even 2000 men perishing with him on these inhospitable rocks. This was a century and a half ago, and tradition, we know, is apt to magnify, *vires acquirit eundo*. Still, if they will keep up the tradition,

they might put up a commemorative stone. Stones are abundant enough, in all conscience; and, if we believe the antiquaries some of these stones are invested with the hoar of Druidical sanctity.

Druidical erudition is not common. On probing the recesses of my own knowledge of this mysterious subject, I found that the principal source of my familiarity with it was the opera of *Norma*. For more than twenty years I had reverently followed that splendid priestess Giulia Grisi, and that majestic priest Lablache; and if to these you add those fragments of undeniable Druidical remains in the persons of the very ancient virgins of the sun, forming the nightly chorus of that opera, little doubt should be thrown on the accuracy of my historical conceptions. With that erudition I had been content. But reaching Scilly, where the respectable Borlase assured me Druid temples and sacred rock-basins did veritably exist, I was not a little anxious to bring my operative erudition into direct confrontation with fact. I even cleared my throat for a pathetic burst of *moriam insieme*, when I should really stand beside a Tolmen, and with the mind's eye behold my *casta diva* about to perish, the vic-

tim of a superstition which had small sympathy with lovers.

Following Borlase's directions, I soon came upon a towering altitude of stones, in solitary isolation on the shore. A less erudite eye would have seen here nothing but a pile of stones; but the forewarned mind descried in their symmetrical arrangement, ledge upon ledge, crag upon crag, the rude architecture of early days, especially when we glanced at the stone-hedges or stone-cottages near at hand, which assuredly *were* built by human architects, and showed a less symmetrical arrangement than the towering pile. Then, again, the rock-basins, in which the pure water of heaven was received, who could doubt that their oval form, and smoothly chiselled sides and bottoms, were the work of man? If the cairn of stones left vague doubts, these rock-basins veritably *were* Druidical remains; and thus fortified against scepticism, I indulged in the emotions which naturally accompanied the belief of being in the presence of remnants of a great human epoch long since passed away.

Having indulged in these emotions, and extracted from them all the pleasure they could yield, it was with acquiescent equanimity that I afterwards learned how little probability historical scepticism allowed to these Druidical remains. It appears that the cairns are simply cairns, and not temples. The architecture is Nature's; and, indeed, the forms are repeated in almost every cairn along the shores. Moreover, those rock-basins, which looked so convincingly human in their design and execution, are proved by Science to be the result of the disintegrating action of winds and waters, the uniformity of the causes producing that uniformity of result which seemed the betrayal of design. There is something almost pathetic in an acute and erudite man like Borlase (a naturalist too, and inventor of the strange worm which bears his name, *Nemertina Borlasia*), wandering among these rugged rocks, and finding in them the traces of an ancient religion; noticing the oval basins, and believing them to be

human work; inventing a plausible explanation of their uses, admiring their design, and feeling a sacred awe in their presence; whereupon arrives the geologist with his disintegrating explanation, and the whole erudite fabric falls to pieces. Had Borlase lived in our time, imagine the ineffable scorn with which he would have looked down upon my Druidical authority *Norma*; yet, you see, he is, with all his learning, quite as unveridical as Giulia Grisi, and not half so beautiful. If *Norma* is not a good historical authority, it is at least a delightful one; and with Voltaire, I exclaim—

"On court, hélas, après la vérité;
Ah ! croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite."

Scepticism refuses admission to these Druidical remains altogether, so that I need not occupy space with the description of them. But here is a story safe from the assaults of scepticism, and thrilling enough it is to deserve a place among moving accidents. On the 16th November 1840, the French brig *Nerine*, under Captain Pierre Everdert, with a cargo of oil and canvass, sailing from Dunkerque for Marseilles, was forced to heave to in a gale about ten leagues south-west of the Scilly Islands. The crew consisted of seven, including the captain and his nephew, a boy of fourteen. At seven in the evening, a heavy sea struck the vessel, and completely capsized her—*turning her keel upwards*. The only man on deck at the time was drowned. In the fore-castle were three men, Vincent, Vantaure, and Jean-Marie; the two former, by seizing hold of the windlass-bits, succeeded in getting up close to the keelson, and so kept their heads above water. The unfortunate Jean-Marie probably got his feet entangled—at any rate, after convulsively grasping the heel of Vantaure for a few seconds, he let go his hold and was drowned. "The other two, finding that the shock of the upset had started the bulkhead between the fore-castle and the hold, and that the cargo itself had fallen down on the deck; contrived to draw themselves on their faces close along side the keelson towards the stern of the ship, from whence they thought they heard some voices. At

the time of the accident, the captain, the mate Gallo, and the boy Nicholas, were in the cabin. The captain caught the boy in his arms, under the full impression that their last moment had arrived. The mate succeeded in wrenching open the trap-hatch in the cabin deck, and in clearing out some casks which were jammed in the lazarette (a sort of small triangular space between the cabin floor and the keelson, where stores are generally stowed away): having effected this, he scrambled up into the vacant space, and took the boy from the hands of the captain, whom he then assisted to follow them. In about an hour they were joined by Vincent and Vantaure from the fore-castle. There were then five individuals closely cooped together: as they sat, they were obliged to bend their bodies for want of height above them, whilst the water reached as high as their waists; from which irksome position, one at a time obtained some relief, by stretching at full length on the barrels in the hold, squeezing himself close up to the keelson." What a situation! To rightly conceive its horrors, we must know that their only means of distinguishing day from night, was by the light which struck from above into the sea, and was reflected up through the cabin skylight, and thence through the trap-hatch into the lazarette. "The day and night of Tuesday the 17th, and of Wednesday the 18th, passed without relief, without food, almost without hope; but each encouraged the others when neither could hope for himself; endeavouring to assuage the pangs of hunger by chewing the bark stripped off from the hoops of the casks. Want of fresh air threatening them with death from suffocation, the mate worked almost incessantly for two days and one night, in endeavouring, with his knife, to cut a hole through the hull." There is something very terrible in contemplating such a position, in seeing the mad energy of the mate thus to cut a hole, which would have caused instant destruction to the sufferers, since it was solely owing to this confined air that the vessel floated. Bad as the tainted air was, and threatening life every hour, it was the

sole safety of the crew. They knew nothing of this; and when the mate's knife broke, a savage wrath at their frustrated hope must have seized them. "In the dead of the night of Wednesday, the vessel suddenly struck heavily: on the third blow the stern dropped so much that all hands were forced to make the best of their way, one by one, further toward the bows; in attempting which poor Vincent was caught by the water and drowned, falling down through the cabin floor and skylight. After the lapse of an hour or two, finding the water to ebb, Gallo got down into the cabin, and whilst seeking for the hatchet which was usually kept there, was forced to rush again for shelter to the lazarette, to avoid being drowned by the sea, which rose on him with fearful rapidity. Another hour or two of long-suffering succeeded, when they were rejoiced to see by the dawning of the day of Thursday the 19th, that the vessel was fast on the rocks, one of which projected up through the skylight. The captain then went down into the cabin, and found that the quarter of the ship was stowed; and, looking through the opening, he called out to his companions above '*Grâce à Dieu, mes enfans! nous sommes sauvés! Je vois un homme à terre!*' Immediately after this the man approached, and put in his hand which the captain seized, almost as much to the terror of the poor man as to the intense delight of the captain. Several people of the neighbourhood were soon assembled; the side of the ship was cut open, and the four poor fellows were liberated from a floating sepulchre, after an entombment of three days and three nights in the mighty deep." There is another curious detail in this story which must not be omitted. On Wednesday afternoon, two pilot-boats fell in with the wreck floating bottom up, at about a league and a half from the islands. They took her in tow for about an hour, when their towing ropes broke, and as night was approaching, with a heavy sea running and bad weather threatening, they abandoned her, not having the faintest suspicion that there were human beings alive on board a vessel which

was floating with little more than her keel above water. Nevertheless, although they abandoned the wreck, their temporary aid had been essential; had they not taken her in tow, the set of the current would have drifted her clear of the islands into the broad Atlantic waste.*

Granite is the substance of these islands. Generally it is thought that Scilly is only a continuation of the granite of Land's End; against which conclusion the idea of a separate and distinct range seems supported by the fact that, in dredging between the islands and the mainland, sea-weed is often brought up attached to bits of slate and greenstone; and the Wolf Rock, which lies not far southward of a line from the Land's End to Scilly, is composed of this same greenstone. What geologists call "the strike" of the granite here is, with few exceptions, towards the north or north-north-west. The rock itself is not always confined to the constituent parts of quartz, felspar, and mica; shorl is a very common ingredient, sometimes accompanying the mica, sometimes replacing it. Hornblende is rare, chlorite still rarer. Veins of pure white quartz, of considerable size, often intersect the granite; rose-coloured quartz, and even chalcidony, have been found; but the general nature of the stone is of a coarse kind, useless for quarrying; and the granite needed for the new lighthouse is brought from Cornwall.

The reader will be curious to know about the zoological wealth of Scilly. Rich the place undoubtedly is, yet not so rich as I anticipated. When Dr. Acland, of whom Oxford is justly proud, commenced the foundation of that anatomical museum over which he presides, Scilly was the first place chosen by him for the collection of specimens, on account of its geographical position, at the entrance of the Bristol, Irish, and English Channels, with Rennel's Current near. He employed Victor Carus, since known by an excellent work on Morphology,† as his purveyor for six months, exploring and dredging. Carus has

contributed a little paper to North's *Week at Scilly*, in which he gives expression to his opinion that the "sea is not a dense one, although there are multitudes of zoophytes and hosts of fishes; there are only a few molluscs, some worms, and a not very large number of echinoderms." On the whole, he does not think Scilly equal to the Channel Islands. Either I have been lucky, or my wishes pointed in different directions from those of Victor Carus; for although unable to dredge, and confined, therefore, to tide-pools, I have had an embarrassment of riches rather than a want thereof. His verdict, however, is worth remembering, because, as these Isles are very inaccessible, and are hyperborean in the imperfection of their commissariat, the naturalist should weigh advantages with disadvantages before coming here. The attractions are manifold, as I have before explained; but the attraction of a very rich fauna Scilly cannot boast, unless zoophytes be the main object of search. The Anemones are various, and prodigally abundant. *Anthea*, and the noble *Crassicornia*, are almost as frequent as the *Smooth Anemone* is at Ilfracombe and Tenby. *Gemmaceas* abound; *Daisies* are frequent; the *Dianthus* is to be had; also the *Orange-disked*; and two species, probably yet undescribed—of which more anon.

To learn the geographical position of Scilly—above all, to get a glance at the coast—you would imagine it to be a wonderful place for marine zoology. The first obstacle lies in the nature of the rock. Granite, indeed, as mere granite, is almost as bad as chalk cliffs, which let no ingenuous reader waste his holiday upon. The weeds are loth to grow there; and where no weeds grow, no herbivorous animals will congregate for pasture; consequently no carnivorous animals will be there to pasture on them. The large amount of silica in granite resists the decomposing action of winds and waves, and of course still more energetically resists the animals,

* For this narrative I am indebted to North's *Week in the Isles of Scilly*—a work full of valuable details for any one who may contemplate a visit to these Isles.

† *System der thierischen Morphologie*. 1853.

who require, among other things, lime for their shells. Drear and barren is many a hopeful-looking reef here: and barren they would all be, were it not for the compensating conditions of climate and tidal current. Scilly is a little to the west of the sixth degree of western longitude, and exactly in the fiftieth degree of northern latitude; consequently it is the most southern part of the United Kingdom, if we exclude the Channel Islands. The mean temperature in summer is 58° , and in winter 45° . The prevalent wind is south-west, or west-south-west. As a consequence of this equable temperature, there are numerous plants growing in the open air at Tresco, in the garden of Mr. Smith, the lord of the isles, which at Kew are to be seen only in the hothouses. The aloes are magnificent; and rare plants from California and New Zealand flourish in profusion. From this you perceive that the climatal conditions are very favourable, and, whenever Rennel's Current permits it, the southern forms of animal life are swept in by the Atlantic.

One great condition demanded by the tide-hunter is wanting here. There are no caves, no gullies, no huge dark fissures, few overhanging ledges and rock-pools. It has already been noticed in these papers that darkness and depth seem primary conditions even on a good coast. Within the sheltering darkness of caves and fissures, these animals, impatient of the light, are to be found crowding together, and are only accidentally found elsewhere. On such a coast as this you gain nothing, unless you have a man and crowbar with you to turn over the big stones. Under these stones the animals crawl and nestle, chuckling, no doubt, at your zoological despair in the helpless endeavour to get at them, but laughing on the other side of their mouths (by a remarkable anatomical mechanism not yet explained) when they find that you have outgeneralled them, and have overturned their bastions. And yet this love of dark-

ness is very paradoxical. Some of them, especially annelids, are so impatient of the light that they speedily die in your jars and bottles, unless abundant shelter protects them. The *Actinia*, as I formerly said, are stimulated by the light; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the effect of light upon the sea-weed oxygenates the water, and thus makes the *Actinia* more vivacious. Some *Actinia*—the *Daisies*, for example—habitually flaunt in the exposed glare of sunlight; but the majority, like all worms, crustacea, and most molluscs, retire into the darkest shade they can find. This has a paradoxical air, when we reflect on the paramount importance of light among vital agencies. In darkness the infusoria, it is said, will not develope. In darkness the plant withers. Try to rear a plant in darkness, and no amount of heat, air, or moisture (the other vital agencies) will stimulate it to the processes of real growth. Deprived of light, it is deprived of food, and the possibility of food. It then lives entirely on its own substance, like a starving animal; the store of food which was in the seed is used up, but no new food can be assimilated from without. Nay, if the experiment be carefully conducted, you will find that your plant in darkness, in spite of *apparent* growth, has really lost some of its substance, instead of increasing it; weighing less, when dried, than the dry seed from which it issued. Science has proved that it is in light, and in light alone, that plants deoxidise carbonic acid—setting free the oxygen, which can then be breathed by animals, and in thus setting free the oxygen, releasing the carbon, which nourishes the tissues of the plant. It was thought (and is still printed in many text-books) that the green parts caused the liberation of oxygen in light; but Mulder corrects this, saying that the parts do not liberate the oxygen because they are green, but become green in the process.* Rear the plant in darkness, and its leaves will be pale;

* MULDER: *Versuch einer Physiol. Chemie*. A translation of this valuable work was published under the auspices of the late Professor Johnston.

bring it into sunlight, and these pale leaves instantly decompose carbonic acid, and assume a green tint.

The history of our knowledge of the relation between light and organisation is soon told. It was not suspected until 1771, when Priestley discovered that the plant expired an air which was capable of maintaining combustion. He allowed a burning candle to extinguish itself in a closed vessel, into which he subsequently introduced a living plant; and, in ten days this plant had so altered the condition of the contained air, that the candle once more ignited in it. Many a schoolboy can now explain this, which was then a splendid discovery, and opened the path that three years later enabled Priestley to lay a foundation-stone of modern chemistry. Progress in science is at times unaccountably slow. For fifteen years had Europe been acquainted with the fact that growing plants set free "oxygen," as we call it; but no further step was taken, till Ingenhous showed that this oxygen could only be developed by plants *when in sunlight*. Neither he, nor any one else, suspected whence came this oxygen; that was a mystery for another ten years, when Sennebier's work* gave to science the simple and pregnant fact, that sunlight enables the leaf to liberate oxygen from the carbonic acid of the air. He proved that sun-heat alone would not suffice; sunlight was the agent at work. Living physiologists have even separated the particular ray of sunlight which exerts the intensest effect. Professor Draper was the first to show this. In his recent work he says, "Since the sunlight is composed of many differently coloured rays, and different principles, it becomes an interesting inquiry which of these is the immediate agent in ministering to the nutrition of plants. In 1843, by causing plants to effect the decomposition of carbonic acid in the prismatic spectrum, I found that the yellow is by far the most

effective, the relative power of the various colours being as follows: yellow, green, orange, red, blue, indigo, violet. My experiments on the production of hydrochloric acid by the direct union of chlorine and hydrogen under the influence of light, both solar and artificial, conclusively establish the fact that the primary condition essential for the chemical action of light is the absorption of some particular ray. If the physical condition of substances otherwise easily decomposable is such that they transmit light without absorbing any, no chemical change ensues in them, and the same in cases of combination. Thus oxygen and hydrogen cannot be made to unite, even by the most intense radiation, because neither of them exerts any absorptive action; but chlorine and hydrogen unite with energy, because the chlorine absorbs the indigo ray."†

Such has been the history of this partial withdrawal of the veil which hides the mysterious connexion of light with life. And now, reader, as you ramble through the cornfields, and see the shadows running over them, remember that every wandering cloud which floats in the blue deep retards the vital activity of every plant on which its shadows fall. Look on all flowers, fruits, and leaves as air-woven children of the light.‡ Learn to look at the sun with other eyes, and not to think of it as so remote in space, but nearly and momentarily connected with us and all living things. Astronomy may measure the mighty distance which separates us from that blazing pivot of life; but Biology throws a luminous arch, which spans those millions upon millions of miles, and brings us and the sun together. Far away blazes that great centre of force, from which issues the mystic influence,

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound."

For myriads and myriads of years has

* SENNEBIER: *Sur l'Influence de la Lumière solaire pour métamorphoser l'Air fixé en Air pur par la Végétation*. 1783.

† DRAPER: *Human Physiology*: 1856. P. 461.

‡ "Blumen, Blätter, Früchte, sind also aus Luft gewebte Kinder des Lichts."

—MOLESCHOTT: *Licht und Leben*: 1856. P. 20.

this radiation of force gone on; and now stored-up force lies quiescent in coal-fields of vast extent, once all pure sunlight, hurrying through the silent air, passing into primeval forests, before man was made, and now lying black, quiet, slumbering, but ready to awaken into blazing activity at the bidding of human skill. From light the coal-fields came, to light they return. From light come the prairies and meadow-lands, the heathery moors, the reedy swamps, the solemn forests, and the smiling cornfields, orchards, gardens; all are air-woven children of light.

Not less indispensable is light to animals—first, as furnishing them with plants on which to feed; secondly, as furnishing them with oxygen to breathe; and, thirdly, as stimulating in some unexplained manner the organic processes. Light affects the respiration of animals, just as it affects the respiration of plants. This is novel doctrine, but it is demonstrable. In the daytime we expire more carbonic acid than during the night; a fact long known to physiologists, who explain it as the effect of sleep; but the difference is mainly owing to the presence or absence of sunlight; for sleep, as sleep, *increases*, instead of diminishing, the amount of carbonic acid expired, and a man sleeping will expire more carbonic acid than if he lies quietly awake under the same conditions of light and temperature; so that if less is expired during night than during the day, the reason cannot be sleep, but the absence of light.* Now, we understand why men are sickly and stunted who live in narrow streets, alleys, and cellars, compared with those who, under similar conditions of poverty and dirt, live in the sunlight. And to give a solid basis to such views, we have Moleschott's striking experiments, which prove that under precisely similar conditions of warmth, age, size, food, &c., the single variation in the condition of light produces an equivalent and constant variation in the amount of carbonic acid expired. In bright

sunlight as much as one-fifth more carbonic acid was expired than in feeble light.† And have not all farmers and cattle-breeders unconsciously paid tribute to this principle, by keeping their animals in the dark to fatten them?

Returning from this wide-sweeping excursion to the point from which we started, namely, the love of darkness manifested by our animals, the question arises, How can the paradox be reconciled? One might venture on an hypothesis, were but the facts a little less refractory; when, however, we see one kind of anemone flaunting in the light, and another creeping under a stone; when we see the crab impatient of the day, and the prawn swimming gaily in the brilliant pool; when we see the mussel fixing himself by his byssus to the rock exposed to noonday suns, and another bivalve boring his way into that rock, secure from the "garish babbling day," when, in short, we see no constancy or parallelism in the facts, explanation becomes difficult. Let us be ignorant! Let us acquiesce in mysteries (when we cannot penetrate them), nor vex with noisy questionings the imperturbable reserve of Nature; remembering the words of the poet, that "fools rush in where" gentlemen acquainted with zoology "fear to tread."

For those who enjoy mysteries and paradoxes there can be no lack of such enjoyment here. We walk amid surprises. Only ignorance keeps us from perpetual wonderment; as we lift each corner of the veil, more and more marvellous are the vistas which reveal themselves. My vivarium is as pretty a little world of wonders as a speculative man may need. In this small vase behold two serpent-like fish, with the heads of greyhounds. That fish is named *Syngnathus* by naturalists, "pipe-fish" by less erudite tongues. You see nothing remarkable in it, either as to beauty or eccentricity, and wonder why it has a place among my pets. Listen. When a Basque woman becomes a happy mother, her husband straight-

* MOLESCHOTT, *Licht und Leben*, p. 22, citing the experiments of Böcker.

† See his *Untersuchungen zur Naturlehre des Menschen u. d. Thiere*, i. 22. Also his *Mémoire* in the *Annals des Sciences*, 1856.

way takes to his bed, and lies there in receipt of caudle and congratulations. Mrs. Gamp waits on *him*; while the wife pursues her household avocations. To him flock village gossips, copious no doubt in "experiences." He does the "lying-in" with all pomp and circumstance. Well, our pipe-fish is a Basque in this respect. Strange as it may sound to hear of a fish incubating like a domestic hen, it sounds still funnier to hear that the male fish performs that office, and he alone. I hope the *Syngnathus* from this day forward will have an interest for you.* Indeed, the fish-world presents us with many anomalies, which press heavily on our facile generalisations, and make us relinquish them one by one. As a sample let us consider this plausible passage, wherein maternal emotions are constructed out of animal heat: "Still more remarkable is the effect of a mere exaltation of animal heat upon the instincts and affections of the different races of the Vertebrata. The fishes, absolutely unable to assist in the maturation of their offspring, are content to cast their spawn into the water, and remain utterly careless of the progeny to be derived from it. The reptile, equally incapable of appreciating the pleasures connected with maternal care, is content to leave her eggs exposed to the genial warmth of the sun until the included young escape. But no sooner does the vital heat of the parent become sufficient for the purpose designed by Nature, than all the sympathies of parental fondness become developed."† This is a very plausible generalisation; but there are facts which peremptorily contradict it. On the one hand, there are cold-blooded vertebrates—fishes, such as the Hassar, Goramy, Stickleback, Lepidogaster, and *Syngnathus*—which

make nests, or sit on their eggs. On the other hand, there are warm-blooded vertebrates—birds, such as the cuckoo and American cowbird, or the ostrich, which, utterly regardless of maternal delights, leave their eggs to be hatched by other birds, or the sun. The fishes contradict our generalisations on many other topics; and a very curious passage in natural history might be written by any one who should take the trouble to collect and group together what may be called fish-paradoxes. Thus there are fish that fly; fish that climb (*Percha scandens*); fish that hop, like frogs, using their fins as veritable legs (*Lophius*); fish that ruminate (*the carp*); fish that discharge electricity in sufficient intensity to decompose water; fish that migrate; fish that make nests; fish that incubate; and fish that bring forth their young alive. To these, recent researches have added facts even more amazing to the systematic mind; namely, that there are fish which *normally* are double-sexed, and at least one species which undergoes *metamorphoses* similar to the metamorphoses of reptiles.‡

But we must not linger over the fish, when so many other animals call for notice. The *Actinias* distributed among these vases and pie-dishes will convey some idea of the wealth of Scilly in such creatures. Here are *Gems* and *Daisies*, *Antheas* and the lovely "orange-diaked," by Gosse named *Venusta*. The *Crassicornia*, you observe, is represented in every variety of splendour. Here is one with a rich green body and white tentacles; here another with dark red body and buff tentacles; a fourth presents his scarlet beauty to our gaze; a fifth is ravishing with carnation tentacles barred with white. Here is a tiny *Actinia nivea*. Here are three of a, to me, unknown species. They stand

* In popular zoology a "mare's nest" is often alluded to; but seeing that one species of *Syngnathus* is called the "sea-horse," and that he incubates, the question may be asked, If a sea-horse incubates his eggs, why should not a land-mare contrive a nest? It is true that mares do not habitually lay eggs; but that is surely a trifle!

† RYMER JONES, *General Outline of the Animal Kingdom*, p. 615.

‡ For the first of these, see the researches of M. Dufosse in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 1857; for the metamorphosis of the *Ammocoete* into the Lamprey, see Müller's *Archiv für Anat. u. Phys.*, 1856: No 4.

an inch and a half in height, with a tendency to elongate themselves still further. They have but one row of tentacles, not retractile; and their white bodies are encircled with rows of reddish spots, some small, others much larger, the latter surrounded with a ring of white. The colour of their tentacles is dark green, spotted with brown. They most resemble the anemone which is found, I believe, in Weymouth Bay, of which I have one exquisite specimen—translucent white spotted with red, the spots crowding towards the base. The tentacles pure white, with a brilliant apple-green streak running down on either side, and passing over the oral disk to the delicate pink mouth. Here is another novelty, in size about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, the body delicate French grey with white strips, and tentacles of pure white. And here is that lovely Lamp polype, *Lucernaria*, with its little knobbed tentacles active in search of prey.

Let us pass with a mere glance at those Eolids, old acquaintances, and at that solitary Ascidian, passing his existence in the somewhat monotonous opening and shutting of his two orifices (the only visible sign of life he gives), to pause for a moment over the Echinoderms. There a *Goniaster* is clinging to a bit of stone; and there two *Comatula* expand their feathery charms; a single *Sea-urchin* crawls up the side of the dish, and a lovely *Brittle-star* wriggles at the bottom. To look at this *Brittle-star* you would never imagine how sensitively alive he is to insult. Place but a finger on him, and he breaks up his dishonoured body into fragments before your eyes. He thinks no more of throwing away his legs and arms, than a young lord in London think of squandering his acres. The late Edward Forbes has left a humorous account of his hopeless endeavours to secure a rare species (*Luidia fragilissima*) in an entire condition. To understand his account, we must remember that most marine animals expire on being thrown into fresh water; and you must further be informed that the pigment spec at the end of each arm, or leg, is the extremely hypothetical

"eye" of the starfish. Forbes was ready with his bucket, and, "as I expected, a *Luidia* came up—a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not generally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sank my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce *Luidia* to the purer element. Whether the cold water was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not, but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping. In despair I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision."

Quitting the starfishes, let me call attention to those pretty cowries and the naked molluscs:—Are not those two *Acteons*, green, with speckles of gold, attractive? I have nothing to tell you about them, however, not having dissected one, nor submitted it to any more rigorous investigation than a casual glance of admiration. Of that magnificent *Doris tuberculata* I may have to speak hereafter; meanwhile let us admire the various colours of its cloak, and the delicate beauty of its frilled branchiæ, for there is nothing in its general demeanour to admire. It has no pretty ways to captivate our hearts—a mere drawing-room beauty, large, lazy, lymphatic, and unintellectual. This other *Doris* has not even brilliant colours to attract notice: a dirty white cloak is thrown over its person, which, except the delicate gill-tuft, has really nothing to boast of. But as Falstaff consoled himself with the thought that his ragged troop were "mortal men, food for powder," and as good for bullets as a troop of better men, so I estimate this *Doris* with an anatomical eye, and find it worth attention. The *Eolids* are poorly represented here—only two *E. Papillosa*, and one *E. Alba*; but there happens to be abundant specimens of the *Pleurobranchus*, a naked mollusc of translucent buff colour, which at first I mistook for a *Doris*,

but found on inspection could not be one; and recourse to Woodward's *Mollusca*, and Gosse's *Handbook*, at length satisfied me of its title and position. This animal wears his gill drooping from his side, under the cloak, with the jauntiness of an ostrich feather drooping from the side of a lady's hat; and instead of carrying his shell like a breastplate, or backplate, he wears it beneath his skin, as timorous tyrants used to wear mail beneath their clothes. The *Pleurobranchus* was a novelty to me, and when the fisherman who accompanied me to turn over the stones, first pushed aside the stone under which it crawled, I expressed my enthusiasm by at once promising him an enlarged fee—a most impolitic action on my part, and one which completely unsettled my companion's mind. From that moment he became a bore. Every animal I condescended to bag became the object of his loudest laudations, in the dim hope that somehow he might persuade me I had secured a brilliant specimen, one causing fresh overflows of generosity on my part. "Well, he be a beauty! We arn't seen one like him before, I reckon! He's worth a sovereign, I'll bet a guinea!" This was the running accompaniment he kept up, as he handed me an anemone or a bit of sponge. The sponges especially alternately excited and damped his hopes. He was constantly exclaiming, "Oh! look here, then! what be this?" and as constantly hearing, "Only a sponge, Pat," which greatly moderated his ardour. One moment I thought he was going to persuade me the sponge was immensely valuable, but he digressed into safer admiration of the annelids just captured. In fact, as I said, my outburst had been most impolitic, by rousing visions of El Dorado. From that moment his conversation pointed with fatiguing monotony in the one direction of extra fees. The next day I took another man, and we found more specimens of the *Pleurobranchus* than I could find room for. A dozen were brought home; and as

—to judge from all the works here accessible—the anatomy of this mollusc has not been studied since Meckel described it, these dozen specimens will afford me ample means of investigation: meanwhile, the account given by Professor Owen of the digestive organs is sufficiently curious to be quoted here. The animal has four separate stomachs: "the first, which is membranous, receives the bile by a large orifice placed near its connexion with the second digestive cavity, which is smaller and more muscular; to this succeeds a third, the sides of which are gathered into broad longitudinal lamellæ, precisely similar to those of a ruminant; and to render the analogy still more perfect, a groove is found running along the walls of the second cavity from one orifice to the other, apparently subservient to rumination. The fourth stomach is thin, and its walls smooth."^{*} A mollusc equipped with the ruminating series of stomachs is paradoxical enough; but what shall we say to this ruminating mollusc when we find him *not* to be a vegetable feeder?

Passing from the region of vases and pie-dishes, let us enter that of wide-mouthed bottles, not so attractive to the unlearned age, but full of promise to the mind which sees there polypes, polyzoa, and ova. For these we want the microscope, one of those "intellectual tubes which give thee a glance of things that visive organs reach not;"[†] and many a blissful hour may we spend over its revelations. We may hear, indeed, that our perplexed vassal reports us as spending the day "a-squinting through a glass," but her sarcasm is harmless, and the revelations are thrilling. What can be more interesting than to watch the beginnings of life, to trace the gradual evolution of an animal from a mass of cells, each stage in the evolution presenting not only its own characteristics, but those marks of affinity with other animals which make the whole world kin? To watch the formation of blood-vessels, to see the heart first begin its tremulous pulsations,

* OWEN *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, 558.

† Sir Thomas Browne.

to note how life is, from the first, one incessant struggle and progress—these keep us with fascinated pertinacity at our study. Among other things, I have watched the development of the *Eolis* and *Doris* with great interest; not the less so from the fact that, in spite of the marked differences between the developed animals, their course of development is so undistinguishably similar. On the rocks, or on the side of our vases, you may see a long coil of spawn, looking like delicate pearl beads enveloped in a perfectly transparent membrane. The first thing which will surprise you, on commencing the investigation, is that the division of the yolk mass is unlike that of most other eggs. In the first place, it is not symmetrical; in the next place, it is not always the same. Sometimes the division occurs in two unequal halves;* sometimes in three, or even four, unequal parts. I have even counted five. The germ-mass may develop into one, two, or even three embryos,† all of which are seen slowly rotating in the same envelope; and besides these, there may generally be seen various masses of cells rotating with them, or driven about within the envelope—which are probably fragments of the germ-mass insufficient to form a separate embryo. This multiplication of individuals, from one egg, this production of twins, or *triplings*, is a constant fact, and may help the general question of twin births. Very curious it is to watch the increasing activity of the little embryos. At first their rotation is scarcely perceptible; after a while the long cilia protruding from the shell are seen to wave with more vigour, and the animal moves quickly. Just before emerging from its crystal envelope, the rapidity of its motion is very great; and a wondrous spectacle it is to behold

many hundreds of them whirling and whirling about till they escape into the water, and then swim to and fro like crowds of tiny Nautili disporting themselves on the ocean. The mention of Nautili reminds me that these young molluscs, which are without vestige of a shell in their mature stage, are all provided with a good-sized shell in their embryonic stage. According to the principles of Agassiz and others, which would make embryology the guide in zoological classification, this transitory presence of the shell would imply that the naked molluscs were higher in organisation than molluscs with shells. This conclusion will not, I think, be accepted. But the fact that the embryo has a shell, of which it is subsequently destitute, is interesting in the speculations it suggests, and will one day, doubtless, receive its due place in science. Curious it is to think of the huge shell of the *Whelk* or *Limpet* fading off into the small shell-plate concealed beneath the skin of the *Sea-hare* and the *Pleurobranchus*, and disappearing altogether from the *Doris* and *Eolis*. Yet perhaps not altogether disappearing; for may not those spiculae which are so abundant in the integument of the *Doris* represent the shell in a rudimentary condition? I say “represent,” meaning thereby that the spiculae are the analogous product of secretion, not the homologous “skeleton;” for although these spiculae may stiffen the integument, and in so far fulfil a protective office, I find them in other places—for example, in the membrane which lies next the “brain.”

To discover a new animal is surely a legitimate pride. We are pleased if among sand-numerous “varieties” we can alight upon even a new variety, and affix our names to it; but a new animal—something no prying zoologist has ever seen the like of

* In the ova of an *Actæon*, which spawned in my vase, I observed the same want of symmetry; the yolk mass divided in each case into two unequal halves.

† I hesitated to record in the text what I found in my note-book, namely, that these embryos sometimes amount to as many as six in one egg; because as the observation was made when I was comparatively new to the subject, and differed from what is said by others, I thought it possible some error of interpretation might have occurred. I have since satisfied myself that my original note was accurate, for I have at this moment a coil of *Aplysia* eggs in process of development, and in some of them there are six, seven, and even eight embryos actively rotating in each chorion.

before, something no "plodding German" has described, something we can call our own, and having given it a Greek name, write with modest glory *mihi* after it, instead of Linnæus, Cuvier, or Owen—is not *that* a pleasure and a pride? But you must be very circumspect, or you will find, as I did, after long examination and some parental pride, that some "plodding German" *has* been before you.—One day looking down upon a tuft of red sea-weed (*Polysiphonia*), on which were clustered several specimens of the Olibrachiate Polyzoa, so thoroughly investigated by Dr. Arthur Farre and Van Beneden, I observed a quantity of tiny cups in motion. On removing a bit of weed to the stage of the microscope, I fancied these cups to belong to a new Ascidian; but many examinations gradually expelled this notion, and left me completely puzzled. I ransacked my books in the vain effort of identification, and began to think the animal before me was a novelty. This suspicion grew into a conviction; and, after bestowing a proper Greek name on it, made several preparations to show admiring friends. The animal springs from a creeping stem, and stands about the tenth of an inch in height, or less. Each individual is connected with every other by this creeping stem, and consists of a vase-shaped body or eup supported on a stalk. When the animal is fully expanded, it unrolls the edge of its cup into a circle of twelve or fourteen ciliated tentacles, curled downwards like the young fern-leaf, or like the handle of a Greek vase. These tentacles are, as I said, cut out of the edge of the cup, not inclosed in the cup, like those of a polype. The alimentary canal is a long convoluted tube; the cavity is lined with cilia, and at the bottom there is a mass of yellowish granules (hepatic cells?) and occasionally the food may be observed rotating, as if on an axis.

Some weeks after convincing myself the animal was new, I dredged between the coasts of Jersey and Brittany a small *Pecten*, on the shell of which, besides other animals, there

was my new friend in great activity, and of much larger size than the one got in Scilly. It was then I learned that my friend had already been described—that, in short, it was the *Pedicellina* of Sars, or at any rate differed therefrom only in such unimportant particulars (such as the retractility of the tentacles) as would at the most constitute a distinction of species. I made this discovery by studying the development of the animal. In Owen's Lectures there is a diagram of the embryonic phases of *Pedicellina*, and some of these were what I had already drawn from my own animal. One fact, however, is worth mentioning, because, as far as I can ascertain, it is not known; namely, that the *Pedicellina* is *viviparous*, as well as *oviparous* and *gemmaiparous*. While examining a cluster of them, I saw something protruding from the mouth; presently another something rose beside it. I watched anxiously, with a certain flutter. I suspected they were embryos. Slowly they emerged, and the suspicion grew stronger and stronger, till finally three ciliated embryos, in the stages of development indicated at figs. 7 and 8 in Owen's diagram,* swam away in the water. There could no longer be any doubt that my Scilly animal was a species of *Pedicellina*; but I had the compensation of having found, instead of a new animal, a new fact with respect to its generation.

This has been narrated as an illustration of the caution necessary before announcing new genera and species to the world, and needlessly encumbering the already unrememberable lists of names. I was also interested by the puzzlement into which I was thrown as to the classification of my new animal (when it was thought to be new).

Indeed, this assignment of animals to their proper places in systematic classification will continue to be the work of much unsuccessful ingenuity, until more rigorous and philosophical principles of classification be adopted. That present classifications are only provisional, will scarcely be denied. They have not the stable basis which

* Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, p. 152.

can make future researches the simple extension and application of existing principles. A new Method is inevitable; but we may be years before it is promulgated. An instructive example of our inability to apply the present Method, otherwise than in a provisional way, is afforded by that puzzle to zoologists, the *Sagitta bipunctata*. Nobody knows where to place it. In aspect it is fish-like; in some structural peculiarities it is fish-like; in others it is molluscan; in more it is annulose. Siebold classes it with mollusca; Huxley and Krohn, with the annulosa, the former pointing out that "it presents equally strong affinities with the four principal groups—1. The Nematoid worms; 2. The Annelida; 3. The Lernean Crustacea; 4. The Arachnida."*

Place it where we will, the animal is very interesting, either when darting about in a glass vase, flapping the water with its tail, and fixing itself to the side of the glass (using the vent as a sucker?), or seen on the microscope stage, where its extraordinary transparency obliges a liberal use of "stops." It is then seen to have a head with a formidable set of hooks (which, however, do not seem to fulfil the office of jaws), and two large eyes. The narrow body is divided into two equal lengths (in my specimens this was so; in the figures published by Mr. Busk and Mr. Gosse the anterior portion is considerably the larger); in the upper half lies the straight alimentary canal terminating in a ciliated orifice; on either side of the canal lie the ova; in the lower half, which is longitudinally divided by a septum, the whole cavities are filled with granules of various sizes, moving, by a scarcely perceptible progress, round and round, like food in the stomach; and these granules prove to be the spermatozoa which issue from the two orifices near the caudal expansion. It has not been inaptly named a "crystal arrow" by Mr. Kingsley (in *Two Years Ago*); but the name would less aptly designate the Scilly

species, which has only a faint resemblance to an arrow. It is about the quarter of an inch in length, and differs in several points from the species described and figured by Mr. Gosse in his *Tenby and Handbook*, and by Mr. Busk in the *Microscopical Journal*.† For instance, it has no anterior fins; and the posterior fins, which arise just below the oviducts, are continuous with the caudal fin, into which they expand; that is to say, it has really but one fin on each side, with a caudal expansion. Another peculiarity worthy of notice is, that, in consequence of this union of the lateral and caudal fins, the orifices through which issue the spermatozoa, instead of opening directly in the integument of the body, are openings in the fin itself; as I have convinced myself by repeated examination—a circumstance which leads us to suspect that the "fin" is only a membranous expansion of the integument, and not properly a fin. Other details, not mentioned, and therefore, I presume, not present in the specimens previously described, but which were constant in those I had at Scilly, are the double band of light yellow granules forming three sides of a parallelogram about the œsophagus, and two dark-brown irregular masses above each oviduct. The hairs, or spines, are distributed over the fins as well as over the body—an arrangement which has been noticed by Krohn, who denies that they are *setæ* at all, considering them to be merely epidermic processes. On what grounds he so considers them, I am not informed; but I entirely concur with him, because I find these supposed *setæ* very rapidly undergo decomposition, which would not be the case were they inorganic hairs or spiculæ. Let me conclude these perhaps dry details with the remark that the delicate layer of epidermis, composed of rounded cells—the existence of which Krohn first disputed and then admitted—was visible in my specimens, although I mistook it for scales or scaly epithelium; and that I can confirm Huxley's statement of the

* Report of British Association, 1851. Section p. 78.

† October 1855. In this paper the reader will find a summary of all that was then known on the subject.

existence of a ciliated oviduct in the external part of the ovary, if the statement of so accomplished a zoologist needs confirmation.

But the point of all others which in this interesting *Sagitta* excited my interest was one I have not seen noticed by others, namely, the entire *absence of any vascular system*. Here is an animal with a nervous system of some importance (see Mr. Huxley's diagram in the *Microscopical Journal*) with eyes, if no other organs of sense, and with muscular fibres of the *striped* kind, yet in spite of such characteristics of high organisation it is totally without "blood," without a trace of a vascular apparatus. So striking a paradox necessarily fixed my thoughts for some time, till at length light seemed to break in obliquely from some investigations pursued respecting the relation of the blood to respiration. These investigations are not yet sufficiently advanced for publication, but they point unequivocally to the fact, that in the animal series there is a *definite relation existing between the development of the vascular and respiratory systems*, the specialisation of the one following the specialisation of the other.* Seen by this light, the *Sagitta* ceases to be paradoxical; its respiration is performed by the whole surface, without the need of any special organ such as gill or lungs, and this absence of a respiratory apparatus carries away with it the need of a vascular apparatus. No respiration, no circulation: the one necessity creates the other.

If the *Sagitta* is without a vascular system, it must consequently be without blood. Even so. Without "blood" it is, unless we extend the term "blood" to every fluid fulfilling the office of a nutritious fluid; an extension not only obliterating the whole purport of exact language in science, but finally reducing us to the state of the Irishman who saw in a lake "all the materials for punch—barring the whisky and the sugar and the lemons;" since,

when we descend to the simplest forms of organisation, we reach a nutritive fluid which is water, and nothing more. Dr. Thomas Williams, to whose researches on the blood we owe grateful acknowledgment, considers that in the Echinodermata the blood-proper first makes its appearance; below that point there is no blood, but only chylaqueous fluid; and even for several stages higher, this chylaqueous fluid continues to hold its place beside the true blood; so that a worm, for instance, has two fluids—blood, circulating in a system of closed vessels, and chylaqueous fluid oscillating in the general cavity outside the vessels.

It is indispensable, in philosophic zoology, to discriminate between *blood*, a fluid of definite constitution *circulating* in a system of vessels, and the *chylaqueous fluid*, formed of water and the products of digestion, *oscillating* in the general cavity. But my investigations lead to a still further reduction of this latter fluid; and instead of saying with Dr. Williams that the simplest condition of a nutritive fluid is a "very dilute solution of albumen in sea-water,"† I am forced by facts to say that lower even than this is the earliest state of the nutritive fluid; namely, sea-water carrying certain gases and organic particles, but *without* definite chyle corpuscles, such as Dr. Williams figures—without even albumen in solution, at least as a *constant* element. This is the case with all the sponges. They simply suck in sea-water and expel it. The reader will, however, learn with surprise that this also is the case with the far more highly organized *Actinia*; a fact which, when coupled with what was last month said respecting the non-digestive powers of these animals, may lead to many interesting speculations.

If you have ever kept Sea Anemones, or have even paid casual attention to them in the vases of your friends, you must have noticed their remarkable variations in size. The *Crassicornis* which excited your cupidity by his magnificent proportions, as the eye

* Compare on this point BERGMANN U. LEUCKART: *Vergleichende Anatomie*, p. 170.

† See his remarkable paper on "The Blood," in the *Brit. and For. Med. Rev.*, Oct. 1853, p. 480.

first beheld him in the rock-pool, has collapsed to a fourth of the size before you have chiselled him off; and in collapsing he squirted continuous streams of water from his pores and tentacle-tips.* That *Gem*, which an hour ago was expanded to the height of an inch, is now a mere button. The ordinary explanation of this phenomenon is that the animal swells itself with water, which it violently ejects on being "irritated" or "alarmed." But as we are just now looking with scientific seriousness at our animals, we will discard all anthropomorphic interpretations, such as point to "alarm," because they not only confuse the question, but lead to awkward issues; among others, that the Anemones have highly susceptible souls, as liable to emotions of alarm as a fine lady. When they are in undisturbed quiescence in pool or tank, the same ejection of the water takes place, only with less rapidity. Their normal condition is that of constant sucking in and pouring out of sea-water, *for on this mainly depends their nutrition*. Keep one in a vase, without feeding it, without even suffering visible food to float in the water, and it will nevertheless feed and flourish simply by this absorption of water, which contains gases and invisible organic particles. Far as this is from the notions current respecting the nutrition of Anemones, it is easily demonstrable. Last month I showed that the supposed "digestion" of the Anemone was confined to the pressing out of the juices, and the rendering soluble by *maceration* of organic substance; I have now to show that this animal is not only without "blood," in any proper sense of the term, but also without that simpler form of blood named "chylaqueous fluid" by Dr. Williams and succeeding writers.

This will probably startle the reader, especially if he happen to have seen the writings of Dr. Williams, who actually figures the chyle-corpuscles of the Actiniae, and declares that the fluid gives an albuminous reaction. But with the highest respect for that observer, repeated investigations,

which have subsequently been confirmed by the well-known zoologist, Mr. R. Q. Couch of Penzance, compel me to declare that *no* such fluid circulates in the Actiniae—an assertion which can readily be tested. The water is easily forced out of the tentacles, or collected by cutting open the Actiniae in a glass. Evaporate it, and you will find it to be sea-water, holding sometimes organic particles in solution. Test it with concentrated nitric acid, and instead of becoming turbid, as it would if it contained albumen in solution, it remains unaltered, except that, when organic particles are present, they become distinct. Examine the fluid with the microscope, and you will find animalcules and various particles, but nothing like definite corpuscles, such as are visible in the true chylaqueous fluid. It is, in short, sea-water, and nothing more.

Feeling that in thus opposing the positive statements of an accomplished zoologist like Dr. Williams, I might very possibly be under some error of observation or interpretation, I requested my friend Mr. R. Q. Couch to repeat the investigation, that I might either be refuted or confirmed. He very kindly undertook the task, and thus wrote: "I took two specimens of the *spotted Mesembryanthemum*, and forced the water from the tentacula, and found, under the microscope of 800 linear, numerous infusorial creatures rapidly moving about. On treating this with nitric acid, I had a slight opalescent deposit, or rather a diffused milky cloud of very slight character. The next day I obtained several from our rocks, and again forcing the water out, I obtained two specimens of a microscopic nudibranchiate mollusc, and other creatures of similar character." I may observe that the slight milky cloud here spoken of occurred once, and only once, in my examinations, showing it therefore to arise from an accidental, not a *constant* element. "A third and a fourth experiment," continues Mr. Couch, "was made on others taken from our rocks in a contracted state, and consequently empty.

* Those anatomists who still deny the existence of openings at the tips of the tentacles, need only "irritate" a *Crassicornis* to be convinced.

I placed them in sea-water which I had repeatedly filtered through sand, and afterwards cloth. In this they remained till to-day, when, taking them in an expanded state, I put them to drain in a small glass dish. *In this I could discover nothing organic, and it gave no cloudiness by nitric acid.* As these experiments are quite in accordance with others made some years since as regards their results, I regard this fluid as merely sea-water free from every admixture of secreted matter."

Nothing can be more explicit, however startling the result. In the presence of such evidence, one is amazed to re-read Dr. Williams when he says, "the surrounding water enters the stomach, where it briefly sojourns, then passes through the opening at the bottom of the great cavity of the body: in this cavity it remains for a variable period; it now injects the tentacles. *Corpuscles now arise in the fluid*; it becomes thicker in consistence through increase of albumen; it is no longer pure lifeless sea-water; it is a corpusculated chylaqueous fluid; it is competent to serve the ends of nutrition. Whence do the floating cells proceed?—what produces them? Certainly no solid organ; neither liver nor spleen can in this case interpose its agency. Then, is it possible that there can inhere in albumen a mysterious histomorphotic power in virtue of which it transmutes itself from the liquid into the solid condition? This were only a mode of enunciating the theory of spontaneous generation."* All these questions are superfluous, since the fact is imaginary; an albuminous corpusculated fluid does not circulate in the cavity of the *Actinæ*; sea-water, carrying whatever accident may have brought to it, is the "nutritive fluid" of these animals.

Dr. Williams has, however, published drawings of the corpuscles discoverable in the fluid, and Schmarda, as I learn from Victor Carus,† declares that such corpuscles are constant. Can these statements be reconciled with what results

from the experiments of Mr. Couch and myself? They have the advantage of being positives against negatives, and must, one would think, have some truth in them. What is that truth? This question, I confess, haunted me till an answer suggested itself. One of my *Daisies* (*A. Bellis*) brought forth a round mass of fifteen young agglomerated together in a ball: they were in different stages of development, and being perfectly transparent, admitted of easy microscopic examination. In them, spherical globules were distinctly visible, circulating by the action of the cilia lining the cavity; and with the globules an occasional animalcule. This was the case with all of them; and as the globules seemed most abundant in the youngest specimens, the idea occurred to me that Dr. Williams had only examined the fluid of young *Actinæ*, and had concluded that what was true of them was true of adults. This idea, however, grew less and less plausible on reflection. That a young animal should have a circulating fluid higher in character than the fluid of the adult, was unreasonable. While thus speculating, I observed a great irregularity in the size of the globules; sometimes they seemed united together in considerable masses. To pursue the investigation closer, I opened the cavity with a needle, and let out the fluid: to my surprise, these floating globules turned out to be no chyle corpuscles, but the yellow spherical cells (9) which fill the tentacles of the adult *Daisy*, and make solid the tentacles of the *Anthea*, as well as give the brownish colouring to its body. What may be the function of these yellow spheres, I know not; but it is certain they are not the corpuscles of a circulating fluid (they are stationary in the adult), although I must suppose Dr. Williams and Professor Schmarda have mistaken them for such, since no other definite globules are discoverable; and these circulating only in the young.

Here again we see the necessity of a cultivated caution in the acceptance

* *Loc. cit.* p. 483.

† *Jahresbericht über die im Gebiete der Zootomie erschienenen Arbeiten*, 1856, p. 25.

of statements in matters so complex as those of biology. The respect justly due to Dr. Williams as an investigator has caused his views respecting the "blood series" to be accepted without verification. As I make it a rule to verify every one's statements, when they fall within my own investigations, I determined to do so with respect to this on the fluid of the Actiniæ. The result has been seen. It throws a new difficulty in the way of rightly understanding the processes of nutrition; but it is a step towards a right understanding, because it removes an explanation which, seemingly true, masked the real process. It also gives the final blow to those gratuitous determinations of special "organs of secretion" in the Actiniæ in which zoologists have revelled. If there is no blood, there can be no secretions from the blood; and all attempts at fastening a secreting function on the "convoluted bands" may *a priori* be dismissed: I say *a priori* because no one has yet attempted, by chemical tests, to prove the presence of bile or urea in these organs; and as, therefore, the function is assigned on *a priori* grounds, on those grounds may it be dismissed. To look for such special organs in so simple an organism, seems to me like seeking for a circulating library in an Esquimaux village.

The mention of a library carries my thoughts, by an easy transition, to our evening studies. When the labours of

the day are over, the microscope is put up, the work-table is quitted, and the delicious calm of candle-light invites us to quiet intercourse with one of the great spirits of the past, or one of their worthy successors in the present. It is well thus to refresh the mind with Literature. Contact with Nature, and her inexhaustible wealth, is apt to beget an impatience at man's achievements; and there is danger of the mind becoming so immersed in details, so strained to contemplation of the physical glories of the universe, as to forget the higher grandeurs of the soul, the nobler beauties of the moral universe. From this danger we are saved by the thrill of a fine poem, the swelling sympathy with a noble thought, which flood the mind anew with a sense of man's greatness, and the greatness of his aspirations. It is not wise to dwarf Man by comparisons with Nature; only when he grows presumptuous may we teach him modesty by pointing to her grandeur. At other times it is well to keep before us our high calling and our high estate. Literature, in its finest moods, does this. And when I think of the delight given by every true book to generations after generations, moulding souls and humanising savage impetuosities, exalting hopes and prompting noblest deeds, I vary the poet's phrase, and exclaim—

An honest book's the noblest work of man!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT ?

BY PIBISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the right of Translation.]

BOOK I.—CHAPTER IX.

The Historian shows that, notwithstanding the progressive spirit of the times, a Briton is not permitted, without an effort, "to progress" according to his own inclinations.

SOPHY could not sleep. At first she was too happy. Without being conscious of any degradation in her lot amongst the itinerant artists of Mr. Rugge's exhibition, (how could she, when her beloved and revered protector had been one of those artists for years?) yet instinctively she shrunk from their contact. Doubtless, while absorbed in some stirring part, she forgot companions, audience, all, and enjoyed what she performed—necessarily enjoyed, for her acting was really excellent, and where no enjoyment there no excellence; but when the histrionic enthusiasm was not positively at work, she crept to her grandfather with something between loathing and terror of the "painted creatures" and her own borrowed tinsel.

But more than all, she felt acutely every indignity or affront offered to Gentleman Waife. Heaven knows, these were not few; and to escape from such a life—to be with her grandfather alone, have him all to herself to tend and to pet, to listen to and to prattle with, seemed to her the consummation of human felicity. Ah, but should she be all alone? Just as she was lulling herself into a doze, that question seized and roused her. And then it was not happiness that kept her waking—it was what is less rare in the female breast, curiosity. Who was to be the mysterious third, to whose acquisition the three pounds were evidently to be devoted? What new face had she purchased by the loan of her own? Not the Pig-faced Lady, nor the Spotted Boy. Could it be the Norfolk Giant, or the Calf with Two Heads? Horrible idea! Monstrous phantasmagoria began to stalk before her eyes; and to charm them away, with great fervour she

fell to saying her prayers—an act of devotion which she had forgotten, in her excitement, to perform before resting her head on her pillow—an omission, let us humbly hope, not noted down in very dark characters by the recording angel.

That act over, her thoughts took a more comely aspect than had been worn by the preceding phantasies, reflected Lionel's kind looks, and repeated his gentle words. "Heaven bless him!" she said with emphasis, as a supplement to the habitual prayers; and then tears gathered to her grateful eyelids, for she was one of those beings whose tears come slow from sorrow, quick from affection. And so the grey dawn found her still wakeful, and she rose, bathed her cheeks in the cold fresh water, and drew them forth with a glow like Hebe's. Dressing herself with the quiet activity which characterised all her movements, she then opened the casement and inhaled the air. All was still in the narrow lane, the shops yet unclosed. But on the still trees behind the shops the birds were beginning to stir and chirp. Chanticleer, from some neighbouring yard, rung out his brisk *reveille*. Pleasant English summer dawn in the pleasant English country village. She stretched her graceful neck far from the casement, trying to catch a glimpse of the blue river. She had seen its majestic flow on the day they had arrived at the fair, and longed to gain its banks; then her servitude to the stage forbade her. Now she was to be free! O joy! Now she might have her care-less hours of holiday; and, forgetful of Waife's warning that their vocation must be plied in towns, she let her fancy run riot amidst visions of green fields and laughing waters, and in

fond delusion gathered the daisies and chased the butterflies. Changeling transferred into that lowest world of Art from the cradle of simple Nature, her human child's heart yearned for the human childlike delights. All children love the country, the flowers, the sward, the birds, the butterflies, or, if some do not, despair, O Philanthropy, of their after-lives!

She closed the window, smiling to herself; stole through the adjoining doorway, and saw that her grandfather was still asleep. Then she busied herself in putting the little sitting-room to rights, reset the table for the morning meal, watered the stocks, and finally took up the crystal and looked into it with awe, wondering why the Cobbler could see so much, and she only the distorted reflection of her own face. So interested, however, for once, did she become in the inspection of this mystic globe, that she did not notice the dawn pass into broad daylight, nor hear a voice at the door below—nor, in short, take into cognition the external world, till a heavy tread shook the floor, and then, starting, she beheld the Remorseless Baron, with a face black enough to have darkened the crystal of Dr. Dee himself.

"Ho, ho," said Mr. Rugge, in hissing accents, which had often thrilled the threepenny gallery with anticipative horror. "Rebellious, eh?—won't come? Where's your grandfather, baggage?"

Sophy let fall the crystal—a mercy it was not broken—and gazed vacantly on the Baron.

"Your vile scamp of a grandfather?"

SOPHY (with spirit).—"He is not vile. You ought to be ashamed of yourself speaking so, Mr. Rugge!"

Here, simultaneously, Mr. Waife, hastily endued in his grey dressing-gown, presented himself at the aperture of the bedroom door, and the Cobbler on the threshold of the sitting-room. The Comedian stood mute, trusting, perhaps, to the imposing

effect of his attitude. The Cobbler, yielding to the impulse of untheatrical man, put his head doggedly on one side, and, with both hands on his hips, said—

"Civil words to my lodgers, master, or out you go!"

The Remorseless Baron glared vindictively first at one, and then at the other; at length he strode up to Waife, and said, with a withering grin, "I have something to say to you; shall I say it before your landlord?"

The Comedian waved his hand to the Cobbler.

"Leave us, my friend; I shall not require you. Step this way, Mr. Rugge." Rugge entered the bedroom, and Waife closed the door behind him.

"Anan," quoth the Cobbler, scratching his head. "I don't quite take your grandfather's giving in. British ground here! But your ascendant cannot surely be in such malignant conjunction with that obstreperous tyrant as to bind you to him hand and foot. Let's see what the Crystal thinks of it. Take it up gently, and come down stairs with me."

"Please, no; I'll stay near grandfather," said Sophy resolutely. "He shan't be left helpless with that rude man."

The Cobbler could not help smiling. "Lord love you," said he; "you have a spirit of your own, and if you were my wife, I should be afraid of you. But I won't stand here eavesdropping; mayhap your grandfather has secrets I'm not to hear; call me if I'm wanted." He descended. Sophy, with less noble disdain of eavesdropping, stood in the centre of the room, holding her breath to listen. She heard no sound—she had half a mind to put her ear to the key-hole, but that seemed even to her a mean thing, if not absolutely required by the necessity of the case. So there she still stood, her head bent down, her finger raised: oh that Vance could have so painted her!

CHAPTER X.

Showing the causes why Men and Nations, when one Man or Nation wishes to get for its own arbitrary purposes what the other Man or Nation does not desire to part with, are apt to ignore the mild precepts of Christianity, shock the sentiments, and upset the theories, of Peace Societies.

"Am I to understand," said Mr. Rugge in a whisper, when Waife had drawn him to the farthest end of the inner room, with the bed-curtains between their position and the door deadening the sound of their voices—"am I to understand that, after my taking you and that child to my theatre out of charity, and at your own request, you are going to quit me without warning—French leave—is that British conduct?"

"Mr. Rugge," replied Waife deprecatingly, "I have no engagement with you beyond an experimental trial. We were free on both sides for three months—you to dismiss us any day, we to leave you. The experiment does not please us; we thank you, and depart."

Rugge—"That is not the truth. I said *I* was free to dismiss you both, if the child did not suit. You, poor helpless creature, could be of no use. But I never heard you say you were to be free too. Stands to reason not! Put my engagements at a Waife's mercy!—I, Lorenzo Rugge!—stuff! But I'm a just man, and a liberal man, and if you think you ought to have a higher salary, if this ungrateful proceeding is only, as I take it, a strike for wages, I will meet you. Juliet Araminta does play better than I could have supposed; and I'll conclude an engagement on good terms, as we were to have done if the experiment answered, for three years."

Waife shook his head. "You are very good, Mr. Rugge, but it is not a strike. My little girl does not like the life at any price; and since she supports me, I am bound to please her. Besides," said the actor, with a stiffer manner, "you have broken faith with me. It was fully understood that I was to appear no more on your stage; all my task was to advise with you in the performances, remodel the plays, help in the stage-management; and you took advantage of my penury,

and, when I asked for a small advance, insisted on forcing these relics of what I was upon the public pity. Enough—we part. I bear no malice."

Rugge—"Oh, don't you? No more do I. But I am a Briton, and I have the spirit of one. You had better not make an enemy of me."

WAIFE—"I am above the necessity of making enemies. I have an enemy ready made in myself."

Rugge placed a strong bony hand upon the cripple's arm. "I dare say you have! A bad conscience, sir. How would you like your past life looked into, and blabbed out?"

GENTLEMAN WAIFE (mournfully).—"The last four years of it have been spent in your service, Mr. Rugge.—If their record had been blabbed out for my benefit, there would not have been a dry eye in the house."

Rugge—"I disdain your sneer. When a scorpion nursed at my bosom sneers at me—I leave it to its own reflections. But I don't speak of the years in which that scorpion has been enjoying a salary and smoking canaster at my expense. I refer to an earlier dodge in its checkered existence.—Ha, sir, you wince! I suspect I can find out something about you which would—"

WAIFE (fiercely).—"Would what?"

Rugge—"Oh, lower your tone, sir, no bullying me. I suspect! I have good reason for suspicion; and if you sneak off in this way, and cheat me out of my property in Juliet Araminta, I will leave no stone unturned to prove what I suspect—look to it, slight man! Come, I don't wish to quarrel; make it up, and" (drawing out his pocket-book) "if you want cash down, and will have an engagement in black and white for three years for Juliet Araminta, you may squeeze a good sum out of me, and go yourself where you please; you'll never be troubled by me. What I want is the girl."

All the actor laid aside, Waife growled out, "And hang me, sir, if you shall have the girl!"

At this moment Sophy opened the door wide, and entered boldly. She had heard her grandfather's voice raised, though its hoarse tones did not allow her to distinguish his words. She was alarmed for him. She came in, his guardian fairy, to protect him from the oppressor of six feet high. Rugge's arm was raised, not indeed to strike, but rather to declaim. Sophy slid between him and her grandfather, and clinging round the latter, flung out her own arm, the forefinger raised menacingly towards the Remorseless Baron. How you would have clapped if you had seen her so at Covent Garden. But I'll swear the child did not know she was acting. Rugge did, and was struck with admiration and regretful rage at the idea of losing her.

"Bravo!" said he, involuntarily—"come—come, Waife, look at her—she was born for the stage. My heart swells with pride. She is my property, morally speaking; make her so legally—and hark, in your ear—fifty pounds. Take me in the humour. Golconda opens—fifty pounds!"

"No," said the vagrant.

"Well," said Rugge, sullenly; "let her speak for herself."

"Speak, child. You don't wish to return to Mr. Rugge—and without me, too—do you, Sophy?"

"Without you, Grandy! I'd rather die first."

"You hear her; all is settled between us. You have had our services up to last night; you have paid us up to last night; and so good-morning to you, Mr. Rugge."

"My dear child," said the manager, softening his voice as much as he could, "do consider. You shall be so made of, without that stupid old man. You think me cross, but 'tis he who irritates, and puts me out of temper. I'm uncommon fond of children. I had a baby of my own once—upon my honour, I had—and if it had not been for convulsions, caused by teething, I should be a father still. Supply to me the place of that beloved babe. You shall have such fine dresses; all new—choose 'em yourself—minced veal and raspberry tarts for

dinner every Sunday. In three years, under my care, you will become a great actress, and make your fortune, and marry a lord—lords go out of their wits for great actresses—whereas, with him, what will you do? drudge, and rot, and starve; and he can't live long, and then where will *you* be? 'Tis a shame to hold her so, you idle old vagabond."

"I don't hold her," said Waife, trying to push her away. "There's something in what the man says. Choose for yourself, Sophy."

SOPHY (suppressing a sob).—"How can you have the heart to talk so, Grandy? I tell you, Mr. Rugge, you are a bad man, and I hate you, and all about you—and I'll stay with grandfather—and I don't care if I do starve—he shan't!"

Mr. RUGGE (clapping both hands on the crown of his hat, and striding to the door).—"William Waife, beware; 'tis done! I'm your enemy. As for you, too dear, but abandoned, infant, stay with him—you'll find out very soon who and what he is—your pride will have a fall, when—"

Waife sprang forward despite his lameness—both his fists clenched, his one eye a-blaze; his broad burly torso confronted and daunted the stormy manager. Taller and younger though Rugge was, he cowered before the cripple he had so long taunted and humbled. The words stood arrested on his tongue. "Leave the room instantly!" thundered the actor, in a voice no longer broken. "Blacken my name before that child by one word, and I will dash the next down your throat."

Rugge rushed to the door—and keeping it ajar between Waife and himself, he then thrust in his head, hissing forth—"Fly, caitiff, fly! my revenge shall track your secret, and place you in my power. Juliet Araminta shall yet be mine." With these awful words the Remorseless Baron cleared the stairs in two bounds, and was out of the house.

Waife smiled contemptuously. But as the street-door clanged on the form of the angry manager, the colour faded from the old man's face. Exhausted by the excitement he had gone through, he sank on a chair, and, with one quick gasp as for breath, fainted away.

CHAPTER XI.

Progress of the Fine Arts.—Biographical Anecdotes.—Fluctuations in the Value of Money.—Speculative Tendencies of the Time.

Whatever the shock which the brutality of the Remorseless Baron inflicted on the nervous system of the persecuted but triumphant Bandit, it had certainly subsided by the time Vance and Lionel entered Waife's apartment, for they found grandfather and grandchild seated near the open window, at the corner of the table (on which they had made room for their operations by the removal of the carved cocoa-nut, the crystal egg, and the two flowerpots), eagerly engaged, with many a silvery laugh from the lips of Sophy, in the game of dominoes.

Mr. Waife had been devoting himself, for the last hour and more, to the instruction of Sophy in the mysteries of that intellectual amusement, and such pains did he take, and so impressive were his exhortations, that his happy pupil could not help thinking to herself that *this* was the new art upon which Waife depended for their future livelihood. She sprang up, however, at the entrance of the visitors, her face beaming with grateful smiles; and, running to Lionel, and taking him by the hand, while she curtsied with more respect to Vance, she exclaimed—"We are free! thanks to you—thanks to you both! He is gone! Mr. Rugge is gone."

"So I saw on passing the green; stage and all," said Vance. While Lionel kissed the child and pressed her to his side. It is astonishing how paternal he felt—how much she had crept into his heart.

"Pray, sir," asked Sophy, timidly, glancing to Vance, "has the Norfolk Giant gone too?"

VANCE—"I fancy so—all the shows were either gone or going."

SOPHY—"The Calf with Two Heads?"

VANCE—"Do you regret it?"

SOPHY—"Oh, dear, no."

Waife, who, after a profound bow, and a cheery "Good day, gentlemen," had hitherto remained silent, putting away the dominoes, now said

"—I suppose, sir, you would like at once to begin your sketch?"

VANCE—"Yes; I have brought all my tools—see, even the canvass. I wish it were larger, but it is all I have with me of that material—'tis already stretched—just let me arrange the light."

WAIFE—"If you don't want me, gentlemen, I will take the air for half an hour or so. In fact, I may now feel free to look after my investment."

SOPHY (whispering Lionel).—"You are *sure* the Calf has gone as well as the Norfolk Giant?"

Lionel wonderingly replied that the thought so; and Waife disappeared into his room, whence he soon emerged, having doffed his dressing-gown for a black coat, by no means threadbare, and well brushed. Hat, stick, and gloves in hand, he really seemed respectable—more than respectable—Gentleman Waife every inch of him; and saying, "Look your best, Sophy, and sit still, if you can," nodded pleasantly to the three, and hobbled down the stairs. Sophy—whom Vance had just settled into a chair, with her head bent partially down (three quarters), as the artist had released

"The loose train of her amberflowing hair,"]

and was contemplating aspect and position with a painter's meditative eye—started up, to his great discomposure, and rushed to the window. She returned to her seat with her mind much relieved. Waife was walking in an opposite direction to that which led towards the whilome quarters of the Norfolk Giant and the Two-headed Calf.

"Come, come," said Vance, impatiently, "you have broken an idea in half. I beg you will not stir till I have placed you—and then, if all else of you be still, you may exercise your tongue. I give you leave to talk."

SOPHY (penitentially).—"I am so sorry—I beg pardon. Will that do, sir?"

VANCE.—“Head a little more to the right—so. Titania watching Bottom asleep. Will you lie on the floor, Lionel, and do Bottom?”

LIONEL (indignantly).—“Bottom! Have I an ass’s head?”

VANCE.—“Immaterial! I can easily imagine that you have one. I want merely an outline of figure—something sprawling and ungainly.”

LIONEL (sulkily).—“Much obliged to you—imagine that too.”

VANCE.—“Don’t be so disobliging. It is necessary that she should look fondly at something—expression in the eye.”

Lionel at once reclined himself incumbent in a position as little sprawling and ungainly as he could well contrive.

VANCE.—“Fancy, Miss Sophy, that this young gentleman is very dear to you. Have you got a brother?”

SOPHY.—“Ah, no, sir.”

VANCE.—“Hum. But you have, or have had, a doll?”

SOPHY.—“Oh, yes; grandfather gave me one.”

VANCE.—“And you were fond of that doll?”

SOPHY.—“Very.”

VANCE.—“Fancy that young gentleman is your doll grown big—that it is asleep, and you are watching that no one hurts it—Mr Rugge, for instance. Throw your whole soul into that thought—love for doll, apprehension of Rugge. Lionel, keep still and shut your eyes—do.”

LIONEL (grumbling).—“I did not come here to be made a doll of.”

VANCE.—“Coax him to be quiet, Miss Sophy, and sleep peaceably, or I shall do him a mischief. I can be a Rugge too, if I am put out.”

SOPHY (in the softest tones).—“Do try and sleep, sir—shall I get you a pillow?”

LIONEL.—“No, thank you—I’m very comfortable now” (settling his head upon his arm, and after one upward glance towards Sophy, the lids closed reluctantly over his softened eyes). A ray of sunshine came aslant through the half-shut window, and played along the boy’s clustering hair and smooth pale cheek. Sophy’s gaze rested on him most benignly.

“Just so,” said Vance; “and now

be silent till I have got the attitude and fixed the look.”

The artist sketched away rapidly with a bold practised hand, and all was silent for about half an hour, when he said, “You may get up, Lionel; I have done with you for the present.”

SOPHY.—“And me, too—may I see?”

VANCE.—“No; but you may talk now. So you had a doll? What has become of it?”

SOPHY.—“I left it behind, sir. Grandfather thought it would distract me from attending to his lessons, and learning my part.”

VANCE.—“You love your grandfather more than the doll?”

SOPHY.—“Oh! a thousand million million times more.”

VANCE.—“He brought you up, I suppose. Have you no father—no mother?”

SOPHY.—“I have only grandfather.”

LIONEL.—“Have you always lived with him?”

SOPHY.—“Dear me, no; I was with Mrs Crane till grandfather came from abroad and took me away, and put me with some very kind people; and then, when grandfather had that bad accident, I came to stay with him, and we have been together ever since.”

LIONEL.—“Was Mrs Crane no relation of yours?”

SOPHY.—“No, I suppose not, for she was not kind—I was so miserable; but don’t talk of it—I forget that now. I only wish to remember from the time grandfather took me in his lap, and told me to be a good child, and love him; and I have been happy ever since.”

“You *are* a dear good child,” said Lionel, emphatically, “and I wish I had you for my sister.”

VANCE.—“When your grandfather has received from me that exorbitant—not that I grudge it—sum, I should like to ask, What will he do with it? As he said it was a secret, I must not pump you.”

SOPHY.—“What will he do with it? I should like to know too, sir; but whatever it is, I don’t care, so long as I and grandfather are together.”

Here Waife re-entered. "Well, how goes on the picture?"

VANCE.—"Tolerably for the first sitting; I require two more."

WAIFE.—"Certainly; only—only" (he drew aside Vance and whispered), "only, the day after to-morrow, I fear I *shall* want the money. It is an occasion that never will occur again—I would seize it."

VANCE.—"Take the money now."

WAIFE.—"Well, thank you, sir; you are sure now that we shall not run away—and I accept your kindness; it will make all safe."

Vance, with surprising alacrity, slipped the sovereigns into the old man's hand; for, truth to say, though thrifty, the Artist was really generous. His organ of caution was large, but that of acquisitiveness moderate. Moreover, in those moments when his soul expanded with his art he was insensibly less alive to the value of money. And strange it is that, though states strive to fix for that commodity the most abiding standards, yet the value of money, to the individual who regards it, shifts and fluctuates, goes up and down half-a-dozen times a-day. For my part, I honestly declare that there are hours in the twenty-four—such, for instance, as that just before breakfast, or that succeeding a page of this History in which I have been put out of temper with my performance and myself—when any one in want of five shillings at my disposal would find my value of that sum put it quite out of his reach; while at other times—just after dinner, for instance, or when I have effected what seems to me a happy stroke, or a good bit of colour, in this historical

composition—the value of those five shillings is so much depreciated that I might be—I think so, at least—I might be almost tempted to give them away for nothing. Under some such mysterious influences in the money market, Vance, therefore, felt not the loss of his three sovereigns; and, returning to his easel, drove away Lionel and Sophy, who had taken that opportunity to gaze on the canvass.

"Don't do her justice at all," quoth Lionel; "all the features exaggerated."

"And you pretend to paint!" returned Vance, in great scorn, and throwing a cloth over his canvass. "To-morrow, Mr Waife, the same hour. Now, Lionel, get your hat, and come away."

Vance carried off the canvass, and Lionel followed slowly. Sophy gazed at their departing forms from the open window; Waife stumped about the room rubbing his hands,—*"He'll do, he'll do; I always thought so."*

Sophy turned,—*"Who'll do?—the young gentleman? Do what?"*

WAIFE.—*"The young gentleman?—as if I was thinking of him. Our new companion—I have been with him this last hour. Wonderful natural gifts."*

SOPHY (ruefully).—*"It is alive, then?"*

WAIFE.—*"Alive! yes, I should think so."*

SOPHY (half-orying).—*"I'm very sorry; I know I shall hate it."*

"Tut, darling—get me my pipe—I'm happy."

SOPHY (cutting short her fit of ill-humour).—*"Are you?—then I am, and I will not hate it."*

CHAPTER XII.

In which it is shown that a man does this or declines to do that for reasons best known to himself—a reserve which is extremely conducive to the social interests of a community; since the conjecture into the origin and nature of those reasons stimulates the inquiring faculties, and furnishes the staple of modern conversation.—And as it is not to be denied that, if their neighbours left them nothing to guess at, three-fourths of civilised humankind, male or female, would have nothing to talk about so we cannot too gratefully encourage that needful curiosity, termed, by the inconsiderate, tittle-tattle or scandal, which saves the vast majority of our species from being reduced to the degraded condition of dumb animals.

The next day the sitting was renewed; but Waife did not go out, and the conversation was a little

more restrained; or rather, Waife had the larger share in it. The comedian, when he pleased, could certain-

ly be very entertaining. It was not so much in what he said, as in his manner of saying it. He was a strange combination of sudden extremes, at one while on a tone of easy but not undignified familiarity with his visitors, as if their equal in position, their superior in years; then abruptly, humble, deprecating, almost obsequious, almost servile; and then, again, jerked, as it were, into pride and stiffness, falling back, as if the effort were impossible, into meek dejection. Still, the prevalent character of the man's mood and talk was social, quaint, cheerful. Evidently he was, by original temperament, a droll and joyous humourist with high animal spirits; and, withal, an infantine simplicity at times, like the clever man who never learns the world, and is always taken in.

A circumstance, trifling in itself, but suggestive of speculation either as to the character or antecedent circumstances of Gentleman Waife, did not escape Vance's observation. Since his rupture with Mr. Rugge, there was a considerable amelioration in that affection of the trachea, which, while his engagement with Rugge lasted, had rendered the comedian's dramatic talents unavailable on the stage. He now expressed himself without the pathetic hoarseness or cavernous wheeze which had previously thrown a wet blanket over his efforts at discourse. But Vance put no very stern construction on the dissimulation which this change seemed to denote. Since Waife was still one-eyed and a cripple, he might very excusably shrink from reappearance on the stage, and affect a third infirmity to save his pride from the exhibition of the two infirmities that were genuine.

That which most puzzled Vance was that which had most puzzled the Cobbler,—What could the man once have been?—how fallen so low?—for fall it was, that was clear. The painter, though not himself of patrician extraction, had been much in the best society. He had been a petted favourite in great houses. He had travelled. He had seen the world. He had the habits and the instincts of good society.

Now in what the French term the

beau monde, there are little traits that reveal those who have entered it,—certain tricks of phrase, certain modes of expression—even the pronunciation of familiar words, even the modulation of an accent. A man of the most refined bearing may not have these peculiarities; a man, otherwise coarse and brusque in his manner, may. The slang of the *beau monde* is quite apart from the code of high breeding. Now and then, something in Waife's talk seemed to show that he had lighted on that beau-world: now and then, that something wholly vanished. So that Vance might have said, "He has been admitted there, not inhabited it."

Yet Vance could not feel sure, after all; comedians are such takes in. But was the man, by the profession of his earlier life, a comedian? Vance asked the question adroitly.

"You must have taken to the stage young?" said he.

"The stage!" said Waife; "if you mean the public stage—no. I have acted pretty often in youth, even in childhood, to amuse others, never professionally to support myself, till Mr. Rugge civilly engaged me four years ago."

"Is it possible—with your excellent education! But pardon me; I have hinted my surprise at your late vocation before, and it displeased you."

"Displeased me!" said Waife with an abject depressed manner; "I hope I said nothing that would have become a poor broken vagabond like me. I am no prince in disguise—a good-for-nothing varlet who should be too grateful to have something to keep himself from a dunghill."

LIONEL.—"Don't talk so. And but for your accident you might now be the great attraction on the metropolitan stage. Who does not respect a really fine actor?"

WAIFFE (gloomily).—"The Metropolitan Stage! I was talked into it; I am glad even of the accident that saved me—say no more of that, no more of that. But I have spoiled your sitting: Sophy, you see, has left her chair."

"I have done for to-day," said Vance; "to-morrow, and my task is ended."

Lionel came up to Vance and whispered him; the painter, after a pause, nodded silently, and then said to Waife—

"We are going to enjoy the fine weather on the Thames (after I have put away these things), and shall return to our inn—not far hence—to sup, at eight o'clock. Supper is our principal meal—we rarely spoil our days by the ceremonial of a formal dinner. Will you do us the favour to sup with us? Our host has a wonderful whisky, which, when raw, is Glenlivet, but refined into toddy, is nectar. Bring your pipe, and let us hear John Kemble again."

Waife's face lighted up. "You are most kind; nothing I should like so much. But—" and the light fled, the face darkened—"but no; I cannot—you don't know—that is—I—I have made a vow to myself to decline all such temptations. I humbly beg you'll excuse me."

VANCE—"Temptations! of what kind—the whisky-toddy?"

WAIFE (puffing away a sigh).—"Ah, yes; whisky-toddy if you please. Perhaps I once loved a glass too well, and could not resist a glass too much now; and if I once broke the rule, and became a tippler, what would happen to Juliet Araminta? For her sake, don't press me."

"Oh do go, Grandy; he never drinks—never anything stronger than tea, I assure you, sir; it can't be that."

"It is, silly child, and nothing else," said Waife positively;—drawing himself up, "Excuse me."

Lionel began brushing his hat with his sleeve, and his face worked; at last he said, "Well, sir, then may I ask another favour? Mr. Vance and I are going to-morrow, after the sit-

ting, to see Hampton Court; we have kept that excursion to the last before leaving these parts. Would you and little Sophy come with us in the boat? we will have no whisky-toddy, and we will bring you both safe home."

WAIFE.—"What—I—what—I! You are very young, sir—a gentleman born and bred, I'll swear; and you to be seen perhaps by some of your friends or family with an old vagrant like me, in the Queen's palace—the public gardens! I should be the vilest wretch if I took such advantage of your goodness. 'Pretty company,' they would say, 'you had got into.' With me—with me! Don't be alarmed, Mr. Vance—not to be thought of."

The young men were deeply affected.

"I can't accept that reason," said Lionel tremulously. "Though I must not presume to derange your habits. But she may go with us, mayn't she? We'll take care of her, and she is dressed so plainly and neatly, and looks such a little lady" (turning to Vance).

"Yes, let her come with us," said the artist benevolently; though he by no means shared in Lionel's enthusiastic desire for her company. He thought she would be greatly in their way.

"Heaven bless you both!" answered Waife; "and she wants a holiday; she shall have it."

"I'd rather stay with you, Grandy; you'll be so lone."

"No, I wish to be out all to-morrow—the investment! I shall not be alone—making friends with our future companion, Sophy."

"And can do without me already?—heigh-ho!"

VANCE.—"So that's settled; good-bye to you."

CHAPTER XIII.

Inspiring effect of the Fine Arts; the Vulgar are moved by their exhibition into generous impulses and flights of fancy, checked by the ungracious severities of their superiors, as exemplified in the instance of Cobbler Merle and his Servant-of-All-Work.

The next day, perhaps with the idea of removing all scruple from Sophy's mind, Waife had already gone after his investment when the friends arrived. Sophy at first was dull and dispirited, but by degrees she bright-

ened up; and when, the sitting over and the picture done (save such final touches as Vance reserved for solitary study), she was permitted to gaze at her own effigy, she burst into exclamations of frank delight. "Am I

like that! is it possible? Oh, how beautiful! Mr. Merle, Mr. Merle, Mr. Merle!" and running out of the room before Vance could stop her, she returned with the Cobbler, followed, too, by a thin gaunt girl, whom he pompously called his housekeeper, but who, in sober truth, was servant-of-all-work. Wife he had none—his horoscope, he said, having Saturn in square to the Seventh House, forbade him to venture upon matrimony. All gathered round the picture; all admired, and with justice—it was a *chef d'œuvre*. Vance in his maturest day never painted more charmingly. The three pounds proved to be the best outlay of capital he had ever made. Pleased with his work, he was pleased even with that unsophisticated applause.

"You must have Mercury and Venus very strongly aspected," quoth the Cobbler; "and if you have the Dragon's Head in the Tenth House, you may count on being much talked of after you are dead."

"After I am dead!—sinister omen!" said Vance, discompossed. "I have

no faith in artists who count on being talked of after they are dead. Never knew a dauber who did not! But stand back—time flies—tie up your hair—put on your bonnet, Titania. You have a shawl?—not tinsel, I hope!—quieter the better. You stay and see to her, Lionel."

Said the gaunt servant-of-all-work to Mr. Merle—"I'd let the gentleman paint me, if he likes it—shall I tell him, master?"

"Go back to the bacon, foolish woman. Why, he gave £3 for her likeness, 'cause of her Benefics! But you'd have to give him three years' wages afore he'd look you straight in the face, 'cause, you see, your Aspects are crooked. And," added the Cobbler, philosophising, "When the Malefics are dead agin a girl's mug, man is so constituted by natur that he can't take to that mug unless it has a gold handle. Don't fret, 'tis not your fault: born under Scorpio—coarse-limbed—dull complexion—and the Head of the Dragon, aspected of Infortunes in all your Angles."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Historian takes advantage of the summer hours vouchsafed to the present life of Mr. Waife's grandchild, in order to throw a few gleams of light on her past.—He leads her into the Palace of our Kings, and moralises thereon; and, entering the Royal Gardens shows the uncertainty of Human Events, and the insecurity of British Law, by the abrupt seizure and constrained deportation of an innocent and unforeboding Englishman.

Such a glorious afternoon! The capricious English summer was so kind that day to the child and her new friends! When Sophy's small foot once trod the sward, had she been really Queen of the Green People, sward and footstep could not more joyously have met together. The grasshopper bounded, in fearless trust, upon the hem of her frock; she threw herself down on the grass, and caught him, but, oh, so tenderly; and the gay insect, dear to poet and fairy, seemed to look at her from that quaint sharp face of his with sagacious recognition, resting calmly on the palm of her pretty hand; then when he sprang off, little mothlike butterflies peculiar to the margins of running waters quivered up from the herbage, fluttering round her.

And there, in front, lay the Thames, glittering through the willows, Vance getting ready the boat, Lionel seated by her side, a child like herself, his pride of incipient manhood all forgotten; happy in her glee—she loving him for the joy she felt—and blending his image evermore in her remembrance with her first summer holiday—with sunny beams—glistening leaves—warbling birds—fairy wings—sparkling waves. Oh, to live so in a child's heart—innocent, blessed, angel-like—better, better than the troubled reflection upon woman's later thoughts; better than that mournful illusion, over which tears so bitter are daily shed—better than First Love! They entered the boat. Sophy had never, to the best of her recollection, been in a boat before. All

was new to her; the lifelike speed of the little vessel—that world of cool green weeds, with the fish darting to and fro—the musical chime of oars—those distant stately swans. She was silent now—her heart was very full.

"What are you thinking of, Sophy?" asked Lionel, resting on the oar.

"Thinking?—I was not thinking."

"What then?"

"I don't know—feeling, I suppose."

"Feeling what?"

"As if between sleep and waking—as the water perhaps feels, with the sunlight on it?"

"Poetical," said Vance, who, somewhat of a poet himself, naturally sneered at poetical tendencies in others. "But not so bad in its way. Ah, have I hurt your vanity? there are tears in your eyes."

"No, sir," said Sophy, falteringly. "But I *was* thinking then."

"Ah," said the artist, "that's the worst of it; after feeling ever comes thought—what was yours?"

"I was sorry poor grandfather was not here, that's all."

"It was not our fault; we pressed him cordially," said Lionel.

"You did indeed, sir—thank you! And I don't know why he refused you." The young men exchanged compassionate glances.

Lionel then sought to make her talk of her past life—tell him more of Mrs. Crane. Who and what was she?

Sophy could not, or would not, tell. The remembrances were painful; she had evidently tried to forget them. And the people with whom Waife had placed her, and who had been kind?

The Misses Burton—and they kept a day-school, and taught Sophy to read, write, and cipher. They lived near London, in a lane opening on a

great common, with a green rail before the house, and had a good many pupils, and kept a tortoiseshell cat and a canary. Not much to enlighten her listener did Sophy impart here.

And now they neared that stately palace, rich in associations of storm and splendour. The grand Cardinal—the iron-clad Protector; Dutch William of the immortal memory, whom we try so hard to like, and, in spite of the great Whig historian, that Titian of English prose, can only frigidly respect. Hard task for us Britons to like a Dutchman who de-thrones his father-in-law and drinks schnaps. Prejudice certainly; but soft is. Harder still to like Dutch William's unfilial Frau! Like Queen Mary? I could as soon like Queen Goneril! Romance flies from the prosperous phlegmatic Æneas; flies from his plump Lavinia, his "fidus Achates," Bentineck, flies to follow the poor deserted fugitive Stuart, with all his sins upon his head. Kings have no rights divine, except when deposed and fallen; they are then invested with the awe that belongs to each solemn image of mortal vicissitude—Vicissitude that startles the Epicurean, "*insanientis sapientia consultus*," and strikes from his careless lyre the notes that attest a God! Some proud shadow chases another from the throne of Cyrus, and Horace hears in the thunder the rush of Diespiter, and identifies Providence with the Fortune that snatches off the diadem in her whirling swoop.* But fronts discrowned take a new majesty to generous natures;—in all sleek prosperity there is something commonplace—in all grand adversity, something royal.

The boat shot to the shore; the young people landed, and entered the arch of the desolate palace. They gazed on the great hall and the presence-chamber and the long suite

* "——— Valet in a summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens; hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit,—hic posuisse gaudet."

—HORACE, *Carm.*, lib. i. xxxiv.

The concluding allusion is evidently to the Parthian revolutions, and the changeful fate of Phraates IV.; and I do not feel sure that the preceding lines upon the phenomenon of the thunder in a serene sky have not a latent and half-allegorical meaning, dimly applicable, throughout, to the historical reference at the close.

of rooms, with faded portraits—Vance as an artist, Lionel as an enthusiastic well-read boy, Sophy as a wondering, bewildered, ignorant child. And then they emerged into the noble garden, with its regal trees. Groups were there of well-dressed persons. Vance heard himself called by name. He had forgotten the London world—forgotten, amidst his midsummer ramblings, that the London season was still ablaze—and there, stragglers from the great Focuz, fine people, with languid tones and artificial jaded smiles, caught him in his wanderer's dress, and walking side by side with the infant wonder of Mr Rugge's show, exquisitely neat indeed, but still in a coloured print, of a pattern familiar to his observant eye in the windows of many a shop lavish of tickets, and inviting you to come in by the assurance that it is "selling-off." The artist stopped, coloured, bowed, answered the listless questions put to him with shy haste; he then attempted to escape—they would not let him.

"You *must* come back and dine with us at the Star and Garter," said Lady Selina Vipont. "A pleasant party—you know most of them—the Dudley Slowes, dear old Lady Frost, those pretty ladies Prymme, Janet and Wilhelmina."

"We can't let you off," said sleepily Mr Crampe, a fashionable wit, who rarely made more than one bon-mot in the twenty-four hours, and spent the rest of his time in a torpid state.

VANCE.—"Really you are too kind, but I am not even dressed for—"

LADY SELINA.—"So charmingly dressed—so picturesque! Besides, what matters? Every one knows who you are. Where on earth have you been?"

VANCE.—"Rambling about, taking sketches."

LADY SELINA (directing her eyeglass towards Lionel and Sophy, who stood aloof).—"But your companions, your brother?—and that pretty little girl—your sister, I suppose?"

VANCE (shuddering).—"No, not relations. I took charge of the boy—clever young fellow; and the little girl is—"

LADY SELINA.—"Yes. The little girl is—"

VANCE.—"A little girl, as you see; and very pretty, as you say,—subject for a picture."

LADY SELINA (indifferently).—"Oh, let the children go and amuse themselves somewhere. Now we have found you—positively you are our prisoner."

Lady Selina Vipont was one of the queens of London, she had with her that habit of command natural to such royalties. Frank Vance was no tuft-hunter, but once under social influences, they had their effect on him, as on most men who are blest with noses in the air. Those great ladies, it is true, never bought his pictures, but they gave him the position which induced others to buy them. Vance loved his art; his art needed its career. Its career was certainly brightened and quickened by the help of rank and fashion.

In short, Lady Selina triumphed, and the painter stepped back to Lionel. "I must go to Richmond with these people. I know you'll excuse me. I shall be back to-night somehow. By the by, you are going to the post-office here for the letter you expect from your mother; ask for mine too. You will take care of little Sophy, and (in a whisper) hurry her out of the garden, or that Grand Mogul feminine, Lady Selina, whose condescension would crush the Andea, will be stopping her as my *protégée*, falling in raptures with that horrid coloured print, saying, 'Dear, what pretty sprigs! where can such things be got?' and learning, perhaps, how Frank Vance saved the Bandit's Child from the Remorseless Baron. 'Tis your turn now. Save your friend. The Baron was a lamb compared to a fine lady." He pressed Lionel's unresponding hand, and was off to join the polite merrymaking of the Frosts, Slowes, and Prymmes.

Lionel's pride ran up to the fever heat of its thermometer;—more roused, though, on behalf of the unconscious Sophy than himself.

"Let us come into the town, lady-bird, and choose a doll. You may have one now, without fear of distracting you from—what I hate to think you ever stooped to perform."

As Lionel, his crest erect, and nostril dilated, and holding Sophy firmly by the hand, took his way out from the gardens, he was obliged to pass the patrician party of whom Vance now made one.

His countenance and air, as he swept by, struck them all, especially Lady Selina. "A very distinguished-looking boy," said she. "What a fine face! Who did you say he was, Mr Vance?"

VANCE.—"His name is Haughton—Lionel Haughton?"

LADY SELINA.—"Haughton! Haughton! Any relation to poor dear Captain Haughton—Charlie Haughton, as he was generally called?"

Vance, knowing little more of his young friend's parentage than that his mother let lodgings, at which, once domiciliated himself, he had made the boy's acquaintance, and that she enjoyed the pension of a captain's widow, replied carelessly—

"His father was a captain, but I don't know whether he was a Charlie."

MR CRAMPE (the Wit).—"Charlies are extinct! I have the last in a fossil,—box and all!"

General laugh. Wit shut up again.

LADY SELINA.—"He has a great look of Charlie Haughton. Do you know if he is connected with that extraordinary man Mr. Darrell?"

VANCE.—"Upon my word, I do not. What Mr. Darrell do you mean?"

Lady Selina, with one of those sublime looks of celestial pity with which personages in the great world forgive ignorance of names and genealogies in those not born within its orbit, replied, "Oh, to be sure; it is not exactly in the way of your

delightful art to know Mr Darrell, one of the first men in Parliament, a connection of mine."

LADY FROST (nippingly).—"You mean Guy Darrell, the lawyer."

LADY SELINA.—"Lawyer—truly, now I think of it; he was a lawyer. But his chief fame was in the House of Commons. All parties agreed that he might have commanded any station; but he was too rich, perhaps, to care sufficiently about office. At all events, Parliament was dissolved when he was at the height of his reputation, and he refused to be re-elected."

One SIR JASPER STOLLHEAD (a member of the House of Commons, young, wealthy, a constant attendant, of great promise, with speeches that were filled with facts, and emptied the benches).—"I have heard of him. Before my time; lawyers not much weight in the House now."

LADY SELINA.—"I am told that Mr Darrell did not speak like a lawyer. But his career is over—lives in the country, and sees nobody—a thousand pities—a connection of mine too—great loss to the country. Ask your young friend, Mr Vance, if Mr Darrell is not his relation. I hope so for his sake. Now that our party is in power, Mr Darrell, could command anything for others, though he has ceased to act with us. Our party is not forgetful of talent."

LADY FROST (with icy crispness).—"I should think not; it has so little of that kind to remember."

SIR JASPER.—"Talent is not wanted in the House of Commons now—don't go down, in fact. Business assembly."

LADY SELINA (suppressing a yawn).—"Beautiful day! We had better think of going back to Richmond."

General assent, and slow retreat.

CHAPTER XV.

The Historian records the attachment to public business which distinguishes the British Legislator—Touching instance of the regret which ever in patriotic bosoms attends the neglect of a public duty.

From the dusty height of a rumble-tumble affixed to Lady Selina Vipont's barouche, and by the animated side of Sir Jasper Stollhead,

Vance caught sight of Lionel and Sophy at a corner of the spacious green near the Palace. He sighed, he envied them. He thought of the

boat, the water, the honeysuckle arbour at the little inn—pleasures he had denied himself—pleasures all in his own way. They seemed still more alluring by contrast with the prospect before him; formal dinner at the Star and Garter, with titled Prymnes, Slowes, and Frosts, a couple of guineas a-head, including light wines, which he did not drink, and the expense of a chaise back by himself. But such are life and its social duties—such, above all, ambition and a career. Who, that would leave a name on his tombstone, can say to his own heart, “Perish Stars and Garters; my existence shall

pass from day to day in honeysuckle arbours!”

Sir Jasper Stollhead interrupted Vance’s reverie by an impassioned sneeze—“Dreadful smell of hay!” said the legislator, with watery eyes. “Are you subject to the hay fever? I am! A—tisha—tisha—tisha (sneezing)—country frightfully unwholesome at this time of year. And to think that I ought now to be in the House—in my committee-room—no smell of hay there—most important committee.”

VANCE (rousing himself).—“Ah—on what?”

SIR JASPER (regretfully).—“Sewers!”

CHAPTER XVI.

Signs of an impending revolution, which, like all revolutions, seems to come of a sudden, though its causes have long been at work; and to go off in a tantrum, though its effects must run on to the end of a history.

Lionel could not find in the toy-shops of the village a doll good enough to satisfy his liberal inclinations, but he bought one which amply contented the humbler aspirations of Sophy. He then strolled to the post-office. There were several letters for Vance—one for himself in his mother’s handwriting. He delayed opening it for the moment. The day was far advanced—Sophy must be hungry. In vain she declared she was not. They passed by a fruiterer’s stall. The strawberries and cherries were temptingly fresh—the sun still very powerful. At the back of the fruiterer’s was a small garden, or rather orchard, smiling cool through the open door—little tables laid out there. The good woman who kept the shop was accustomed to the wants and tastes of humble metropolitan visitors. But the garden was luckily now empty—it was before the usual hour for tea-parties; so the young folks had the pleasantest table under an apple-tree, and the choice of the freshest fruit. Milk and cakes were added to the fare. It was a banquet, in Sophy’s eyes, worthy that happy day. And when Lionel had finished his share of the feast, eating fast, as spirited impatient boys, formed to push on in life and spoil their digestion, are apt to do; and while Sophy was still lin-

gering over the last of the strawberries, he threw himself back on his chair, and drew forth his letter. Lionel was extremely fond of his mother, but her letters were not often those which a boy is over eager to read. It is not all mothers who understand what boys are—their quick susceptibilities, their precocious manliness, all their mystical ways and oddities. A letter from Mrs. Haughton generally somewhat fretted and irritated Lionel’s high-strung nerves, and he had instinctively put off the task of reading the one he held, till satisfied hunger and cool-breathing shadows, and rest from the dusty road, had lent their soothing aid to his undeveloped philosophy.

He broke the seal slowly; another letter was enclosed within. At the first few words his countenance changed; he uttered a slight exclamation, read on eagerly; then, before concluding his mother’s epistle, hastily tore open that which it had contained, ran his eye over its contents, and, dropping both letters on the turf below, rested his face on his hand, in agitated thought. Thus ran his mother’s letter:—

“MY DEAR BOY,

“How could you! Do it slyly!! Unknown to your own mother!!!

I could not believe it of you!!!! Take advantage of my confidence in showing you the letters of your father's cousin, to write to himself—*clandestinely*!—you, who I thought had such an open character, and who ought to appreciate mine. Every one who knows me says I am a woman in ten thousand—not for beauty and talent (though I have had my admirers for them too), but for goodness! As a wife and mother, I may say I have been exemplary. I had some trials with the dear captain—and immense temptations. But he said on his death-bed, 'Jessica, you are an angel.' And I have had offers since—~~immense~~ offers—but I devoted myself to my child, as you know. And what I have put up with, letting the first floor, nobody can tell; and only a widow's pension—going before a magistrate to get it paid! And to think my own child, for whom I have borne so much, should behave so cruelly to me! *Olandestine!* 'tis *that* which stabs me. Mrs. Inman found me crying, and said, 'What is the matter?—you, who are such an angel, crying like a baby!' And I could not help saying, 'Tis the serpent's tooth, Mrs. I.' What you wrote to your benefactor (and I *had* hoped patron) I don't care to guess; something very rude and imprudent it must be, judging by the few lines he addressed to me. I don't mind copying them for you to read. All *my* acts are above board—as often and often Captain H. used to say, 'Your heart is in a glass-case, Jessica;' and so it is! *but my son keeps his under lock and key.*

"Madam" (this is what *he* writes to me), 'your son has thought fit to infringe the condition upon which I agreed to assist you on his behalf. I enclose a reply to himself, which I beg you will give to his own hands without breaking the seal. Since it did not seem to you indiscreet to communicate to a boy of his years letters written solely to yourself, you cannot blame me if I take your implied estimate of his capacity to judge for himself of the nature of a correspondence, and of the views and temper of, Madam, your very obedient servant.' And that's all, to me. I send his letter to you—seal unbroken. I con-

clude he has done with you for ever, and *your career is lost!* But if it be so, oh, my poor, poor child! at that thought I have not the heart to scold you farther. If it be so, come home to me, and I'll work and slave for you, and you shall keep up your head and be a gentleman still, as you are, every inch of you. Don't mind what I've said at the beginning, dear—don't! you know I'm hasty, and I was *hurt*. But you could not mean to be sly and underhand—'twas only your high spirit—and it was *my* fault; I should not have shown you the letters. I hope you are well, and have quite lost that nasty cough, and that Mr. Vance treats you with proper respect. I think him rather too pushing and familiar, though a pleasant young man on the whole. But, after all, he is only a painter. Bless you, my child, and don't have secrets again from your poor mother,

"JESSICA HAUGHTON."

The enclosed letter was as follows:—

"LIONEL HAUGHTON,—Some men might be displeased at receiving such a letter as you have addressed to me; I am not. At your years, and under the same circumstances, I might have written a letter much in the same spirit. Relieve your mind—as yet you owe me no obligations; you have only received back a debt due to you. My father was poor; your grandfather, Robert Haughton, assisted him in the cost of my education. I have assisted your father's son; we are quits. Before, however, we decide on having done with each other for the future, I suggest to you to pay me a short visit. Probably I shall not like you, nor you me. But we are both gentlemen, and need not show dislike too coarsely. If you decide on coming, come at once, or possibly you may not find me here. If you refuse, I shall have a poor opinion of your sense and temper, and in a week I shall have forgotten your existence. I ought to add that your father and I were once warm friends, and that by descent I am the head not only of my own race, which ends with me, but of the Haughton family, of which, though your line assumed the name,

it was but a younger branch. Now-a-days young men are probably not brought up to care for these things—I was.—Yours,

"GUY HAUGHTON DARREL.

"Manor House, Fawley."

Sophy picked up the fallen letters, placed them on Lionel's lap, and looked into his face wistfully. He smiled, resumed his mother's epistle, and read the concluding passages, which he had before omitted. Their sudden turn from reproof to tenderness melted him. He began to feel that his mother had a right to blame him for an act of concealment. Still she never would have consented to his writing such a letter; and had that letter been attended with so ill a result? Again he read Mr. Darrell's blunt but not offensive lines. His pride was soothed—why should he not now love his father's friend? He rose briskly, paid for the fruit, and went his way back to the boat with Sophy. As his oars cut the wave he talked gaily, but he ceased to interrogate Sophy on her past. Energetic, sanguine, ambitious, his own future entered now into his thoughts. Still, when the sun sunk as the inn came partially into view from the winding of the banks and the fringe of the willows, his mind again settled on the patient quiet little girl, who had not ventured to ask him one question in return for all he had put so unceremoniously to her. Indeed, she was silently musing over words he had inconsiderately let fall—"What I hate to think you had ever stooped to perform." Little could Lionel guess the unquiet thoughts which those words might hereafter call forth from the brooding deepening meditations of lonely childhood! At length said the boy abruptly, as he had said once before—

"I wish, Sophy, you were my sister." He added in a saddened tone, "I never had a sister—I have so longed for one! However, surely we shall meet again. You go to-morrow—so must I."

Sophy's tears flowed softly, noiselessly.

"Cheer up, ladybird, I wish you liked me half as much as I like you!"

"I do like you—oh, so much!" cried Sophy, passionately.

"Well, then, you can write, you say?"

"A little."

"You shall write to me now and then, and I to you. I'll talk to your grandfather about it. Ah, there he is, surely!"

The boat now ran into the shelving creek, and by the honeysuckle arbour stood Gentleman Waife, leaning on his stick.

"You are late," said the actor, as they landed, and Sophy sprang into his arms. "I began to be uneasy, and came here to enquire after you. You have not caught cold, child?"

SOPHY.—"Oh no."

LIONEL.—"She is the best of children. Pray, come into the inn, Mr. Waife; no toddy, but some refreshment."

WAIFE.—"I thank you—no, sir; I wish to get home at once. I walk slowly; it will be dark soon."

Lionel tried in vain to detain him. There was a certain change in Mr. Waife's manner to him; it was much more distant—it was even pettish, if not surly. Lionel could not account for it—thought it mere whim at first, but as he walked part of the way back with them towards the village, this asperity continued, nay, increased. Lionel was hurt; he arrested his steps.

"I see you wish to have your grandchild to yourself now. May I call early to-morrow? Sophy will tell you that I hope we may not altogether lose sight of each other. I will give you my address when I call."

"What time to-morrow, sir?"

"About nine."

Waife bowed his head and walked on, but Sophy looked back towards her boy friend, sorrowfully, gratefully—twilight in the skies that had been so sunny—twilight in her face that had been so glad! She looked once, twice, thrice, as Lionel halted on the road and kissed his hand. The third time Waife said, with unwonted crossness—

"Enough of that, Sophy; looking

after young men is not proper! What does he mean about 'seeing each other, and giving me his address?'"

"He wished me to write to him sometimes, and he would write to me."

Waife's brows contracted; but if, in the excess of grandfatherly caution, he could have supposed that the bright-hearted boy of seventeen meditated ulterior ill to that fairy child in such a scheme for correspondence, he

must have been in his dotage, and he had not hitherto evinced any signs of that.

Farewell, pretty Sophy! the evening star shines upon yon elm-tree that hides thee from view. Fading—fading grows the summer landscape; faded already from the landscape thy gentle image! So ends a holiday in life. Hallow it, Sophy; hallow it, Lionel. Life's holidays are not too many!

CHAPTER XVII.

By this chapter it appeareth that he who sets out on a career can scarcely expect to walk in perfect comfort, if he exchange his own thick-soled shoes for dress-boots which were made for another man's measure, and that the said boots may not the less pinch for being brilliantly varnished.—It also sheweth, for the instruction of Men and States, the connection between democratic opinion and wounded self-love; so that, if some Liberal statesmen desire to arouse against an aristocracy the class just below it, he has only to persuade a fine lady to be exceedingly civil "to that sort of people."

Vance, returning late at night, found his friend still up in the little parlour, the windows open, pacing the floor with restless strides, stopping now and then to look at the moon upon the river.

"Such a day, as I have had! and twelve shillings for the fly, "pikes not included," said Vance, much out of humour—

"I fly from plate, I fly from pomp,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;"

I forget the third line; I know the last is—

'To find my welcome at an inn.'

You are silent: I annoyed you by going—could not help it—pity me, and look up your pride."

"No, my dear Vance, I was hurt for a moment—but that's long since over!"

"Still you seem to have something on your mind," said Vance, who had now finished reading his letters, lighted his cigar, and was leaning against the window as the boy continued to walk to and fro.

"That is true—I have. I should like your advice. Read that letter. Ought I to go?—would it look mercenary—grasping? You know what I mean."

Vance approached the candles, and took the letter. He glanced first at the signature. "Darrell!" he exclaimed. "Oh, it is so, then!" He read with great attention, put down

the letter, and shook Lionel by the hand. "I congratulate you; all is settled as it should be. Go! of course—you would be an ill-mannered lout if you did not. It is far from hence—must you return to town first?"

LIONEL.—"No! I find I can get across the country—two hours by the railway. There is a station at the town which bears the postmark of the letter. I shall make for that, if you advise it."

"You knew I should advise it, or you would not have tortured your intellect by those researches into Bradshaw."

"Shrewdly said," answered Lionel, laughing; "but I wished for your sanction of my crude impressions."

"You never told me your cousin's name was Darrell—not that I should have been much wiser if you had, but, thunder and lightning, Lionel, do you know that your cousin Darrell is a famous man?"

LIONEL.—"Famous!—nonsense. I suppose he was a good lawyer, for I have heard my mother say, with a sort of contempt, that he had made a great fortune at the bar!"

VANCE.—"But he was in Parliament."

LIONEL.—"Was he? I did not know."

VANCE.—"And this is senatorial fame! You never heard your school-

fellows talk of Mr. Darrell?—they would not have known his name if you had boasted of it!"

LIONEL.—"Certainly not."

VANCE.—"Would your schoolfellows have known the names of Wilkie, of Landseer, of Turner, Maclise—I speak of Painters!"

LIONEL.—"I should think so, indeed."

VANCE (soliloquising).—"And yet Her Serene Sublimityship, Lady Selina Vipont, says to me with divine compassion, 'Not in the way of your delightful art to know such men as Mr. Darrell!' Oh, as if I did not see through it—oh, as if I did not see through it too when she said, apropos of my jean cap and velvet-reen jacket, 'What matters how *you* dress? Every one knows who you are! Would she have said that to the Earl of Dunder, or even to Sir Jasper Stollhead! No. I am the painter Frank Vance—nothing more nor less; and if I stood on my head in a check shirt and a sky-coloured apron, Lady Selina Vipont would kindly murmur, 'Only Frank Vance the painter—what does it signify?' Aha!—and they think to put me to use!—puppets and lay figures!—it is I who put them to use! Harkye, Lionel, you are nearer akin to these fine folks than I knew of. Promise me one thing: you may become of their set, by right of your famous Mr. Darrell: if ever you hear an artist, musician, scribbler, no matter what, ridiculed as a tuft-hunter—seeking the great—and so forth—before you join in the laugh, ask some great man's son, with a pedigree that dates from the Ark, 'Are you not a toad-eater too! Do you want political influence?—do you stand contested elections?—do you curry and fawn upon greasy Sam the butcher and grimy Tom the blacksmith for a vote? Why? useful to your career—necessary to your ambition!' Aha! is it meaner to curry and fawn upon whitehanded women and elegant coxcombs? Tut, tut! useful to a career—necessary to ambition!" Vance paused, out of breath. The spoiled darling of the circles—he—to talk such radical rubbish! Certainly he must have taken his two guineas' worth out of those light wines. Nothing so treacherous! they inflame the brain like

fire, while melting on the palate like ice. All inhabitants of light-wine countries are quarrelsome and democratic.

LIONEL (astonished).—"No one, I am sure, could have meant to call you a tuft-hunter—of course, every one knows that a great painter—"

VANCE.—"Dates from Michael Angelo, if not from Zeuxis! Common individuals trace their pedigree from their own fathers!—the children of Art from Art's founders!"

Oh Vance, Vance, you are certainly drunk! If that comes from dining with fine people at the Star and Garter, you would be a happier man and as good a painter if you sipped your toddy in honeysuckle arbours.

"But," said Lionel, bewildered, and striving to turn his friend's thoughts, "what has all this to do with Mr. Darrell!"

VANCE.—"Mr. Darrell might have been one of the first men in the kingdom. Lady Selina Vipont says so, and she is related, I believe, to every member in the Cabinet. Mr. Darrell can push you in life, and make your fortune, without any great trouble on your own part. Bless your stars, and rejoice that you are not a painter!"

Lionel flung his arm round the artist's broad breast. "Vance, you are cruel!" It was his turn to console the painter, as the painter had three nights before (apropos of the same Mr. Darrell) consoled him. Vance gradually sobered down, and the young men walked forth in the moonlight. And the eternal stars had the same kind looks for Vance as they had vouchsafed to Lionel.

"When do you start?" asked the painter, as they mounted the stairs to bed.

"To-morrow evening. I miss the early train, for I must call first and take leave of Sophy. I hope I may see her again in after-life."

"And I hope, for your sake, that if so, she may not be in the same coloured print, with Lady Selina Vipont's eyeglass upon her!"

"What!" said Lionel, laughing; "is Lady Selina Vipont so formidably rude?"

"Rude! nobody is rude in that delightful set. Lady Selina Vipont is excruciatingly—civil."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Being devoted exclusively to a reflection, not inapposite to the events in this history, nor to those in any other which chronicles the life of man.

There is one warning lesson in life which few of us have not received, and no book that I can call to memory has noted down with an adequate emphasis. It is this, "Beware of parting!" The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting, it is in the When and the How you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view! From the passionate farewell to the woman who has your heart in her keeping, to the cordial good-by exchanged with pleasant companions at a watering-place, a country-house, or the close of a festive day's blithe and careless excursion—a cord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practised in respicing broken ties. Meet again you may: will it be in the same way?—with the same sympathies?—with the same sentiments? Will the souls, hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely! Have you not, after even a year, even a month's absence, returned to the same place, found the same groups reassembled, and yet sighed to yourself,—"But where is the charm that once breathed from the spot, and once smiled from the faces?" A poet has said—"Eternity itself cannot restore the loss struck from the minute." Are you happy in the spot on which you tarry with the persons,

whose voices are now melodious to your ear?—beware of parting; or, if part you must, say not in insolent defiance to Time and Destiny,—
"What matters?—we shall soon meet again."

Alas, and alas! when we think of the lips which murmured, "Soon meet again," and remember how, in heart, soul, and thought, we stood for ever divided the one from the other, when, once more face to face, we each inly exclaimed,—
"Met again!"

The air that we breathe makes the medium through which sound is conveyed; be the instrument unchanged, be the force which is applied to it the same, still, the air that thou seest not, the air to thy ear gives the music.

Ring a bell underneath an exhausted receiver, thou wilt scarce hear the sound; give the bell due vibration by free air in warm daylight, or sink it down to the heart of the ocean, where the air, all compressed, fills the vessel around it,* and the chime, heard afar, starts thy soul, checks thy footstep,—unto deep calls the deep,—a voice from the ocean is borne to thy soul.

Where, then, the change, when thou sayest, "Lo, the same metal—why so faint-heard the ringing?" Ask the air that thou seest not, or above thee in sky, or below thee in ocean. Art thou sure that the bell, so faint-heard, is not struck underneath an exhausted receiver?

CHAPTER XIX.

The wandering inclinations of Nomad Tribes not to be accounted for on the principles of action peculiar to civilized men, who are accustomed to live in good houses and able to pay the income-tax.—When the money that once belonged to a man civilised, vanishes into the pockets of a nomad, neither lawful art nor occult science can, with certainty, discover what he will do with it.—Mr. Vance narrowly escapes well-merited punishment from the nails of the British Fair.—Lionel Houghton, in the temerity of youth, braves the dangers of a British railway.

The morning was dull and overcast, rain gathering in the air, when Vance and Lionel walked to Waife's lodging. As Lionel placed his hand on the knocker of the private door, the Cobbler, at his place by the win-

* The bell in a sunk diving-bell, where the air is compressed, sounds with increased power. Sound travels four times quicker in water than in the upper air.

dow in the stall beside, glanced towards him, and shook his head.

"No use knocking, gentlemen. Will you kindly step in?—this way."

"Do you mean that your lodgers are out?" asked Vance.

"Gone!" said the Cobbler, thrusting his awl with great vehemence through the leather destined to the repair of a ploughman's boot.

"Gone—for good!" cried Lionel; "you cannot mean it. I call by appointment."

"Sorry, sir, for your trouble. Stop a bit; I have a letter here for you." The Cobbler dived into a drawer, and from a medley of nails and thongs drew forth a letter addressed to L. Haughton, Esq.

"Is this from Waife? How on earth did he know my surname? you never mentioned it, Vance?"

"Not that I remember. But you said you found him at the inn, and they knew it there. It is on the brass plate of your knapsack. No matter,—what does he say?" and Vance looked over his friend's shoulder and read:—

"SIR,—I most respectfully thank you for your condescending kindness to me and my grandchild; and your friend, for his timely and generous aid. You will pardon me, that the necessity which knows no law obliges me to leave this place some hours before the time of your proposed visit. My grandchild says you intended to ask her sometimes to write to you. Excuse me, sir: on reflection, you will perceive how different your ways of life are from those which she must tread with me. You see before you a man who—but, I forget, you see him no more, and probably never will.—Your most humble and most obliged obedient servant,

"W. W."

VANCE.—"Who never more may trouble you, trouble you! Where have they gone?"

COBBLER.—"Don't know; would you like to take a peep in the crystal? perhaps you've the gift, unbeknown."

VANCE.—"Not I.—Bah! Come away, Lionel."

"Did not Sophy even leave any

message for me?" asked the boy, sorrowfully.

"To be sure she did; I forgot—no, not exactly a message, but this—I was to be sure to give it to you." And out of his miscellaneous receptacle the Cobbler extracted a little book. Vance looked and laughed—"The Butterflies' Ball and the Grasshoppers' Feast."

Lionel did not share the laugh. He plucked the book to himself, and read on the fly-leaf, in a child's irregular scrawl, blistered too with the unmistakable trace of fallen tears, these words:—

"Do not Scorn it. I have nothing else I can think of which is All Mine. Miss Jane Burton gave it me for being Goode. Grandfather says you are too high for us, and that I shall not see you More; but I shall never forget how kind you were,—never—never.—SOPHY."

Said the Cobbler, his awl upright in the hand which rested on his knee,—"What a plague did the 'Stronomers discover Herschell for? You see, sir," addressing Vance, "things odd and strange all come along o' Herschell."

"What!—Sir John?"

"No, the star he poked out. He's a awful star for females! hates 'em like poison! I suspect he's been worriting hisself into her nativity, for I got out from her the year, month, and day she was born, hour unbeknown, but, calkelating by noon, Herschell was dead agin her in the Third and Ninth House,—voyages, travels, letters, news, church matters, and sichlike. But it will all come right after he's transited. Her Jupiter must be good. But I only hope," added the Cobbler, solemnly, "that they won't go a-discovering any more stars. The world did a deal better without the new one, and they do talk of a Neptune—as bad as Saturn!"

"And this is the last of her!" said Lionel, sadly putting the book into his breast-pocket. "Heaven shield her wherever she goes!"

VANCE.—"Don't you think Waife and the poor little girl will come back again?"

COBBLER.—"P'raps; I know he was looking hard into the county map at the stationer's over the way;

that seems as if he did not mean to go very far. P'raps he may come back."

VANCE—"Did he take all his goods with him?"

COBBLER—"Barrin an old box—nothing in it, I expect, but theatre rubbish—play-books, paints, an old wig, and sichlike. He has good clothes—always had; and so has she, but they don't make more than a bundle."

VANCE—"But surely you must know what the old fellow's project is. He has got from me a great sum—what will he do with it?"

COBBLER—"Just what has been a-bothering me. What will he do with it? I cast a figure to know—could not make it out. Strange signs in Twelfth House. Enemies and big animals. Well, well, he's a marbelous man, and if he warn't a misbeliever in the crystal, I should say he was under Herschell; for you see, sir" (laying hold of Vance's button, as he saw that gentleman turning to escape)—"you see Herschell, though he be a sinister chap eno', specially in affairs connected with 'tother sex, disposes the native to dive into the mysteries of natur. I'm a Herschell man, out and outer! Born in March, and—"

"As mad as its hares," muttered Vance, wrenching his button from the Cobbler's grasp, and impatiently striding off. But he did not effect his escape so easily, for, close at hand, just at the corner of the lane, a female group, headed by Merle's gaunt housekeeper, had been silently collecting from the moment the two friends had paused at the Cobbler's door. And this petticoated divan suddenly closing round the painter, one pulled him by the sleeve, another by the jacket, and a third, with a nose upon which somebody had sat in early infancy, whispered, "Please, sir, take my picter fust."

Vance stared aghast—"Your picture, you drab!" Here another model of rustic charms, who might have furnished an ideal for the fat scullion in *Tristram Shandy*, bobbing a curtsy, put in her rival claim.

"Sir, if you don't objex to coming in to the kitching, after the family has gone to bed, I don't care if I lets

you make a minnytur of me for two pounds."

"Miniature of you, porpoise!"

"Polly, sir, not Porpus—ax pardon. I shall clean myself, and I have a butyful new cap—Honeytun, and—"

"Let the gentleman go, will you?" said a third; "I am supprised at ye, Polly. The kitching unbeknown! Sir, I'm in the nussary—yes, sir—and missus says you may take me any time, purvided you'll take the babby, in the back parlour—yes, sir. Number 5 in the High Street. Mrs. Spratt,—yes, sir. Babby has had the smallpox—in case you're a married gentleman with a family—quite safe there—yes, sir."

Vance could endure no more, and, forgetful of that gallantry which should never desert the male sex, burst through the phalanx with an anathema, blackening alike the beauty and the virtue of those on whom it fell—that would have justified a cry of shame from every manly bosom, and at once changed into shrill wrath the supplicatory tones with which he had been hitherto addressed. Down the street he hurried, and down the street followed the insulted fair. "Hise—hise—no gentleman, no gentleman! Aha—skulk off—do—low blaggurd!" shrieked Polly. From their counters shop-folks rushed to their doors. Stray dogs, excited by the clamour, ran wildly after the fugitive man, yelping "in madding bray!" Vance, fearing to be clawed by the females if he merely walked, sure to be bitten by the dogs if he ran, ambled on, strove to look composed, and carry his nose high in its native air, till, clearing the street, he saw a hedgerow to the right—leapt it with an agility which no stimulus less preternatural than that of self-preservation could have given to his limbs, and then shot off like an arrow, and did not stop, till, out of breath, he dropt upon the bench in the sheltering honeysuckle arbour. Here he was still fanning himself with his cap, and muttering unmentionable expletives, when he was joined by Lionel, who had tarried behind to talk more about Sophy to the Cobbler, and who, unconscious that the din which smote his ear was

caused by his ill-starred friend, had been enticed to go up stairs and look after Sophy in the crystal—vainly. When Vance had recited his misadventures, and Lionel had sufficiently consoled with him, it became time for the latter to pay his share of the bill, pack up his knapsack, and start for the train. Now, the station could only be reached by penetrating the heart of the village, and Vance swore that he had had enough of that. “*Peste!*” said he; “I should pass right before No. 5 in the High Street, and the nuss and the babby will be there on the threshold, like Virgil’s picture of the internal regions—

‘*Infantumque animas flentes in limine primo.*’

We will take leave of each other here. I shall go by the boat to Chertsey whenever I shall have sufficiently recovered my shaken nerves. There are one or two picturesque spots to be seen in that neighbourhood. In a few days I shall be in town; write to me there, and tell me how you get on. Shake hands, and Heaven speed you. But, ah, now you have paid your moiety of the bill, have you enough left for the train?”

“Oh, yes, the fare is but a few shillings; but, to be sure, a fly to Fawley? I ought not to go on foot” (proudly); “and, too, supposing he affronts me, and I have to leave his house suddenly? May I borrow a sovereign? my mother will call and repay it.”

VANCE (magnificently). — “There it is, and not much more left in my purse—that cursed Star and Garter! and those three pounds!”

LIONEL (sighing). — “Which were so well spent! Before you sell that picture, do let me make a copy.”

VANCE. — “Better take a model of your own. Village full of them; you could bargain with a porpoise for half the money which I was duped into squandering away on a chit! But don’t look so grave; you may copy me if you can!”

“Time to start, and must walk brisk, sir,” said the jolly landlord, looking in.

“Good-by, good-by.”

And so departed Lionel Houghton upon an emprise as momentous to that

youth-errant as Perilous Bridge or Dragon’s Cave could have been to knight-errant of old.

“Before we decide on having done with each other, a short visit”—so ran the challenge from him who had everything to give unto him who had everything to gain. And how did Lionel Houghton, the ambitious and aspiring, contemplate the venture in which success would admit him within the gates of the golden Carduel an equal in the lists with the sons of paladins, or throw him back to the arms of the widow who let a first floor in the back streets of Pimlico? Truth to say, as he strode musingly towards the station for starting, where the smoke-cloud now curled from the wheel-track of iron,—truth to say, the anxious doubt which disturbed him was not that which his friends might have felt on his behalf. In words, it would have shaped itself thus—“Where is that poor little Sophy? and what will become of her—what?” But, when, launched on the journey, hurried on to its goal, the thought of the ordeal before him forced itself on his mind, he muttered inly to himself—“Done with each other: let it be as he pleases, so that I do not fawn on his pleasure. Better a million times enter life as a penniless gentleman, who must work his way up like a man, than as one who creeps on his knees into fortune, shaming birth-right of gentleman, or soiling honour of man.” Therefore taking into account the poor cousin’s vigilant pride on the *qui vive* for offence, and the rich cousin’s temper (as judged by his letters) rude enough to present it, we must own that if Lionel Houghton has at this moment what is commonly called “a chance,” the question as yet is not, what is that chance, but *what will he do with it?* And as the reader advances in this history, he will acknowledge that there are few questions in this world so frequently agitated, to which the solution is more important to each puzzled mortal, than that upon which starts every sage’s discovery, every novelist’s plot—that which applies to MAN’S LIFE, from its first sleep in the cradle, “WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?”

CHARLES THE FIFTH.

A YOUNG monarch is the very *beau idéal* and impersonation of youth. That superb, superlative, magnificent, and absolute condition of existence, seems somehow to attain its fullest and most appropriate development in a young king. Of its own nature regnant and royal, born to scorn possibilities, to coerce all the earth's passive forces, and to triumph in pure daring, unreasoning and above reason, youth has, notwithstanding, to succumb always to cold gravity and wisdom, age and experience, and, as a necessity of nature, must clip its wings, and get rid of its individual faculties and follies, the sooner the better. This perpetual Pegasus is every day bound to the plough like common cattle—every day sobers down into maturity and commonplace—discovers every day, beyond controversy, that the impossible is not to be overcome—and finds no refuge anywhere save in romance, and in here and there, the most splendid romance of all, some startling page of history, showing how a whole country kindled into enthusiasm, and all the gifts of nature and of fortune, a shower more dazzling than that of Danaë, came down upon the path of the ideal youth, prince, king, or emperor, to whom everything was possible, and in whom, for one triumphant moment, his very counsellors beheld the glow and glory of their own youth again.

Kings, we presume, in a general view, are not a class of men at all to be envied. It is a hard service to which this "accident of birth" consigns the common royal personage whose fathers and grandfathers, for ever so many generations, have reigned before him. One can suppose an amount of glory and enjoyment in the estate where one wins it for one's self—a thing which has been shown to be practicable even in the nineteenth century; but to be born to a vocation so wearisome and unlightened, must be, we are inclined to suppose, the very reverse of desirable. There is, however, compen-

sation in all things. Several times, in the history of the modern world, there has appeared such a superb phenomenon as a young sovereign, absolute in power, full of genius, ardour, and magnificence. No other position in existence has an equal power over the imagination. The dulllest fancy in the world brightens with a delighted expectancy to hear of the youth of an emperor—the advent of a young king. The reader leaps immediately to a realisation of all the grand imaginations, by heavy people called Utopian, which this fearless young potentate could put to an experiment—of all the generous opportunities by which this ideal champion of the universal race might make an end of poverty, injustice, and distress. Involuntarily, with a natural sentiment, we look to find the sober chronicle all aglow with the young man's magnanimous exertions, and expect the early story of his reign to read like a fairy tale.

The subject of this sketch not only commenced his government under these splendid circumstances, but ended it in a singular and wonderful fashion, still more unusual and equally captivating to all imaginative people. To die like a common man in the midst of ordinary business, is the common lot; to die in harness was the stern hope of the old soldier; but to die in peace, seclusion, and solemn leisure, after a voluntary retirement from the toils and trials of everyday life, is the favourite vision of most laborious men. There are few who realise it—and fewer still who, with force and wisdom unabated, wind up and conclude their affairs on earth, and secure for themselves that final hour of repose, before failing faculties and blunted powers make it imperative. Of these few, the most remarkable and illustrious of modern times was Charles the Fifth, whose voluntary and dignified retirement detaches the end of his existence as entirely from common lives, as his doubly royal birth did its beginning. And perhaps this conclusion, with its ideal and

poetic appropriateness, more than his mighty empire, his great talents, or the wonderful age in which he lived, secures for this great monarch the particular personal regard of posterity. He appears to us like Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior*, a man whose life

Upon the man which pleased his childish thought ;"

and whom neither ambition, love of rule, nor the natural energy of a great mind, can sway from his original idea and intention. And the historical critic, who has been summing up his official qualities, and delivering his verdict for or against the policy of the emperor, is suddenly baffled and put out of court by that last scene in the imperial history, which shows the hero in his serge gown a disrowned king, yet is neither downfall nor decadence—which sets the man over the monarch—and which, uncompelled by any act of providence, comes of the recluse's royal will, and nothing less or more.

The singularity and remarkable nature of these circumstances have long made Charles a striking figure in history, and attracted towards him the regards of the lovers of the picturesque, as well as the graver students of events; and the discoveries of recent years, which have thrown so much additional light upon the end of his life—that retirement which hitherto, half-revealed through a mysterious veil of fable and tradition, had borne at one time the aspect of an anchorite's seclusion, and at another of the Epicurean repose of an Elysian isle—make this great leader of an extraordinary age only all the more interesting and remarkable. We do not propose to review the elaborate work of Robertson, though it gains so much in interest from the key of its hero's character and disposition, which some books of recent date have afforded us; but we gladly take occasion by its republication to give a hasty and rapid glance at the history of Charles, following the individual thread of his great fortunes. All the mighty interests involved—all the germs of

social and national progress—even all the campaigns of his perpetual warfare, are quite beyond the range and reach of our brief survey; yet it may be worth while to endeavour, by a continuous sketch, however slight, to carry the attention of the busy reader from the brilliant beginning of his fortunes, to their remarkable conclusion—two great outstanding and romantic historical circumstances which every one already knows.

The Emperor Charles V. was born with the sixteenth century, eventful and of glorious memory. He was the grandson of Columbus's Isabella, one of the noblest women of history—of her husband the astute Ferdinand—and, on the other side, of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy. Each of these names means a kingdom. Splendid old Spain, with all her Transatlantic conquests, made into one by the royal marriage which united Castile and Arragon—wealthy Flanders, rich in the fruits of industry, the market of the world—Naples and Sicily, the volcanic regions of turbulence and revolution, owned the young prince as their born heir. And last of all, most dazzling but least substantial, the imperial crown hung in shadow over the infant's cradle, a probable climax to the grandeur of his fortunes. This heir of many great kingdoms and great sovereigns was born of two inconsiderable people, a handsome Philip and a foolish Joanna, of no note or importance to any history. Philip ended his days suddenly, after a successful struggle of diplomacy with his son's cunning old grandsire; and the weak Joanna, whose mind was only capable of one sentiment, sank into melancholy madness on the death of her husband. Thus orphaned, the boy Charles lived with his tutors in the Netherlands, his paternal patrimony—a youth of no remarkable promise, loving, like other lads, feats of arms more than maxims of philosophy, and distinguished principally by obedience and submissiveness to his governor Châvres—an amiable symptom of his youth, but no great omen of fitness for a royalty then the most extended and various under the sun.

This was at a great conjuncture and crisis of human affairs. The kingdoms of Europe, which heretofore had been of fluctuating and uncertain limits, much dependent on the varying character of individual sovereigns—exalted by conquest in one generation, and depressed by losses in the next—began then to consolidate into that commonwealth and family of nations, of which the first great principle of safety is the due equipoise and balance of power. Young sovereigns, singularly exemplifying in their own character and dispositions the identity of their respective kingdoms, occupied the greatest thrones in Christendom. Each represented the greatest power, wealth, and magnificence of which his nation up to that time had been capable; and a certain personal rivalry, natural to their common rank and common youth, gave spirit and fire to the emulation of their enterprises, and the eagerness with which each kept watch upon the other. Free from the civil contentions which before this period, had been rife; France and England were not only led, but personified by these splendid young potentates, and, full of enthusiasm and energy, were ready to follow where their monarch led, and adopt his enterprises with ardour and willingness as their own. The love of conquest was as strong in Francis and in Henry as it had been in any of their ancestors. The territories of the young Charles, whose dispositions time had not yet revealed, were made up of conquests; and unseated princes, to whom it still was possible to regain their lost position, waited only for the hope of encouragement and assistance to do their utmost to dismember his great possessions. Upon these active, fiery, and powerful influences, the wily statesmanship of Italy sat at watch, intent on working its own immunity by their enmities and rivalry, and conscious that its strength lay in matching each against the other, and diverting from its own unprotected and diminutive principalities the warlike eyes so ready to devour them. Outside of all, the Turk, the common enemy of Christendom, threatened a multitudinous invasion; and within,

in the very centre and citadel of the Christian world, Luther and the Bible, more potential adversaries, assailed the universal Church. So much for the tangible things and persons of this grand opening-scene of history. Influences were at work besides, less visible, but not less powerful. The domestic economy of the nations expanded with gradual and silent force. Ignorance grew out of credit, and minds, in which the cogent reason of the Scriptures began to displace the dialectic logic of the Schools, were quickened to a clearer perception of cause and result, and of the motives and principles of human government. Public opinion, which hitherto has found only a picturesque, fluctuating, and capricious exponent in the judgment and criticism of the nobles, began to grow in cities and communities to its due importance as a recognised and legitimate check upon personal ambition. The whole world, quickened and stimulated, thrilled with a rising life. Contentions of statesmen, emulations of kings, progress of opinions, wars, commerce, literature, and, above all, a purified and persecuted faith, kept the universal population of Europe in activity. There were fears without—a common apprehension of the attacks of the Infidel, the natural enemy of all Christian countries—and a vigorous and hearty condition of fightings within, by which the brotherhood of Christendom kept its hand in practice for whatever might befall.

At this period Charles, a youth of sixteen, was called from his boyish studies and pastimes to assume the ancient crown of Spain. He was a German born, and had a natural love for the home of his youth. He was still a boy in a state of pupillage, subject to his "governors," and he was of a phlegmatic Teutonic temper, slow of growth—a ponderous vessel, wanting time and space to get fairly under weigh. It suited his tutors to have the wealth of Spain flowing into the wealth-loving Low Countries, and to make that ancient and splendid monarchy the subject of their heavy Flemish experiments in the art of empire. The Spaniards looked on in dismay and indignation, while their

great offices of state were sold, and their government administered by men alike ignorant and indifferent to their national interests, and haughtily resented the appointment of Flemish commissioners of regency to "assist" the great Cardinal Ximenes, who, though a bigot and an inquisitor, was a patriot and a hero. But Charles was young, and, like all other young kings, was assoilized by the popular imagination from any share in the blame which fell heavy on his councillors. After the delay of a year, the youthful monarch at last entered his ancestral dominions just as his great viceroy Ximenes ended in neglect and insult the life which had been devoted to his service. Charles was received with the exuberant and magnificent rejoicings which were to be looked for from a people of such poetic temper, stately manners, and affection for their native princes, as distinguished the Spaniards. He held courts and cortes, received gifts, and made appointments. Wherever he went he was surrounded by his Flemings, thirsting for Spanish gold-pieces. Chièvres, his tutor, held him under a despotism conjoined of the authority of the parent and the sway of a favourite, and suffered neither regard for the interest of his princely pupil, nor for his own good name and reputation, to sway him from his scheme of self-enrichment. After little more than a year's residence in his ancestral country, Charles left Spain in a fever of disgust and rebellion, sick of its new monarch and his foreign councillors. Scarcely a town in the united kingdom, scarcely a noble in the whole territory, who was not ready to blaze forth into desperate revolt whenever the electric spark came upon all these smouldering embers of national and personal resentment. By this time the young king was a candidate for the Imperial crown, vacant by the death of his grandfather Maximilian. So far he had testified his fitness for the vacant throne only by the triumphant success with which he had alienated the affections and lost the regard of his particular people. This was the sole public operation by which he, whom one of his recent biographers justly

calls the greatest monarch of the sixteenth century, had proved his capacity to reign; and that he had thoroughly accomplished it, the blaze of revolution in Spain springing up in the track of his royal footsteps, like a spontaneous and destructive wildfire abundantly proved. His antagonist, Francis of France, the gayest chevalier and champion of Christendom, was already in the field. The contest was splendid, the issues of an altogether stupendous and extraordinary character; and Charles, thus entered in the lists with the foremost man of the age, despite his many crowns and great possessions, was still only nineteen years old, and, so far as history shows, a docile and undeveloped boy.

The two rivals who thus stood before Christendom in competition for the highest honour which Christendom could bestow, were at once, by their rank, their hereditary claims, and their natural character, born rivals and opponents to each other. The one was rash, chivalrous, impetuous, full of ardour and passion; the other prudent, cautious, full of forethought, and strong in an invincible obstinate patience which was not to be overcome. They were the two greatest monarchs of continental Europe, sole equals of each other. They had innumerable clashing claims of territory—cause enough in themselves for wars without end. Charles coveted Burgundy, which had been taken from his grandmother, Mary. Francis held the right of a suzerain over the rich provinces of Flanders and Artois. Both had claims upon the crown of Naples, of which Charles had possession. The duchy of Milan, a fief of the Empire, was held by Francis, to the misliking of all Germany; and while Sforza, the disrowned prince of that unhappy Italian principality, was a protégé of Charles, the French monarch warmly maintained the cause of d'Albret, king of Navarre, whose lands had been for some time annexed to Charles's Spanish dominions. With so many pretty quarrels between them, the Imperial competitors were not likely to be at a loss for occasion of strife; but pending the election, professed for each other a chivalrous and knightly friendship, each professing

himself magnanimously indifferent in his own person to the Imperial honours, and desiring nothing but the safety of Christendom and the privilege of leading her united forces against the Infidel.

The electoral princes of Germany would gladly have had neither of the royal candidates for their favour. This oligarchy of sovereign princes had no desire to place over themselves a potentate of power sufficient to overawe and curb their original independence. The Imperial crown was offered first to the wise Frederick of Saxony, who would not accept it, and the choice ultimately fell upon Charles, not from any qualities of his own, but by reason of his German blood, language, and patrimony, and the position of his hereditary dominions. The intelligence of his election came to him at Barcelona, where he waited the ill pleasure of the Catalonian cortes, then presumptuously bent upon resisting the young king's natural desire for a donative. The offer of a new kingdom could not have come at a more seasonable time. His Flemish tutors had already aggravated to the utmost the haughty mind of Spain, and all classes and districts of the kingdom united to resist them. The refractory Castilian clergy set Pope and King equally at defiance, by refusing to levy a tithe upon ecclesiastical benefices, which Leo had granted to Charles (on the principle, we presume, that it is easy to be liberal with other people's money), for the carrying on of the war against the Infidel; and the cortes of Valencia, still more bold, declined to receive the deputy whom Charles had sent to represent him in their assembly, and declared that they could neither acknowledge as king a person who was absent, nor grant him a subsidy. Upon these irritated and rebellious Spaniards, however, Charles, hereditary monarch of Castile, Arragon, America, Naples, and Flanders, and elected Emperor of Germany, had to depend, like a spendthrift heir upon a money-lender. He could not set out to take possession of his new crown till it pleased the turbulent cortes to grant him as much money as would pay for his journey; and having extorted that,

he set out hastily with the reluctant gift, leaving the grievances of his ancient people to cure themselves until his return.

He had scarcely quitted the coasts of Spain when he made the first revelation of one of the leading points in his future character. Having revolved a matter in his impenetrable Teutonic brain, Charles had the gift all his life to do it with obstinacy and daring. Already he seems to have apprehended the interminable rivalry of Francis, and the perpetual intrigues and hostile alliances to which his elevated position exposed him. In these circumstances his wisest policy was to be beforehand with his greatest adversary, and prepare himself by such alliances as he could attain for the inevitable contest. Henry of England, the last of his great trio of monarchs, was naturally the ally most courted by both. He was already on friendly terms with Francis, and was then about to set out for that place of meeting, which pageant lovers and romancists have so much celebrated—the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Under these circumstances, Charles at once, and suddenly, instead of bending his course direct to his German empire, came over the seas to England—won the heart of the royal John Bull by so great a compliment—found other means to captivate Wolsey, his omnipotent prime minister—and thus managed, by doing his business himself instead of trusting it to others, to anticipate his rival, and secure the first hearing in that insular court, where, safe within his seas, Henry Tudor presumed to hold the umpire's baton, and concluded himself able to decide the quarrels of the world.

This was the beginning of the public life of Charles. No monarch has ever begun his career with more magnificent titles, or with subjects less tractable, and few have had the fate to encounter foes so potent, enmity so persevering, or cares so burdensome. At no time of his life were his immense and scattered dominions free of positive rebellion in one quarter or another. Subjects of his own bearing arms against him were familiar to his mind, alike in constitutional Spain and in distract-

ed Germany. Rich and powerful cities, arrogant, and obstinate, and tributary princes, eager to maintain their own independence, filled his domestic concerns with an unceasing disquietude. He was compelled to measure strength incessantly with his personal rival Francis, who held side by side with him, not only in campaigns and battles, but, in temper, generosity, and prudence, maintained a perpetual contest, and sought with eager emulation the good opinion of the world, which does not always follow successful arms. A greater because an invisible and abstract foe, the Reformation, fronted Charles throughout all his life, and triumphed over him, stirring up, not only a fervid and unconquerable opposition to the Church, but a new and enlightened appreciation of political liberty. The Church itself harassed and oppressed him in the persons of three popes, with a fickle and capricious variation of support and enmity. Obligated to draw his supplies from subjects, always unwilling, and often rebellious, his treasury was never equal to the vast demands made upon it; and he himself, in his own person, suffered the torments of a violent disease, which often cast him into total helplessness at the very moment when all his powers and faculties were imperatively needed. In spite of all these hindrances and obstacles, the career of Charles was equalled by no contemporary monarch. On various occasions he reached the very culminating point of fortune—on others, the next greatest, extricated himself with vigour and credit from immense reverses; and, banked of his greatest hopes, nevertheless ended his days in a position of royal and solemn dignity, notable and full of interest to all the world.

In the life of this great monarch, so full of incident as it is, and crowded with the germs of future progress and policy, we naturally fix upon two events as the most memorable epochs of the tale: the one, the battle of Pavia, which brought into his hands his great rival Francis; the other, his own fight before the conquering forces of Maurice of Saxony, and the treaty of Passau, by which he was compelled to resign the great-

est results of his astute policy and overpowering labours. More exciting than any drama, but differing from all human inventions by that singular and sad provision of Providence, which almost always forbids an issue to the greatest schemes of men, and permits no real epic, complete and conclusive, to find place among the actual transactions of the world, there are few more remarkable lessons than that contained in the life of Charles, alike to kings and people showing how God, who sometimes appears to permit men to play with fortune, in reality only allows them the full power of proving the vanity and shortsightedness of their own wisest calculations, and leaves it to posterity, by dint of mere experience, to look back upon many of the greatest evolutions of history, as upon the moves of children who aim at an impossible issue, and are entirely in the dark as to the real end which is to come.

The wars of Charles were begun in concert with Pope Leo and the Italian States, who were very willing to assist the Emperor in driving the French out of Italy. Francis had begun the contest by overrunning Navarre. Charles retorted by taking possession of Milan; and there immediately ensued a series of rapid and ceaseless metamorphoses, and sudden whirls and turns of fortune, enough to bewilder the most accustomed brain. We marvel much what our Friends of Italy, who speak so enthusiastically of one united Italian kingdom, can make of these plain-spoken facts of history, which show how willingly the other Italian powers delivered over this unhappy duchy to be pulled to pieces by the contending sovereigns, both of whom were equally invaders, foreign and oppressive to the soil. As this unfortunate pawn of empire is shuffled about upon the great chess-board, it is almost impossible to suppose that the ordinary processes of life went on through all the interminable turmoil, the constant sieges and capitulations, marches and counter-marches, of its assailants. These troublesome and expensive amusements came, however, to a startling and sudden conclusion. Francis had taken the

field in person to recover his standing in Italy, and at the unfortunate battle of Pavia became the prisoner of Charles.

This astounding chance of war startled the whole civilised world. It is not difficult to conceive the panic of the cunning Italian politicians who gave their aid to Charles in order to maintain the balance of power, and suddenly, in a moment, found that balance vanish, and all the possibilities of illimitable conquest opened to the Emperor's ambition. England itself immediately began to draw back in alarm from an alliance which, safe enough while there was a common enemy to struggle with, began to wear a different aspect now when Charles appeared alone upon the stage, the arbiter of the world's destinies. No wild impulse of romantic generosity ever made so sudden a change in the breast of a youthful hero, as the unexpected success of Charles wrought upon the sentiments of Europe. His allies deserted him in haste and perturbation, England concluded a treaty with France, and the public opinion of the world trembled at the thought of a universal monarchy—a new and mightier Roman empire, absolute over all the nationalities under the sun.

Charles, whose forecasting and capacious mind had room for the plan of a campaign, or the measures of a system of policy, and who was equally qualified to elaborate great schemes, to carry them out with the rapidity of genius, or to wait with obstinate patience for their accomplishment, was less fit than a less sagacious man for the splendid emergency in which he now found himself. Though his carefully considered policy and extreme good fortune placed him not unfrequently in a position in which he could exhibit a lofty and honourable generosity, the generous *impulse*—a grace beyond all wisdom and all policy—did not belong to Charles. Anxious to gain all he could from his illustrious captive, and to lose no advantage gained by his victory, the magnanimous position in which he *might* have stood, probably joined with more immediate causes to confuse and embarrass the mind and actions of the Emperor. He was not

prepared to act, as it is possible Francis might have done, with a superb and royal liberality. On the contrary, feeling all that this extraordinary event placed in his power, he was jealous to the utmost to secure his superiority, and prevent his rival from resuming an equal place with himself in the estimation of the world. Charles, like other monarchs, forgot to consider that public opinion is very apt to slide to the side of the unfortunate, and that the extreme severity of his demands, which prompted the indignant Francis to draw his dagger and exclaim, "It were better that a king should die thus," was in fact the best method he could have adopted for reinstating his adversary in the favour of all the offended onlookers. The same rigorous demands also had the double disadvantage of partially justifying Francis in the feigned assent which he gave to them, and in the extraordinary protest which he made in secret, a few hours before signing the treaty, against it. The French king engaged to restore to Charles the duchy of Burgundy, which had been for two generations in the possession of France; to deliver his sons as hostages into Charles's hands till restitution could be made; to renounce all his pretensions in Italy, as well as his superiority as suzerain over Flanders; and to establish a league of perpetual friendship and confederacy with the Emperor. So ended this chapter in the life of Charles, which might have been the most magnificent; and was a miserable failure, full of falsehood, perfidy, and dishonourable dealing among all concerned.

Francis broke his word and oath. That he should have done so, was an event which even Charles himself must have looked for; but his absolution by Pope Clement, and his self-justification on the score of his secret protest, are strange glimpses into the public morality of those times. New combinations and new wars were instantly declared against the Emperor. The floating background of allies joined hands with Francis, and Charles stood alone, as his opponent had done a little time before, against the united forces of Christendom. The Emperor was not

dismayed. From his dismal trance of diplomatic exaction, he rose to his new struggle with force renewed, and with his great prestige unbroken. He wanted money; but he wanted neither force nor courage, and had at the head of his army the splendid traitor Bourbon, whose feud with France was all the deadlier because he owed allegiance there. The preliminaries of the warfare occupied some time, during which Charles's army increased; but as his means did not increase with them, Bourbon, at his wit's end to appease their mutiny, fell upon a scheme, the boldest and most extraordinary of all the wonderful accidents of that age. A rapid march through panic-stricken Italy brought the Constable, a modern Alaric, to the gates of Rome, and then his fierce and mutinous hordes of Spaniards, Germans, and Italians, unpaid and thirsting for plunder, fell upon the weak, wealthy, and sacred city. Bourbon fell, which was so much the better for the Emperor, and Pope Clement took the place of King Francis, a captive to the victorious imperial arms.

Charles was a good Catholic. He put his Court in mourning, and appointed prayers and processions throughout all Spain for the Pope's liberation. He even stayed the rejoicings for the birth of his son, in devout sympathy with the misfortune which had fallen upon the head of the Church. One thing, however, he omitted to do; he did not release Clement. Like all other royal sons of Rome, Charles loved to gain an advantage over his holy mother, and, his religious principles and Spanish devoutness notwithstanding, was proud of a second captive so illustrious. Clement gained nothing by the whimsical hypocrisy of regret assumed by his captor; and even the horror of Christendom, dismayed at the idea of a Pope in bondage, did not open the papal prison till his holiness had paid his ransom—that most needful sum of current-money for which the mutinous soldiers waited ere they would leave Rome. This capture of the seat and head of the papal government detached the Pope from his league with Francis, but rather quickened the zeal of the other

members of the alliance. Ambassadors from France and Spain immediately repaired to Charles, to cancel, if possible, the treaty of Madrid; but, being as unreasonable in their demands as Charles himself had been in the Madrid agreement, proclaimed war instead. Then followed a challenge from Francis to decide the quarrel by single combat—a piece of haughty bravado which was repeated more than once during the long and obstinate duel of those two adversaries. The French then attacked Naples, but were driven thence by the defection of the Genoese Doria; and both parties by this time being tolerably well tired out with their exertions, a treaty was made at Cambray, by two royal ladies, modifying the treaty of Madrid, and establishing anew a short-lived peace. This was one of the remarkable occasions on which Charles's considerate and cautious policy placed him in a more generous and honourable attitude towards his supporters than could be attained by the impetuous and headstrong Francis, who, disgusted by failure, and heartily sick of the whole business, glad to gain his own immediate objects, and more glad still to conclude and be done with it, did not take time or trouble to protect his friends.

This peace enabled Charles to set about the acquisition of a little personal glory. He made a campaign forthwith against Solymán, in which no harm was done on either side, but which kept the great barbarian in check, and gave the Emperor a comfortable idea of his own military powers. Shortly afterwards he set out on an expedition against Tunis—an enterprise which was almost as virtuous as a crusade—overpowered Barbarossa, took possession of that kingdom, delivered his own dominion from the constant inroads of the Corsairs, and freed twenty thousand Christian slaves from the bonds of the Infidel. We who reckon at a secondary value the services of our soldiers against any but European antagonists, and who have no longer any terror of the waned and feeble Crescent, can scarcely realise the honour and glory which this conquest brought to Charles, or the universal

admiration excited by it. He came home as a magnanimous and heroic conqueror, who had been fighting not his own quarrel, but that of Christendom—a holy warfare, meritorious and splendid; and despite his injury to the Pope, and politic management of the Church, Charles himself, without doubt, believed in his own championship as thoroughly as any of his admirers. When he came home, it was time for France to resume her perpetual opposition; and the great Emperor, like a common man, was enamoured of his new gift of fighting. Embarrassed by the French king's claim upon Milan, he rose up in the presence of the Pope and Cardinals, to repeat the old expedient of his rival, and, with much vehemence, and to the utter amazement of his authority, challenged Francis to resolve by single combat the disputes between them. Charles was no abstract man; doubtless he meant this ebullition of petulance and personal anger, and felt it fully; but he knew at the same time the advantage of "totally disconcerting" and filling with amazement an attentive and wily audience, who watched his policy with the keenest and most jealous interest. Immediately afterwards he invaded France without success, and received reprisals of his challenge, equally picturesque and fruitless, from Francis and his parliament, who denounced the Emperor as a rebellious vassal of France, and summoned him to appear in person to answer for his crime, on penalty of the forfeiture of Flanders and Artois. These are strange interludes in serious history; yet they form important features in the record, partly because they show the extreme difference between that morning of modern life and our own more prosaic state of existence, and partly because, being picturesque and startling incidents, historians, tired of a maze of wars, truces, and treaties are fain to rest upon, here and there, so singular and romantic an individual scene. After this tiresome interchange of hostilities, diversified with floating bits of conquest on one side and the other, another peace was managed by the Pope. Shortly afterwards, the belligerent monarchs met

in person, suddenly discovering the greatest friendship for each other. The royal courtesy of Francis on this occasion emboldened Charles to one of the most daring exploits of his life—his journey through France to Ghent. Ghent exasperated into open rebellion by the threatened exaction of a subsidy, fell upon the ordinary wont of dissatisfied subjects in those days, and, turning against its own sovereign, made overtures to Francis. But the chivalrous King of France, in pursuance of his new friendship, not only rejected their proposition, but gave information of the whole to Charles, who was not like to receive the intelligence with indifference. The Emperor stimulated by the advice and entreaties of the Governess of the Low Countries, his sister Mary, immediately determined upon paying a visit to the unhappy city, which was his own birthplace. The journey through Italy and Germany was expensive and long, the voyage by sea tedious. Charles, bold to discover the general characteristics of a disposition which he himself neither shared nor was prepared to emulate, against the advice of all his counselors, and on his own sole responsibility, resolved, with his natural obstinacy and promptitude, to travel through France. His request to Francis for permission to pass through his dominions was coupled with a general promise to settle the affairs of Milan satisfactorily to the French king; and, with a rare perception of the nature he had to deal with, Charles added an earnest hope that Francis would not sully the lustre of this friendly office, by exacting any new promise by way of requital. The issue justified the Emperor's confidence. Charles, who meant only the better prosecution of his own interests, and paid no more regard to the French monarch than to those dusty high-roads of France over which he pursued his own object with all the rapidity which his generous host permitted, was received with a royal welcome in the country which he had once invaded, and against whose interests he had bent his powers all his life. Through Paris, which spent its whole powers for his entertainment, he hastened on to his own dominions,

invulnerable to any answering touch of friendliness or gratitude—arrived in Flanders—and, having disposed of the unfortunate Gantois, who suffered dearly for their rebellion, he made no further pretence of faith, but threw from him his promise concerning Milan, as a man might throw aside an implement which he had used and made an end of. And, strange as it seems to say so, it was Charles, inflexible in his iron selfishness, and successful in his enterprise, and not the indignant Francis, whose better motives had placed him in the ridiculous position of a man outwitted, who was least ashamed of this transaction, and least anxious to have it forgotten. His very jester, Brusquet, smote the mortified and deceived monarch with ridicule, inscribing his name in a "Book of Fools," which that redoubtable personage kept for his amusement. "But what," said Francis, "if I allow the Emperor to return as securely as he came?"—"Nay," said Brusquet, "if he ventures himself again in your power, I will erase your name, and put his in its place." Charles knew better; and with this ended the personal intercourse of the two sovereigns.

It is quite beyond the power of anything so brief and rapid as this sketch to enter into all the myriad moves of this great game. How the Protestant princes of Germany had played with their allegiance to Charles and secretly treated with Francis—how Solyman troubled the borders of Christendom and gained ground in Hungary—and how diets met and separated; delivering decrees for the regulation of the faith, which the Emperor, who had neither leisure nor power to settle the question, quietly neutralised by private agreements—it is impossible in a limited space to attempt to tell. Following the principal thread of the story, we find Charles embarked upon another magnanimous crusade for glory and the faith, but returning in a dismal plight, baulked by storms and evil weather, from the coast of Algiers, having experienced nothing but disaster—a sad and entire failure of all his great intentions. Francis was in arms again when the Emperor returned. Another rapid storm of angry warfare, with

many splendid passages of arms, mutual invasions, and mutual conquests, took place between them, and was concluded by a reasonable treaty named of Crespy, which was the last which Francis lived to make.

The French king died just as he was about to begin again other treaties of alliance, and to think of taking up once more the sword which during all his busy life had been sheathed only in momentary intervals. Free of his persevering adversary, Charles had time to turn his full regards upon the German empire, his power over which had always been much too limited and uncertain to satisfy his views of monarchy. The Emperor was a very good Catholic; as devout a son of the Church as when he caused prayers to be said for the happy delivery of Pope Clement from the rude hands of his captors; yet, if he did not go so far as his sometime ally Henry of England, and prefer to have the spiritual as well as the temporal authority united in himself, he certainly joined a grand, subtle, and profoundly considered plan for the general subjugation of the Empire, with his perpetual efforts to check the Reformation and restore the unanimity of religion. He was aware of the league formed among themselves by the Protestant princes, who were his subjects while they were all reigning monarchs, more absolute in their own territories than the Emperor; and now when his hands were free, and he no longer found it necessary by secret arrangements to console these princely malcontents for the decisions of the diet, Charles set himself seriously, with vast reticence and deliberation, to form his great scheme against them. While he amused them with fruitless attempts at a general council, a plan which had been held in abeyance from the time of his first diet at Worms until now, and kept them occupied with considerations of a new system of doctrine propounded by himself, the Emperor prepared his forces secretly, and with great despatch, for their overthrow. While the Council of Trent, whose proceedings went on under the general protest of all the princes of the Reformation, pondered and deliberated, the civil arm began to collect its weapons. The Protestant

confederacy, alarmed as to Charles's intentions, vainly sought to make alliances with his neighbours, who looked with jealousy upon his progress; but, denied by all, divided by differing dispositions and different councils, and full of an unhappy hesitation and reluctance to begin hostilities, lost the tide of fortune, and, after a painful and fruitless campaign, broke up their union, but remained as individuals unsupported and feeble, exposed to the full wrath of the Emperor. The climax of Charles's arrogant and immense ambition had come. He strode like a conqueror over all the liberties of Germany, crushing them down under his iron heel. Prince after prince, and city after city, yielded before the terror of his arms. He refilled his own empty treasury with immense fines imposed upon the wealthy towns and dukedoms of Germany; and, victorious over the most powerful and high-spirited champions of the Reformation, John Frederick of Saxony and Philip of Hesse, carried these unhappy princes about with him in a humiliating bondage, and with a persevering and obstinate determination, within which lay the germs of his greatest overthrow. Maurice of Saxony, a younger branch of the electoral house, who strove to strike out a path for himself in those times of trouble, whose exertions had been rewarded by the princely guerdon of the electorship, and who rose into power on the ruin of his cousin John Frederick, could not be supposed to desire very ardently the freedom of that unfortunate and virtuous prince. But Philip of Hesse was Maurice's father-in-law, and trusted himself to the tender mercies of Charles only on account of the solemn bond and undertaking with which Maurice guaranteed his personal safety. The Emperor paid no attention whatever to this private guarantee; and, so far from verifying the word of his follower, absolved Maurice himself from keeping it. Then he proceeded further on his violent and haughty course, passing through Germany like a conqueror, levying taxes on his own authority, and scattering to the winds all the ancient privileges of which the people were most tenacious and most

proud. Feeling at length this greatest of his conquests quiet beneath his foot, the Emperor resumed his imperial play with the Council of Trent, and succeeded at last in procuring a papal bull for its reassembling. This, his fruitless endeavour to secure the heirship of the empire for his son Philip, and the perpetual chorus of Italian intrigues, occupied his whole attention; and neither the watchfulness of his policy, nor the keen eye of his personal observation, detected the grand design which was shortly to subject him to the greatest humiliation of his life.

Maurice, whom the Protestants regarded as a traitor and renegade—Maurice, who was high in the imperial confidence, and trusted with the most important commissions—began now to form the mightiest and most secret plans for the deliverance of Germany—of his ancient friends—and of the religion to which, in spite of many compromises, he still adhered. This was done, not only with the rarest success, but with the most consummate ability. Charles, haughtily confident in the quietness of the Empire, throughout which he had begun to exercise the most absolute authority, had retired to Innspruch to watch the movements of his favourite council, and was busily engaged in settling the manner and fashion of its debates, when the news of a new and sudden revolution of affairs startled the royal retirement. Maurice, allied with the new king of France, and at the head of a great army, had already published his wise and judicious manifesto, before the amazed Emperor suspected his rebellion. He was already in full progress over Germany, where every town opened its gates to the deliverer, and where the pulpits, cleansed of heresy by Charles's last act, resounded immediately again with the doctrines of the Reformation. Charles, unprepared, and taken by surprise, had no resource but in negotiation. Maurice did not object to this pacific manner of settling the difficulty; but, in the mean time, by way of supplying himself with arguments, set out with fiery speed at the head of his troops towards the place of the Emperor's retirement—gained every step upon

the way—and was at length less than two days' march from Inspruch, when the surprised and gouty Emperor, startled by the sudden intelligence, fled through the darkness of the mountain midnight, borne in a litter by the light of torches over the wildest passes of the Alps, and attended by ten horsemen and a terrified straggle of courtiers on foot, to take refuge in a far-away and obscure corner of an unconsidered province, perhaps never before honoured by the presence of royalty. There is much of the ludicrous mingled with the picturesque in this wonderful reverse of fortune; and it is easy to imagine how the panic-stricken followers of the court, benighted in the Alpine passes, or scared by the hasty gleam of torchlight which revealed to them the dismal night of the abyss below their path—and the mighty old Emperor, helpless with gout, without any resource but flight, and chafing with the fury of a giant chained, must have looked on that memorable journey, the humiliation of which bears so strong a touch of comic misery. Immediately succeeding upon this, though after some little interval of negotiations and skirmishing, the affairs of Germany were settled by the treaty of Passau, which freed Philip of Hesse, established the Protestant faith, and vindicated the constitutional rights of the Empire; that is to say, overturned totally and without remedy the whole magnificent scheme of absolutism which Charles had framed and carried out—brought down the imperial power once more to limits still more definite and rigid than those which confined it at his accession—and made an end for ever of his most ambitious hope.

Despite this overthrow, Charles was still the greatest of contemporary monarchs. It was not disappointment, nor failure, nor foiled ambition, which prompted his abdication. Charles was the man of all others least likely to withdraw in any sudden disgust from the affairs of the world; and, when he perceived the time propitious for the accomplishment of his long-cherished design, it was no Dioclesian inclination towards the cultivation of cab-

bage, nor philosophic indifference to the vanities of common life, which led the Emperor to put off his crown. In one sense abdication was impossible for Charles. Not all the masses and sermons of Yuste, though his active energies entered into all of them, could divert his long-trained observation from the stormy arena out of which he himself had come. It was reserved for him, who was not a man of high ideal conceptions or picturesque fancy, to establish in his own person the most perfect and complete personation of an ideal king. While it is the fortune of most men to be withdrawn suddenly out of the midst of their concerns, Charles gained for himself the important privilege of a calm spectator revision of his great career. He was able, as one might say, to stand apart and look at himself, his policy, his struggles, his successes and downfalls, and to wind up, after a far more regular fashion than that hurried winding-up of death which is common to men, the vast affairs of his imperial life. The mediæval tradition of kings retired into the cloister, making an entire and unnatural change from all their previous existence, substituting the mortifications of the ascetic for the pomp of the throne, and declaring a scornful and unusual indifference to all the vanities of the world, has as little affinity to the purpose and intentions of Charles, as have the disgust and repentance of these same legendary martyrs with his content and comfort in the life he had himself chosen. No dramatic or convulsive revolution seems to have entered into his plan. The withdrawal was entirely honest, voluntary, and natural—giving to himself ease and repose for a suffering frame—an opportunity of reviewing his public life as a whole, and of assisting with the counsels of a wise father, the most perilous portion of his son's reign. If Charles had worn haircloth, and lived in an anchorite's cell as did the fabulous royal recluses of old—or if he had fallen into the total seclusion, neglect, and regret, with which fanciful chroniclers have endeavoured to heighten the shadows of his ending life, the situation might have been

more striking. But the mind and temperament of the Emperor seem never to have been taken into account in these exploded speculations; and it is only now, when we perceive the real nature of his retirement, that we are able to see how entirely in consonance with his life, mind, and constitution, were the last days of this great king.

Shortly after the affair of Passau, yet long enough to have restored to the Emperor a more dignified position, and once more vindicated the prestige of his name, the monarch, to whom for so long the eyes of Christendom had been directed, called the world to witness one of the most picturesque, dignified, and impressive spectacles of the age—his formal abdication, made in presence of all the greatest personages of his many kingdoms, princes of the Empire, estates of the Low Countries, and grandees of Spain. To this splendid assembly, and to the yet grander audience without, the world and posterity, the Emperor recounted, in a dignified and touching address, the great events of that life to which he himself now put a solemn official conclusion; and conferred upon his son Philip, his hereditary crown and fatherly blessing. Mary, his sister, who had been his able deputy in these same Low Countries, at the same time resigned her delegated government, and Philip received the allegiance of the Netherlands, as afterwards, by another ceremonial no less imposing, that of Spain. The sight of so great a monarch, faint and feeble with suffering, making this solemn historical record of his own life and reign—terminating his career by his own act, and displaying, in the lofty elevation of these extraordinary circumstances, all the warmth of national sympathies and affections—went to the heart of the great audience before him. They received with tears, with profound and solemn admiration, the statement of their great ruler and countryman—he who, emperor and king of Spain, was still a Fleming born. Nor is it possible still to read the record of this singular transaction, without a throb of sympathy. These acts of abdication

were the last personal public appearance of Charles, as they were the most splendid and touching ceremonials of his whole reign.

With a little delay he set out for his chosen retirement; and it is in the beautiful solitude of Yuste, and chiefly in the information which Mr. Stirling's able, lively, and graphic work* has been the first to convey to the English public, that we find not only the most interesting particulars of Charles's life, but a clearer guide to his character, than it is possible to gain from all the records of his campaigns and policies. That humble convent in Estremadura, out of its wits, and yet somewhat alarmed by the distinction bestowed upon it—the neighbourhood of rude and uncultivated peasants, who seized the sumpter mules of Charles's kitchen, and profanely fished for the sacred trout consecrated to his imperial appetite—the tribulations of Quixada, and weariness of foot and temper, endured with comic ruefulness by that most perplexed and capital major-domo—the whimsical misery of Van Male, godfather of the Emperor's literary endeavours, the confident and companion of his sleepless hours—he whom Charles rewarded by ordering at his expense, a large edition of their joint production, the *Chevalier Delibéré*, and honoured by grave advices as to frugality in his married life—the confessor Reglar, overpowered by the uncomfortable privilege of being seated in the imperial presence—even the watch and puppets of Torriano, have become as familiar to us, thanks to Mr. Stirling, as the characters in our favourite novel; and it requires no great stretch of the imagination, after this admirable picture, to realise the frequent arrivals which drove Quixada wild, and placed that excellent hidalgo in the position of a noble Caleb Balderston—the trains of mules laden with dainties, which threw Charles's loving servants into dismay—and the fluttered community of friars whom the Emperor made his profession and his prayers among, but prudently declined to dine with. Throughout the whole we find no trace of felt neglect or discontent in

* *The Cloister Life of Charles V.* By W. STIRLING.

the recluse's thoughts. His household grumble, but serve him with a thorough and affectionate devotion. If at his outset he is somewhat in want of money, no extravagant lady or gentleman of fashion was ever more thoroughly acquainted with all the exigencies of that unpleasant condition than Charles, and his only comfortable period in this respect seems to have been after his abdication. He was consulted by his son, who was militant in the Low Countries, and by his daughter, who was her brother's regent in Spain, with invariable respect and obedience; and, according to the record, conveyed even through the private grumbles of Quixada and Van Male, who had no love for Yusta, lived a life of thorough satisfaction, entirely accordant with his own plan and purpose. He comes clearly out of the mists of perpetual warfare in this last season of calm, and appears with a distinct and vivid personality, which we were unable before to gain any adequate perception of, and which follows upon the history of his life like a living man upon a picture. Robertson, valuable as his chronicle is, presents us with a skeleton of facts and actions. Stirling, more fortunate, fills up the rigid outline, clothes the imperial machine with human nerve and muscle, and makes the Emperor into a man.

And we cannot help observing immediately, and in the first place, the singular form of individual, or what we might even call physical character, which distinguishes Charles. Every one must know some instance in their own experience, where this strange endowment, unconnected even with intellect, by its own sheer weight and impetus, has thrust its way forward beyond the reach of gifts more delicate and more divine. The powerful personality which, without being sensual, has a mighty natural appetite for all the primitive gratifications of nature, and a mind perpetually open to the ordinary occurrences of life, is the first remarkable endowment which appears to us in the secluded monarch. He, the greatest diplomatist and most successful schemer of his time, owing a great part of his remarkable suc-

cesses to plans as wise and well-considered as they are bold and daring, was as different as man could be from the passionless and abstract politicians whom we are apt to receive as types of the great craftsmen of State; and, in spite of a body much oppressed with sickness, and nothing of the redundant strength which has usually distinguished the big champions of the world, Charles was as strong in the native force and momentum of his character as any "burly Luther." He had no abstract theory of procedure to limit his efforts, and never was drawn aside by enthusiasm or sudden impulse, but bore down upon all his undertakings with a natural weight and power not to be acquired, and which even wisdom, sagacity, and other great qualities, moral and intellectual, sometimes fail to give. This strong individual force carried him, sometimes patiently, sometimes in arrogance and with a high hand, but always with obstinate and unpersuadable resolution, wherever he decided on directing his way. Its higher impulses made Charles a lover of art and music, the perfection of sound for the ear and beauty for the eye, and left him to his last days an unceasing delight in the splendid palette of Titian, and an active enjoyment in the melodious voices of the choir of trained singers in the convent chapel. Literature, less palpable and apparent in its attractions, had little hold upon the Emperor: but the "Gloria" over the altar, and the portraits in his cabinet, were always fresh and full of interest; and to the last his fastidious ear detected a false note in the daily service. The lower characteristics of the same forcible and ruling temperament were not so agreeable. The Emperor loved good eating; and neither Quixada nor his physicians, the Church's injunctions of mortification, nor his own premonitions of disease, could wean him from the indulgence of his appetite; which peculiarity, the means of providing for it, and the dangers it threatened, occupy an odd pre-eminence in the story of his hermitage, where epistles of State, full of memorable affairs, are rounded with a request for sau-

sages, or an acknowledgment of melon seeds.

Charles, we are told, had a cold heart; yet he was a loving and generous father; and one could not invent a more touching evidence to set forth the lingering tenderness of a husband, than that long contemplation of his wife's portrait, with which, as the story goes, he pleased himself during his last day of health. And the extent of his phlegm seems to have been, that he regarded with an indifference, unfortunately common with monarchs, the feelings and interests of those lesser persons born to serve him, whose concerns, he was most like to think, were bound on all occasions to give way to his. But wisdom is seldom cruel; the great holocausts of ambition are almost always made by rash men, who possibly might be generous in intention, did we look at what they proposed rather than at the reality. The Emperor was not a *preux chevalier* like his rival Francis, but the spice of romance in his Spanish blood carried him through at least one splendid enterprise, more knightly and honourable, in the opinion of the time, than a hundred royal tournaments—the conquest of Tunis, and destruction of the Corsairs. In more than the ordinary human proportion, the events of his reign were glorious. Throughout an obstinate duel of half a lifetime, Charles maintained steadily so much advantage over Francis, as to keep his name first on the roll of Christian potentates. Three popes, bending all their priestly wit to the work, never succeeded in misleading him; and the only power by which Charles can be said to have been conquered, was the Reformation—an influence more potent than thrones or principalities. He failed on other occasions now and then, but only when, beguiled by extreme prosperity, his own prestige intoxicated for a moment the hero of Christendom; and it is only fair to remember, when we perceive how the hereditary bigotry grew upon him, that the new faith which he incited Philip and Joanna to root out without mercy, was not a simple heresy, but, in addition, the strongest political engine ever turned against him-

self—the only adversary against which he had been unable to make head; and that his sagacious eye, which, even in the cloister, was the eye of a monarch, perceived how incompatible with the absolute dominion to which he would fain have preferred his son after him, was this all-investigating creed. On the higher ground of morality or mercy—for it is foolish to apply our modern tenets of toleration to an age which preceded their invention—Charles has, of course, no excuse for his virulence; but the gouty old persecutor, who breathed fire and wrath against the blameless believers of Valladolid, between his multitudinous meals and masses, was wise in his generation. His remorseless means of extirpating the enemy, judging of them by mere policy, were, in fact, the only means, and triumphed—as Spain, poor, idle, distracted, and Catholic, finds out to her cost to-day.

At Yuste, where he lived for little more than a year, and where we might well imagine him placed by Providence to interpret and explain that momentous chapter in history—the tale of his own life—the great Emperor died. He had what emperors do not always have, mourners sincere, reverential, and affectionate, and a general regret; nor do we suppose it possible for any one to glance at the vivid picture of his retirement, to which we refer all who are unacquainted with it, without a certain sentiment of liking and regard for this dead monarch, who has been out of human ken and acquaintance for three hundred years, and who is known to us as cold-hearted and treacherous, a tyrant and a persecutor. But it is hard to believe that a graceless master could have found so loyal and loving a servant as Quixada, and one's heart warms to the chivalrous Spanish loyalty, that punctilio sublimed by death and grief and faithful affection, which would not permit any spectator to sit in the presence of the Emperor, though in his coffin.

Charles died like all men, and like all men left his projects unfulfilled, and his conquests trembling in the balance. Letters announcing the

loss of Orton lay on his table unopened, it is said, on the day of his death. He was permitted to make his long-desired conclusion of active life, but he was not permitted, as no human agent is, to perfect his schemes, or to know the fulfilment of his wishes. This most perfect life of history breaks off, like all others, with abrupt and inconclusive harshness so far as the world was concerned, and neither here nor anywhere else can we hope to find the full accomplished epic which belongs to human invention, and not to divine Providence. The Emperor died, to leave behind him in his direct line a slowly waning monarchy, and to transfer the rising glow of power to the house of Austria, the house of his fathers, but not of his son. Like Macbeth, he fought, toiled, sinned, and struggled for the heirs of Banquo, and left all the family glory he had gained—not to his own descendants, but to those of his brother, whom Charles's own precautions to save the Empire for his son had preferred after himself to the Imperial throne.

We cannot conclude without a word to express the horror and fatigue with which we have glanced

over the terrible new edition of Robertson's famous History, by which an "enterprising publisher" has done his best to disgust all new readers. Though Mr. Prescott has added to this intolerable volume a lively and graphic account of the cloister life, in which, however, he only goes again over Mr. Stirling's ground, we beg to warn the public in general against this cheap edition, as highly disadvantageous and discouraging to all pursuers of knowledge. A bottomless gulf and profound forest of printing, it seems fit only to exercise the patience of unfortunate young people condemned to read history, and will, we doubt not, inspire many of these luckless neophytes with a lively detestation of Charles the Fifth and all his concerns. As this is not the aim of the author, we do not "our duty to society" in protesting against it. Cheap books are of the greatest importance, but cheapness itself grows dear when it is purchased by so unlovely and fatiguing a reproduction of works which are already classic and of established authority, but which in this form their heartiest admirers would prefer not to buy.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. III.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

"No!" said lawyer Dempster, in a loud, rasping, oratorical tone, struggling against chronic huskiness, "as long as my Maker grants me power of voice and power of intellect, I will take every legal means to resist the introduction of demoralising, methodistical doctrine into this parish; I will not supinely suffer an insult to be inflicted on our venerable pastor, who has given us sound instruction for half a century."

It was very warm everywhere that evening, but especially in the bar of the Red Lion at Millby, where Mr. Dempster was seated mixing his third glass of brandy-and-water. He was a tall and rather massive man, and the front half of his large surface

was so well dredged with snuff, that the cat, having inadvertently come near him, had been seized with a severe fit of sneezing—an accident which, being cruelly misunderstood, had caused her to be driven contumeliously from the bar. Mr. Dempster habitually held his chin tucked in, and his head hanging forward, weighed down, perhaps, by a preponderant occiput and a bulging forehead, between which his closely-clipped coronal surface lay like a flat and new-mown table-land. The only other observable features were puffy cheeks and a protruding yet lipless mouth. Of his nose I can only say that it was snuffy, and as Mr. Dempster was never caught in the act of

looking at anything in particular, it would have been difficult to swear to the colour of his eyes.

"Well! I'll not stick at giving myself trouble to put down such hypocritical cant," said Mr. Tomlinson, the rich miller. "I know well enough what your Sunday-evening lectures are good for—for wenches to meet their sweethearts, and brew mischief. There's work enough with the servant-maids as it is—such as I never heard the like of in my mother's time. And it's all along o' your schooling and new-fangled plans. Give me a servant as can nayther read nor write, I say, and doesn't know the year o' the Lord as she was born in. I should like to know what good those Sunday schools have done, now. Why, the boys used to go a birds'-nesting of a Sunday morning; and a capital thing, too—ask any farmer; and very pritty it was to see the strings o' hedges hanging up in poor people's houses. You'll not see 'em nowhere now."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Luke Byles, who piqued himself on his reading, and was in the habit of asking casual acquaintances if they knew anything of Hobbes; "it is right enough that the lower orders should be instructed. But this sectarianism within the Church ought to be put down. In point of fact, these Evangelicals are not Churchmen at all; they're no better than Presbyterians."

"Presbyterans? what are they?" inquired Mr. Tomlinson, who often said his father had given him "no eddication, and he didn't care who knowed it; he could buy up most o' th' eddicated men he'd ever come across."

"The Presbyterians," said Mr. Dempster, in rather a louder tone than before, holding that every appeal for information must naturally be addressed to him, "are a sect founded in the reign of Charles I., by a man named John Presbyter, who hatched all the brood of dissenting vermin that crawl about in dirty alleys, and circumvent the lord of the manor in order to get a few yard of ground for their pigeon-house conventicles."

"No, no, Dempster," said Mr.

Luke Byles, "you're out there. Presbyterianism is derived from the word presbyter, meaning an elder."

"Don't contradict me, sir!" stormed Dempster. "I say the word presbyterian is derived from John Presbyter, a miserable fanatic who wore a suit of leather, and went about from town to village, and from village to hamlet, inoculating the vulgar with the asinine virus of dissent."

"Come, Byles, that seems a deal more liker," said Mr. Tomlinson, in a conciliatory tone, apparently of opinion that history was a process of ingenious guessing.

"It's not a question of likelihood; it's a known fact. I could fetch you my Encyclopædia, and show it you this moment."

"I don't care a straw, sir, either for you or your Encyclopædia," said Mr. Dempster; "a farrago of false information, of which you picked up an imperfect copy in a cargo of waste paper. Will you tell me, sir, that I don't know the origin of Presbyterianism? I, sir, a man known through the county, intrusted with the affairs of half a score parishes, while you, sir, are ignored by the very fleas that infest the miserable alley in which you were bred."

A loud and general laugh, with "You'd better let him alone, Byles;" "you'll not get the better of Dempster in a hurry," drowned the retort of the too well-informed Mr. Byles, who, white with rage, rose and walked out of the bar.

"A meddlesome, upstart, Jacobinical fellow, gentlemen," continued Mr. Dempster. "I was determined to be rid of him. What does he mean by thrusting himself into our company? A man with about as much principle as he has property, which, to my knowledge, is considerably less than none. An insolvent atheist, gentlemen. A deistical prater, fit to sit in the chimney-corner of a pot-house, and make blasphemous comments on the one greasy newspaper fingered by beer-swilling tinkers. I will not suffer in my company a man who speaks lightly of religion. The signature of a fellow like Byles would be a blot on our protest."

"And how do you get on with your signatures?" said Mr. Pillgrim, the doctor, who had presented his large, top-booted person within the bar while Mr. Dempster was speaking. Mr. Pillgrim had just returned from one of his long day's rounds among the farm-houses, in the course of which he had sat down to two hearty meals that might have been mistaken for dinners, if he had not declared them to be 'snaps;' and as each snap had been followed by a few glasses of 'mixture,' containing a less liberal proportion of water than the articles he himself labelled with that broadly generic name, he was in that condition which his groom indicated with poetic ambiguity, by saying that "master had been in the sunshine." Under these circumstances, after a hard day, in which he had really had no regular meal, it seemed a natural relaxation to step into the bar of the Red Lion, where, as it was Saturday evening, he should be sure to find Dempster, and hear the latest news about the protest against the evening lecture.

"Have you hooked Ben Landor yet?" he continued, as he took two chairs, one for his body, and the other for his right leg.

"No," said Mr. Budd, the churchwarden, shaking his head. "Ben Landor has a way of keeping himself neutral in everything, and he doesn't like to oppose his father. Old Landor is a regular Tryanite. But we haven't got your name yet, Pillgrim."

"Tut tut, Budd," said Mr. Dempster sarcastically, "you don't expect Pillgrim to sign? He's got a dozen Tryanite livers under his treatment. Nothing like cant and methodism for producing a superfluity of bile."

"O, I thought, as Pratt had declared himself a Tryanite, we should be sure to get Pillgrim on our side."

Mr. Pillgrim was not a man to sit quiet under a sarcasm, nature having endowed him with a considerable share of self-defensive wit. In his most sober moments he had an impediment in his speech, and as copious gin and water stimulated not the speech but the impediment, he had time to make his retort sufficiently bitter.

"Why, to tell you the truth, Budd,"

he spluttered. "There's a report all over the town that Deb Traunter swears you shall take her with you as one of the delegates, and they say there's to be a fine crowd at your door the morning you start, to see the row. Knowing your tenderness for that member of the fair sex, I thought you might find it impossible to deny her. I hang back a little from signing on that account, as Prendergast might not take the protest well if Deb Traunter went with you."

Mr. Budd was a small, sleek-headed bachelor of five-and-forty, whose scandalous life had long furnished his more moral neighbours with an after-dinner joke. He had no other striking characteristic, except that he was a currier of choleric temperament, so that you might wonder why he had been chosen as clergyman's churchwarden, if I did not tell you that he had recently been elected through Mr. Dempster's exertions, in order that his zeal against the threatened evening lecture might be backed by the dignity of office.

"Come, come, Pillgrim," said Mr. Tomlinson, covering Mr. Budd's retreat, "you know you like to wear the orier's coat, green o' one side and red o' the other. You've been to hear Tryan preach at Paddiford Common—you know you have."

"To be sure I have; and a capital sermon too. It's a pity you were not there. It was addressed to those 'void of understanding.'"

"No, no, you'll never catch me there," returned Mr. Tomlinson, not in the least stung, "he preaches without book they say, just like a Dissenter. It must be a rambling sort of a concern."

"That's not the worst," said Mr. Dempster, "he preaches against good works; says good works are not necessary to salvation—a sectarian, antinomian, anabaptist doctrine. Tell a man he is not to be saved by his works, and you open the floodgates of all immorality. You see it in all these canting innovators; they're all bad ones by the sly; smooth-faced, drawling, hypocritical fellows, who pretend ginger isn't hot in their mouths, and cry down all innocent pleasures; their hearts are all the blacker for their sanctimonious out-

sides. Haven't we been warned againt those who make clean the outside of the cup and the platter? There's this Tryan, now, he goes about praying with old woman, and singing with charity children; but what has he really got his eye on all the while? A domineering ambitious Jesuit, gentlemen; all he wants is to get his foot far enough into the parish to step into Crewe's shoes when the old gentlemen dies. Depend upon it, whenever you see a man pretending to be better than his neighbours, that man has either some cunning end to serve, or his heart is rotten with spiritual pride."

As if to guarantee himself against this awful sin, Mr. Dempster seized the brandy bottle, and poured out a larger quantity than usual.

"Have you fixed on your third delegate yet?" said Mr. Pillgrim, whose taste was for detail rather than for dissertation.

"That's the man," answered Dempster, pointing to Mr. Tomlinson. "We start for Elmstoke rectory on Tuesday morning; so, if you mean to give us your signature, you must make up your mind pretty quickly, Pillgrim."

Mr. Pillgrim did not in the least mean it, so he only said, "I shouldn't wonder if Tryan turns out too many for you, after all. He's got a well-oiled tongue of his own, and has perhaps talked over Prendergast into a determination to stand by him."

"Ve-ry little fear of that," said Dempster, in a confident tone. "I'll

soon bring him round. Tryan has got his match. I've plenty of rods in pickle for Tryan."

At this moment Boots entered the bar, and put a letter into the lawyer's hands, saying, "There's Trower's man just come into the yard wi' a gig, sir, an' he's brought this here letter."

Mr. Dempster read the letter and said, "Tell him to turn the gig—I'll be with him in a minute. Here, run to Gruby's and get this snuff-box filled—quick!"

"Trower's worse, I suppose; eh, Dempster? Wants you to alter his will, eh?" said Mr. Pillgrim.

"Business—business—business—I don't know exactly what," answered the cautious Dempster, rising deliberately from his chair, thrusting on his low-crowned hat, and walking with a slow but not unsteady step out of the bar.

"I never see Dempster's equal; if I did I'll be shot," said Mr. Tomlinson, looking after the lawyer admiringly. "Why, he's drunk the best part of a bottle o' brandy since here we've been sitting, and I'll bet a guinea when he's got to Trower's his head 'll be as clear as mine. He knows more about law when he's drunk than all the rest on 'em when they're sober."

"Ay, and other things too besides law," said Mr. Budd. "Did you notice how he took up Byles about the Presbyterians? Bless your heart, he knows everything, Dempster does. He studied very hard when he was a young man."

CHAPTER II.

The conversation just recorded is not, I am aware, remarkably refined or witty; but if it had been, it could hardly have taken place in Millby when Mr. Dempster flourished there, and old Mr. Crewe, the curate, was yet alive.

More than a quarter of a century has slipped by since then, and in the interval Millby has advanced at as rapid a pace as other market-towns in her Majesty's dominions. By this time it has a handsome railway station, where the drowsy London traveller may look out by the brilliant

gas-light and see perfectly-sober papas and husbands alighting with their leather-bags after transacting their day's business at the county town. There is a resident rector, who appeals to the consciences of his hearers with all the immense advantages of a divine who keeps his own carriage; the church is enlarged by at least five hundred sittings; and the grammar-school, conducted on reform principles, has its upper forms crowded with the genteel youth of Millby. The gentlemen there fall into no other excess at

dinner parties than the perfectly well-bred and virtuous excess of stupidity; and though the ladies are still said sometimes to take too much upon themselves, they are never known to take too much in any other way. The conversation is sometimes quite literary, for there is a flourishing book-club, and many of the younger ladies have carried their studies so far as to have forgotten a little German. In short, Millby is now a refined, moral, and enlightened town; no more resembling the Millby of former days than the huge, long-skirted, drab greatcoat that embarrassed the ankles of our grandfathers resembled the light paletot in which we tread jauntily through the muddiest streets, or than the bottle-nosed Britons, rejoicing over a tankard, in the old sign of the Two Travellers at Millby, resembled the severe-looking gentlemen in straps and high collars whom a modern artist has represented as sipping the imaginary port of that well-known commercial house.

But pray, reader, dismiss from your mind all the refined and fashionable ideas associated with this advanced state of things, and transport your imagination to a time when Millby had no gas-lights; when the mail drove up dusty or bespattered to the door of the Red Lion; when old Mr. Crewe, the curate, in a brown Brutus wig, delivered inaudible sermons on Sunday, and on a week-day imparted the education of a gentleman—that is to say, an arduous inacquaintance with Latin through the medium of the Eton grammar—to three pupils in the upper grammar-school.

If you had passed through Millby on the coach at that time, you would have had no idea what important people lived there, and how very high a sense of rank was prevalent among them. It was a dingy-looking town, with a strong smell of tanning up one street, and a great shaking of hand-looms up another; and even in that focus of aristocracy, Friar's Gate, the houses would not have seemed very imposing to the hasty and superficial glance of a passenger. You might still less have suspected that the figure in the light

fustian and large grey whiskers, leaning against the grocer's doorpost in High Street, was no less a person than Mr. Lowme, one of the most aristocratic men in Millby, said to have been "brought up a gentleman," and to have had the gay habits accordant with that station, keeping his harriers and other expensive animals. He was now quite an elderly Lothario, reduced to the most economical sins; the prominent form of his gaiety being this of lounging at Mr. Gruby's door, embarrassing the servant-maids who came for grocery, and talking scandal with the rare passers-by. Still, it was generally understood that Mr. Lowme belonged to the highest circle of Millby society; his sons and daughters held up their heads very high indeed; and in spite of his condescending way of chatting and drinking with inferior people, he would himself have scorned any closer identification with them. It must be admitted that he was of some service to the town in this station at Mr. Gruby's door, for he and Mr. Landor's Newfoundland dog, who stretched himself and gaped on the opposite causeway, took something from the lifeless air that belonged to the High Street on every day except Saturday.

Certainly, in spite of three assemblies and a charity ball in the winter, the occasional advent of a ventriloquist, or a company of itinerant players, some of whom were very highly thought of in London, and the annual three-days' fair in June, Millby might be considered dull by people of a hypochondriacal temperament, and perhaps this was one reason why many of the middle-aged inhabitants, male and female, often found it impossible to keep up their spirits without a very abundant supply of stimulants. It is true there were several substantial men who had a reputation for exceptional sobriety; so that Millby habits were really not as bad as possible; and no one is warranted in saying that old Mr. Crewe's flock could not have been worse without any clergyman at all.

The well-dressed parishioners generally were very regular church-goers, and to the younger ladies and gentle-

men I am inclined to think that the Sunday morning service was the most exciting event of the week; for few places could present a more brilliant show of out-door toilettes than might be seen issuing from Millby church at one o'clock. There were the four tall Misses Pittman, old Lawyer Pittman's daughters, with cannon curls surmounted by large hats, and long, drooping ostrich feathers of parrot green. There was Miss Phipps, with a crimson bonnet, very much tilted up behind, and a cockade of stiff feathers on the summit. There was Miss Landor, the belle of Millby, clad regally in purple and ermine, with a plume of feathers neither drooping nor erect, but maintaining a discreet medium. There were the three Misses Tomlinson, who imitated Miss Landor, and also wore ermine and feathers; but their beauty was considered of a coarse order, and their square forms were quite unsuited to the round tippet which fell with such remarkable grace on Miss Landor's sloping shoulders. Looking at this plumed procession of ladies, you would have formed rather a high idea of Millby wealth; yet there was only one close carriage in the place, and that was old Mr. Landor's, the banker, who, I think, never drove more than one horse. These sumptuously-attired ladies flashed past the vulgar eye in one-horse chaises, by no means of a superior build.

The young gentlemen, too, were not without their little Sunday displays of costume, of a limited masculine kind. Mr. Eustace Landor, being nearly of age, had recently acquired a diamond ring, together with the habit of rubbing his hand through his hair. He was tall and dark, and thus had an advantage which Mr. Alfred Phipps, who, like his sister, was blond and stumpy, found it difficult to overtake, even by the severest attention to shirt studs, and the particular shade of brown that was best relieved by gilt buttons.

The respect for the Sabbath, manifested in this attention to costume, was unhappily counterbalanced by considerable levity of behaviour during the prayers and sermon; for the young ladies and gentlemen of Millby

were of a very satirical turn, Miss Landor especially being considered remarkably clever, and a terrible quiz; and the large congregation necessarily containing many persons inferior in dress and demeanour to the distinguished aristocratic minority, divine service offered irresistible temptations to joking, through the medium of telegraphic communications from the galleries to the aisles and back again. I remember blushing very much, and thinking Miss Landor was laughing at me, because I was appearing in coat-tails for the first time, when I saw her look down slyly towards where I sat, and then turn with a titter to handsome Mr. Bob Lowme, who had such beautiful whiskers meeting under his chin. But perhaps she was not thinking of me after all; for our pew was near the pulpit, and there was almost always something funny about old Mr. Crewe. His brown wig was hardly ever put on quite right, and he had a way of raising his voice for three or four words, and lowering it again to a mumble, so that we could scarcely make out a word he said; though, as my mother observed, that was of no consequence in the prayers, since every one had a prayer-book; and as for the sermon, she continued with some causticity, we all of us heard more of it than we could remember when we got home.

This youthful generation was not particularly literary. The young ladies who frizzed their hair, and gathered it all into large barricades in front of their heads, leaving their occipital region exposed without ornament, as if that, being a back view, was of no consequence, dreamed as little that their daughters would read a selection of German poetry, and be able to express an admiration for Schiller, as that they would turn all their hair the other way—that, instead of threatening us with barricades in front, they would be most killing in retreat,

"And, like the Parthian, wound us as they fly."

Those charming well-frizzed ladies spoke French indeed with considerable facility, unshackled by any timid regard to idiom, and were in the

habit of conducting conversations in that language in the presence of their less instructed elders; for according to the standard of those backward days, their education had been very lavish, such young ladies as Miss Landor, Miss Phipps, and the Misses Pittman, having been "finished" at distant and expensive schools.

Old lawyer Pittman had once been a very important person indeed, having in his earlier days managed the affairs of several gentlemen in those parts, who had subsequently been obliged to sell everything and leave the country, in which crisis Mr. Pittman accommodately stepped in as a purchaser of their estates, taking on himself the risk and trouble of a more leisurely sale; which, however, happened to turn out very much to his advantage. Such opportunities occur quite unexpectedly in the way of business. But I think Mr. Pittman must have been unlucky in his later speculations, for now, in his old age, he had not the reputation of being very rich; and though he rode slowly to his office in Millby every morning on an old white hackney, he had to resign the chief profits, as well as the active business of the firm, to his younger partner, Dempster. No one in Millby considered old Pittman a virtuous man, and the elder townspeople were not at all backward in narrating the least advantageous portions of his biography in a very round unvarnished manner. Yet I could never observe that they trusted him any the less, or liked him any the worse. Indeed, Pittman and Dempster were the popular lawyers of Millby and its neighbourhood, and Mr. Benjamin Landor, whom no one had anything particular to say against, had a very meagre business in comparison. Hardly a landholder, hardly a farmer, hardly a parish within ten miles of Millby, whose affairs were not under the legal guardianship of Pittman and Dempster, and I think the clients were proud of their lawyers' unscrupulousness, as the patrons of the fancy are proud of their champion's "condition." It was not, to be sure, the thing for ordinary life, but it was the thing to bet on in a lawyer. Dempster's talent in "bring-

ing through" a client was a very common topic of conversation with the farmers, over an incidental glass of grog at the Red Lion. "He's a long-headed feller, Dempster; why, it shows yer what a headpiece Dempster has, as he can drink a bottle o' brandy at the sittin', an' yit see further through a stone wall when he's done, than other folks 'll see through a glass winder." Even Mr. Jeronne, chief member of the congregation at Salem Chapel, an elderly man of very strict life, was one of Dempster's clients, and had quite an exceptional indulgence for his attorney's foibles, perhaps attributing them to the inevitable incompatibility of law and gospel.

The standard of morality at Millby, you perceive, was not inconveniently high in those good old times, and an ingenuous vice or two was what every man expected of his neighbour. Old Mr. Crewe, the curate, for example, was allowed to enjoy his avarice in comfort, without fear of sarcastic parish demagogues; and his flock liked him all the better for having scraped together a large fortune out of his school and curacy, and the proceeds of the three thousand pounds he had with his little deaf wife. It was clear he must be a learned man, for he had once had a large private school in connection with the grammar school, and had even numbered a young nobleman or two among his pupils. The fact that he read nothing at all now, and that his mind seemed absorbed in the commonest matters, was doubtless due to his having exhausted the resources of erudition earlier in life. It is true he was not spoken of in terms of high respect, and old Crewe's stingy housekeeping was a frequent subject of jesting; but this was a good old-fashioned characteristic in a parson who had been part of Millby life for half a century; it was like the dents and disfigurements in an old family tankard, which no one would like to part with for a smart new piece of plate fresh from Birmingham. The parishioners saw no reason at all why it should be desirable to venerate the parson or any one else; they were much more comfortable to look down a little on their fellow-creatures.

Even the Dissent in Millby was then of a lax and indifferent kind. The doctrine of adult baptism, struggling under a heavy load of debt, had let off half its chapel area as a ribbon-shop; and Methodism was only to be detected, as you detect curious larvæ, by diligent search in dirty corners. The Independents were the only Dissenters of whose existence Millby gentility was at all conscious, and it had a vague idea that the salient points of their creed were prayer without book, red brick, and hypocrisy. The Independent chapel, known as Salem, stood red and conspicuous in a broad street; more than one pewholder kept a brass-bound gig; and Mr. Jerome, a retired corn-factor, and the most eminent member of the congregation, was one of the richest men in the parish. But in spite of this apparent prosperity, together with the usual amount of extemporaneous preaching mitigated by furtive notes, Salem belied its name, and was not always the abode of peace. For some reason or other, it was unfortunate in the choice of its ministers. The Rev. Mr. Horner, elected with brilliant hopes, was discovered to be given to tippling and quarrelling with his wife; the Rev. Mr. Rose's doctrine was a little too "high," verging on Antinomianism; the Rev. Mr. Stickney's gift as a preacher was found to be less striking on a more extended acquaintance; and the Rev. Mr. Smith, a distinguished minister much sought after in the iron districts, with a talent for poetry, became objectionable from an inclination to exchange verses with the young ladies of his congregation. It was reasonably argued that such verses as Mr. Smith's must take a long time for their composition, and the habit alluded to might intrench seriously on his pastoral duties. These reverend gentlemen, one and all, gave it as their opinion that the Salem church members were among the least enlightened of the Lord's people, and that Millby was a low place, where they would have found it a severe lot to have their lines fall for any long period; though, to see the smart and crowded congregation assembled on occasion of the annual charity sermon, any one might have supposed

that the minister of Salem had rather a brilliant position in the ranks of Dissent. Several Church families used to attend on that occasion, for Millby, in those uninstructed days, had not yet heard that the schismatic ministers of Salem were obviously typified by Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; and many Church people there were of opinion that Dissent might be a weakness, but, after all, had no great harm in it. These lax Episcopalians were, I believe, chiefly tradespeople, who held that, inasmuch as Congregationalism consumed candles, it ought to be supported, and accordingly made a point of presenting themselves at Salem for the afternoon charity sermon, with the expectation of being asked to hold a plate. Mr. Pillgrim too, was always there with his half-sovereign; for as there was no Dissenting doctor in Millby, Mr. Pillgrim looked with great tolerance on all shades of religious opinion that did not include a belief in cures by miracle.

On this point he had the concurrence of Mr. Pratt, the only other medical man of the same standing in Millby. Otherwise, it was remarkable how strongly these two clever men were contrasted. Pratt was middle-sized, insinuating, and silvery-voiced; Pillgrim was tall, heavy, rough-mannered, and spluttering. Both were considered to have great powers of conversation, but Pratt's anecdotes were of the fine old crusted quality to be procured only of Joe Miller; Pillgrim's had the full fruity flavour of the most recent scandal. Pratt elegantly referred all diseases to debility, and with a proper contempt for symptomatic treatment, went to the root of the matter with port wine and bark; Pillgrim was persuaded that the evil principle in the human system was plethora, and he made war against it with cupping, blistering, and cathartics. They had both been long established in Millby, and as each had a sufficient practice, there was no very malignant rivalry between them; on the contrary, they had that sort of friendly contempt for each other which is always conducive to a good understanding between professional men, and when any new surgeon attempted, in an ill-advised hour, to

settle himself in the town, it was strikingly demonstrated how slight and trivial are theoretic differences compared with the broad basis of common human feeling. There was the most perfect unanimity between Pratt and Pillgrim in the determination to drive away the obnoxious and too probably unqualified intruder as soon as possible. Whether the first wonderful cure he effected was on a patient of Pratt's or of Pillgrim's, one was as ready as the other to pull the interloper by the nose, and both alike directed their remarkable powers of conversation towards making the town too hot for him. But by their respective patients these two distinguished men were pitted against each other with great virulence. Mrs. Lowme could not conceal her amazement that Mrs. Phipps should trust her life in the hands of Pratt, who let her feed herself up to that degree, it was really shocking to hear how short her breath was; and Mrs. Phipps had no patience with Mrs. Lowme, living, as she did, on tea and broth, and looking as yellow as any crow-flower, and yet letting Pillgrim bleed and blister her and give her lowering medicine till her clothes hung on her like a scarecrow's. On the whole, perhaps, Mr. Pillgrim's reputation was at the higher pitch, and when any lady under Mr. Pratt's care was doing ill, she was half disposed to think that a little more "active treatment" might suit her better. But without very definite provocation no one would take so serious a step as to part with the family doctor, for in those remote days there were few varieties of human hatred more formidable than the medical. The doctor's estimate, even of a confiding patient, was apt to rise and fall with the entries in the day-book; and I have known Mr. Pillgrim discover the most unexpected virtues in a patient seized with a promising illness. At such times you might have been glad to perceive that there were some of Mr. Pillgrim's fellow-creatures of whom he entertained a high opinion, and that he was liable to the amiable weakness of a too admiring estimate. A good inflammation fired his enthusiasm, and a lingering dropsy dissolved him into charity. Doubtless

this *crescendo* of benevolence was partly due to feelings not at all represented by the entries in the day-book; for in Mr. Pillgrim's heart, too, there was a latent store of tenderness and pity which flowed forth at the sight of suffering. Gradually, however, as his patients became convalescent, his view of their characters became more dispassionate; when they could relish mutton-chops, he began to admit that they had foibles, and by the time they had swallowed their last dose of tonic, he was alive to their most inexcusable faults. After this, the thermometer of his regard rested at the moderate point of friendly back-biting, which sufficed to make him agreeable in his morning visits to the amiable and worthy persons who were yet far from convalescent.

Pratt's patients were profoundly uninteresting to Pillgrim: their very diseases were despicable, and he would hardly have thought their bodies worth dissecting. But of all Pratt's patients, Mr. Jerome was the one on whom Mr. Pillgrim heaped the most unmitigated contempt. In spite of the surgeon's wise tolerance, Dissent became odious to him in the person of Mr. Jerome. Perhaps it was because that old gentleman, being rich, and having very large yearly bills for medical attendance on himself and his wife, nevertheless employed Pratt—neglected all the advantages of "active treatment," and paid away his money without getting his system lowered. On any other ground it is hard to explain a feeling of hostility to Mr. Jerome, who was an excellent old gentleman, expressing a great deal of goodwill towards his neighbours, not only in imperfect English, but in loans of money to the ostensibly rich, and in sacks of potatoes to the obviously poor.

Assuredly Millby had that salt of goodness which keeps the world together, in greater abundance than was visible on the surface: innocent babes were born there, sweetening their parents' hearts with simple joys; men and women withering in disappointed worldliness, or bloated with sensual ease, had better moments in which they pressed the hand of

suffering with sympathy, and were moved to deeds of neighbourly kindness. In church and in chapel there were honest-hearted worshippers who strove to keep a conscience void of offence; and even up the dimmest alleys you might have found here and there a Wesleyan to whom Methodism was the vehicle of peace on earth, and goodwill to men. To a superficial glance Millby was nothing but dreary prose: a dingy town, surrounded by flat fields, lopped elms, and sprawling manufacturing villages, which crept on and on with their weaving shops, till they threatened to graft themselves on the town. But the sweet spring came to Millby notwithstanding: the elm-tops were red with buds; the churchyard was starred with daisies; the lark showered his love-music on the flat fields; the rainbows hung over the dingy town, clothing the very roofs and chimneys in a strange transfiguring beauty. And so it was with the human life there, which at first seemed a dismal mixture of gripping worldliness, vanity, ostrich feathers, and the fumes of brandy: looking closer, you found some purity, gentleness, and unselfishness, as you may have observed a scented geranium giving forth its wholesome odours amidst blasphemy and gin in a noisy pothouse. Little deaf Mrs. Crewe would often carry half her own spare dinner to the sick and hungry; Miss Phipps with her cockade of red feathers, had a filial heart, and lighted her father's pipe with a pleasant smile; and there were grey-haired men in drab gaiters, not at all noticeable as you passed them in the street, whose integrity had been the basis of their rich neighbours' wealth.

Such as the place was, the people there were entirely contented with it. They fancied life must be but a dull affair for that large portion of mankind who were necessarily shut out from an acquaintance with Millby families, and that it must be an advantage to London and Liverpool, that Millby gentlemen occasionally visited those places on business. But the inhabitants became more intensely conscious of the value they set upon all their advantages, when

innovation made its appearance in the person of the Rev. Mr. Tryan, the new curate at the chapel-of-ease on Paddiford Common. It was soon notorious in Millby that Mr. Tryan held peculiar opinions; that he preached extempore; that he was founding a religious lending library in his remote corner of the parish; that he expounded the Scriptures in cottages; and that his preaching was attracting the Dissenters and filling the very aisles of his church. The rumour sprung up that Evangelicalism had invaded Millby parish;—a murrain or blight all the more terrible, because its nature was but dimly conjectured. Perhaps Millby was one of the last spots to be reached by the wave of a new movement; and it was only now, when the tide was just on the turn, that the limpets there got a sprinkling. Mr. Tryan was the first Evangelical clergyman who had risen above the Millby horizon: hitherto that obnoxious adjective had been unknown to the townspeople of any gentility; and there were even many Dissenters who considered "evangelical" simply a sort of baptismal name to the magazine which circulated among the congregation of Salem Chapel. But now, at length, the disease had been imported, when the parishioners were expecting it as little as the innocent Red Indians expected small-pox. As long as Mr. Tryan's hearers were confined to Paddiford Common, which, by the by, was hardly recognisable as a common at all, but was a dismal district where you heard the rattle of the hand-loom, and breathed the smoke of coal-pits—the "canting parson," could be treated as a joke. Not so when a number of single ladies in the town appeared to be infected, and even one or two men of substantial property, with old Mr. Landor, the banker, at their head, seemed to be "giving in" to the new movement—when Mr. Tryan was known to be well received in several good houses, where he was in the habit of finishing the evening with exhortation and prayer. Evangelicalism was no longer a nuisance existing merely in by-corners, which any well-clad person could avoid; it was invading the very drawing-

rooms, mingling itself with the comfortable fumes of port-wine and brandy, threatening to deaden with its murky breath all the splendour of the ostrich feathers, and to stifle Millby ingenuousness, not pretending to be better than its neighbours, with a cloud of cant and lugubrious hypocrisy. The alarm reached its climax when it was reported that Mr. Tryan was endeavouring to obtain authority from Mr. Prendergast, the non-resident rector, to establish a Sunday evening lecture in the parish church, on the ground that old Mr. Crewe did not preach the Gospel.

It now first appeared how surprisingly high a value Millby in general set on the ministrations of Mr. Crewe; how convinced it was that Mr. Crewe was the model of a parish priest, and his sermons the soundest and most edifying that had ever remained unheard by a church-going population. All allusions to his brown wig were suppressed, and by a rhetorical figure his name was associated with venerable gray hairs; the attempted intrusion of Mr. Tryan

was an insult to a man deep in years and learning; moreover, it was an insolent effort to thrust himself forward in a parish where he was clearly distasteful to the superior portion of its inhabitants. The town was divided into two zealous parties, the Tryanites and anti-Tryanites; and by the exertions of the eloquent Dempster, the anti-Tryanite virulence was soon developed into an organised opposition. A protest against the meditated evening lecture was framed by that orthodox attorney, and after being numerously signed, was to be carried to Mr. Prendergast by three delegates representing the intellect, morality, and wealth of Millby. The intellect, you perceive, was to be personified in Mr. Dempster, the morality in Mr. Budd, and the wealth in Mr. Tomlinson; and the distinguished triad was to set out on its great mission, as we have seen, on the third day from that warm Saturday evening when the conversation recorded in the previous chapter took place in the bar of the Red Lion.

CHAPTER III.

It was quite as warm on the following Thursday evening, when Mr. Dempster and his colleagues were to return from their mission to Elmstoke Rectory; but it was much pleasanter in Mrs. Linnet's parlour than in the bar of the Red Lion. Through the open window came the scent of mignonette and honeysuckle; the glass-plot in front of the house was shaded by a little plantation of Gueldres roses, syringas, and laburnums; the noise of looms and carts and unmelodious voices reached the ear simply as an agreeable murmur, for Mrs. Linnet's house was situated quite on the outskirts of Paddiford Common; and the only sound likely to disturb the serenity of the feminine party assembled there, was the occasional buzz of intrusive wasps, apparently mistaking each lady's head for a sugar-basin. No sugar-basin was visible in Mrs. Linnet's parlour, for the time of tea was not yet, and the round table was littered with books which the ladies

were covering with black canvass as a reinforcement of the new Paddiford Lending Library. Miss Linnet, whose manuscript was the neatest type of zigzag, was seated at a small table apart, writing on green paper tickets, which were to be pasted on the covers. Miss Linnet had other accomplishments besides that of a neat manuscript, and an index to some of them might be found in the ornaments of the room. She had always combined a love of serious and poetical reading with her skill in fancy-work, and the neatly-bound copies of Dryden's *Virgil*, Hannah More's *Sacred Dramas*, Falconer's *Shipwreck*, Mason's *On Self-Knowledge*, *Rasselas*, and Burke's *On the Sublime and Beautiful*, which were the chief ornaments of the book-case, were all inscribed with her name, and had been bought with her pocket-money when she was in her teens. It must have been at least fifteen years since the latest of those purchases, but Miss Linnet's skill in

fancy-work appeared to have gone through more numerous phases than her literary taste;—for the japanned boxes, the alum and sealing-wax baskets, the fan-dolls, the “transferred” landscapes on the fire-screens, and the recent bouquets of wax-flowers, showed a disparity in freshness which made them referable to widely different periods. Wax-flowers presuppose delicate fingers and robust patience, but there still are many points of mind and person which they leave vague and problematic; so I must tell you that Miss Linnet had dark ringlets, a fallow complexion, and an amiable disposition. As to her features, there was not much to criticise in them, for she had little nose, less lip, and no eye-brow; and as to her intellect, her friend Mrs. Pettifer often said: “She didn’t know a more sensible person to talk to than Mary Linnet. There was no one she liked better to come and take a quiet cup of tea with her, and read a little of Klopstock’s *Messiah*. Mary Linnet had often told her a great deal of her mind when they were sitting together; she said there were many things to bear in every condition of life, and nothing should induce her to marry without a prospect of happiness. Once, when Mrs. Pettifer admired her wax-flowers, she said, ‘Ah, Mrs. Pettifer, think of the beauties of nature!’ She always spoke very prettily—did Mary Linnet; very different, indeed, from Rebecca.”

Miss Rebecca Linnet, indeed, was not a general favourite. While most people thought it a pity that a sensible woman like Mary had not found a good husband—and even her female friends said nothing more ill-natured of her, than that her face was like a piece of putty with two Scotch pebbles stuck in it—Rebecca was always spoken of sarcastically, and it was a customary kind of banter with young ladies to recommend her as a wife to any gentlemen they happened to be flirting with—her fat, her finery, and her thick ankles, sufficing to give piquancy to the joke, notwithstanding the absence of novelty. Miss Rebecca, however, possessed the accomplishment of music, and her singing of “Oh no, we never mention her,” and “The Soldier’s

Tear,” was so desirable an accession to the pleasures of a tea-party, that no one cared to offend her, especially as Rebecca had a high spirit of her own, and in spite of her expansively rounded contour, had a particularly sharp tongue. Her reading had been more extensive than her sister’s, embracing most of the fiction in Mr. Procter’s circulating library, and nothing but an acquaintance with the course of her studies could afford a clue to the rapid transitions in her dress, which were suggested by the style of beauty, whether sentimental, sprightly, or severe, possessed by the heroine of the three volumes actually in perusal. A piece of lace, which drooped round the edge of her white bonnet one week, had been rejected by the next; and her cheeks, which, on Whitsunday, loomed through a Turnerian haze of net-work, were, on Trinity Sunday, seen reposing in distinct red outline on her shelving bust, like the sun on a fog-bank. The black velvet, meeting with a crystal clasp, which one evening encircled her head, had on another descended to her neck, and on a third to her wrist, suggesting to an active imagination, either a magical contraction of the ornament, or a fearful ratio of expansion in Miss Rebecca’s person. With this constant application of art to dress, she could have had little time for fancy-work, even if she had not been destitute of her sister’s taste for that delightful and truly feminine occupation. And here, at least, you perceive the justice of the Milby opinion as to the relative suitability of the two Misses Linnet for matrimony. When a man is happy enough to win the affections of a sweet girl, who can soothe his cares with croquet, and respond to all his most cherished ideas with beaded urn-rugs and chair-covers in German wool, he has, at least, a guarantee of domestic comfort, whatever trials may await him out of doors. What a resource it is under fatigue and irritation to have your drawing-room well supplied with small mats, which would always be ready if you ever wanted to set anything on them! And what styptic for a bleeding heart can equal copious squares of crochet-work, which are useful for slipping down the moment you touch them? How our

fathers managed without crochet is the wonder; but I believe some small and feeble substitute existed in their time under the name of "tattooing." Rebecca Linnet, however, had neglected tattooing as well as other forms of fancy-work. At school, to be sure, she had spent a great deal of time in acquiring flower-painting, according to the ingenious method then fashionable, of applying the shapes of leaves and flowers cut out in cardboard, and scrubbing a brush over the surface thus conveniently marked out; but even the spill-cases and hand-screens which were her last half-year's performances in that way, were not considered eminently successful, and had long been consigned to the retirement of the best bedroom. Thus, there was a good deal of family unlikeness between Rebecca and her sister, and I am afraid there was also a little family dislike; but Mary's disapproval had usually been kept imprisoned behind her thin lips, for Rebecca was not only of a headstrong disposition, but was her mother's pet; the old lady being herself stout, and preferring a more showy style of cap than she could prevail on her daughter Mary to make up for her.

But I have been describing Miss Rebecca as she was in former days only, for her appearance this evening, as she sits pasting on the green tickets, is in striking contrast with what it was three or four months ago. Her plain grey gingham dress and plain white collar could never have belonged to her wardrobe before that date; and though she is not reduced in size, and her brown hair will do nothing but hang in crisp ringlets down her large cheeks, there is a change in her air and expression which seems to shed a softened light over her person, and make her look like a peony in the shade, instead of the same flower flaunting in a parterre in the hot sunlight.

No one could deny that Evangelicalism had wrought a change for the better in Rebecca Linnet's person—not even Miss Pratt, the thin, stiff lady in spectacles, seated opposite to her, who always had a peculiar repulsion for "females with a gross habit of body." Miss Pratt was an old maid; but that is a no more definite description than if I had

said she was in the autumn of life. Was it autumn when the orchards are fragrant with apples, or autumn when the oaks are brown, or autumn when the last yellow leaves are fluttering in the chill breeze? The young ladies in Millby would have told you that the Misses Linnet were old maids; but the Misses Linnet were to Miss Pratt what the applescented September is to the bare, nipping days of late November. The Misses Linnet were in that temperate zone of old-maidism, when a woman will not say but that if a man of suitable years and character were to offer himself, she might be induced to tread the remainder of life's vale in company with him; Miss Pratt was in that arctic region where a woman is confident that at no time of life would she have consented to give up her liberty, and that she has never seen the man whom she would engage to honour and obey. If the Misses Linnet were old maids, they were old maids with natural ringlets and embonpoint, not to say obesity; Miss Pratt was an old maid with a cap, a braided "front," a backbone and appendages. Miss Pratt was the one blue-stocking of Millby, possessing, she said, no less than five hundred volumes, competent, as her brother the doctor often observed, to conduct a conversation on any topic whatever, and occasionally dabbling a little in authorship, though it was understood that she had never put forth the full powers of her mind in print. Her *Letters to a Young Man on his Entrance into Life*, and *De Courcy, or the Rash Promise, a Tale for Youth*, were mere trifles which she had been induced to publish because they were calculated for popular utility, but they were nothing to what she had for years had by her in manuscript. Her latest production had been *Six Stanzas*, addressed to the Rev. Edgar Tryan, printed on glazed paper with a neat border, and beginning, "Forward, young wrestler for the truth!"

Miss Pratt having kept her brother's house during his long widowhood, his daughter, Miss Eliza, had had the advantage of being educated by her aunt, and thus of imbibing a very strong antipathy to all that remarkable woman's tastes and opinions. The silent handsome girl of two-and

twenty, who is covering the *Memoirs of Felix Neff*, is Miss Eliza Pratt; and the small elderly lady in dowdy clothing, who is also working diligently, is Mrs. Pettifer, a superior-minded widow, much valued in Millby, being such a very respectable person to have in the house in case of illness, and of quite too good a family to receive any money-payment—you could always send her garden-stuff that would make her ample amends. Miss Pratt has enough to do in commenting on the heap of volumes before her, feeling it a responsibility entailed on her by her great powers of mind to leave nothing without the advantage of her opinion. Whatever was good must be sprinkled with the chrism of her approval; whatever was evil must be blighted by her condemnation.

"Upon my word," she said, in a deliberate high voice, as if she were dictating to an amanuensis, "it is a most admirable selection of works for popular reading, this that our excellent Mr. Tryan has made. I do not know whether, if the task had been confided to me, I could have made a selection, combining in a higher degree religious instruction and edification, with a due admixture of the purer species of amusement. This story of *Father Clement* is a library in itself on the errors of Romanism. I have ever considered fiction a suitable form for conveying moral and religious instruction, as I have shown in my little work *De Courcy*, which, as a very clever writer in the *Crompton Argus* said at the time of its appearance, is the light vehicle of a weighty moral."

"One 'ud think," said Mrs. Linnet, who also had her spectacles on, but chiefly for the purpose of seeing what the others were doing, "there didn't want much to drive people away from a religion as makes 'em walk barefoot over stone floors, like that girl in *Father Clement*—sending the blood up to the head frightful. Anybody might see that was an unnatural creed."

"Yes," said Miss Pratt, "but asceticism is not the root of the error, as Mr. Tryan was telling us the other evening—it is the denial of the great doctrine of justification by faith. Much as I had reflected on all sub-

jects in the course of my life, I am indebted to Mr. Tryan for opening my eyes to the full importance of that cardinal doctrine of the Reformation. From a child I had a deep sense of religion, but in my early days the Gospel light was obscured in the English Church, notwithstanding the possession of our incomparable Liturgy, than which I know no human composition more faultless and sublime. As I tell Eliza, I was not blest as she is at the age of two-and-twenty, in knowing a clergyman who unites all that is great and admirable in intellect with the highest spiritual gifts. I am no contemptible judge of a man's acquirements, and I assure you I have tested Mr. Tryan's by questions which are a pretty severe touchstone. It is true, I sometimes carry him a little beyond the depth of the other listeners. Profound learning," continued Miss Pratt, shutting her spectacles, and tapping them on the book before her, "has not many to estimate it in Millby."

"Miss Pratt," said Rebecca, "will you please give me *Scott's Force of Truth*? There—that small book lying against the *Life of Legh Richmond*."

"That's a book I'm very fond of—the *Life of Legh Richmond*," said Mrs. Linnet. "He found out all about that woman at Tutbury as pretended to live without eating. Stuff and nonsense!"

Mrs. Linnet had become a reader of religious books since Mr. Tryan's advent, and as she was in the habit of confining her perusal to the purely secular portions, which bore a very small proportion to the whole, she could make rapid progress through a large number of volumes. On taking up the biography of a celebrated preacher, she immediately turned to the end to see what disease he died of; and if his legs swelled, as her own occasionally did, she felt a stronger interest in ascertaining any earlier facts in the history of the dropsical divine—whether he had ever fallen off a stage coach, whether he had married more than one wife, and in general, any adventures or repartees recorded of him previous to the epoch of his conversion. She then glanced over the letters and diary, and where-

ever there was a predominance of Zion, the River of Life, and notes of exclamation, she turned over to the next page; but any passage in which she saw such promising nouns as "small-pox," "pony," or "boots and shoes," at once arrested her.

"It is half-past six now," said Miss Linnet, looking at her watch as the servant appeared with the tea-tray. "I suppose the delegates are come back by this time. If Mr. Tryan had not so kindly promised to call and let us know, I should hardly rest without walking to Milby myself to know what answer they have brought back. It is a great privilege for us, Mr. Tryan living at Mrs. Wagstaff's, for he is often able to take us on his way backwards and forwards into the town."

"I wonder if there's another man in the world who has been brought up as Mr. Tryan has, that would choose to live in those small close rooms on the common, among heaps of dirty cottages, for the sake of being near the poor people," said Mrs. Pettifer. "I'm afraid he hurts his health by it; he looks to me far from strong."

"Ah," said Miss Pratt, "I understand he is of a highly respectable family indeed, in Huntingdonshire. I heard him myself speak of his father's carriage—quite incidentally you know—and Eliza tells me what very fine cambric handkerchiefs he uses. My eyes are not good enough to see such things, but I know what breeding is as well as most people, and it is easy to see that Mr. Tryan is quite *comme il faut*, to use a French expression."

"I should like to tell him better nor use fine cambric i' this place, where there's such washing, it's a shame to be seen," said Mrs. Linnet; "he'll get 'em tore to pieces. Good lawn 'ud be far better. I saw what a colour his linen looked at the sacrament last Sunday. Mary's making him a black silk case to hold his bands, but I told her she'd more need wash 'em for him."

"O mother!" said Rebecca, with solemn severity, "pray don't think of pocket-handkerchiefs and linen, when we are talking of such a man. And at this moment, too, when he is perhaps having to bear a heavy blow. We have more need to help him by

prayer, as Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses. We don't know but wickedness may have triumphed, and Mr. Prendergast may have consented to forbid the lecture. There have been dispensations quite as mysterious, and Satan is evidently putting forth all his strength to resist the entrance of the Gospel into Milby Church."

"You niver spoke a truer word than that, my dear," said Mrs. Linnet, who accepted all religious phrasings, but was extremely rationalistic in her interpretation; "for if iver Old Harry appeared in a human form, it's that Dempster. It was all through him as we got cheated out o' Pye's Croft, making out as the title wasn't good. Such lawyer's villany! As if paying good money wasn't tittle enough to anything. If your father as is dead and gone had been worthy to know it! But he'll have a fall some day, Dempster will. Mark my words."

"Ah, out of his carriage, you mean," said Miss Pratt, who, in the movement occasioned by the clearing of the table, had lost the first part of Mrs. Linnet's speech. "It certainly is alarming to see him driving home from Rotherby, flogging his galloping horse like a madman. My brother has often said he expected every Thursday evening to be called in to set some of Dempster's bones; but I suppose he may drop that expectation now, for we are given to understand from good authority that he has forbidden his wife to call my brother in again either to herself or her mother. He swears no Tryanite doctor shall attend his family. I have reason to believe that Pilgrim was called in to Mrs. Dempster's mother the other day."

"Poor Mrs. Raynor! she's glad to do anything for the sake of peace and quietness," said Mrs. Pettifer; "but it's no trifle at her time of life to part with a doctor as knows her constitution."

"What trouble that poor woman has to bear in her old age!" said Mary Linnet, "to see her daughter leading such a life!—an only daughter, too, that she doats on."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Pratt. "We, of course, know more about it than most people, my brother having attended the family so many years."

For my part, I never thought well of the marriage; and I endeavoured to dissuade my brother when Mrs. Raynor asked him to give Janet away at the wedding. 'If you will take my advice, Richard,' I said, 'you will have nothing to do with that marriage.' And he has seen the justice of my opinion since. Mrs. Raynor herself was against the connection at first; but she always spoiled Janet, and I fear, too, she was won over by a foolish pride in having her daughter marry a professional man. I fear it was so. No one but myself, I think, foresaw the extent of the evil."

"Well," said Mrs. Pettifer, "Janet had nothing to look to but being a governess; and it was hard for Mrs. Raynor to have to work at millinery—a woman well brought up, and her husband a man who held his head as high as any man in Thurston. And it isn't everybody that sees everything fifteen years beforehand. Robert Dempster was the cleverest man in Millby; and there weren't many young men fit to talk to Janet."

"It is a thousand pities," said Miss Pratt, choosing to ignore Mrs. Pettifer's slight sarcasm, "for I certainly did consider Janet Raynor the most promising young woman of my acquaintance;—a little too much lifted up, perhaps, by her superior education, and too much given to satire, but able to express herself very well indeed about any book I recommended to her perusal. There is no young woman in Millby now who can be compared with what Janet was when she was married, either in mind or person. I consider Miss Landor, far, far below her. Indeed, I cannot say much for the mental superiority of the young ladies in our first families. They are superficial—very superficial."

"She made the handsomest bride that ever came out of Millby church, too," said Mrs. Pettifer. "Such a very fine figure! and it showed off her white poplin so well. And what a pretty smile Janet always had! Poor thing, she keeps that now for all her old friends. I never see her but she has something pretty to say to me—living in the same street, you know, I can't help seeing her often,

though I've never been to the house since Dempster broke out on me in one of his drunken fits. She comes to me sometimes, poor thing, looking so strange, anybody passing her in the street may see plain enough what's the matter; but she's always got some little good-natured plan in her head for all that. Only last night when I met her, I saw five yards off she wasn't fit to be out; but she had a basin in her hand, full of something she was carrying to Sally Martin, the deformed girl that's in a consumption."

"But she is just as bitter against Mr. Tryan as her husband is, I understand," said Rebecca. "Her heart is very much set against the truth, for I understand she bought Mr. Tryan's sermons on purpose to ridicule them to Mrs. Crewe."

"Well, poor thing," said Mrs. Pettifer, "you know she stands up for everything her husband says and does. She never will admit to anybody that he's not a good husband."

"That is her pride," said Miss Pratt. "She married him in opposition to the advice of her best friends, and now she is not willing to admit that she was wrong. Why, even to my brother—and a medical attendant you know, can hardly fail to be acquainted with family secrets—she has always pretended to have the highest respect for her husband's qualities. Poor Mrs. Raynor, however, is well aware that every one knows the real state of things. Lately she has not even avoided the subject with me. The very last time I called on her she said, 'Have you been to see my poor daughter?' and burst into tears."

"Pride or no pride," said Mrs. Pettifer, "I shall always stand up for Janet Dempster. She sat up with me night after night when I had that attack of rheumatic fever six years ago. There's great excuses for her. When a woman can't think of her husband coming home without trembling, it's enough to make her drink something to blunt her feelings—and no children either, to keep her from it. You and me might do the same, if we were in her place."

"Speak for yourself, Mrs. Pettifer," said Miss Pratt. "Under no circumstances can I imagine myself resort-

ing to a practice so degrading. A woman should find support in her own strength of mind."

"I think," said Rebecca, who considered Miss Pratt still very blind in spiritual things, notwithstanding her assumption of enlightenment, "she will find poor support if she trusts only to her own strength. She must seek aid elsewhere than in herself."

Happily the removal of the tea-things just then created a little confusion, which aided Miss Pratt to repress her resentment at Rebecca's presumption in correcting her—a person like Rebecca Linnet! who six months ago was as flighty and vain a woman as Miss Pratt had ever known—so very unconscious of her unfortunate person!

The ladies had scarcely been seated at their work another hour, when the sun was sinking, and the clouds that flecked the sky to the very zenith were every moment taking on a brighter gold. The gate of the little garden opened, and Miss Linnet, seated at her small table near the window, saw Mr. Tryan enter.

"There is Mr. Tryan," she said, and her pale cheek was lighted up with a little blush that would have made her look more attractive to almost any one except Miss Eliza Pratt, whose fine grey eyes allowed few things to escape her silent observation. "Mary Linnet gets more and more in love with Mr. Tryan," thought Miss Eliza; "it is really pitiable to see such feelings in a woman of her age, with those old-maidish little ringlets. I daresay she flatters herself Mr. Tryan may fall in love with her, because he makes her useful among the poor." At the same time Miss Eliza, as she bent her handsome head and large cannon curls with apparent calmness over her work, felt a considerable internal flutter when she heard the knock at the door. Rebecca had less self-command. She felt too much agitated to go on with her pasting, and clutched the leg of the table to counteract the trembling in her hands.

Poor women's hearts! Heaven forbid that I should laugh at you, and make cheap jests on your susceptibility towards the clerical sex, as if it had nothing deeper or more lovely in it than the mere vulgar angling for

a husband. Even in these enlightened days, many a curate who, considered abstractedly, is nothing more than a sleek bimanous animal in a white neckcloth, with views more or less Anglican, and furtively addicted to the flute, is adored by a girl who has coarse brothers, or by a solitary woman who would like to be a helpmate in good works beyond her own means, simply because he seems to them the model of refinement and of public usefulness. What wonder then that in Millby society, such as I have told you it was a very long while ago, a zealous evangelical clergyman, aged thirty-three, called forth all the little agitations that belong to the divine necessity of loving, implanted in the Misses Linnet, with their seven or eight lustrums and their unfashionable ringlets, no less than in Miss Eliza Pratt, with her youthful bloom and her ample cannon curls.

But Mr. Tryan has entered the room, and the strange light from the golden sky falling on his light brown hair, which is brushed high up round his head, makes it look almost like an auréole. His grey eyes, too, shine with unwonted brilliancy this evening. They were not remarkable eyes, but they accorded completely in their changing light with the changing expression of his person, which indicated the paradoxical character often observable in a large-limbed sanguine blond; at once mild and irritable, gentle and overbearing, indolent and resolute, self-conscious and dreamy. Except that the well-filled lips had something of the artificially compressed look which is often the sign of a struggle to keep the dragon undermost, and that the complexion was rather heated, giving the idea of imperfect health, Mr. Tryan's face in repose was that of an ordinary whiskerless blonde, and it seemed difficult to refer a certain air of distinction about him to anything in particular, unless it were his delicate hands and well-shapen feet.

It was a great anomaly to the Millby mind that a canting evangelical parson, who would take tea with tradespeople, and make friends of vulgar women like the Linnets, should have so much the air of a gentleman, and be so little like the splay-footed Mr. Stickney of Salem, to whom he

approximated so closely in doctrine. And this want of correspondence between the physique and the creed had excited no less surprise in the larger town of Laxeter, where Mr. Tryan had formerly held a curacy; for of the two other Low-Church clergymen in the neighbourhood, one was a Welshman of globose figure and unctuous complexion, and the other a man of atrabiliar aspect, with lank black hair, and a redundancy of limp cravat—in fact, the sort of thing you might expect in men who distributed the publications of the Religious Tract Society and introduced dissenting hymns into the church.

Mr. Tryan shook hands with Mrs. Linnet, bowed with rather a pre-occupied air to the other ladies, and seated himself in the large horse-hair easy-chair which had been drawn forward for him, while the ladies ceased from their work, and fixed their eyes on him, awaiting the news he had to tell them.

"It seems," he began, in a low and silvery tone, "I need a lesson of patience; there has been something wrong in my thought or action about this evening lecture. I have been too much bent on doing good to Millby after my own plan—too reliant on my own wisdom.

Mr. Tryan paused. He was struggling against inward irritation.

"The delegates are come back, then?" "Has Mr. Prendergast given way?" "Has Dempster succeeded?"—were the eager questions of three ladies at once.

"Yes; the town is in an uproar. As we were sitting in Mr. Lander's drawing-room we heard a loud cheering, and presently Mr. Thrupp, the clerk at the bank, who had been waiting at the Red Lyon to hear the result, came to let us know. He said Dempster had been making a speech to the mob out of the window. They were distributing drink to the people, and hoisting placards in great letters,—‘Down with the Tyrannites!’ ‘Down with cant!’ They had a hideous caricature of me being tripped up and pitched head foremost out of the pulpit. Good old Mr. Lander would insist on sending me round in the carriage; he thought I should not be safe from the mob; but I got down

at the Crossways. The row was evidently preconcerted by Dempster before he set out. He made sure of succeeding."

Mr. Tryan's utterance had been getting rather louder and more rapid in the course of this speech, and he now added, in the energetic chest-voice which, both in and out of the pulpit, alternated continually with his silvery head-notes,—

"But his triumph will be a short one. If he thinks he can intimidate me by obloquy or threats, he has mistaken the man he has to deal with. Mr. Dempster and his colleagues will find themselves checkmated after all. Prendergast has been false to his own conscience in this business. He knows as well as I do that he is throwing away the souls of the people by giving them over to Crewe. But I shall appeal to the Bishop—I am confident of his sympathy."

"The Bishop will be coming shortly, I suppose," said Miss Pratt, "to hold a confirmation?"

"Yes; but I shall write to him at once, and lay the case before him. Indeed, I must hurry away now, for I have many matters to attend to. You, ladies, have been kindly helping me with your labours, I see," continued Mr. Tryan, politely, glancing at the canvass-covered books as he rose from his seat. Then, turning to Mary Linnet: "Our library is really getting on, I think. You and your sister have quite a heavy task of distribution now."

Poor Rebecca felt it very hard to bear that Mr. Tryan did not turn towards her too. If he knew how much she entered into his feelings about the lecture, and the interest she took in the library. Well! perhaps it was her lot to be overlooked—and it might be a token of mercy. Even a good man might not always know the heart that was most with him. But the next moment poor Mary had a pang, when Mr. Tryan turned to Miss Eliza Pratt, and the preoccupied expression of his face melted into that beaming timidity with which a man almost always addresses a pretty woman.

"I have to thank you, too, Miss Eliza, for seconding me so well in your visits to Joseph Mercer. The old man tells me how precious he

finds your reading to him, now he is no longer able to go to church."

Miss Eliza only answered by a blush, which made her look all the handsomer, but her aunt said,

"Yes, Mr. Tryan, I have ever inculcated on my dear Eliza the importance of spending her leisure in being useful to her fellow-creatures. Your example and instruction have been quite in the spirit of the system which I have always pursued, though we are indebted to you for a clearer view of the motives that should actuate us in our pursuit of good works; Not that I can accuse myself of having ever had a self-righteous spirit, but my humility was rather instinctive than based on a firm ground of doctrinal knowledge, such as you so admirably impart to us."

Mrs. Linnet's usual entreaty that Mr. Tryan would "have something—some wine-and-water and a biscuit," was just here a welcome relief from

the necessity of answering Miss Pratt's oration.

"Not anything, my dear Mrs. Linnet, thank you. You forget what a Rechabite I am. By the by, when I went this morning to see a poor girl in Butcher's Lane, whom I had heard of as being in a consumption, I found Mrs. Dempster there. I had often met her in the street, but did not know it was Mrs. Dempster. It seems she goes among the poor a good deal. She is really an interesting-looking woman. I was quite surprised, for I have heard the worst account of her habits—that she is almost as bad as her husband. She went out hastily as soon as she saw me. But," apologetically, "I am keeping you all standing, and I must really hurry away. Mrs. Pettifer, I have not had the pleasure of calling on you for some time; I shall take an early opportunity of going your way. Good evening, good evening."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Tryan was right in saying that the "row" in Millby had been preconcerted by Dempster. The placards and the caricature were prepared before the departure of the delegates; and it had been settled that Mat Paine, Dempster's clerk, should ride out on Thursday morning to meet them at Whitlow, the last place where they would change horses, that he might gallop back, and prepare an oration for the triumvirate in case of their success. Dempster had determined to dine at Whitlow: so that Mat Paine was in Millby again two hours before the entrance of the delegates, and had time to send a whisper up the back streets that there was promise of a "sprees" in the Bridge Way, as well as to assemble two knots of picked men—one to feed the flame of orthodox zeal with gin-and-water, at the Green Man, near High Street; the other to solidify their church principles with heady beer at the Bear and Ragged Staff, in the Bridge Way.

The Bridge Way was an irregular straggling street, where the town fringed off raggedly into the Whitlow road: rows of new red-brick houses, in which ribbon-looms were

rattling behind long lines of window, alternating with old, half-thatched, half-tiled cottages—one of those dismal wide streets where dirt and misery have no long shadows thrown on them to soften their ugliness. Here, about half-past five o'clock, Silly Caleb, an idiot well known in Dog Lane, but more of a stranger in the Bridge Way, was seen slouching along with a string of boys hooting at his heels; presently another group, for the most part out at elbows, came briskly in the same direction, looking round them with an air of expectation; and at no long interval, Deb Traunter, in a pink flounced gown and floating ribbons, was observed talking with great affability to two men in seal-skin cape and fustian, who formed her cortège. The Bridge Way began to have a presentiment of something in the wind. Phib Cook left her evening wash-tub and appeared at her door in soap-suds, a bonnet-poke, and general dampness; three narrow-chested ribbon-weavers, in rusty black streaked with shreds of many-coloured silk, sauntered out with their hands in their pockets; and Molly Beale, a brawny old virago, decrying wiry Dame Ricketts

peeping out from her entry, seized the opportunity of renewing the morning's skirmish. In short, the Bridge Way was in that state of excitement which is understood to announce a "demonstration" on the part of the British public; and the afflux of remote townsmen increasing, there was soon so large a crowd that it was time for Bill Powers, a plethoric Goliath, who presided over the knot of beer-drinkers at the Bear and Ragged Staff, to issue forth with his companions, and, like the enunciator of the ancient myth, make the assemblage distinctly conscious of the common sentiment that had drawn them together. The expectation of the delegates' chaise, added to the fight between Molly Beale and Dame Ricketts, and the ill-advised appearance of a lean bull-terrier, were a sufficient safety-valve to the popular excitement during the remaining quarter of an hour; at the end of which, the chaise was seen approaching along the Whitlow road, with oak boughs ornamenting the horses' heads, and, to quote the account of this interesting scene which was sent to the *Rotherby Guardian*, "loud cheers immediately testified to the sympathy of the honest fellows collected there, with the public-spirited exertions of their fellow-townsmen." Bill Powers, whose bloodshot eyes, bent hat, and protuberant altitude, marked him out as the natural leader of the assemblage, undertook to interpret the common sentiment by stopping the chaise, advancing to the door with raised hat, and begging to know of Mr. Dempster, whether the Rector had forbidden the "canting lecture."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Dempster. "Keep up a jelly good hurray."

No public duty could have been more easy and agreeable to Mr. Powers and his associates, and the chorus swelled all the way to the High street, where, by a mysterious coincidence often observable in these spontaneous "demonstrations," large placards on long poles were observed to shoot upwards from among the crowd, principally in the direction of Tucker's Lane, where the Green Man was situated. One bore, "Down with the Tryanites!" another, "No

Cant!" another, "Long live our venerable Ourate!" and one in still larger letters, "Sound Church principles and no Hypocrisy!" But a still more remarkable impromptu was a huge caricature of Mr. Tryan in gown and band, with an enormous auréole of yellow hair and up-turned eyes, standing on the pulpit stairs and trying to pull down old Mr. Crewe. Groans, yells, and hisses, hisses, yells and groans,—only stemmed by the appearance of another caricature representing Mr. Tryan being pitched head-foremost from the pulpit stairs by a hand which the artist, either from subtlety of intention or want of space, had left unindicated. In the midst of the tremendous cheering that saluted this piece of symbolical art, the chaise had reached the door of the Red Lion, and loud cries of "Dempster for ever!" with a feebler cheer now and then for Tomlinson and Budd, were presently responded to by the appearance of the public-spirited attorney at the large upper window, where also were visible a little in the background the small sleek head of Mr. Budd, and the blinking countenance of Mr. Tomlinson.

Mr. Dempster held his hat in his hand, and poked his head forward with a butting motion by way of bow. A storm of cheers subsided at last into dropping sounds of "Silence!" "Hear him!" "Go it, Dempster!" and the lawyer's rasping voice became distinctly audible.

"Fellow Townsmen! It gives us the sincerest pleasure—I speak for my respected colleagues as well as myself—to witness these strong proofs of your attachment to the principles of our excellent Church, and your zeal for the honor of our venerable pastor. But it is no more than I expected of you. I know you well. I've known you for the last twenty years to be as honest and respectable a set of rate-payers as any in this county. Your hearts are sound to the core! No man had better try to thrust his cant and hypocrisy down your throats. You're used to wash them with liquor of a better flavour. This is the proudest moment in my own life, and I think I may say in that of my colleagues, in which I

have to tell you that our exertions in the cause of sound religion and manly morality have been crowned with success. Yes, my fellow Townsmen! I have the gratification of announcing to you thus formally what you have already learned indirectly. The pulpit from which our venerable pastor has fed us with sound doctrine for half a century is not to be invaded by a fanatical, sectarian, double-faced, Jesuitical, interloper! We are not to have our young people demoralised and corrupted by the temptations to vice, notoriously connected with Sunday evening lectures! We are not to have a preacher obtruding himself upon us, who decries good works, and sneaks into our homes perverting the faith of our wives and daughters! We are not to be poisoned with doctrines which damp every innocent enjoyment, and pick a poor man's pocket of the sixpence with which he might buy himself a cheerful glass after a hard day's work, under pretence of paying for bibles to send to the Chicktaws!

"But I'm not going to waste your valuable time with unnecessary words. I am a man of deeds," ("Aye, damn you, that you are, and you charge well for 'em too," said a voice from the crowd, probably that of a gentleman who was immediately afterwards observed with his hat crushed over his head.) "I shall always be at the service of my fellow-townsman, and whoever dares to hector over you, or interfere with your innocent pleasures, shall have an account to settle with Robert Dempster!"

"Now, my boys! you can't do better than disperse and carry the good news to all your fellow-townsman, whose hearts are as sound as your own. Let some of you go one way and some another, that every man, woman, and child in Millby may know what you know yourselves. But before we part, let us have three cheers for True Religion, and down with Cant!"

When the last cheer was dying, Mr. Dempster closed the window, and the judiciously instructed placards and caricatures moved off in divers directions, followed by larger or smaller divisions of the crowd.

The greatest attraction apparently lay in the direction of Dog Lane, the outlet towards Paddiford Common, whither the caricatures were moving; and you foresee, of course, that these works of symbolical art were consumed with a liberal expenditure of dry gorse-bushes and vague shouting.

After these great public exertions, it was natural that Mr. Dempster and his colleagues should feel more in need than usual of a little social relaxation; and a party of their friends was already beginning to assemble in the large parlour of the Red Lion, convened partly by their own curiosity, and partly by the invaluable Mat Paine. The most capacious punch-bowl was put in requisition; and that born gentleman, Mr. Lowme, seated opposite Mr. Dempster as "Vice," undertook to brew the punch, defying the criticisms of the envious men out of office, who, with the readiness of irresponsibility, ignorantly suggested more lemons. The social festivities were continued till long past midnight, when several friends of sound religion were conveyed home with some difficulty, one of them showing a dogged determination to seat himself in the gutter.

Mr. Dempster had done as much justice to the punch as any of the party; and his friend Boots, though aware that the lawyer could "carry his liquor like Old Nick," with whose social demeanour Boots seemed to be particularly well acquainted, nevertheless thought it might be as well to see so good a customer in safety to his own door, and walked quietly behind his elbow out of the inn-yard. Dempster, however, soon became aware of him, stopped short, and, turning slowly round upon him, recognised the well-known drab waistcoat sleeves, conspicuous enough in the starlight.

"You two-penny scoundrel! What do you mean by dogging a professional man's footsteps in this way? I'll break every bone in your skin if you attempt to track me, like a beastly cur sniffing at one's pocket. Do you think a gentleman will make his way home any the better for having the scent of your blacking-bottle thrust up his nostrils?"

Boots slunk back, in more amusement than ill-humor, thinking the lawyer's "rum talk" was doubtless part and parcel of his professional ability, and Mr. Dempster pursued his slow way alone.

His house lay in Orchard Street, which opened on the prettiest outskirts of the town—the church, the parsonage, and a long stretch of green fields. It was an old-fashioned house, with an overhanging upper story; outside, it had a face of rough stucco, and casement windows with green frames and shutters; inside, it was full of long passages, and rooms with low ceilings. There was a large heavy knocker on the green door, and though Mr. Dempster carried a latch-key, he sometimes chose to use the knocker. He chose to do so now. The thunder resounded through Orchard Street, and, after a single minute, there was a second clap louder than the first. Another minute, and still the door was not opened; whereupon Mr. Dempster, muttering, took out his latch-key, and, with less difficulty than might have been expected, thrust it into the door. When he opened the door the passage was dark.

"Janet!" in the loudest rasping tone, was the next sound that rang through the house.

"Janet!" again—before a slow step was heard on the stairs, and a distant light began to flicker on the wall of the passage.

"Curse you! you creeping idiot! Come faster, can't you?"

Yet another few seconds and the figure of a tall woman, holding aloft a heavy-plated drawing-room candlestick, appeared at the turning of the passage that lead to the broader entrance.

See, she has on a light dress which sits loosely about her figure, but does not disguise its liberal, graceful outline. A heavy mass of straight jet-black hair has escaped from its fastening and hangs over her shoulders. Her grandly cut features, pale with the natural paleness of a brunette, have premature lines about them telling that the years have been lengthened by sorrow, and the delicately curved nostril which

seems made to quiver with the proud consciousness of power and beauty, must have quivered to the heart-piercing griefs which have given that worn look to the corners of the mouth. Her wide open black eyes have a strangely fixed, sightless gaze, as she pauses at the turning and stands silent before her husband.

"I'll teach you to keep me waiting in the dark, you pale staring fool!" advancing with his slow drunken step. "What, you've been drinking again, have you? I'll beat you into your senses again."

He laid his hand with a firm gripe on her shoulder, turned her round, and pushed her slowly before him along the passage and through the dining-room door which stood open on their left hand.

There was a portrait of Janet's mother, a grey-haired, dark-eyed old woman, in a neatly fluted cap, hanging over the mantelpiece. Surely the aged eyes take on a look of anguish as they see Janet—not trembling, no! it would be better if she trembled—standing stupidly unmoved in her great beauty, while the heavy arm is lifted to strike her. The blow falls—another—and another. Surely the mother hears that cry—"O Robert! pity! pity!"

Poor grey-haired woman! Was it for this you suffered a mother's pangs in your lone widowhood five-and-thirty years ago? Was it for this you kept the little worn morocco shoes Janet had first run in, and kissed them day by day when she was away from you, a tall girl at school? Was it for this you looked proudly at her when she came back to you in her rich pale beauty, like a tall white arm that has just unfolded its grand pure curves to the sun?

The mother lies sleepless and praying in her lonely house, weeping the hard tears of age, because she dreads this may be a cruel night for her child.

She too has a picture over her mantelpiece, drawn in chalk by Janet long years ago. She looked at it before she went to bed. It is a head bowed beneath a cross and wearing a crown of thorns.

CURREN BELL.

WOMEN ought to be good biographers. They have a talent for personal discourse and familiar narrative, which, when properly controlled, is a great gift, although too frequently it degenerates into a social nuisance. Mrs. Gaskell, we regret to say, has, in the present work, so employed her talent that she appears too much in the latter light—as a gossip and a gad-about. There was not much to say of Charlotte Brontë, better known as Currer Bell, but the biographer was determined to say a great deal; she therefore makes a pilgrimage to every spot where her heroine was ever known to have set her foot. First of all, she devotes a chapter to Haworth, counting all the rooms and all the windows in the parsonage. The next chapter she devotes to a description of the character of Yorkshiremen, who appear to be the most unsociable beings on the face of the earth. In the third chapter she hies away to Cornwall, gives a long account of the customs of Penzance, Mrs. Brontë's birth-place; favours us with some of this lady's letters to her husband in the days of their courtship; informs us how Mr. Brontë used to saw off the backs of chairs, fire pistols through doors when he was angry, tear his wife's silk dress to shreds, and every day of his life eat his dinner all alone by himself. With amazing rapidity she then relates the birth of half-a-dozen children, kills off Mrs. Brontë, and sends Charlotte to school. Here comes a grand opportunity for describing the school at Cowanbridge—how it was started, where it was situated, who were the managers, what were the rules, how the girls were fed. Then comes another school at Roehead, and the biographer writes a gazetteer of the neighbourhood from the days of the Stuarts downwards. So she dwells on every incident. Miss Brontë, in passing through London went to the Chapter Coffeehouse: Mrs. Gaskell,

therefore, gives us the history of that tavern, carefully describes the different rooms, makes us familiar with the waiters, and enlarges on the kind of custom on which the house depends. Miss Brontë went to a school at Brussels; her biographer, therefore, beginning with the thirteenth century, writes the history of the Rue d'Isabelle, in which the school is situated, quotes long pages of Charlotte's French exercises, with all her teacher's corrections; is great on the subject of the school hours, the kind of rolls for supper, the number of lamps in the refectory, and presents us with an inventory of the bedroom furniture. All this information of the Dame Quickly sort, with which every chapter abounds, Mrs. Gaskell has seasoned with as much petty scandal as might suffice for half-a-dozen biographies. Not only does she tell tales to the disadvantage of every member of Miss Brontë's family, so that her father appears as a very unpleasant reverend Robinson Crusoe; her husband as a curious Man Friday to her father; her sister Emily as a repulsive creature who never opened her mouth except to say "No;" her brother as a scapegrace, who had a highly improper intrigue with a married lady double his own age, fell into a fit "bleating like a calf," when the lady declined to see him any more, and finally drank himself to death—she is also under the painful necessity of divulging the names of all those who have been satirised in the novels of Currer Bell; or, if the names are not actually recorded, the individuals are indicated with an exactness that would be quite sufficient for any one who takes the slightest interest in such miserable gossip. In this way she represents Currer Bell as heaping ridicule on her friends and benefactors. She is at enormous pains to identify a clerical brute who figures in *Jane Eyre* with the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, with whom Miss Brontë's connection lasted but a few

months, and ceased at the mature age of nine; and, either from intention or through a most awkward arrangement of dates, letters, and names, she quietly forces the reader to the conclusion that the novelist finally accepted as her husband the curate whom, in *Shirley*, she had written down as the greatest ass imaginable. As if it were not enough to indulge in these gross personalities, and to lay bare the skeletons of the Brontë family—this, too, while the father and husband of the lady are still alive—Mrs. Gaskell rakes together all the scandal of the neighbourhood, and weaves it into the biography. At one time it is a strange story of seduction in high life, at another time it is the amour of some rustic unhappily extinguished under a pump; then we have a case of bigamy; again we are informed how “an aunt of mine” came to be tossed in a blanket; but always the story is told with pious remarks, with virtuous disgust, and under a painful necessity. The biographer even tries to persuade herself that the sad history of Branwell’s intrigue, every word of which she has since been obliged ignominiously to retract, is given to the public, not at all from any love of scandal, but in the Christian hope that it may meet the eye, and bring repentance to the heart, of the cruel lady who survives, and who is said to mix in the best society of the metropolis. Without pretending to half so high an opinion of Currer Bell as her biographer professes to entertain, we respect her too much not to condemn such an outrage upon her memory, committed in the name of friendship and sky-high religion. If it was impossible to write the biography without entering into these details, then it ought never to have been written. Whoever could speak in this vein of Currer Bell and her relations, has no genuine sympathy with that retiring nature which shrank from popular observation. Mrs. Gaskell is, indeed, lavish of her sympathy; but it is of the patronising apologetic kind, feeling for rather than with the sufferer; crushing her with condescension, overpowering her with affection, and rejoicing itself with a copious discharge of those

cheap protestations which Sairey Gamp, over her brown teapot, might offer to Betsey Prig. If we do Mrs. Gaskell any injustice, we ask her pardon, and we dare say that in reality she is very different from the author of these volumes, who appears in the character of a shallow, showy woman, fond of her own prattle, and less intent on describing Currer Bell (even if it be by saying that she is “half a head shorter than I am”), than on speaking of “myself,” “my husband,” “our little girls,” “an aunt of mine,” “a friend of mine,” “a visit I paid,” “a letter I received,” “what I partly knew,” and “what my feelings were.”

The Life of Charlotte Brontë is full of interest, as that of an intellectual woman combating with adverse fortune, and determined to win her way in the world. Although her success was extraordinary, her struggles were by no means peculiar; and in the simple facts of her life we have touching evidence of what hundreds of young women have to undergo, who have no proper outlet for their mental activities. If the employments to which women in this country can turn their hands are few enough, how very few are the occupations for educated women! What private professions can they adopt, putting public ones out of the question? They can become either governesses or authoresses. But every one does not succeed as a governess. Like poor Charlotte Brontë, who tried scheme after scheme, some may have a positive inaptitude for dealing with children. What then? Like the three sisters, Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, they, in a great number of cases, take to writing novels. Interesting as this fact is with regard to the occupations of women who, by a necessity of education, demand, whether they have families or not to look after, some higher gymnastics than the knitting of stockings, and the invention of puddings, it is not less so as involving the most singular literary phenomenon of the day—the feminine aspect of our fictitious literature. To this exceedingly voluminous literature, the quantity contributed by women is enormous; and where they are not the writers, they in most instances,

prescribe the tone of sentiment, which is Pindaric and superhuman, as well as the character of the incidents, which are domestic and infantine. That women can succeed greatly in fiction, he who is in the slightest degree acquainted with the publications of only the last ten years would be a bold man to deny, not to speak of such classical authors as Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Ferrier, whose works will be read, and deserve to be read, as long as those of any brother novelist. Still it must be evident that, from that inexperience of life which no amount of imagination, no force of sympathy, can ever compensate, women labour under serious disadvantages in attempting the novel. Everybody knows that men almost always fail in drawing the character of ideal women; the thing has scarcely ever been done. Shakespeare well-nigh stands alone as a faithful delineator of the sex; and yet even he sometimes places his heroines in the most dubious positions—in which we see, not so much the lady as the boy actress of the period affecting the lady, while all the paint on his face cannot conceal the incipient beard. And just as men fail in describing women, they in turn fail in describing men. It is their weakness; it is a weakness which must always prevent them from attaining the very highest success as writers of that class of fiction to which the modern novel belongs. What success they do attain—and it is of no mean order—is principally from the development of female character. No doubt there are instances in which, as in the Rochester and Paul Emanuel of Currer Bell, the masculine character is treated with considerable power and truth; but these are exceptions to the rule; and it must be confessed that the great majority of novels from the hands of women are by no means satisfactory. It could scarcely be otherwise in the circumstances under which they are written. How many women are there who pursue this style of writing from a decided inclination for it? Yet, surely, if there is one department of literature more than another which ought not to be followed without a sense of enjoyment on the part of the writer,

it is that which includes the highest exercise of the imagination. Charlotte Brontë succeeded, because, as we shall presently see, she was born a novelist. As soon as she could write, she began to write tales. But, after reading these volumes, and seeing how desperately the poor Brontës clutched at one scheme after another in order to make a little money, it is difficult not to believe that an immense number of the novels with which the press now groans are not thrown down before the public as vainglorious challenges for fame, but are wrung from the sickness of woman's heart amid the weariness and discomforts of poverty, the cares and griefs of nursing, in order to win daily bread, or to purchase a few luxuries for those who are dearer than life. God knows what these poor women have to undergo who have been placed by education on a level with the best of us, and who are placed by adverse circumstances in a position which very often is not half so good as that of a cook or a housemaid; and in estimating the effects of their influence upon the literature of the time, if sometimes, as critics, we are disposed to call for bell, book, and candle, and solemnly to excommunicate the offenders, let us, also, as men, remember the trials which many of them have to undergo, and the desperation which drives some into slavery of the pen, as others, still more unfortunate, are driven into slavery of the needle.

Setting aside all the trash that has been written within the last few years about the mothers of England and the daughters of England, the rights of women and the equality of the sexes, the glories of Bloomerism and the necessity of separating the interests and liabilities of husband and wife, there is no doubt that the position of women in some respects is not what it ought to be, and deserves our best efforts to improve it. Those two extremes of opinion with regard to woman—the one representing her as nothing but the slave of the domestic sphere, the other representing her as nothing less than the rival of man—are equally ridiculous. Women certainly are born for domestic life; it is their duty, it is their pleasure. By a miraculous

provision of nature, which we must be content to reverence without seeking to comprehend, that lovely Eve, in the blue silk dress, whom you see strolling in the park, under the shade of a white parasol, regards the great clumsy Adam at her side as the pink of perfection, and has absolutely not a single thought beyond his interests, and those of the little Cain, who has been created in his image, and who is engaged at this moment in smashing a frog with a stone. So it is with the majority of women; they are as useful, they are as ornamental, they are as decidedly happy in the midst of their families as they can possibly be. At the same time, there is an imposing minority who must not be overlooked, who, in most instances, would indeed be content with the possession of family affections and the performance of household duties, but for whom, in our present state of civilisation, home is impossible. There are thousands upon thousands of women who have few family ties, and who have still fewer family duties. In the good old days, nunneries were a sort of palliative for this state of affairs; they enabled many women to kill the time and endure their misery with great satisfaction to themselves—like turnspits that move in their eternal round, and think that they have made a long journey. Nowadays, however, the veil and the vow are considered by no means attractive, and we have invented Mormonism instead. Mormonism, no doubt, by supplying a man with ten wives—one for the dairy, another for the kitchen, a third for the nursery, and so on—has been a highly efficient corrective of that defect in our civilisation which leaves numbers of women in single-blessedness and idleness; but, unfortunately, the cure is worse than the disease. So also is that other method of widow-burning and female infanticide, which is not properly a cure, but an effectual preventive of any excess in the number of women beyond those which the domestic life of a people can properly absorb. Of the corrective which Socialism would supply, by establishing a community of husbands and wives, all that can

be said is, that in theory it is revolting, and in practice impossible. What, then, is to be done, and especially in a state of society which, from conventional ideas with regard to position, delays indefinitely the period of marriage, and renders the class of single women unusually large? What is to become of all those women who have mouths to be fed, and whose hands can find no remunerative labour—who have souls to be saved, and whose hands are in that idleness for which Satan finds some mischief still? There are helpless orphans cast upon the world; there are girls with sick and aged mothers to look after; there are widows with young families wholly destitute,—what are these poor people to do? It was the problem that constantly occupied the minds of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë; and in their sphere of life they answered, first of all, by trying to establish themselves as teachers; then by wondering whether they could get anybody to buy their drawings; again, on the failure of their educational and artistic plans,—by trying the effect upon the money-market of a small volume of poems; and, lastly, by writing novels of very various power, which almost all the London publishers in succession had positively refused. As this final attempt, however, was about to be crowned with reward, the two younger sisters, exhausted with sickness and adversity, gave up the struggle, and sunk into the grave. The elder sister, too, was not left long to enjoy her success. Friends, fame, and fortune smiled on her; a bright burst of happiness broke forth at the last; but it was brief as it was bright; it never lost its strangeness, and she went down to the tomb in the prime of her power, when all about her path was promise and prosperity. The records of her life—which all must admire, though none can envy—certainly do not solve the problem as to the position of the sex in this nineteenth century; but they enable us to understand better the struggles for existence which many fragile yet noble-hearted women have to go through, and which, if sometimes salutary for a man, are too often death to a woman.

The father of these extraordinary young ladies was the Rev. Patrick Brontë, a gentleman of Irish extraction, and endowed certainly with all the eccentricities of genius. From him his daughters seem to have derived their peculiar powers; and although in these volumes he is not represented in the most amiable light, still one can very readily believe that a man who commanded the entire devotion of his children, under whose training these children grew up to strength and admiration, and in whose very singularities one may trace the workings of vigorous character, must have had his genial side and a certain secret power which would be apparent to those who knew him well enough to penetrate his panoply of reserve. He was successively curate of Hartshead in the parish of Dewsbury, of Thornton in the parish of Bradford, and of Haworth in the neighbourhood of Keighley, all in the West Riding of Yorkshire. While at Dewsbury he married Miss Maria Branwell, a lady of Cornish origin, who was sincerely attached to him, who took a pleasure in learning by heart "pretty little hymns" of her husband's composing, and who kept her soul in subjection by meditating on "the advantages of poverty in religious concerns," a subject of which she had some experience, and on which she wrote, with a view to publication, what is said to be an admirable essay. Here, also, his two eldest children, Maria and Elizabeth, who, however, did not long survive, were born. It was at Thornton that the third and most brilliant of the family, Charlotte Brontë, first saw the light, on the 21st April 1816; and quickly afterwards appear on the scene her brother and sisters, Patrick, Emily, and Anne, the household having, before the birth of the last, removed to Haworth, the famous curacy of that truculent man of God, old Grimshaw, who figures among the Newtons, the Weasleys, the Whitfields, and other pietists of the last century. Grimshaw was the bluff old fellow who, when Whitfield was preaching at Haworth, and—unusual for him—uttering some compliments to the congregation, started from

his seat with the exclamation, "Oh, sir, for God's sake do not speak so. I pray you do not flatter them. I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open." The same also who used, after prayer, and immediately before his sermon, to give out the 119th Psalm to be sung, and while the congregation were singing themselves hoarse, to go the round of all the beer-houses in the village with a horse-whip in his hand, driving the stragglers into the church. To this parsonage, and to the spiritual oversight of boors who really deserved the kind of treatment prescribed by old Grimshaw, Mr. Brontë repaired with his family, finding a certain pleasure in the bleak scenery of his parish, and in the dreary character of his parishioners. The scenery was wild moorland, surrounded with cold and barren hills, amongst which the tender inmates of that little parsonage, set in the dismal churchyard of Haworth, were glad to wander, and to lose themselves. The people were of the roughest Yorkshire breed, full of kindness when one got at their hearts, but generally hiding their hearts under a savage temper and a selfish habit; so that the Haworth proverb which Miss Brontë cites, "Keep a stone in thy pocket seven years; turn it, and keep it seven years longer, that it may be ever ready to thine hand when thine enemy draws near"—the story which she relates of one of her enterprising neighbours, who, shortly after getting his life insured, fell sick with a mortal disease, and being informed that the hand of death was on him, exclaimed with all his old energy, "By jingo! I shall do the insurance company: I always was a lucky fellow!"—together with the pleasant little dialogue which every one must have read in Mr. Leech's illustration, "Who's that, Bill?"—"A stranger." "Eave harf a brick at him"—all stand forth as indications of that strong and defiant, but self-absorbed and somewhat repulsive character, which, in its more refined aspect, Charlotte Brontë has attempted to depict in the Rochester of her earliest publication, and which, in its coarser development, Emily Brontë has de-

lineated in the Heathcliff of *Wuthering Heights*. With these beings Mr. Bronte, who is still living, had, in the eccentric parts of his nature, a certain affinity, and, as it usually happens, his eccentricities are remembered when his good qualities are forgotten. Naturally delighting in solitude, we are told that he was not fond of children, and that he regarded his own offspring as a plague to himself, and as the ruin of his wife, who, indeed, very soon after the birth of Anne Bronte (Aton Bell), died of an internal cancer, in the midst of which her only solace, besides the affection of her husband, was to sit up in bed and see the nurse clean the grate—"because she did it as it was done in Cornwall." That was a sad touch of the home-sickness which was so strong in all her daughters, though most marked in Emily, and from which even her husband was not free. In Mr. Bronte she had an affectionate mate, who concealed a very fiery nature under a surface that was always frigid, and sometimes even appeared to be stolid. But stolid it never was, although speechless; he would, in his fits of excitement, saw off the backs of chairs, or take the hearth-rug and stuff it into the fire, staying, in spite of the frightful odour, to watch it singe away into nothingness; or he would fire pistols out of the back-door in rapid succession, while poor Mrs. Bronte, lying in bed up-stairs, and knowing that something was wrong, would smile at these harmless explosions, and say, "Ought I not to be thankful that he never gave me an angry word?" It was the operation of the same untamable Yorkshire nature, the genuine Rochester and Heathcliff blood, which led Mr. Bronte, even before his wife's death, to dine by himself continually on the plea of ill health. Let no one think too unkindly of him for this characteristic; nor subsequently for keeping away from the funeral of his gentle daughter Anne; nor finally, because the night before his daughter Charlotte's marriage (a private marriage, at which not more than two or three persons were to be present) he announced that the next morning he meant to stop at

home, although, in point of fact, he lived in the churchyard. In Mrs. Gaskell's fragmentary gossiping way of stating these facts, they look ugly enough, and we should certainly not like the old gentleman to behave to us in the same fashion; still it is only just to remember that these little traits are but the evolution of the Rochester character, which, as displayed in its entirety, women at least, if not men, admire so much in the novel, and which, as illustrated in her father, Charlotte Bronte adorned. Mrs. Gaskell has not attempted to solve the mystery of Mr. Bronte's character: she, in fact, frankly confesses her inability to understand the man, or to grapple with her subject. "I do not pretend to be able to harmonise points of character, and bring them all into one consistent and intelligible whole. The family with whom I have now to do, shot their roots down deeper than I can penetrate." The consequence is, that the being whom "my dear friend" Charlotte Bronte most venerated, and who, if not a very sociable, free-and-easy man, has, we have little doubt, a nature not altogether devoid of certain heroic qualities, appears in these volumes as a cassoaked savage, without one redeeming excellence. We certainly are not inclined to set up Mr. Bronte for a hero, neither are we admirers of the Rochesters and Heathcliffs, who were the incarnate deities of the Bronte girls. But in justice to the old clergyman, who was the father, the teacher, and the idol of so remarkable a trio of novelists, and who probably took a pleasure in exposing to Mrs. Gaskell's fussy sympathies only the rougher side of his nature, it is well to remember that his portrait, as drawn in these volumes is the merest daub, and that the elements of his character, of which alone the biographer takes notice, are not sufficient to account for the facts which are connected with his name.

"They kept themselves very close," is the report given of the Bronte family in the days of Charlotte's childhood. The children led a very sombre life, though not without activity. Nothing could restrain the action of their minds, however the

play of their limbs and the rattle of their tongues might be controlled. Their father was not fond of children, and wanted to have quiet; the mother was ill, and for her sake too these precocious little elves were kept in abeyance under lock and key, and under the frown of the nurse. It was characteristic of their habit that the room set apart for them was called, not a nursery, but "the children's study." Here Maria, the eldest, but not more than seven years of age, would sit with her little sisters, reading to them the newspapers in lack of fairy tales. The newspapers! was it the births—was it the murders—was it the fires—was it the "strange if true"—was it the colossal gooseberry that interested their youthful minds? The old nurse declares that it was "the debates in Parliament, and I don't know what all." It is amusing enough to think of this little colony of six children, the eldest only seven, huddled away in a quiet room by themselves (for they have no companions), and solacing their misery while they wait for dinner, by studying the parliamentary debates on Catholic emancipation. The flood of Irish oratory, however, is soon relieved by an Irish dinner of potatoes—nothing but potatoes; for Mr. Bronte will not let his children touch meat. After dinner, they invent and act little plays of their own, in which the Duke of Wellington (Charlotte's great hero) performs the most astounding feats, and is always certain to come off victorious at the last. Or they go forth to scamper on the moorlands—those scenes which made so deep an impression on all of them, and which Emily—Emily, the prettiest of the family, on whom they had the deepest influence—afterwards described in verse, when, far away on the Continent, her heart was stricken with home-sickness, and her imagination painted the loved spot in colours too bright and fair.

"The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above bends twilight's dome;
But what on earth is half so dear,
So longed for, as the hearth of home?"

The mute bird sitting on the stone,
The dank moss dripping from the wall,
The thorn-trees gaunt, the walks o'ergrown,
I love them—how I love them all!

A little and a lone green lane,
That opened on a common wide;
A distant, dreamy, dim, blue chain
Of mountains circling every side;

A heaven so clear, an earth so calm,
So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air;
And—deepening still the dreamlike charm—
Wild moor-sheep feeding everywhere.

That was the scene, I knew it well;
I knew the turf pathway's sweep,
That, winding o'er each billowy swell,
Marked out the tracks of wandering sheep."

Soon after Mrs. Bronte's death, her sister, Miss Branwell, came to live at the parsonage, and to take care of the children. It seems that she won the respect, but never the love of these children; and in all the severity of an old maid's habit, she rises vividly before us, a stiff old lady, generally confined to her bedroom, where she takes most of her meals; and whenever she ventures to leave this sacred bower, always pattering about the house, up-stairs and down-stairs, in pattens, through dread of catching cold from the stone floors. Perhaps the children were not sorry to escape to school from the tutelage of this worthy dame. The two eldest were sent to Cowanbridge school, which had shortly before been instituted for the benefit of the daughters of clergymen who might be unable to pay large sums for the education of their children. At this seminary, for about £15, a plain but useful education was afforded, while for £3 more, music, drawing, and other accomplishments, were promised. The whole was under the superintendence of Mr. W. Carus Wilson, a benevolent clergyman, who spared neither labour nor money in order to establish the success of the scheme. Unfortunately, at first he trusted too much to the housekeeper, who was anything but a good manager; and the result was, that the girls were supplied with food small in quantity, and so vilely cooked that no animal but a starving rat would have eaten it. Maria and Elizabeth Bronte could not partake of it; and what with constitutional weakness, the lowness of the diet, the unhealthiness of the situation, and the severity of the discipline, the seeds of disease soon manifested their presence. Still Mr. Bronte, unapprehensive of danger.

not only maintained his two eldest daughters at the school, but also sent Charlotte and Emily; and it was, Mrs. Gaskell insists, from her experience here that Charlotte afterwards drew the disgusting picture of Lowood school, as her sister Maria was the prototype of that angelic Helen Burns who is made so much of in the earlier pages of *Jane Eyre*, actually dying in the arms of the heroine. It is true that Curren Bell in her novels almost always started from facts, but she gave them a morbid colouring; and it is only with considerable limitation that we can accept the description of Lowood as applicable to Cowanbridge, and believe that in the teachers of Cowanbridge we have the originals of Miss Temple and Miss Scatcherd, especially since the estimate of a little girl of nine is scarcely to be relied on as perfectly accurate. On the whole, her report of the school is not favourable, and the circumstance that her two eldest sisters returned to Haworth from this place to die, was likely to deepen the unfavourable impression which almost all schools, but certainly cheap schools, make on the minds of young girls fresh from the freedom and comforts of home.

The two eldest girls returned to the parsonage, as we have said, to die. Charlotte and Emily returned shortly afterwards, to be nursed and watched by an elderly Yorkshire-woman named Tabby (surname unknown), who ruled the children sharply, but kindly, and aspired to the position rather of a friend than of a servant. As old age came upon her in the midst of these household cares, Miss Bronte used to say that she found it somewhat difficult to manage with Tabby, who expected to be informed of all the family arrangements, and was yet so deaf that whatever was repeated to her was overheard. Her young mistress got over the difficulty on these important occasions by taking Tabby out for a walk on the moors, and there, seated on some rising ground in all the solitude of heather and fern, pouring the secret into the ear of her faithful domestic. Poor old Tabby deserved their confidences, for in her rough

affectionate way she had been a mother to the Bronte children; and one can see them playing about her as she works—she ironing or baking, they teasing her, talking to her, slightly insurrectionary, but, on the whole, obedient and happy. One night in particular, when Charlotte, now the eldest of the little herd, was but eleven (she described the scene in her note-book two years afterwards), we see them, amid the cold of November, cowering around the warm kitchen-fire. They have just concluded a quarrel with Tabby concerning the propriety of lighting a candle, a proposition which the old dame has so effectually quashed, that the children are fain to content themselves with the blaze of the fire; and there they sit, not knowing what to do with themselves. "I don't know what to do," say the children one after the other, in the imitative manner of the tribe. "Wha, ya may go t' bed," says Tabby. "Why are you so glum to-night, Tabby?" remonstrates Charlotte. "Oh, suppose we had each an island of our own!" Branwell, the most impulsive of the family, snatches at the idea. "I would choose the Island of Man." "And I would choose the Isle of Wight," cries Charlotte. "The Isle of Arran for me," says Emily. "And mine would be Guernsey," says little Anne. Then they choose to people their islands—Charlotte selecting for her colony the Duke of Wellington and his two sons, together with Christopher North and Co., and Mr. Abernethy; Branwell fixing upon John Bull, Astley Cooper, and Leigh Hunt; Emily setting her heart on Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, and Johnny Lockhart; while Anne, the wee thing of five years old, singles out Michael Sadler, Lord Bentinck, and Sir Henry Hallford. Suddenly the clock struck seven, and without more ado Tabby hurried the merry little wretches from their play, and put them to bed; but the next day they set to work again, and developed the idea of the night before, making it into a little drama. In the heroes selected by these children one can easily trace the Toryism of the father, and the influence of these parliamentary de-

bates which, even at their early age, he used to discuss with his daughters. "We take two and see three newspapers a-week," wrote this little Charlotte of thirteen. "We take the 'Leeds Intelligencer,' Tory; and the 'Leeds Mercury,' Whig. We see the 'John Bull,' it is a high Tory, very violent. Mr. Driver lends us it, as likewise 'Blackwood's Magazine,' the most able periodical there is. The editor is Mr. Christopher North, an old man seventy-four years of age; the 1st of April is his birth-day." Curiously enough, politics was at this time the grand theme, and the Duke of Wellington the *grand monarch* of these children. They wrote stories and acted plays without number, but always the Duke was the conquering hero, and the destined saviour; while for gallant knight-errant and handsome lover, the Marquess of Douro and Lord Charles Albert Florian Wellesley are the most convenient personages in the world. If there is an interesting tale to be told, it is put into the mouth of Lord Charles Albert Florian Wellesley; if there is some glowing poetry to be recited, it is set down to the account of the most noble the Marquess of Douro. From this point of view, and as a memorial of Charlotte Brontë's rage for fictitious composition, few documents are more singular than the "Catalogue of my books, with the period of their completion [up to August 3, 1830," when let it be remembered that she was little more than fourteen. There are "The Adventures of Edward de Crack," "The Duke of Wellington's Adventure in the Cavern," "The Marquess of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley's tale to his little King and Queens," "The Three Old Washerwomen of Strathfield-saye," "The Twelve Adventurers, and the Adventures in Ireland," "Lord Charles Wellesley and the Marquess of Douro's Adventure," "The Strange Incident in the Duke of Wellington's Life," "Character of Great Men of the Present Age," "Scene in my Tun, a Tale," "Descriptions of the Duke of Wellington's Palace on the Pleasant Banks of the Lusiva," "The Green Dwarf, a Tale of the Perfect Tense, by the Lord Charles Albert

Florian Wellesley;" and so on, with these singular titles, through not less than twenty-two volumes. When it is added that all these volumes contain between sixty and a hundred pages, on each of which there is about as much matter as on one of the pages of *Maga* (for the writing is so minute that it seems to be the penmanship of a fairy, and no mortal man can read it without a compound microscope), the industry and enthusiasm of the little girl who wrote the whole in fifteen months will be appreciated. We can understand how, afterwards, at school, she used at night to keep her companions awake while she told them stories, till violent palpitations ensued, they screamed with terror, and woke up the house; and we can scarcely be surprised to hear that, some twenty years afterwards, she produced a novel which was immediately pronounced to be one of the most remarkable that had ever issued from the pen of a woman.

Charlotte was not sent to school again until she was fifteen years of age, and then she became the pupil of a Miss Wooler, who lived at Roe-head, somewhere between Leeds and Huddersfield, in a district which the future novelist selected as the scene of the transactions recorded in *Shirley*. At this school too, where she was very happy, she contracted friendships with three girls, who afterwards figured as the Caroline Helstone, the Rose, and Jessie Yorke of the same novel," a fact which is worth mentioning, as an illustration of her mode of painting from the life. She always started from facts but worked them out in imagination according to what seemed to be their consistent development. It was a habit which she had very early acquired, and which, by herself and her school companions, was called "making out." She awoke in the middle of a pleasant dream, and she would make out the conclusion of which she had been baulked; she would pitch upon a hero, and she would find him characteristic words and actions through a hundred complications. Her whole time at school, however, was not taken up with this practice of "making out." She had

much to learn, for though her information was extensive, yet her mind was undisciplined and her knowledge was superficial. She became an indefatigable student, never lost a moment, gave up her play-hour for lessons, and made very rapid progress. She is described by her school-mates as at this time looking like a little old woman, with her quaint antediluvian garments, and her odd gravity of manner, which was made all the more piquant by the shortness of her sight. When a book was placed in her hands, she dropt her head over it till her nose nearly touched the page; and when she was told to lift her head up, up went the book after it, still close to her nose. She was shy and nervous too, with a strong Irish accent; and the general criticism of the school, which, by the way, consisted of not more than nine or ten pupils, was conveyed in the saying of one of her companions, uttered with all a school-girl's spitefulness, "You are [very ugly." With that fine weird expression of hers, ugly she never was, although her features were by no means remarkable for symmetry. Her nose was large, her mouth was a little awry, but her eyes were of singular beauty. "Her hands and feet," says Mrs. Gaskell, "were the smallest I ever saw: when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind—writing, sewing, knitting—was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves."

The latter part of this description, however, applies to a more recent period than the school-days of Charlotte Brontë, although even then she seems to have blown out into perfect womanhood, coming home to take a sort of maternal charge of the younger children. She had not been much more than a year at Roehead, when she thus came back to the parsonage, to share in its duties and partake of its freedom. Her aunt Branwell exacted a good deal of her attention

to various household requirements, such as brushing the carpets, black-leading the stoves, making the beds, baking the bread, mending and ironing the clothes, and she went through them all with a gentleness and goodness of heart that was most beautiful. "I excoited aunt's wrath very much by burning the clothes the first time I attempted to iron," she says, "but I do better now. Human feelings are queer things: I am much happier black-leading the stoves, making the beds, and sweeping the floors at home, than I should be living like a fine lady anywhere else." Her father, on the other hand, encouraged her in her studies as much as possible, and she herself added to her other duties that of imparting to her sisters whatever she had acquired at school. It is strange to think of this little band, almost entirely self-educated, clinging together among the mountains, having no companions, scarcely even a teacher except the father, but panting for knowledge, and, as if by mere force of rubbing on some secret ring or lamp, calling up a powerful genius of those ruled by Solymán son of Daoud, to enlighten their eyes and to make wise their hearts. They were now, indeed, looking out for the genius of fortune as well as of knowledge, for the family were shooting up, the strain upon their father's income was more and more felt, and it became a question of growing importance what could any of them do to diminish the pressure. Charlotte at one time thought of making her way as an artist, and wearied her eyes, says Mrs. Gaskell, "in drawing with pre-Raphaelite minuteness, but not with pre-Raphaelite accuracy, for she drew from fancy rather than from nature." But about this period it began to be determined that Branwell, at least, of whose gifts there could be no doubt, should be an artist, and should proceed to London to study at the Royal Academy. Poor Branwell grew up with splendid talents, and is said to have been the greatest genius of the family, although he was utterly wanting in that remarkable power of self-control possessed by all his sisters. He was certainly the most sociable of the Brontës—he was fond

of conviviality—he was a brilliant talker, and established such a fame in the neighbourhood, that when any traveller came to the Black Bull of the village, and seemed to be dull over his liquor, the landlord would say—"Do you want some one to help you with your bottle, sir? If you do, I'll send up for Patrick," for so he was called by the villagers. It was not the best training for the lad, who, like most young men, was by no means averse from the pleasures of dissipation, and felt constrained in his village retreat. For days together the boy would pore over the map of London, until he knew its highways and byways all by heart, and could puzzle a Londoner by informing him of the shortest cuts with which not many who have been all their lives in the metropolis are acquainted. Dreaming thus of the great city—dreaming and scheming, hoping, longing, and trying, it is sickening to read that all his hopes were clouded and all his plans were baffled. He would be an artist, but it was found impossible to send him to London, and that bright day-dream vanished. He would be a poet, and wrote to Wordsworth for his opinion; but in these days poetry was at a discount, and although Branwell looked to verse rather for the launching of his vessel than for the bearing of it onward, the bubble again burst, and he was doomed to disappointment. Finally, after years of hope deferred, and idle hanging on the skirts of chance, he obtained a situation as a private tutor, and once more all was promise and expectation. But this hope also failed him, and he had soon to relinquish his appointment. He returned home to sketch out plans of honourable labour, and to dream of a brilliant future that never was to come. So, with the misfortune of having no profession, he passed the remainder of his days, loitering about the parsonage and the village, sleeping all day and waking all night, a burden to himself, and a cause of much anxiety to his relatives. Anne Brontë is so haunted with the idea of her poor brilliant brother before her eyes wasting away his existence, that she can do nothing but think of him,

and describes all his moods with painful minuteness in the "Tenant of Wildfell Hall." At length, in his thirtieth year, this young man, with all his extraordinary power, passes from our sight into the mystery of the grave. It was characteristic of the Brontë family that he knew not death was upon him till the very end; that two days before his decease he was in the village as usual, and that to carry out a favourite theory of his, that so long as there is life in a man, there is strength of will to do what he chooses, he resolved on standing up to die, and in this position breathed his last. He who has not will enough to shape out his life, has will enough to die in an attitude of defiance, which declared that the great king of terrors, who has power to destroy the body, has no power to destroy the soul.

It was in 1848, nearly a year after the publication of *Jane Eyre*, and when Charlotte Brontë was in all the radiance of success and fame, that her brother thus proudly perished; and we have anticipated the final scene, that we may at once get rid of a very painful history. But now, in 1835, brother and sisters are full of hope, and the result of their cogitations is that "we are all about to divide, break up, separate. Emily is going to school, Branwell is going to London, and I am going to be a governess. I am going to teach in the very school where I was myself taught. My lines have fallen in pleasant places." Emily accompanied her sister to the same school as a pupil, but soon became ill from homesickness, and could not settle to anything. "Every morning when she woke," says Charlotte in that touching little memorial which she has prefixed to her sister's writings, "the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her. Nobody knew what ailed her but me. I knew only too well. I felt in my heart she would die if she did not go home, and with this conviction obtained her recall. She had only been three months at school; and it was some years before the experiment of sending her from home was again ventured on." Her place in the school was

supplied by Anne; and, with her sister near, Charlotte, the young governess, seems to have been content, if not happy. Her salary was not large. "She owned that, after clothing herself and Anne, there was nothing left, though she had hoped to be able to save something. She confessed it was not brilliant, but what could she do? She seemed to have no interest or pleasure beyond the feeling of duty, and, when she could get, used to sit alone and "make out." But even this small measure of happiness was not to last. Anne grew sick, Charlotte thought she was not properly nursed, and both sisters returned to the parsonage and its round of lowly duties. There Charlotte proves to be an excellent housemaid—never is a chair out of its place, never is a thread on the carpet. Emily is a capital cook, makes all the bread of the family, and while she is kneading the dough, may be seen with a book propped up before her, out of which she is studying German. Anne is too ill to work, but all three sisters sew in the evening until nine o'clock, when old aunt Branwell goes to bed. Then these girls—no quarrelling now with Tabby—of their own accord extinguish the candles for the sake of economy, and, pacing the room backwards and forwards, discuss by the light of the fire a hundred schemes. Charlotte has had no great success as a governess—what can she and her sisters now do? Shall they try literature? They write letters to Wordsworth, they write letters to Southey and others, enclosing their productions, and asking for advice. Southey in the kindest manner advises Charlotte to give up all thoughts of literature, and she with a heavy heart obeys, thanks the veteran for his advice, and put away her writing. But what is to be done? Charlotte quickly decided. "I intend to force myself to take another situation when I can get one, though I hate and abhor the very thoughts of governess-ship. But I must do it, and therefore I heartily wish I could bear of a family where they need such a commodity as a governess." Yet the girls knew little French, and still less music, and they could scarcely hope for very lucrative situations.

Anne was the first to succeed, then Charlotte got an appointment in a private family (salary £16), while Emily had a few months' teaching in a public school. It would not do. These girls never were children like other children, they had no peculiar delight in teaching the young idea how to shoot; and in 1840 we find them at home again pacing at nights by the glow of the fire about their room, like beasts in a cage, wondering how they are to get out, and what is to become of them. Shall they set up a school? Will anybody lend them one hundred pounds to enlarge the accommodation of the parsonage? Will anybody intrust pupils to their care? In the midst of these anxieties Charlotte is working off her exuberant feeling in the composition of a tale and in writing to correspondents under the name of Charles Thunder. Amid a dawning conviction on her mind that "I have no natural knack for my vocation," an idea strikes her. Will Aunt Branwell advance them fifty pounds? They would go to a Continental school and learn to speak French, besides perfecting themselves in music; they would come back to the West Riding, they would set up a school, they would obtain pupils, they would make money, they would faithfully repay Aunt Branwell. The prim but kind old aunt acceded, and after many consultations, the two eldest girls, under the guidance of their father, set out for Brussels, where they were placed under the guardianship of M. Heger, who appears to have ultimately furnished to Charlotte the groundwork of the noble character of Paul Emanuel. But in Brussels that child of the mountains, Emily, sighed more than ever for home, and it was here that in a leisure hour she wrote those verses which we have already quoted, descriptive of the spot on which her heart was set. Charlotte was more happy, won the affection of her master, made great progress in her studies, finally became a teacher in the school, the daily life of which has been pretty accurately described in the last published of her novels—*Villette*. In the mean time, her aunt dies, her father is afflicted with blindness, and Char-

lotte (it is now January 1844) sacrifices her prospects in Brussels to throw in her lot with her sisters at home, trusting, by the help of a little money left to them by their aunt, to be able to set up a school at Haworth. They tried and tried; they wrote letters, they advertised, they fixed the scale of remuneration for each pupil's board and education so low as twenty-five pounds a-year, but all in vain; no pupils ever came to them, and it was not without a secret satisfaction that they saw the necessity of looking to other schemes for the provision of their wants. Especially they could now with a safe conscience turn to literature, the chances of which they had, on Southey's advice, reluctantly agreed to forego. Accordingly, they beset the poor stationer of the village for more and more paper. "I used to wonder whatever they did with so much," says the stationer and general dealer of the neighbourhood. "When I was out of stock, I was always afraid of their coming; they seemed so distressed about it if I had none. I have walked to Halifax (a distance of ten miles) many a time for half a ream of paper, for fear of being without it when they came. I could not buy more at a time for want of capital. I did so like them to come when I had anything for them, they were so much different to anybody else; so gentle and kind, and so very quiet." The result of all this activity in the paper trade is, that amid all the turmoil of that eventful year, 1846, there appears from the press a small volume of "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," the names, it will be observed, being selected according to the initials of the writers, and with a view to conceal their sex.

The general verdict was, that the poems in this volume with the signature of Ellis Bell, are the most remarkable, and that verdict is not likely to be disputed. In all the contributions, the handwriting of the three sisters is very apparent; so that, in taking up any one of the poems, it is not difficult to discover the writer. Currer has the faculty of forgetting herself, and talking of things and persons exterior to herself, with a fine power of observa-

tion, and with a certain sense of pleasure in life. Acton writes rather in the Olney Hymn style, very contentedly, very beautifully, full of doubts of herself, but full of trust in her Redeemer. Ellis, on the other hand, is somewhat of a heathen, and writes in the utmost despair: she writes calmly, but with intensity; and from the intensity of her woe there issues a music of expression which Currer, with all her wonderful felicity of diction, never attained. Emily Brontë's character is certainly enigmatical; but it seems to us that Mrs. Gaskell has not done it justice in attributing to selfishness what was due to the despair of her nature. Emily had powers greater than either of her sisters, and a heart not less warm than theirs. Charlotte, who adored her, and used to address her as "mine dear love," "mine bonnie love," attempted to give some idea of her noble nature in the character of Shirley. At the same time, Emily could never appear to the world as anything like Shirley; for she had that fearful defect which darkened her in the eyes of every stranger, and Mrs. Gaskell was one of these strangers;—she was the victim of despair. With amazing powers, she had no confidence in her strength; with overflowing sympathies, she could not believe that anybody cared for aught she might say or do. Charlotte, in one of her poems entitled "Frances," seems to have had Emily in her eye when she makes the lady lament as follows:—

"Unloved—I love; unwept—I weep;
Grief I restrain; hope I repress;
Vain is this anguish—fixed and deep;
Vainer desires and dreams of bliss.

My love awakes no love again,
My tears collect and fall unfeigned;
My sorrow touches none with pain,
My humble hopes to nothing melt.

For me the universe is dumb,
Stone-deaf, and blank, and wholly blind;
Life I must bound, existence sum
In the strait limits of one mind;

That mind my own. Oh! narrow cell,
Dark—imageless—a living tomb!
There must I sleep, there wake and dwell,
Content with palsy, pain, and gloom."

Emily herself at one time burst out with this feeling:—

"Oh for the time when I shall sleep
Without identity!
And never care how rain may steep,
Or snow may cover me!

No promised heaven these wild desires
Could all or half fulfil;
No threaten'd hell with quenchless fires
Subdue this quenchless will!"

And she probably described her own state when, in one of her finest poems, she wrote,—

"Sweet love of youth, forgive if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lighten'd up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

*But when the days of golden dreams had perish'd,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn existence could be cherish'd,
Strengthen'd and fed without the aid of joy;"*

as she certainly described herself in the verses entitled a "Day-Dream."

"On a sunny brae alone I lay
One summer afternoon;
It was the marriage time of May
With her young lover June.

The trees did wave their plumed crests,
The glad birds carol'd clear;
And I of all the wedding guests
Was only sullen there!

There was not one but wish'd to shun
My aspect, void of cheer;
The very grey rocks, looking on,
Asked, 'What do you do here?'"

Similarly, also, one discovers a vain attempt at cheerfulness, and a miserable consolation from the sympathy of nature, in a poem in which she addresses herself, and which at first may appear a little obscure.

"There should be no despair for you
While nightly stars are burning;
While evening pours its silent dew,
And sunshine glides the morning.

There should be no despair—though tears
May flow down like a river:
Are not the best beloved of years
Around your heart for ever?

They weep, you weep—it must be so;
Winds sigh as you are sighing,
And winter sheds his grief in snow
Where autumn leaves are lying.

Yet these revive, and from their fate
Your fate cannot be parted:
Then journey on, if not elate,
Still, never broken-hearted."

Now all this despair (and we have quoted thus largely as much to give some examples of a volume little known, as to illustrate the prevailing sentiment of the more remarkable poems) is very sad, is very unattractive, and quite unfits one for social life: it is indeed ruin; but it is not unamiable. Good Mrs. Gaskell who has a firm basis of self-esteem to go upon, and who probably was never troubled in her life with a doubt as to her own excellent qualities, has no idea of Emily Brontë's reserve proceeding from any other source than indifference and selfishness. Currer Bell was not a fool, and would never have loved her sister as she did, if that view of her character were the true one. How tenderly Emily Brontë could feel, how large and steadfast was her heart, these poems and her novel of *Wuthering Heights* amply testify. In this latter work, too, we find the developed expression of her despairing nature—a hopelessness which paralyzes every power, and is intimately mingled with the most deadly fatalism. Although all the characters are more or less finely conceived, there is only one man of will and action in the book, and that is Heathcliff, who, almost without the slightest exercise of contrivance or power, has only to will, and his will is executed as by a fate. He is surrounded by people who might easily master him, or who, at all events, might get out of his reach, but there they remain motionless where he places them, and he has only to say "Dilly, dilly, duckling," and they come to be killed without an effort of resistance. Not that Heathcliff is a great man, with much discourse of reason; he too, like his victims, is actuated by a blind fate, is as helpless and hopeless as the other mortals who lie passive in his grasp. The whole gloomy tale is in its idea the nearest approach that has been made in our time to the pitiless fatality which is the dominant idea of Greek tragedy. And as if to illustrate the helpless despair which she so grandly conceived, poor Emily Brontë, very

soon after writing her novel, died to the same dismal tune which inspired its pages. While she was yet dying, she refused all remedy; she was in the clutches of fate, and fate was fate. Throw physic to the dogs. If she was miserable, why not?—she was born to misery; if she was afflicted, why not?—she had only to endure. She refused to be comforted, she refused to be nursed; she bore up with indomitable patience to within two hours of her death; then she—this simple lass, in a lowly parsonage, in the wilds of Yorkshire—laid her head upon her pillow and died like the heroine of a Grecian tragedy, who willingly approaches the altar when her life is required as a sacrifice to fate. "Severed at last by time's all-severing wave," we are reminded of her own beautiful lines, which now there is no loved one left, save her father, to repeat over the place of her rest.

"Cold in the earth and the deep snow
piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary
grave!
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Sever'd at last by time's all-severing wave?"

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer
hover
Over the mountains on that northern
shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-
leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild
Decembers
From those brown hills have melted into
spring:
Faithful indeed is the spirit that re-
members,
After such years of change and suffering."

Having felt their way to the public, at some cost to themselves, through this little volume of poems, the three sisters next determined to venture on fiction, and wrote three tales, which went the round of all the publishing firms in London. Charlotte's tale was entitled *The Professor*; Emily's was the *Wuthering Heights*, to which we have referred; Anne's was *Agnes Grey*, in which she has unveiled her experiences of governess life. After many refusals, the novels of the two younger sisters were accepted on terms which rather impoverished the inexperienced authors. *The Professor*, however, was everywhere rejected;

and now that—the hand of the writer being still for ever—it has been thought proper to publish the tale, we are compelled to the conclusion that the award was substantially just. *The Professor* is a picture of school-life at Brussels; and although it is very remarkable as a literary curiosity, it is in itself the poorest of all Charlotte Brontë's productions. It seems, indeed, to be a natural product of the Low Countries, in which the transactions that are recorded occur. Afterwards, when she became more accustomed to the expression of impassioned thought, she rewrote the tale, and as by some volcanic agency interminable plains are elevated into mountains and sink into gloomy ravines, the story ceases to be flat, and becomes vigorous and lifelike as a land of hill and heather. The novel thus re-written is known to the public under the name of *Villette*; and in the history of its origin, now revealed, we have some explanation of the fact that, if not the most powerful, it is the most finished of Currer Bell's performances. *The Professor*, too, while certainly deficient in dramatic interest, is, when read in connection with *Villette*, one of the most curious works that have ever been printed. It is strange to compare the two novels—alike, and yet so different; displaying in every page how conscientiously the writer laboured, as in the general design, which, in the later novel, is quite revolutionised, she proves how perfectly her art had been matured. In *Villette*, it will be remembered that the story is told by Lucy Snowe, and that the most important personage in the volume is the Professor, M. Paul Emanuel. In the earlier tale the Professor tells the story; he is himself rather commonplace, and the interest is centred in a sort of feminine Paul—a Mademoiselle Henri. In the first half of *Villette*, while she has only made up her mind to work out the idea of *The Professor*, the story is dull, and moves on but slowly. It is not till she seizes a new idea, and begins to work out the character of Paul in accordance with it, that she at length rises to the full height of her powers. In *The Professor*, however, as in *Villette*, and in

Jane Eyre, she carries out her favourite idea of a heroine. In the general outline of character she is herself, in fact, her own heroine. She purposely made her heroines plain, if not ugly. Deeming the lovely houris of fiction to be a mistake, she said, I will take a woman as insignificant and as plain as myself, and I will make her more bewitching than the most romantic of the fine ladies. She endowed this ugly little woman with amazing self-control, made her very content, very gentle, very neat, and also very delicate. Full of strange fancies, morbid likings and dislikes, the heroine—the double of Miss Bronte—was the most matter-of-fact person in the world. She was always at work, always thinking of duty, never interfering with other people, quiet as a mouse. A good little woman, no doubt. But what was there so attractive about her? How was this humdrum little creature—this Frances Henri, this Lucy Snowe, this *Jane Eyre*, this Charlotte Bronte—raised into a heroine of romance? She was not only attractive, she was fascinating, because she had an eye which nothing could escape. Very retiring, very diligent, with that wondrous eye of hers she saw every motive, read every glance, understood every soul. Powers of observation so acute had, in the first instance, a fascination like the eye of a basilisk, or like that which is attributed to certain Chinese and Mormon executioners. Among these peoples, one of the severest punishments is to set two men to watch the culprit night and day—continually they are in his presence, continually their eyes are fastened upon him, while they never open their mouths. It is torture and madness to the poor sinner. In the same way, one might be annoyed or pleased with the close watch and keen sight of Miss Bronte and her heroines, but no one could resist the spell of such observation; and when it was perceived that those brilliant detectives of hers were the organs of a mind most loving, most true, and most pure—so pure that one was reminded of the beatitude which declares that the pure in heart shall see God; the influence ceased to be a mere fascination, an unintelligible

attraction—it became regard, and from regard it grew to love.

When *The Professor* was rejected by the publishers, Charlotte Bronte, not to be vanquished by disappointment, set herself to the composition of another story, which is the most able of all her writings, and which she forwarded to the house of Smith, Elder, & Co., where her previous tale had obtained, not indeed acceptance, but most courteous attention from a very genial critic—Mr. W. Smith Williams. *Jane Eyre*, the title of the new novel, was at once accepted, and immediately published, so that, after all, Curren Bell had the start of her two younger sisters. From the first it became popular, and justified the anticipations of the publishers. When its success was established, Charlotte went one day to her father, who had no idea of the literary adventures of his daughters, and said, "Papa, I've been writing a book."

"Have you, my dear?"

"Yes, and I want you to read it."

"I am afraid it will try my eyes too much."

"But it is not in manuscript; it is printed."

"My dear! You've never thought of the expense it will be! It will be almost sure to be a loss, for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name."

"But papa, I don't think it will be a loss; no more will you, if you will just let me read you a review or two, and tell you more about it."

The old gentleman consented, and Charlotte, after reading some of the reviews to him, left a copy of the novel on his table for his own perusal. The result of his perusal was, that when he came into tea he said,—
"Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely." In point of fact, this Charlotte, as we have already indicated, derived from her father the germs of the principal character in the novel—a character more intellectual than sympathetic, and which fascinates rather than pleases. Remarkable as a composition, by whomsoever written, *Jane Eyre*, as a woman's composition, is very remarkable. What first of all strikes one

about it is the singular faculty for analysis possessed by the authoress. Men excel in analysis, women generally fail. Charlotte Brontë cannot help herself; she has a morbid tendency to anatomise every passion, every impulse, every expression. Hence what may perhaps be regarded as a defect of all Currer Bell's novels, she must find a motive for every little act, for the twirling of a thumb, and for every *tol-de-rol* that a man heedlessly sings: she has no idea of purposeless behaviour, uncontrollable impulses without meaning, and idle flapping of the sails of the Happy-go-lucky. Hence, although in the general tone of sentiment nothing can be more diverse than the writings of Currer Bell and the writings of Alexandre Dumas, the former in this particular assimilates to the French novels of intrigue, where a shake of the hand is ever intended as a squeeze, and a quivering of the eyelid is ever interpreted as a wink. But this very power of analysis which, in a general way may be regarded as something oppressive and intrusive, was one of the principal causes that contributed to the popularity of *Jane Eyre*, for it was in this case chiefly applied to the elucidation of a class of feelings which excites the curiosity of all men, and which had never before been thus microscopically examined. It was a new sensation to see that class of feelings which regulates the relation of the sexes mercilessly and minutely laid bare upon the woman's side, and by the hand of a woman. How men are influenced has often been told; how women are influenced has very seldom been told, except in the most general terms, and simply because the novelists have principally been men, and of necessity know very, very little of the sex—far less than they think they do. And while in this direction Currer Bell very naturally outshone the masculine authors, she outvied them also in another direction, in which they might justly have hoped to excel her. Most novels merely enchant, and the writer's power is exhibited in an inability to lay down the tale until we have finished it. But the motto of Currer Bell is, Duty. Full of sentiment,

often morbid, one might have expected to find her obedient to mere impulses; on the contrary, she has a marvellous power of self-control; she is moved by will rather than led by desire; she looks at life inexorably as the fulfilling of duty; and such is the force of the example which she sets, that even while the interest of the story is at its height, and we acknowledge to ourselves the magic of the tale, we are content to shut the volume, and turn to our appointed work. It is rather paradoxical praise to give to a novelist, but yet it is the highest, that, inspired by the stirring theme, we throw away sloth, we shut the book, we seize the pilgrim's staff, and forthwith ascend the Hill Difficulty. Never have novels been written that have in equal degree at once captivated the imagination, and, through the imagination, quickened the sense of duty—not duty distant or future, but present in all the mud and mire of our actual life.

Charlotte Brontë now began to reap her reward, but with public prosperity came private sorrows. It was towards the close of 1847 that *Jane Eyre* made its appearance, the novels of her sisters being published not long afterwards, but with a very moderate success. The full measure, too, of Charlotte's achievement was not yet apparent, as she still religiously preserved her incognito even to her publishers. But just at this period, when the horizon began to brighten, Branwell's condition became more and more melancholy, until at last, in September 1848, he dropt into the grave, after only one day's serious illness. Emily, "mine bonnie love," as Charlotte calls her, followed in three months; and five months after Emily, poor sister Anne went the same dark road. Oh, vanity of vanities, and misery of miseries! all the friends of her youth have left her in a moment, and she has public applause instead. For the passionate endearments of sisterhood, for the expectant smile, and the welcome sparkle of the eye—for the very blood of her blood, and all that to young souls gives life its fragrance, she has now the pompous homage of the critics, and the shallow adulation of a rabble of readers. Her life is end-

ed, her struggles are over, she has reached the golden goal, and it has not saved her from drinking the bitter cup.' Her old father still lives, and at his side she works as she can, cheering herself a little by an occasional visit to London. There and elsewhere she has many friends to whose affection she responds, although they never can supply the place of the lost. *Shirley* appears, in which, with faltering power, she attempts to delineate the character of Emily, "mine bonnie love," whom none but herself understands. Then after a further interval appears *Villette*, in which she records the experiences of a teacher in Brussels. But in these last years there is nothing to relate that is really interesting. The victory has been won, and hence-

forth her life is placid sailing. Letters might be quoted and conversations recorded, but nothing of real importance occurs until her marriage. We do not know much about it. She was not fond of curates, and often spoke slightly of them "as a self-seeking, vain, empty race." But her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls, ultimately won her esteem and affection. She was married to him on the last day of June 1854, and in the last day of the following March, while her heart beat with the hopes of a mother, she was dead. "Oh, I am not going to die," were the last words that she uttered to her husband as she awoke from her stupor—"I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy."

LIFE OF SIR CHARLES J. NAPIER.

NATURE throws forth her able men as a salmon does its spawn. She produces her great ones as a lioness does her cub—singly, one at a birth, and at rare intervals. It is the property of the great to draw forth, to gather around and behind them, the able men of their generation. At every great advent these have started up at the call of leadership, and the impulse of opportunity. Thus have appeared in history those brilliant galaxies of men, with the one shining bright and prominent in the midst; while each has its individual lustre, and all blend in the constellated glory. Alexander had his generals; Napoleon his marshals; around Wellington there grouped a goodly band of true and stalwart soldiers; and under the attraction of his genius, and in the training of his battle-fields, sprang up men who filled the intervals of our great struggles with brilliant episodes of war and government.

Foremost among these was a family of men who, if they were not great enough to stamp their epoch, were too able and too remarkable not to fit in as necessary parts in the integration of their age. These men were the Napiers—men earnest in

purpose, strong in endeavour, faithful in service, firm in resolve, ready in need—men wise, fervent, brave, and upright, strong-handed, and loyal-hearted. England has known many famous brotherhoods—Scotts, Malcolms, Munroes—but never any, perhaps so complete and peculiar in their lives, characters, and achievements, as the *trois frères*—the gallant soldier-brotherhood of the Napiers. One has given us the best military history, perhaps, which was ever penned; another has illustrated the history of his time with a most perfect exploit of war; and the third has left a life full of honourable action and faithful service.

Yet, with all this, they were not great men.

A first attribute of greatness is a calm self-possession, a consciousness of power, an assurance of worth, a high-heartedness which will not stoop to challenge honour, or canvass suffrages, but rests on the knowledge that "fame is the birthright of genius" and "that its tenure is eternal." A frequent mark of the ability which approximates greatness without reaching it—which soars far beyond mediocrity, and almost approaches the confines—is to show a jealousy of fame, a greed of applause, a feverish

thirst for notoriety, and an irritable sense of non-appreciation and neglect. This frequently produces idiosyncrasies which exhibit the anomaly of the highest and the lowest qualities, the greatest and the littlest, mingling in the same nature. This anomaly reveals itself in the Napiers. In them we see men uniting the valour of Achilles with the bitterness of a Thersites; the chivalry of a Roland with the vauntings of a Pistol—men, the bravest of warriors, yet forgetful that in peace there is nothing so becomes a man as “modest stillness and humility”—true soldiers, yet impatient of control, and rejecting often the first principle of soldiership, subordination to the authority of superiors—men, just, liberal, and upright, yet, on occasion, imperious and dogmatic as a despot. They had missed the mark of greatness, and were content with no lower standard. It was not enough to rank among the ablest and best of England’s sons. They must be more. They must be Napiers—a chosen race, an autocracy of merit and renown. It is this over-sensitiveness of fame which, if it has not shaded their glory, has much marred the dignity of men whom the majority of their countrymen were ever inclined to love and honor. It is this over-sensitiveness, this vain-glory, which led them oft to adopt an arrogance of tone, an assumption of superiority, and a vengefulness of retort, unworthy of their deeds and their character. Any man, whether governor-general, civil agent, director, or penny-a-liner, who opposed a Napier, who doubted him, or refused him full homage, was at once given over to gall and bitterness. In the magnitude of their wrath, they exalted the littleness of their enemies. The mosquito who stung a Napier became at once a scorpion; the flea which drew their blood was exaggerated at once into the proportions of a rhinoceros. They were ever breaking flies upon the wheel, and were not equal to saying with my Uncle Toby: “Go, poor thing, there is room enough in the world for thee and me”—“room for thee to buzz and sting—room for us to live and act!”

“Purity of motive and nobility of mind should never condescend
To prove its rights, and prate of wrongs, or evidence its worth to others,
And it should be small care to the high and happy conscience
What jealous friends or envious foes, or common fools may judge.
Should the lion turn and rend every snarling jackal,
Or an eagle be stopt in his career to punish the petulance of sparrows?”

Had the Napiers been so high-souled as to comprehend that “fame groweth to its great ones,” they might have been numbered in the hierarchy; as it is, they must ever stand high on the roll of able men. Yet this anomaly, this contradiction in their natures, the influence of which was felt more on themselves and by themselves than by their country, will not detract from the value of their deeds or the glory of their names. They must remain to claim the gratitude of posterity and the admiration of ages. They have become parts of the history and the literature of a people. Nor should we have alluded to this family idiosyncrasy, or aught which could speck the full brightness of their fame, had it not been necessary to the due understanding of a work which has lately come among us—the *Biography of Sir Charles J. Napier*, by his brother, the historian of the Peninsula War—the life of one Napier, written by another—a book in which the foremost man is set up as the representative of the thoughts, feelings, and opinions of his race. Thus the book opens:—

“This shall be the story of a man who never tarnished his reputation by a shameful deed: of one who subdued distant nations by his valour, and then governed them so wisely, that English rule was revered and loved, where before it had been feared and execrated. For thus nobly acting, the virulence of interested faction was loosed to do him wrong; honours were withheld, and efforts made to depreciate his exploits by successive governments; nevertheless, his fame has been accepted by the British people, as belonging to the glory of the nation.”

This is a fit introduction to a heroic life—a fit text for such a noble homily. We do not even object to the mention of virulent faction and honours withheld. Thus

far the complaint is decorous and fair. For a while the promise of the opening is fairly kept. We see the boy grow into the youth, with all the influences which surround him, and the impulses which incite him—the youth grow into the man—the man into a hero; and thus far all goes on smoothly, and sometimes even grandly. But when we arrive at the battle-fields of the old strifes and the old factions, then, alas! we see the old feuds revived, the sluices of the old wrath reopened, old foes set up to be bowled down, words spoken in haste and anger, recorded for ever; and we begin almost to lose sight of our hero in the fizz and smoke of attack and defence, vituperation and retort, until the end comes, and the old warrior passes grandly to his rest, leaving his life as the true illustration of the “Happy warrior.”

We remember once, in a Continental town, noticing, in the midst of a square, the statue of one of the great men of the place. It was not a work of high art, but was striking in its appearance and position. The next day we passed again. There had been a *festa* meanwhile, and there stood the statue in a framework of lath, with the blackened ends of exploded crackers and smeared lamps, hanging from, and sticking to it. Thus it seems that this biography has done for our hero: instead of setting him in the light of his own great deeds, surrounded by the halo of his heroism, and the fulness of his glory, it has shown him to us obscured by a framework of faction hung about and around, with the ends of burnt-out feuds and the sweltering wicks of extinct controversies. Dear to us as are all things which can throw light on the life of such a man, we had rather been left to imagine the boyhood and the privacy of our favourite hero, than have seen the old soldier thus exorcised from his tomb, wrapped in the shroud and grave-clothes of dead hates and buried animosities. Was this necessary? was it fulfilling the dying injunction “to guard him from defamation?” Few knew much of the Outram controversy; few of the disputes with East India Directors; of those few,

nine-tenths sided rather with the old warrior than with the merchants of Leadenhall Street. The people of England, had they been consulted, would have conferred honours upon him until his heart was sated with them. As it was, they gave him all they could—their love, their admiration. Why not, then, have told the story simply, and left the vindication to the proper tribunals—the justice of the nation, and the judgment of posterity?

A man sits down to write the biography of a brother. The materials are ample; the information from all sources, personal and cotemporary, is full and perfect, and the life is a noble one. In illustration, too, of the life, we have the eagle visage of the man in all its phases of development; and how does a face help a character and interpret a history! Could a Napier have forgotten or forgiven opposition and opponents, there had never been a finer opportunity of writing a life; and then the same author might have left a model history and a model biography as inheritances to the generations of his countrymen. The book is divided into epochs, each representing a stage in the life of the man. Let us follow these epochs, and see how the hero character grows and matures; what are the influences which foster and form it, and how it is advanced or repressed by circumstances, until it attains the ripeness of achievement and success, with grey hairs and old age. It will be our duty, too, to trace how the trait we have alluded to runs, like a discoloured thread, through the web of the race, and to extricate, as far as possible, a favourite hero of the English people from the veneering of undue eulogy and comparison, and controversial bitterness, and set him forth in his due proportions as the skilful, intrepid soldier—the upright, fearless man. A little romance of real life opens the family history, and introduces us to the fact, already well-known, that Charles Napier was born of noble parents. On one side, he was descended from Henry the Fourth of France; “but traced his lineage on the other to the great Montrose, and the still greater Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms;

hence, the blood of the white-plumed Bearnois commingled with that of the heroic Highlander in his veins, and his arm was not less strong than theirs in battle." Thus the life opens under the auspices of high lineage and hereditary fame. It opens, too, as it is hinted to us, under another influence—the struggle with poverty. From this alliance of noble birth and poverty, there has been born, in the world's time, a goodly offspring of noble names and noble deeds. The first epoch is boyhood. Many critics protest against the introduction of this period generally; but we believe that a man's life is never complete or intelligible without it. Every man, on looking back through his own life, will discover influences and circumstances which explain singularities and contradictions in his character strange and mysterious to others. He will see how the knots were formed, how the branch was warped, how the stem shot up straightly and rapidly, or how the tree was led upwards and outwards in healthy growth. The boy is ever father to the man. The nursery and the playground are the foreshadowings of after scenes, of after aims and ends, of struggles, failures, and victories.

The parents of John Opie were often surprised by seeing on the crust of their pies and loaves, when they came from the oven, curious tableaux, which had been depicted thereon with a skewer, by the juvenile hand of the great painter. So, doubtless, the boy Charles Napier fought his mimic Meanees; subjected mimic Ameers; pelted baby Outrams, and cuffed directors in corduroys. It is never easy to resolve the stern actions and hard offices of strong men into the elements of boyhood. It would be hard to fancy the eagle face of our hero, so expressive of strong resolve and fiery effort, softened into the lineaments of childhood; but the old heart was so full of buoyant impulses to the last, and the stream of youth flowed so evenly and strongly throughout as an under-current to the life, that we can follow him back readily from the fields of Scinde and the councils of India, to the nursery and the school.

"Charles Napier, sickly as a child, from the misconduct of a barbarous nurse, was probably stunted of natural growth, being of low stature and alight, though both his parents were tall and strong, his father gigantic; but rigorous temperance through life inviolate gave him an iron constitution, evinced by immense mental labours and the endurance of strange sufferings in every variety of climate." When did the feeble machine ever stop the ardent soul? It is not now for the first time that we hear how the weak, stunted body, under the impulse of a strong will, was made to do the giant's work. Here is the physical picture—here the moral: "As a child he was demure and thoughtful, and his expressions had generally a touch of greatness. A longing for fame was with him a master-passion, and in his childhood he looked to war for it with an intense eagerness; yet nothing savage ever entered his mind; his compassionate sensibility was that of a girl; it was displayed early, and continued till death." Such was the boy. Influences and circumstances seemed throughout to mark him for the destiny, and nurture him for the life, of a soldier. Early in life, he was baptised in peril and adventure; during his early years he was surrounded by strange events, and associated with strange striking characters, which kindled into a glow the romance and enthusiasm already alight within him. One of these characters was Susan Frost, a Suffolk woman. "She had saved Charles Napier, when he was an infant, from a vile, murderous nurse, and ever after watched over him with inexpressible affection; instilling lessons, however, in her broad Doric, that would have been applauded at Sparta." Left in a gentleman's mansion, in charge of several children, among whom, we suppose, was our hero, she defended it, with the aid of an old man, Lauchlin Moore, most heroically against the attacks of several hundreds of "Defenders," rebels and marauders who assumed that name. "Gathering the children in one room, she stood at the door outside, armed with pistols, while Lauchlin shouted

out refusals to the savage cries for arms, and threats of death if they were withheld." Owing to Susan's generalship, and Lauchlin's courage, the house was maintained until aid came, and the Defenders retreated ignominiously. This

"Susan Frost was a woman of wonderful spirit and strong natural sense, full of noble sentiments, compassionate and charitable, but passionate and vehemently eloquent in a rough way; she was just fitted to fashion a child of high aspirations into a hero. Nor was Lauchlin Moore a bad coadjutor. Warm-hearted and impetuous, he poured forth his feelings with a fervid eloquence, strange stories and stirring action, that was very impressive, though sometimes bordering on the ludicrous, and interspersed with deep scenes, such as, that it was death by the law to stop a cannon-ball on its road! with other wise sayings of that nature, ending always like an Eastern with, Glory be to God! however inappropriate to what went before. He knew the ancient legends of Ireland also, was a good horseman, and a brave old fellow with a loving heart, and always sought to nourish magnanimous feelings."

Then, again, there was an old Irish woman called Molly Dunne, who, by her own account, was more than one hundred and forty-five years old, and remembered when Cromwell's warfare was going on.

"To sit in the sun at her porch, was what Molly Dunne loved; and an awful weird-looking woman she was: a Michael Angelo model for the witch of Endor. Large, gaunt, tall, and with high, sharp lineaments, leaning on an antique staff, her head bending beneath a cowed Irish cloak of deep blue, her eyes fixed in their huge orbs, and her tongue discoursing of bloody times, she was wondrous for the young, and fearful for the aged." "She was a woman of awful age and recollections."

Such were the foster-fathers and nursing-mothers of his young life. The whole picture of the boyhood is pleasing and picturesque, drawn skilfully and lovingly. The anecdotes are well told and well chosen, though always with a view to illustrate the moral courage and high resolve which were afterwards so prominent in the man. We could have wished that some of the tenderer

traits had been mingled with them, though, perhaps, the biographer was right thus to show fully in the germ, the virtues which grew afterwards to such a goodly height. Here is one of the anecdotes. We select it as being most novel in itself, and also most characteristic.

"At ten years of age having caught a fish when angling, he was surprised by the descent of a half-tamed eagle, of great size and fierceness, which, floating down from a tree, settled upon his shoulders, covered him with its huge dark wings, and took the fish out of his hands. Far from being frightened, he pursued his sport, and on catching another fish, held it up, inviting the eagle to try again, at the same time menacing the formidable bird with the spear end of the rod. Plutarch would have drawn an omen from such an event."

In 1794 he obtains a commission, but, instead of joining, was placed with his brother as a day-scholar at a large seminary at Celbridge. Here he displayed his innate talent for organisation and command, by forming his school-fellows into a volunteer corps, and ruling them with the spirit of a martinet. Here it is told how he allowed the principle of discipline to be enforced against his own brother, who had been guilty of insubordination under arms, and interfered not with the infliction of the punishment to which his comrades had sentenced him; and how "at home in the evening, he sought with all imaginable solicitude to assuage his brother's feelings, offering him all his most cherished possessions." "It is," says the biographer, "an epitome of his whole life: stern in duty, compassionate in feeling, generous in temper—in all unselfish."

We subscribe fully to all the points of this summing up, save the last. That we must receive under protest. It is hard to separate the egoism of feeling from the egoism of interest; but the man who is ever talking, thinking, and acting self, cannot be entirely unselfish; and this egoism of feeling is ever a prominent trait in the Napier idiosyncrasy. At sixteen we find him, during the insurrection of 1798 in Ireland, scouring the country by his father's side,

sharing in the adventures of the night-marches, and the excitement of military movements, and the pursuit of outlaws,—

“Educated amid such scenes and such people, Charles Napier’s mind had been early and sternly awakened to questions of war and government, not by books, but realities, when in 1799 he entered public life as aide-de-camp to Sir James Duff, commanding the Limerick district. His military ardour was then high and strong; he looked forward to battle and fame; and his entrance into public life was without alloy.”

From hence he passes into the 95th, or rifle-corps, and fairly commences active service. His brothers are grouping around him. Thus ends the first epoch. Thus, already a warrior in spirit and temper, in experience of difficulty, in knowledge of resource, in familiarity with danger, Charles Napier is inaugurated as a soldier.

As we pass onwards, we shall see the early days floating like light clouds amid the stormy sky of strife and endeavour, or lying softly in the broad brightness of glory and success. We shall even see the strange shapes of Molly Dunne, Lauchlin Moore, and Susan Frost, flitting like grotesque shadows across the life of the man.

The second, third, and fourth epochs include the youth and manhood. In them we find Charles Napier moving from the rifle to the staff corps; from that again to a majority in the 50th regiment; acquiring at his different stations an insight into society in its different aspects, yearning strongly for opportunity of achievement, thinking tenderly of home and kin, gaining knowledge of men and character, and training for soldiership in the camp at Shorncliffe under “that model soldier Sir John Moore.” These periods do not advance the action of the biography much, but they are full of passages, events, and thoughts, which unfold the development of the character in all its phases: so that, at the end, we have a complete portrait of the man standing as a frontispiece to his work. Here he is left to speak for himself, and the thread of the story is carried on by extracts from letters to his

mother and sister, written naturally and in the easy confidence of affectionate intercourse. In all these there are touches of tenderness and gentleness, a love of home, a simplicity and true-heartedness, which warm our hearts towards the writer. It must be confessed that we care little about a man without some softness; and though bound to admire the results produced by stern, inflexible, impassive heroes, we feel little affection for them as men. We love to see even greatness wreathed with flowers. Such passages as the following attract us more than the sternest Spartan maxims,—

“So sorry, dearest Louisa (his sister), was I for poor 1801, as not to be able to eat my dinner. I do so hate new years, and love old ones.”

Again—

“To see you all would make me quite mad, being now half so, as being disappointed of my leave; but I dare not trust myself to think; the thought of not seeing you all makes me sick, and it will not go out of my head that I shall never see you again.”

Thus to his mother,—

“There can be no bounds or rules between us. Do all you like and think best. Be mistress! The greatest happiness possible for me is to compass everything you desire.”

Then, again, how judiciously does he comfort this mother under her bereavements; how considerably does he ward off from her the cares and troubles which surrounded her! All this is good and true, and the remembrance of these things will throw a soft light on the figure of the man, when it stands more darkly in the foreground of duty and endeavour. In these letters, too, there appear quaint turns of thought; a rough, genuine wit, a raciness of humour, savouring somewhat of Charles Lamb, only broader and less elaborate, which belonged to the nature of the man, and afterwards would often burst forth, in the most serious and tragic scenes of his life, with a strange and grotesque effect. The love of fun is also with us essentially an attractive element in character. We look with awe, but not with liking, on the men

who act their parts grandly; who never laugh and rarely smile, who deem joking a folly and wit an impertinence. We give these two passages in illustration,—

"Last night I sat up till two o'clock writing, on the old subject of grievances, myself into a fury with everything. Abusing the army, pulling off my breeches, cursing creditors; and, putting out the candle all in a minute, I jumped into bed, and lay there blaspheming, praying, and perspiring for two hours, when sleep came."

"And for the future! ay! the future! What is it? Under a long feather and cocked hat, trembling, though supported by stiff Hessian boots, gold-headed cane, and long sword, I see the wizened face of a general grinning over the parapet of a fine frill, and telling extraordinary lies, while his claret—if he can afford claret—is going down the throats of his wondering or quizzing aides-de-camp. Such is the difference between a hero of the present time, and the idea formed of one from reading Plutarch."

It would be strange if, in this initiatory chapter of a soldier's life, we did not trace the conception of military ideas which were afterwards matured into principles and maxims. These are scattered in profusion throughout the *Thoughts and Opinions*. It will be enough to give one or two,—

"Charles Napier now found that the greatest secret of war is discipline, and never forgot it; he discovered also, that to know soldiers requires experience, and that it is a most important part of war."

To know a soldier is a most important part of war! It is a great truth, and one which he acted on more fully than any captain of his time. It is a truth which army-reformers, who are ever thrusting forward their theories that education and science are the chief requisites of an officer, would do well to study. The history of past wars, the experience of future ones, perhaps, will teach them that the man who can speak to a soldier's heart, or read his character, will lead and rule him better than one who, without this faculty, may possess the learning of a Porson or the logic of a Whewell. From the class to which this faculty is most common, must ever spring the leaders and commanders of British soldiers.

Again, in speaking of Moore's sys-

tem, which Charles Napier adopted and perhaps expanded, it is said,—

"Though drill was an important part of the instruction, it was not by that alone the soldier was there formed. It was the internal and moral system, the constant superintendence of the officers, the real government and responsibility of the captains, which carried the discipline to such perfection."

In this intimate relation betwixt the company-officer and the soldier, existed the secret of that discipline which, in the Peninsular War, kept our men steady under temporary reverses, and enabled small bodies to retrieve the blunders of generals, and turn the fortunes of a field. This secret is being forgotten. The individual command of a chief, the authority of adjutants, and the bureaucracy of a staff are gradually lessening the government and responsibility of captains. The discipline which strikes from a distance in punishment, legislation, and drill, must ever have a harsh tone. To be really governed, soldiers must be governed immediately by those who are brought into close and daily contact with them—who can know and be known by them, who can discover and be interested in individual conduct and character. It would be unjust as well as unartistic to omit the signs of moral development, the growth of the moral qualities, which are chief elements in the heroic character. Everywhere and at all times appears, not as a nascent virtue, but a fixed principle, the high-souled sense of honour which was a characteristic of the Napiers.

Thus writes his biographer: "Now Charles Napier was abstemious in the extreme, proud to his last days that he had never fought a duel, gambled, or been intoxicated." This is well, and the man who, "with impulses for pleasure strong as those which afterwards urged him to battle," and "a temperament vehement in all things, could resist the temptation of debt, and the contact with vice," must have had that "mastery over his passions," which constitutes moral power. This description of his wardrobe is comic, but also indicative of high feeling: "My pantaloons are green, and I have only one pair; my

jacket twice tanned; a green waist-coat—useless; one pair of boots without soles or heels; a green feather, and a hemlet not worth sixpence."

We have found ever that it is only a high mind which can afford a poor kit—that it is only a strong self-consciousness which can venture forth in the externals of threadbare coat and patched breeches.

Here is a passage also which shows the innate self-reliance of the man. He had been asked to read and admire *Mason on Self-Knowledge*. This was his answer,—

"In my opinion the mind must be weak for which that book is of any service. No man of common understanding is ignorant of his own failings, and strong minds conquer them more thoroughly than weak ones; but reading how to do so is not the way to do so—you lose a hundred opportunities of doing while thinking of the means; it is like settling what books to read before-hand, and tracing progress instead of reading. Every instant has its duty, and thought should not be wasted on how that duty should be done. However, these opinions are founded on my failings, and may not suit those who have not the same defects; still procrastination, when duty demands action, is mental ruin."

There are two episodes, in this period, of love and friendship,—the passing passion for the beautiful Miss Gage, and the deep grief for the comrade Cameron—which, though they leave no deep impress on the life, speak of quick susceptibility and faithful affection.

And was there no shadow—no cloud no bigger than a man's hand—which threatened to overspread this goodly nature? Yes: woven with every thought, mingled with every feeling and action, we trace that sensitiveness of appreciation, that impatience of control and subjection, that exaggeration of self, which afterwards broke forth in the strangest amalgam of high aspirations and angry jars, of heroic deeds and petty squabbles. The biographer sums up an epoch thus: "Hitherto he had been making acquaintance with the world rather than acting in it; henceforth he will be found experiencing its enmities and iniquities, and his correspond-

ence takes another character as his original views of life become shaken."

Only its iniquities and enmities, Sir William? Was there no balance? Do the fidelity of an army, the homage of a generous people, the attachment of friends, count as nought? In the history of all lives the principle of compensation is manifest; the denial of one blessing is compensated by the presence of another—the enmity or injustice of one class is balanced by the love and generosity of others. Did the world wait for the advent of the Napiers to violate this law? and were the stars in their courses then again to fight against Sisera? Most feelings are old as man. In all times, and among all people, the men who have failed in fixing the standard of their own esteem, have ever asserted most loudly and angrily that the world was hostile to them; that it had entered into a conspiracy against them and their merits; and forthwith have proceeded to turn up their coat-sleeves, throw stones, and make other demonstrations of combat; whilst the poor world, unconscious of its own tyranny, and unconscious, too, of being challenged, looks on coolly with its hands in its pockets.

There are two remarkable figures which at this time group in the family picture—an aunt, a woman of indomitable temper and character—the father, a man of colossal proportions, strong in body and uncompromising in spirit—both true Napiers. There is a circumstance in the life of the father strangely coincident with one in the life of his son the historian, and which curiously illustrates the excess of feeling and exaggeration of expression peculiar to the race. It is not a little singular that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, misjudging Colonel Napier's principles, afterwards looked to gain him as chief leader of the insurgents in 1798; and we have heard in late years how, during the Reform agitation, a partisan of the movement suggested to Sir William, that, in case of failure in Parliament, he should lead the armed demonstration which might be necessary to enforce the will of the people. Yet both were loyal in heart and soul, and would and did put their lives at issue

in defence of the Sovereign and State. In both, the vehement assertion of opinion and repudiation of wrong had been mistaken for disaffection and sympathy with rebellion.

So much for the man—now for his deeds.

The spirit ever recognises its own elements of action. It reveals its true strength and majesty in front of its appointed work. Wherever a man is most true, most simple, most strong, there is his appointed sphere. A Napier with the breath of war in his nostrils, assumes his noblest aspect. His stature then dilates; his soul kindles; he throws aside his littlenesses, and rejoiceth in his strength. Like the war-horse in Job, "he saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

In the camp, the march, the bivouac, the battle, he is a true man—sometimes almost a great one. Yet it is strange enough that our hero—their representative man—even amid these congenial scenes and elements, is ever uttering longings for home, for rest and seclusion. We cannot fancy that spirit with its fiery unrest, its aspirations and love of action, subsiding amid bowers of roses and cabbage-beds, or being bound within quickset hedges and park palings. It is a fallacy—no, not a fallacy, a beautiful delusion we often meet with—that men, doomed to work and endeavor, surround themselves with floating Edens of peace and beauty, which they could never realise, or perhaps even enjoy. The soul loves contrasts: the soldier, by his watchfires, dreams of cottages and cornfields; the pastor in his study reads of battles, and in fancy follows to the field some warlike lord.

There is war in the Peninsula, and we will follow the Napiers to battle—all are altogether now, all winning their spurs on the same field. The mother, old, blind, and bereaved, can fix her thoughts, aspirations, and prayers on the one spot. How often will her heart be afflicted by tales of wounds and suffering! How often will it be elated by records of gallantry and heroism!

In his 27th year, Charles Napier, in command of the 50th regiment, joined Sir John Moore's army—was with him in his advance, with him in his retreat, with him "when, turning at Coruña, he ended his glorious life amid the fires of victory." The story from this time until he leaves the Peninsula is a little romance of war, vivid with daring deeds and stirring adventures—picturesque with scenes and character, bright with flashes of chivalry and heroism, shaded with dark touches of suffering, bloodshed, and cruelty. The 50th regiment belonged to Bentinck's brigade, and was on the right of the position with the 42d and 6th regiments until the reserve was brought up. What he did then, and what befell, is told by himself in a short narrative called "My Part in the Battle of Coruña, and that of John Hennessy,"—a plain, unvarnished, soldier-tale—the truest tale of a battle perhaps ever told—true and most thrilling. In it we read how the regiment alternately advanced and checked, now in a body, now in broken parties; its chief now urging on his men with the halberd, now waving and cheering them onwards from a wall; how he went to the left to reconnoitre and ascertain where the other regiment was; how he returned to find the regiment gone, and himself alone; how he tried to bring on a wounded comrade, had his ankle-bone broken by a musket-shot, picked up four stragglers, was surrounded, tried to cut his way through, was stabbed in the back, beaten by clubbed muskets, and would have been killed but for the interference of a French drummer; how the party, retiring with their captive are met by John Hennessy, a private of the 50th; how this John, shouting out, "Stand away ye bloody spalpeens, I'll carry him myself, bad luck to the whole of yez!" throws his arms round his old commander, and claims the right of supporting him; how thus they reached a French outpost; how two nights passed terribly in cold, pain, and misery; how, thanks to the courtesy of the French marshal, there followed an interval of rest and comfort; and then how, thanks to the generosity of another marshal, Ney, release comes, and the

captive is once more with his mother. All this is good reading. A soldier's pen is in every word, a soldier's heart in every thought. To make the narrative complete, we have sketches of the after-career of Hennessey and Guibert, and are told how Hennessey—a strange enigma—a strange medley of good and evil, bravery and viciousness, fidelity and brutality, ever loses by crime the reward of gallantry; how he sins and is pardoned, sins again and is punished; and how at last, instead of dying as was expected by the hand of an executioner, his head is carried off by a cannonball in the Pyrenees; and how Guibert is rewarded for his generosity towards an enemy by the cross of the Legion of Honour; how “an officer, or *sous-officier*, disputed Guibert's right, saying himself, not the drummer, had rescued the English major. Falshood or favour prevailed, and poor Guibert, stung to the soul, madly attempted to desert, was taken and shot.” It is a Napier characteristic ever to weave with their own the fortunes of those who had served with or under them. Could they have been as just and generous to those above them as they were to those below, what men they might have been!

He has now a short period of forced rest. The campaign, with its stern and terrible experiences, had its effect on the man. The soldier-life had drawn forth the points of the soldier-character. We are told that a change was at this time visible in him. “This change of manner was a mark of awakened genius; he had warred with and against men of mighty energies, and thus becoming conscious of ability, his countenance assumed a peculiarly vehement earnest expression, and his resemblance to a *chained eagle* was universally remarked.” It is an old and well-known story how our Government met with churlishness and discourtesy the generous act of the French marshals; how they deferred and delayed an exchange; and how, at last, they sent two midshipmen as an equivalent for a *chef-de-bataillon*—an insult to the man, an insult to the generous spirit of the foe. In 1810 we find him again amid the old

familiar scenes, serving as a volunteer with the army on the frontiers of Portugal. A change had taken place since his time—a new general had arisen—one whose fame and talent were not, as yet, enough assured to command confidence, or abash criticism. There were doubters and sceptics of his genius—among these was Charles Napier. We see him again at the Coa, riding, swearing, fighting, bearing orders, rectifying errors, and leading attacks in the old style. Then again, on the heights of Busaco, he finds the old luck. Wilfully and recklessly exposing himself, he gets a fearful wound. “A bullet had entered on the right of his nose, and lodged in the left jaw near the ear, shattering the bone to pieces.” There now follow months of sick-quarters—months of confinement and intense suffering, but not of depression. From the sick-bed issue notes and bulletins full of rollicking fun and quaint descriptions of himself and all around him. In the spring of the next year, with his wound bandaged, he is “riding ninety miles on one horse, in one course, to reach the army.” Thus advancing, on the 14th March he met a litter of branches borne by soldiers, and covered with a blanket. What wounded officer is that? Captain Napier of the 52d, a broken limb. Another litter followed. Who is that? Captain Napier, 43d, mortally wounded: it was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at them, and passed on to the fight in front! The Napiers are always hit. If every bullet has its billet, these billets were pretty liberally distributed among them. He joins the army, and is present at the battle of Fuentes d'Onora. In these he had no individual command, but was gathering wisdom and experiences for after-times. At length the promotion so long demanded as a right, so long deferred as a wrong, is granted. He becomes a Lieutenant-Colonel in the 102d foot. So ends his part in the Peninsular War. It had sown many things in his character. Among others a want of faith, a doubt of justice, springing from a sense of wrong, which grew up amid his virtues as tares among wheat.

The next phase of his life is a new one. He is in the Bermudas, drilling and disciplining his new corps—making soldiers of a regiment in bad order, by the application of Moore's moral system. Hence he goes on to join with Sir Sidney Beckwith in the operations in the Chesapeake. This is the least interesting epoch. It adds little to the life, strikes few lights from the character. Charles Napier and the 102d are always forward; but the circumstances are not favourable to the development of talent or soldiership.

Some of the opinions dropped during this period are noteworthy. His observations on the combined operations of army and navy deserve to be written in gold, should be placarded at every entrance and avenue of the Admiralty and War Office, and should be hung over the mantelpiece of every den in the Circumlocution Office, so that they might reach the eye, if they were not impressed on the mind of officials. To his clear eye it was evident that the evil arising from the officers of one service making arrangements for another must inevitably lead to blunder, probably to failure, perhaps to disaster. It is our belief that some terrible catastrophe will one day teach us wisdom on this point. "Our good admirals," he says, "are such bad generals, there is little hope of doing more than being made prisoners on the best terms." "A navy officer steps on shore, and his zeal, his courage, his ignorance of troops, and the very nature of a campaign, make him think you are timid. Discontent follows, and if it does not alter your views, it certainly augments your difficulties, to find an adviser or opposer in one whose rank entitles him to speak strongly, though his habits have not enabled him to be the judge he thinks himself." "We who spend our lives in trying to be soldiers, make but bad ones; how can sailors suddenly start into generals?" To this period also belongs his scheme for arming the black population of slaves against the whites. It cannot be passed over without notice, without reprobation. The plan was bold—would perhaps have been expedient and effective as

an operation of war, but no casuistry could redeem it from the imputation of inhumanity, no sophistry prove it to be admissible into civilised and honourable warfare. "Give me," he said, "two hundred thousand stand of arms, and land me in Virginia with only the officers and non-commissioned officers of three black regiments—that is to say, about one hundred persons, accustomed to drill black men. Let the ships with store of arms lay off while I strike into the woods with my drill men, my own regiment and proclamations exciting the blacks to rise for freedom; forbidding them, however, to commit excesses, under pain of being given up or hanged." It was his calculation that thus one million of men might have been collected—one hundred thousand at least before the American Government could be aware of the movement. This force was to have been organised in regiments and brigades, and then, "when this mass shall be collected and armed, we shall roll down to the coast, and our large fleet can pass into the Delaware country, out of which we shall instantly chase the whole population." This mass was to have gone on rolling and swelling, until it became an army of two hundred thousand men, with a reserve of one hundred thousand more. These in one month (!!) were to be drilled and fully equipped, and were then to take part in combined operations, which should bring the enemy to abject terms of submission. "Had this plan been accepted, two things must have happened—we should have dictated peace, and abolished slavery in America." This plan might have been successful, might have inflicted great injury on the enemy, but it would have been by means which would have made it the bloodiest episode in modern history. Sir Charles thought that a servile war, thus conducted, would have been marked only by common horrors. "As to horrors, war is full of horrors. No large army ever did or can move without horrors! Accursed be they who make unjust war! But the blacks could be held in more rigid discipline than our own troops, and there was no reason to think many

horrors would have been perpetrated." Strange fallacy! It is well known—none knew better than himself—how difficult it is to repress pillage, rapine, cruelty, among trained soldiers used to obedience and fighting from duty, without passion or sense of wrong: and is it reasonable or possible to suppose that men, whose backs were still smarting with the lash, whose limbs were still numbed with the pressure of shackles, whose blood was boiling with rage, whose hearts were seething and bursting like volcanoes with hate and vengeance, could have been led to understand or respect the commonest laws of mercy and humanity? In a mass of three hundred thousand men, acting under the same motives and the same feelings, governed only by one hundred superiors, and repressed by the presence of one regiment, how was the penalty of crime to be exacted? In such an army, horrors must have been perpetrated, atrocities committed, which would have made the world stand aghast. The Government rejected the plan. They did well. They still remembered the reproach which the employment of Indians in former wars had left upon us, and shrank from the responsibility of an act which would have impressed an indelible stain on their age, and have drawn, perhaps, on their country one of those terrible retributions which ever follow national crime. The plan would have abolished slavery in America! We would not have even such a foul blot on civilisation wiped out with such a bloody sponge. Yet when in the history of man was human error ever repressed or extinguished by violent agencies?

After this (to him) unsatisfactory campaign, the aspirations all turn to the old battle-ground, and he exchanges into the old corps, the 5th. It is too late, however; peace is made, and he is thrown on the retirement he had so longed for. He cannot wholly separate himself from the old vocation. The profession of arms is a destiny to the Napiers: soldiership is a second nature, and we find him soon afterwards entered as a student at the Military College, adding to his experiences science and knowledge. This epoch was prolific in military

thoughts, opinions, and principles—many sound, all striking and remarkable. But as most of these were afterwards tested by actual practice in the field, we shall defer noticing them, until we find them approved by trial and affirmed by success. They will be better recorded as the maxims of the warrior than as the theory of the student.

In 1817 he passes his examination, takes a first certificate; and as this gave a claim to a staff appointment, is finally, though after an interval of nearly two years, appointed an inspecting field-officer in the Ionian Islands.

"He was in full vigour of body and mind, for long training had tempered both; but this opening was narrow and with a genius potent to place him at one bound on the pinnacle of fame, his destiny was to toil slowly upwards against factious oppression." This is one of the touches which throw a false light on the character. The potency of genius ever forces its opportunity, and makes its own bound at fame. It has generally been the lot of able honest men to work upwards toilfully and slowly towards their end; an over-estimate of power, here, as usual, leads to a discontent at results. The common fate of men and the common course, cannot be accepted as a destiny for the Napiers. There must ever be some evil genius standing in their path, thwarting and balking their fate.

The opportunity now given was a fair one, and was well and manfully used. His office in itself at first offered little scope for energy, but the scenes around were exciting. The Greeks were to him a new people, their country a new study, and he looked on both with an eye to war. His keen sight at once perceived the symptoms of a national movement, and his spirit, ever yearning for an opening to distinction and command, saw in the coming struggle the prospect of its opportunity, and prepared for the contingency. In a tour he made through Greece, we find him marking the great scenes of the land as military, and fixing in his mind the base of possible operations, and the line of strategic movements. Sent on a mission to Ali Pasha, who

was then in rebellion against the Sultan, and whose cause was indirectly favoured by the English Government, he proposes raising troops in England, and organising them for co-operation with the Greeks, and strikes out an able plan for attack and defence. But the plan required money, and the Pasha loved his piastres more even than power and dominion, so that he was left to his fate. Greek independence was not to be wrought by these means. It was Charles Napier's destiny to rule Greeks, though not to lead them. In 1822, being then in his fortieth year, he is appointed Military Resident at the island of Cephalonia. The Ionian Islands were at that time governed by Sir Thomas Maitland as High Commissioner. He was a man whose absolutism gained him the name of King Tom, and though not possessed of a large mind or high intellect, had many qualities which fitted him well for the office. The prevalence in the islands of strong and heated faction, of desperate feuds, and the existence of a strange feudalism, the relic of Venetian rule, which oppressed the people and overawed the law, rendered a strong rule necessary. "Wherefore Maitland created himself dictator, and his residents despots, but to sustain, not overrule law." The circumstances no doubt justified this system. The Greek naturally recognises might as the only law; weakness is to him an opportunity: no innate love of order or desire for justice would operate on his moral nature. Under a strong hand he would succumb, and allow his strong qualities to be led into the proper channels; weakly governed, or left to himself, he will give them vent in indolence, lawlessness, and roguery. Despotism to him was a real good. In each of the islands was established a local constitution, composed of a regent and a municipality; over these were set, as representatives of the ruling nation, the Residents, with supreme and controlling authority. They were, in fact, little satraps—viceroys in responsibility, kings in power. Charles Napier became one of these. He enters on the command with his usual spirit. "My predecessor," he

says, "is going home half dead from the labour; but to me it is health, spirit, everything. I live for some use now." Where was now the sighing for peace, the dream of repose? Action was the life of the man—power his aspiration.

One little circumstance must be here mentioned, as giving in some measure a key to the future. Sir F. Adam, in offering him the government from Sir Thomas Maitland, confesses that "the impetuosity and violence of his character and politics made him fear mischief, and that it would cause disturbance." The constitutional impetuosity of the race had here again produced a misconception, which no doubt afterwards led to suspicion and interference.

We have often ourselves seen this excitable and enthusiastic temperament provoke an aggression and raise an opposition to individuals, which their actions and conduct did not justify. The state of his government offered a sphere large and active enough even to satisfy him. Long misrule and anarchy had quite upset the political and moral status of society. Want of roads and local difficulties prevented inland traffic; feuds interrupted internal intercourse; feudalism had repressed the energies of the people; and the seignors, like the Roman nobles, had, by their usurious practices, in many cases reduced the peasantry to a state of dependence bordering on slavery—law had fallen into the hands of the powerful.

"Everything, indeed, sensate and insensate, required a vigorous interposition of corrective power; for social relations were at the lowest point compatible with any civilisation, and the topography opposed the greatest obstacles to amelioration."

"Agriculture was almost lost as an art; inland traffic there was none; commerce languished, fisheries were neglected, and all the resources of the island were disregarded, though the people were intelligent and apt. With these abuses and disorders and natural difficulties, the new Resident immediately grappled." To correct them required the strong hand, the strong will, and the just judgment. Despotism could alone

effect the reform of such multifarious evils, and though it might sometimes appear harsh or violent in execution, it must be judged by results rather than details.

The remedies adopted all evinced a sound and enlightened conception of polity and government.

"To remedy the feudal mischief, he proceeded to strengthen the courts of law, and restore the dignity of the judges. To dissipate the enmities of the valleys, and effect a general association, he resolved to pierce the mountains with roads."

"For improvement of agriculture, he aided the labourer with loans, instructed him by a model farm, furnished easy access to markets, which he created, and in various ways incited the landholders' sense of self-interest."

"To facilitate commerce, he constructed quays and lighthouses, improved the harbour, and established fisheries."

"With sanitary objects he drained marshes, swept away old filthy quarters, and constructed wide streets."

"For repression of crime he organized a vigilant police on a military plan; and with a benevolent design constructed a prison on the best models, after the principles of eminent philanthropists, modified by his own practical sagacity."

"All these things he undertook, and pushed them forward with such a creative faculty, with so much subtle application of stimulants and strength of controlment, that an astonishing success attended all his measures."

This was stupendous work, yet it daunted not the man who undertook it. All these things were carried forward; the one man supervising, superintending, and directing the whole, overruling objections by his sagacity, overcoming obstacles by his energy. The first and most important effort was the construction of a road across the Black Mountain, which should connect two fertile valleys and two populations. This work was effected by summoning the peasantry "to work without pay a *corvée* one day in the week for each man." All classes, priests and nobles included, were to contribute in some way to this public good. Every man was either to work or pay. There was nothing in this tax, nor in the way in which it was levied, which does not appear just and reasonable enough, considering the object in view.

This *angheria*, or hunger work, was unpopular perhaps at the time, as all exacted labour will ever be, but the results pleased even the most discontented. By this means "one hundred and thirty-four miles of road were constructed over mountains high and rugged; on their course many bridges had been cast, some of cut stone; milestones and guarding parapets had been raised, and the whole cost of this stupendous operation was—the *angheria* being set aside—but £17,849." Market-places soon arose, and were soon filled with people and commodities. Quays and lighthouses were in rapid progress. A colony of Maltese people, who in their own island had been used to make every inch of ground produce its blade, and every rood maintain its man, were introduced to illustrate a system of husbandry; previously the people had travelled miles to the town to procure vegetables, which the soil around their dwellings was quite capable of producing. And thus for nearly nine years the work of reform, interrupted now and then by absences, went on; and the end was, that when he left his government, order had been established, law enforced, the people were prosperous, the island was productive, and commerce had revived. This was a work which might have sufficed as the sum of a life—of many lives. It was done by one man, in one epoch of an eventful career.

To this catalogue his biographer adds many other good deeds, among others "the expansion of the currant-grape cultivation, by teaching the people how to support the earth with terraces along the mountain-sides." This will be probably as lasting and important in its effects as any of his works. All those who have seen these beautiful islands, must know how the prosperity of the people depends much on this currant grape, and how delicate it is, and how easily the crop is injured. They will have also seen, by comparing the crops at Zante and Cephalonia with those at Patros, how much improved cultivation can effect even against the advantages of soil and climate.

During this period Charles Napier's mind dwelt constantly on the Greek

Revolution, seeking in it some opening for the development of his military talent. He corresponded frequently with the leaders, prepared plans of organisation and operations, and was even in negotiation for assuming the chief command; but the conditions he proposed, and which were certainly dictated by a just prudence, were not agreed to. So the Greeks lost a leader, and Charles Napier was reserved for high service to his own country.

We now come to the jars and disputes, the shadows which at last clouded this brilliant Cephalonian picture. For many years the Resident had been allowed by Sir Thomas Maitland, and afterwards by Sir F. Adam, to carry on his reforms after his own fashion. There had been petty hindrances and interferences, but none such as would arrest his great works. At last Sir F. Adam, actuated ostensibly by the weak policy of making the English rule popular, and by the fear of the revolution, which was then working in Greece, extending to the Islands, passed a bill which seemed to take away the pressure of despotism, and give to the populations the semblance of a more free and liberal government. This bill invested the regent and municipality with the control of the public works and other local affairs. This struck a blow at Charles Napier's projects, and brought him to a stand-still. He was mortified, but as yet had suffered no personal wrong. At length, in consequence of the ill-health of his wife, he departs for England, "taking leave of his great works as a father of his children, and a noble family they were both as to stature and propriety." Of these works the roads were dearest to his memory. "Young George," he says, "may go some day and look at his uncle's work; and many a poor man's soul will say a good word for me at the last day, when they remember the old road."

Soon after his departure, Sir F. Adam visits the island on the occasion of a slight disturbance, and then, whether misled by councillors, duped by intrigue, or influenced by jealousy at seeing how much one man had done, and how much he had

left undone, attributes the temporary disaffection to the oppression of the late Resident, rather than to his own blunders; listens to every tramping charge, every factious voice; and at length represents to the Government that the people were on the point of insurrection from oppressions, and "that to reappoint Colonel Napier Resident of Cephalonian would, from his unpopularity, produce serious consequences."

Of sixty complaints which were made, nineteen only were worthy of investigation, and "these were proved by public documents to be false, and so ridiculously flimsy as to be harmless if true." The injustice was manifest, yet no redress was given, and Charles Napier was driven from public life. We have no doubt that his administration was pure and able. There might have been sometimes roughness or impetuosity in its execution, but the results were those of a wise and beneficent rule. This conviction is impressed upon us by facts, and is not strengthened by Sir William's abuse of Adam. The man was little-minded and unjust—leave him to his judgment! Where the case was so clear, why resort to that weakest of arguments, vituperation? Why apply to a good cause the agencies of a bad one—violence and anger? why throw dirt? why fling stones on a grave? especially as Sir William himself admits that a retributive justice was evident in the ends of the two men—that one "surrounded by contempt," "lived without notice, and his cessation of existence was entirely unmarked by the public;" whilst the other was "drawn again into public life, and his glorious deeds have been stamped for posterity with the applause of admiring nations." Why not be content with the judgment of a generation? Why not be content with the judgment of Providence, which, by permitting to the men a further field for their endeavour, has set them in their right places—the just in his fame, the unjust in his obscurity?

Altogether this period was an eventful one, full of interest, of development, and of action. It would in itself have made a meritorious life. The mind was all this time too

busy with public plans and projects for minor topics, and we have fewer glimpses of the private life, fewer sketches of men and manners, in the Ionian Islands, than we could have wished. One sketch of a dinner-party at Corfu strikes us so humorous, perhaps from our having witnessed a similar scene, that we are tempted to quote it. We can vouch for the truthfulness of the picture.

"Lord Guilford dined with Sir Thomas, and entered the room at the head of twelve little men, professors in black, with powdered heads, bandy legs, cocked hats under their short arms, and snuff-boxes in hand. They louted low, flinging and scraping their little crooked legs about with great formality; then, waddling each to a chair, snuffed, coughed, hawked, blowed noses, all fiery red, gave loud umphs! stuffed their dirty coloured handkerchiefs into their pockets, and sat silent, though brimful of snuff and Greek, and hoping to be full of dinner and claret. Oglng the door, they remained until grub was announced, and then such scraping, such bowing, such Greek, Italian, French, and German compliments! All the Greeks would speak Italian, the Italians English, the English French and Italian mixed, the French all the five languages together.

"Here Babel began again with the confusion of tongues, for the twelve waiters were of different nations, and each endeavoured to speak every tongue but his own. Hence, when the little black men had tucked their napkins under their red chins, four-and-twenty languages opened with a row, and continued until the little blacks' mouths were filled with hot bad pease-soup. Redder then grew their faces, as wishing to cool their muzzles, but fearful to drink until invited; when it did come, all the island ducks seemed turned into a pool of water; that over, the roar of Babel for meat went on, until, finding words useless, signs were spontaneously adopted."

After this follow years of comparative obscurity—no, not obscurity; such a man could not, would not be obscure. We find him, with a wife and two children—for he had married during one of his visits to England—sojourning at different places in England and France; and then we see him bowed down under the bitterness of earthly bereavements, the loss of wife. The strong ragged na-

ture, which would not yield to peril, or difficulty, or opposition, bends now. Softened and chastened by affliction, we hear him confess, "At all times, however, I loved those who loved what I loved, and was conscious that I hated my enemies till the cup was full enough. My hate has always been against villany, whether practised on myself or others. To be sure, I was no niggard of it, but most surely it is now softened down." The strong man, with God's hand upon him, is at all times a solemn, sacred sight. The remaining years of this period of inaction are marked with plans, projects, and disappointed hopes. He aims at an Australian government—is in every way prepared for it, when, finding agreement with his conditions impossible, he resigns his pretensions. We trace him onwards—now in leisure, now throwing forth pamphlets, now on the hustings, haranguing, declaiming, professing Radicalism. Charles Napier, the Cephalonian Resident, a governor, a Radical! beating O'Connell with his own weapons of sarcasm, until at last, by a tardy recognition of his services, he is made a K. C. B., and having become by length of service a major-general, is appointed to the command of the northern district.

The man is now in his 58th year, the time when most lives decline towards inaction, when most men are looking towards the well-cushioned chair and the fireside as their future resting-places. He is still aspiring, still inspired with the hope that his day is coming. He has nearly reached the span of human life, and yet is only on the threshold of achievement. What he has done is nought to what he will do. We have followed him onwards through all the epochs and periods, and have found ever the same will, the same earnestness, the same probity which ever disclaimed all gain save the labourer's hire; the same strange foresight and preparation for forthcoming events; the same impetuosity and vehemence of temperament which stamped his character with the authorities—unjustly perhaps—as impracticable; and we find what we were scarcely prepared for, a rich, racy "Rabelais" humour

burating forth at all times and seasons, fresh, sparkling, and exuberant. There have been greater lives, but few more original, more interesting or picturesque in their detail and dramatic action.

We must stop here; our limits are reached.

We remember that in our youth

it was our work to amuse ourself by sketching the full-length portrait of an officer whose size and stature had excited our admiration; and as the only means of expressing our idea of his proportions, used to draw him in two parts, on two sheets of paper: so must we do with Charles Napier—we must draw him in two parts.

REPRESENTATION OF THE COLONIES.

We think that Lord Palmerston has exercised a sound discretion in postponing, until next session of Parliament, all discussion upon the subject of representative reform; and we are satisfied that the course which he has taken will meet with the general approbation of the country. It is of no use now to debate the question whether or not any changes in our representative system and adjustment were really necessary. Probably it would be difficult to find a single man of mature and independent judgment, who would not, if desired to express his unbiassed opinion, take exception to some part of the existing arrangements, or suggest a possible improvement. That, however, is not to be taken as a proof of dissatisfaction, since no system either of government or of jurisprudence, can be made so perfect as to defy criticism. And, as regards this matter of reform, it is a significant fact that we can hardly find two critics, or rather two classes of critics, who agree in their conclusions. Some are for giving more power to the counties—some for increasing the influence of the boroughs. Some think that the franchise should be materially lowered, as regards property qualification; others are in favour of extending it by the admission of educated persons, independent altogether of property. And as to minor details there are countless varieties of opinion. These, we believe, never would have been mooted, or perhaps even thought of, but for the unhappy restlessness of Lord

John Russell, whose whole life shows that he has failed to comprehend the real duties and momentous responsibilities which are required from every man who takes a leading part in the conduct of public affairs. We do not say this out of pique, resentment, or party prejudice, still less from an unworthy wish to bear hard upon a man who has lost, in a great measure, his hold on public confidence. We say it now, as we have often said it before, because we believe it to be the truth; and so far are we from being singular in that opinion, that his former political friends, associates, and adherents, have, for a long time past, adopted and expressed precisely the same view of his character. In him we recognise, not the minister conscientiously and devotedly labouring for his country's good, but the party-leader who regards everything else as subordinate to the ascendancy of the faction of which he is the chief. To insure the establishment and continuance of Whig rule over a country which has been gradually emancipating itself from party traditions, has throughout life been the leading object of the noble lord, and for that object almost all his notable measures have been framed. He is far less a patriot than a Whig; and those of his own persuasion do not now scruple to aver that he has always been less a Whig than a Russelite. Be that as it may—for we have no desire to enter into a general examination of his career—it is very obvious, and indeed almost universally admitted,

An Address on the Present Condition, Resources, and Prospects of British North America. Delivered by special request at the City Hall, Glasgow, on the 25th of March 1857. By the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE HALIBURTON. London, 1857.

that the question of representative reform would not have been entertained, probably for many years to come, but for the disposition manifested by the noble lord when Prime Minister, but by no means firmly seated, to strengthen his position by a new concession to the democracy. The scheme he then proposed was in some respects so crude, and in others so glaringly objectionable, that it met with almost universal condemnation; and from that time his subsequent rapid declension, unparalleled in the history of statesmen, may be dated. Still, the subject of further representative reform in the abstract, having thus been prominently forced upon the nation, its discussion has become inevitable; and having freely admitted so much, we must of course prepare ourselves to listen with temper, tolerance, and candour, to such proposals for representative amendment as the Ministry, who are to take the initiative, may think proper to submit to the country. At present we are entirely in the dark as to the views of Lord Palmerston and his colleagues; indeed, we apprehend that, as yet, their own ideas upon the subject are extremely hazy and undefined. It can hardly be otherwise. There is now no pressure from without—no clamour for change in any particular direction. The bulk of the people are now thoroughly convinced, that, alter the representation as you will, bread will not be any cheaper, or wages higher, or taxation less than under the working of the present system. Their interest in politics is, as it ought to be, strictly practical. Good government, impartial laws, freedom to industry, and equitable taxation, are all that they require; and, provided these things are secured to them, they care not how or by whom the members of Parliament are elected. Nor are they singular in that; for under ordinary circumstances, it is very difficult to persuade the great mass of the registered voters to exercise their undoubted privilege. At the general election of 1852, there voted in London only 7500 out of a constituency of 20,000—at Lambeth, 8000 out of 18,000—at Manchester, 9000 out of 13,000—at Edinburgh,

3500 out of 6900—and at Glasgow, 5000 out of 16,500. This shows that the mere possession of the franchise is not very greatly valued by those who have it: in fact, political agitation is now, and has been for a long time, at a heavy discount. Therefore, since it seems to be determined on all hands that repairs shall be made, the present is a very fit period for a survey, with the view of ascertaining what are the principal electoral faults or deficiencies which required to be remedied or supplied.

Some journals, we observe, in anticipation of the coming measure, though in utter ignorance of its nature, are already deep in details, enforcing their peculiar views regarding extension or lowering of the franchise, and pointing out the advantages which, they think, would accrue from a different distribution of the electorate. No doubt these things must be considered in due season; but we apprehend that there are matters of infinitely greater importance, which ought to occupy the attention both of Ministers and public writers before descending to detail—questions of principle, and of imperial policy, which ought to receive their solution now, as it is extremely improbable that so favourable an opportunity may again occur. Of these the first and foremost is the question, Ought not our colonies, or at all events some of them, to be represented in the British Parliament?

Upon this subject we shall take leave, in the present paper, to make a few remarks, which, it may be, we shall supplement hereafter; and as the question is one which cannot, or, at all events, should not be regarded as mixed up with the interests of party, we solicit a patient hearing alike from political friend and opponent. Our views have not been rashly formed. They are the result of a long and careful consideration of the position in which Great Britain, the mother country, now stands with regard to her colonies; and they are fortified by the testimony of men of eminence and discretion, who are well acquainted with the state of the colonies and the feelings of the people, and who, so far from being actuated by any revolutionary

motive, are most anxious to substitute a solid tie of union for the fragile cords which are already strained to the uttermost. Very fortunately, while approaching this topic, we have been furnished with an admirable text-book, in the shape of an address on the condition and prospects of British North America, lately delivered at Glasgow by the Hon. Justice Haliburton, a gentleman whose literary accomplishments and practical sagacity are too well known to require the language of encomium; and we shall accordingly use it, as we are sure the writer would wish it to be used, for the purpose of calling the public attention to the extremely unsatisfactory state of our relations with Canada, and the other portions of British America — colonies, the importance of which it is hardly possible to over-estimate, even if we take them in their present state, without allowing anything for their future improvement and expansion.

Among the many social phenomena which challenge attention, and indeed force themselves upon the notice of the philosophic inquirer, is the prodigious amount of the emigration from the United Kingdom during the last forty years. The average during the fifteen years between 1816 and 1830 was 24,582; for the next fifteen years, ending with 1845, the average was 78,099; and for the eight years ending with 1854, the average was 305,600. In the last year of that series, the total number of emigrants was 323,429, divided thus: Of English there were 90,966; of Scots, 25,872; of Irish, 150,209; of foreigners, 37,704; and 18,678 not distinguished. In all, the number of persons that emigrated from the United Kingdom between 1815 and 1855 was 4,293,765; of whom 1,132,963 proceeded to the North American colonies; 2,591,945 to the United States; 507,783 to Australia and New Zealand; and 61,074 to other places. Of the whole number a very large proportion indeed must be attributed to Ireland, from which country the emigration, especially in and after the year 1847, was enormous; but the fact that, in 1854, upwards of 116,000 persons

emigrated from England and Scotland is certainly startling. That year was a remarkably prosperous one, the declared value of British produce and manufactures exported being £97,184,726; so that distress or straitened circumstances among the working classes cannot be alleged as causes of voluntary expatriation. Further, it would appear that this emigration has not in any way tended to the decrease of pauperism, but very much the reverse, as is evident from the fact, that the sums levied in Scotland for relief of the poor in the year 1847-8, when the new system was in full operation, amounted to £533,073; and in the year 1854-5 they had increased to £614,423.

We must therefore conclude, and indeed it accords with our own personal knowledge, that the bulk of the emigrants from England and Scotland, so far from belonging to the unproductive or burdensome class, is composed of the active, energetic, and industrious, who, in despair of finding proper scope for their abilities at home, or of raising their social position, have determined to seek fortune, or, at all events, independence abroad. Each year takes away from Scotland many of her hardiest and most intelligent sons—men of sufficient education to work their way anywhere; prudent, self-denying, and gifted with indomitable perseverance. These men, chiefly reared in the agricultural and pastoral districts, almost universally set their faces towards Canada; and there can be no doubt that, for themselves, the change has been most happy. In this country they could hardly expect to rise above the level of shepherds or ploughmen—in the North American colonies they may in time become proprietors of the soil, and lay the foundations of future prosperity and advancement for their children. The Australian colonies and New Zealand attract a different class of emigrants. They absorb many of the younger sons of the gentry, who despair of obtaining adequate employment at home, owing to the great competition and the overcrowded state of the learned professions. Most of these young men are possessed of a moderate capital,

which they employ in the purchase of stock, hoping to attain wealth by the multiplication of their herds and flocks, a less toilsome process than that pursued by the Canadian settlers, but also less certain in its results. As regards the emigrants from rural Lowland districts, the proprietors would have been most happy if they could have persuaded them to remain at home, but the desire for independence was a motive so powerful as to overcome all other considerations. Highland emigration presents somewhat different features, because in many cases it has not been voluntary. The Celtic character is peculiar. Although possessed of some excellent qualities, the Highlanders are generally averse to manual labour, and they are obstinate and improvident. Most tenacious of their old habits and customs, they are for the most part unwilling to submit to change, or to adapt themselves to altered circumstances. It is all very well to talk of the cruelty and impolicy of supplanting men by sheep and cattle; but that would not have been done had the Highlanders shown themselves capable of exertion, or ready to adopt improvements. Far be it from us to justify the manner in which some of the clearances were made; but no man who knows the country, and is familiar with the habits of the people, can doubt that, without emigration, the progress of improvement must have been stayed, and many of the larger Highland estates remained unproductive and of little value to their owners. Besides, this emigration must be regarded as a positive advantage to the people themselves. Transplanted from his native glen, and placed in the midst of a population trained to active industry, the Highlander is sure to thrive. Example is at all times a much more powerful agent than precept; and in his new sphere the emulation of the Celt is roused, his conceit and prejudices gradually diminish; he sees visibly before him the grand results which accrue from well-directed labour and energy, he sets himself diligently to work, modifies or discards his hereditary ideas, and instead of consuming his life in passive indolence, becomes a useful,

and not unfrequently a prosperous member of society. Let those who have hitherto lavished so much sympathy upon the expatriated Highlanders, compare the condition of the settlers in Canada with that of the population remaining in some of the more crowded western districts of Scotland and the Isles, and we are sure that they will abandon their romantic theories as untenable, and, so far as the well-being and improvement of the people are concerned, of a questionable patriotic tendency.

We shall not now pause to inquire whether our home Government might not exert itself more actively than heretofore in forwarding and encouraging emigration to our nearer and most valuable colonies, so as to direct the stream of surplus population into a channel leading to our own possessions. It will be seen from the foregoing statistics that the emigration to the United States, during the last forty years, has been more than twice as large as the emigration to the North American colonies; a fact which may hereafter lead to important and even serious results. Nor shall we discuss the point, hardly less interesting, whether it may not be possible, in regard to emigration, to make such arrangements as might tend, in the course of time, materially to lighten the burden of the poor-rates, which in many districts, especially the remoter ones, threaten to become too heavy for productive industry. These are matters infinitely more important than five-sixths of the questions which occupy the attention of the British Parliament; but they are neglected or postponed, because they do not promise immediate tangible results, and are, moreover, useless for the purposes of mere party manoeuvre. Let us hope that a better time is at hand, when statesmen may be able, without pandering to faction, sedulously to apply themselves to the consideration of the great social problems which yet remain unsolved, and to legislate more comprehensively and providently than heretofore, remembering that their conduct now does not simply affect existing wants, but must exercise a large influence upon the future destinies of Britain.

It is not our purpose to compile, from the many existing works and records, a statistical account of the extent, rise, and progress of the North American colonies, although we are convinced that, regarding them, very great ignorance, or at least misconception, prevails. Public attention has undoubtedly been directed much more to the United States than to any other portion of America—indeed that may be inferred from the circumstance that we give the exclusive title of Americans to those who serve under the banner of the stripes and stars. Every political movement in the States—every social question which in turn acquires prominence among them—is regarded by us with interest, and made a topic of discussion. But of Canada, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia, we hear comparatively little. And yet the British territory in North America contains four millions of square miles, being larger in extent than Europe, and also than the territorial possessions of the United States. Extent, however, does not necessarily imply a corresponding amount of greatness, wealth, or power; and therefore any speculations based solely upon such data must prove fallacious. We must look mainly to the state of the settled and cultivated portions of the country, in order to form anything like a just estimate of its importance; and we hesitate not to say that the recent growth of these colonies presents a spectacle almost without parallel in the history of the civilised world. We shall, for the present, confine our observations simply to Canada, as affording sufficient scope for our immediate purpose, and ample ground for our argument.

"Canada," says Judge Haliburton, "is a country so vast that it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of its size; so fertile, that nothing short of official returns will exonerate a description of it from the charge of exaggeration; so prosperous, as not merely to rival, but surpass all other countries on the face of the earth; so healthy in climate, so beautiful in scenery, so abundantly supplied with magnificent lakes and rivers; so full of commercial resources, and so rich

in minerals, that I am overpowered with the magnitude of the task I have imposed upon myself in attempting to convey even a faint idea of it. As regards its extent, omitting the territories contiguous to it and under British sway, and limiting myself to Canada proper, it is 1600 miles long, with an average breadth of 230 miles, being one-third larger than France and Prussia, and nearly three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland. It contains a area of 350,000 square miles, or 240 millions of acres. Well, indeed, might the Count Joubert exclaim, with bitter regret, whilst surveying the magnificent display of agricultural and mineral products of Canada, which obtained the Grand Medal of Honour at the Paris Exhibition, 'now can we form an estimate of these few acres of snow, ceded to England by the culpable neglect of the government of Louis XV.'"

From recent authorities we find that the increase of the population has been most remarkable. Thus, in 1825 the number of inhabitants of Upper Canada was only 158,027, which is not more than the present population of the Scottish county of Perth, and considerably less than that of Cumberland. In 1852, the number had risen to 952,004. The valuation of cultivated land for the purpose of local assessment was, in currency, £1,854,965 in 1830, and no less than £6,398,630 in 1845. This, however, was considered to be greatly under the real value, for we find, by the official government returns, that the assessable value in 1853 was £49,627,392—an increase seemingly incredible, and yet vouched for by the best authority. The growth of the towns is equally remarkable. Toronto in 1826 had only 1677 inhabitants; in 1854 it numbered 40,000. Hamilton, within ten years from 1844 to 1854, quadrupled its population. But it would be endless to cite instances, and appeal to returns as to the growing power of Canada. It is hardly possible to assign any boundaries to its improvement and capability; and when we remember that the population to each square mile is 227 in the United Kingdom, and only *five* in the Canadian provinces, it is evident that emigration, so far from de-

creasing, must continue at an augmented ratio.

Here then is a country belonging to ourselves, and peopled for the most part by ourselves—within easy reach of our ports—with a splendid climate, a magnificent soil, immense natural productions, unequalled means of water-carriage, and so situated that it may become the highway for the commerce of the world. According to a high American authority, quoted by Judge Haliburton, the most direct route to the Pacific lies through the British colonies. It is worth while transcribing the language of this witness to the importance of our possessions: "The route through British America is in some respects even preferable to that through our own territory. By the former, the distance from Europe to Asia is some thousand miles shorter than by the latter. Passing close to Lake Superior, traversing the watershed which divides the streams flowing towards the Arctic Sea from those which have their exit southward, and crossing the Rocky Mountains at an elevation some 3000 feet less than at the South Pass, the road could here be constructed with comparative cheapness, and would open up a region abounding in valuable timber and other natural products, and admirably suited to the growth of grain and to grazing. Having its Atlantic seaport at Halifax, and its Pacific depot near Vancouver's Island, it would inevitably draw to it the commerce of Europe, Asia, and the United States. Thus, British America, from a mere colonial dependency, would assume a controlling rank in the world. To her other nations would be tributary, and in vain would the United States attempt to be her rival; for we never could dispute with her the possession of the Asiatic commerce, or the power which that commerce confers." So that, whether we regard the Canadas and the other North American colonies simply in the light of territories available for immediate occupation, and tillage to those of our countrymen who wisely prefer emigration to straitened circumstances and unremunerative labour at home; or as countries so rapidly increasing

in wealth as to become important customers for all kinds of British manufactures; or as containing within themselves the best, easiest, and most practicable route for the purposes of commerce between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans—their importance to us, in a national point of view, can hardly be overestimated.

Of late years, certain politicians, whose notions are more remarkable for recklessness and audacity than for prudence, have hazarded the assertion that the permanent prosperity of Britain is in no way bound up with the maintenance of her colonial empire. They point to the United States as a notable instance of the advantages to be derived from a severance of the common allegiance, and they aver that our present commercial relations with the States are more than an equivalent for adverse consequences arising out of the great dismemberment. In reality, however, the example is too recent to be of any weight in support of a maxim to which common sense seems directly opposed; nor can it even be taken as a proper illustration of the alleged law or principle, that colonies, at a certain stage of their progress, must necessarily, without provocation or offence, withdraw themselves from the superintendence of the mother country, and proclaim entire independence. On the contrary, we think that the true lesson to be derived from that momentous chapter in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, is this—that in dealing with colonies, the utmost tenderness and caution on the part of the Imperial Government is required, so that, on the one hand, there shall not be undue interference with local matters which fall strictly under the cognisance of the provincial chambers; and, on the other, that the colonies should be in some way represented in the high legislative assembly of the realm. To an old country like Britain, the soil of which is overstocked, colonial possessions are absolutely indispensable, as affording a means of providing for a surplus population which could not be retained at home, and which otherwise might be absorbed by nations whose interests are different from her

own. We may see, from many frequent examples in the United States, how soon the ties of nationality, once severed, are forgotten; and the transition is all the more easy when the emigrant passes into a country using the same speech as that of the land in which he was born. But colonies have a much greater and higher function to perform than that of merely receiving a surplus population. They ought to be the bulwarks and support of the mother country, making common cause with her in her perplexities and struggles, supporting her policy, promulgating her faith, and holding by her honourable traditions. Colonies which have been acquired by conquest or cession from other nations, in which the bulk of the inhabitants are not of British stock—as, for example, the Cape of Good Hope, or the territories of the East India Company—stand in a very different position from those which have been founded and peopled directly from the British Isles. In the one case allegiance is in a great degree the result of coercion; in the other it is natural and hereditary. In dealing with aliens, subjected in this manner to our sway, it is always necessary to provide against the contingency of rebellion—not so in the case of those who are members of our own family. Only through hard usage, or studied and disgraceful neglect, will they be tempted to throw off their old allegiance; nor will that ever, under any circumstances of provocation, be attempted without deep regret, and unfeigned sorrow for the infatuation of the mother who has forced them to so repugnant a course. But in order to preserve entire this most enviable connection, the mother-country must keep a vigilant eye upon the rapid growth of the child, and treat it as becomes its augmenting intelligence and power. As, in private life, mothers are very apt to forget the influence and privileges of years, and to comport themselves towards their offspring, even when arrived at maturity, as if they were still in their nonage; so may states be too slow in acknowledging the altered position of their colonies, and also show themselves too exacting and dictatorial in

their mode of management. Therefore it seems to us that it is the duty, as well as the interest of the mother-country, to take especial care that, through the negligence or inattention of our Government, or their blind adherence to former usage, no cause of real complaint, such as may breed dissatisfaction, shall be given to our North American colonies; but that, on the contrary, all their representations, whether emanating from the local legislature or from private men of influence, authority, and experience, shall receive minute and careful attention, and be dealt with in a candid, liberal, and enlightened spirit.

Now, then, let us inquire what are the special grievances of which Canada and the other British American colonies have cause to complain. We urge this subject upon the attention of the public the more anxiously because there is no organized agitation, no claim of rights preferred on the part of the colonists. So far back as the year 1838, after the suppression of the disturbances, the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada presented to the Governor a report embodying the wants and wishes of the loyal portion of the population. That report, says Alison, recommended that all the British provinces in North America should be incorporated in a legislative union, which would put them on a level with the most powerful nations, but that the local concerns should still be left as heretofore to the provincial parliaments; that the Queen should incorporate in her royal title the distinct claim of sovereignty over this portion of her dominions, and that the governor should be a nobleman of high rank, and bear the title of Viceroy; that Montreal should be incorporated with the upper province, as the present division left them without an independent outlet to the ocean; that representatives from the colonies of North America should have seats in the *House of Commons*, in the proportion of two for each of the two Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick respectively, and one each from Newfoundland and Cape Breton—in all, ten from the whole provinces of North America. And the report

concluded with an expression of satisfaction at the proof which recent events afforded, of the ardent desire of the Canadians of British origin to continue subject to the British crown. It also stated without reserve the general opinion that the colonial department in England was inefficient, "owing to the frequent changes of the head of that department, and the incoherency of systems which such changes involve."

It may very well be questioned whether, if a similar document were now to emanate from the Canadian Legislature, their requirements as to representation in the British House of Commons would be so extremely moderate as in 1838, so extraordinary since then has been the increment of the North American colonies both in wealth and population. But the main thing to be considered is the principle. We may here remark that the idea of colonial representation is not a new one. During the discussions on the Reform Bill in 1831, a motion was brought forward by the late Joseph Hume, to the effect that members should be given to the colonies; but party excitement was then too high to admit of the rational consideration of such a subject, and the motion was at once negatived. Now, however, there is no such obstacle in the way; and the question can be, and should be discussed, without the remotest reference to party interests or feelings.

The demands on the part of the Canadians are not speculative or empirical—they arise from a deliberate impression that by such means only can the colonies be preserved in permanent dependence upon the British crown. Their loyalty is beyond all question; in fact, there is nothing that they dread so much as a severance of the present tie. But they see clearly enough that the system of government now pursued is incompatible with their welfare, dignity, and position, and must, sooner or later, if stupidly persevered in, lead to that consummation which they most earnestly deplore; and therefore it becomes us to listen with respect and attention to the statements of such a man as Mr. Justice Haliburton, who is neither a dema-

gogue, an agitator, or an alarmist, but a highly intelligent and accomplished gentleman, who is thoroughly cognisant of the feelings of his countrymen, and whose most ardent wish is that the union between Britain and her colonies should be made so close as to prevent the possibility of a disruption. He says:—

"I come to warn you, in sorrow and not in anger—seriously but amicably, that if there be not a change in the colonial policy of this empire, the distant extremities will inevitably fall off from the body politic, from their own unwieldy bulk and ponderosity.

"Previous to the American Revolution, Dr. Franklin visited this country, and warned the Government that unless its policy was more judicious and more conciliatory, it would lose the old colonies. His advice was unheeded, and his prophecy was fulfilled. I do not pretend to compare myself with him; I have neither his talents nor his knowledge. But I know as much of the feeling of my countrymen as he did, and without any disparagement to him, I am infinitely more attached to this country than he ever was. For all my predilections are monarchical, and not republican. In like manner I now warn you, that there are other subjects more important than the bombardment of Canton, the fall of Herat, or the establishment of the Danubian boundary; and first and foremost among them is the retention of British America."

Mr. Haliburton then proceeds to grapple with details; and in the first place, he exposes the fallacy of the statement constantly made by the advocates of the present system, who say to the remonstrating colonists, "You have a responsible government; you manage your own affairs—what do you complain of?" His explanation upon this point is deserving of the most minute and serious attention.

"I will answer this question, and I am happy to do so here, among practical, reflecting, thinking men; among men that will understand me when I do speak, and who, I am certain, will agree with me when they hear me. First, I say we don't complain; and secondly; we not only don't govern our own affairs, but have no voice in their management, and are not even consulted about them. I say we don't com-

plain, and for two short reasons: 1st, We have nobody to complain to; and, 2d, If we had, we have no means of making ourself heard. We have been told with much superciliousness by a noble lord who had the happy knack of embroiling himself with every colony in turn, that when we are ripe for independence, and desire it, no objection will be made to it! We are obliged to him for his permission, but assure him that his consent is not required. He cannot accelerate it, or his insolence would long ago have accomplished it; he cannot retard it, for no one values his opinion. Neither do we govern our own affairs. We manage our local matters, and there our power ends, as I shall show you. But if we don't complain, I will tell you what we say. We say that your Eastern and Western provinces, together with your other foreign possessions, contain a population of one hundred millions of colonists, and that they are all unrepresented; that they are all so distinct and disjointed that England in her hour of need, as lately in the Crimea, could draw no assistance in men or money from them, though they were able and willing to have contributed both; and that when this is the case, there is something wrong in the organisation of the empire. We say that, in North America, there are five colonies, *covering a space larger than all Europe*, unconnected among themselves, and unconnected with England: with five separate jurisdictions, five separate tariffs, five different currencies, and five different codes of laws, with no common bond of union, and no common interest; with no power to prevent the aggression of strangers, or of one on the other; no voice in the regulation of their trade, their intercourse with each other, with foreign powers, or with England. That they are often involved in war without their consent, and that peace is concluded without their concurrence in the treaties;—in short, that their very existence is ignored, or if they are named, it is only in the advertisements of Jews for old clothes for the provinces, or in the debates in Parliament about converting them into cesspools for the reception of the pollution of the crime and villany of the mother-country. We say that we are consigned to the control of an office in Downing Street, in which there is scarcely a man who ever saw a colony, and who has, however clever he may be, and however well disposed (and we make no personal remarks—they are all

honourable men), yet who has no practical knowledge of us."

Before proceeding further, let us advert to one or two of the points most prominently set forward in the foregoing passage, which may serve to illustrate the extreme inadequacy of the existing arrangements for the government of these colonies.

First of all we encounter the annoying and disgraceful fact that no attempt has been made to establish a federal bond of union, so as to admit of consolidation or reciprocity of interests between the separate colonies of British North America. Each of them has its own legislature—that is, each is intrusted with the management of its local affairs, in a certain restricted sense; but there is no general assembly of representatives from all the states to deliberate upon matters of common interest. The policy of Great Britain, if she really intends to retain possession of the American colonies—the value of which, as we have already said, it appears impossible to exaggerate—clearly is to form these colonies into one powerful, united, and adhesive state, owing allegiance to the British crown, but otherwise perfectly independent. For it is quite obvious that in no other way can we have perfect security for the coming time against aggression from the United States of America, whose Government is well aware not only of the growing importance of our colonies, but of their absolute weakness owing to the want of union. It is quite true that in 1838 the Government of the United States disclaimed, in the strongest terms, participation in the deeds of the American sympathisers who crossed the boundary with the view of exciting and supporting insurrection in Canada; and we do not in any degree question the sincerity of that disclaimer. We are ever willing to believe that they then regarded the possibility of the annexation of the Canadas to the United States as detrimental to their own real interests. For in 1838 the British colonies were not in such a state as to excite the cupidity of their neighbours, or to render it probable that their annexa-

tion would add to the wealth and power of the union. In Lord Durham's report of that year the following remarkable passage occurs:—

"The superiority of the condition of our republican neighbours is perceivable throughout the whole extent of our North American territory. Even the ancient city of Montreal will not bear a comparison with Buffalo, a creation of yesterday. There is but one railroad in all British North America—that between Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence—and it is only fifteen miles long. The people on the frontier are poor and scattered, separated by vast forests, without towns or markets, and almost destitute of roads, living in mean houses, and without apparent means of improving their condition. On the American side, on the other hand, all is activity and bustle. The forest has been widely cleared; every year numerous settlements are formed, and thousands of farms created out of the waste. The country is intersected by common roads; canals and railroads are finished, or in the course of formation. The observer is surprised at the number of harbours on the lakes, and the multitude of vessels they contain; while bridges, artificial landing-places, and commodious wharves, are formed in all directions as soon as required. Goods, houses, mills, inns, warehouses, villages, towns, and even great cities, are almost seen to spring out of the desert."

But the lapse of twenty years has effected a most enormous change; and Canada is now, both in population and prosperity, advancing at a ratio infinitely more rapid than the States. Let us quote from the last published volume of Alison's *History of Europe* the following particulars:—

"During the ten years from 1841 to 1851, the free population of the United States increased 37 per. cent, the slave 27 per. cent; and this certainly was a sufficiently large increase for a country numbering at the commencement of the period, nearly seventeen millions of inhabitants. But it was trifling in comparison with the growth of the two Canadas during the same years, the population of which, chiefly in consequence of immigration from the British Islands, increased no less than 59 per. cent, while the increase of the upper provinces was 104 per. cent. In 1854, the exports from Canada were £1,018,000, her

imports £1,063,000; while in 1854 her exports and imports, taken together, were £13,945,000, of which £4,622,000 was composed of imports from Great Britain. So rapid and sustained a growth, in so short a period, is perhaps unexampled in the history of the world. Not less remarkable has been the increase in the agricultural produce of the province, which, in Upper Canada, has quadrupled in ten years preceding 1851, while its shipping has doubled during the same period; and the consumption of British manufactures since 1852, when the gold discoveries came into play, is on an average £2.6s. a-head for each inhabitant, being more than double of what it is in the United States, where it only £1.2s. per head."

The same writer has well remarked that "the picture drawn in 1838 by Lord Durham of the American shore, might pass for a faithful portrait of the British at present. Individual enterprise has been fostered by public encouragement; magnificent undertakings by Government have formed the arteries of prosperity through the State; and the forest has, in an incredibly short space of time, yielded its virgin riches to the efforts of laborious man. Where, twenty years ago, only one railway fifteen miles long, existed, thirteen millions of British capital have now been expended on railway communication; and a vast system of internal lines renders commerce alike independent of the obstacles of nature and the hostility of man."

But although the annexation of the British American provinces might not appear a desirable object to the Government of the United States in 1838, when the resources of the country were only partially developed, it by no means follows that the same view would be taken now. Indeed, Justice Haliburton very pointedly and significantly says: "If you wish any further information relative to your colonies, I ought to tell you where to seek it. Inquire of the American ambassador in London, or the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, and I am ashamed and grieved to say that they will be able to tell you more than anybody else. If the English neglect us, we are an object of great interest to the Ame-

ricans. Do you see this book of 1000 pages? Congress sent an agent over every part of the British provinces, to every lake and river, forest and city, harbour and fishing-bank, to every custom-house and registry-office, to collect information, to procure official returns, and report to them. And here is the report—the fullest, the clearest, the most comprehensive, and the best book extant on the subject. It is called ‘Andrew’s Report.’ The *secret* report that accompanied it about our militia, our arms, our fortifications, our assailable points, our political feelings, and so forth, is doubtless a document of the greatest value, but it is for their information, not ours.” We are not alarmists; and we do not think it at all probable that, under ordinary circumstances, there is any probability of an attempt on the part of the United States to gain possession of the British territory. But we must not forget that nations may have a policy which contemplates and prepares for events at a very remote period, using in the interim every opportunity that may in any way contribute, or appear to contribute, to the ultimate success of their object. Thus, several generations had arisen and passed away ere Russia had so far matured her ambitious scheme as to attempt the dismemberment of Turkey—a step which, in all probability, would have proved, if successful, nothing more than the prelude to a still greater design of extending her power into the very centre of Asia. Without supposing that the Americans have devised schemes of similar magnitude, it is no forced or uncharitable hypothesis to maintain that their attention must needs be riveted upon states in their immediate neighbourhood which are rising so rapidly into importance, and that they must have speculated keenly on the probabilities of their remaining, for a long period to come, dependencies of the British empire. To wrest those provinces from Britain, so long as the provinces remain loyal, must be under almost any conceivable combination of circumstances, beyond the power of the States; but, in the event of a disruption, there can be no doubt that a most strenuous

effort would be made to include at least the Canadas within the bounds of the Union. Indeed, that seems to us the natural and inevitable result, if Britain should, unfortunately, by mismanagement or neglect, lose her hold of the American colonies. We cannot conceive the possibility of two republics of Anglo-Saxon origin, remaining in juxtaposition on the western continent. They could not exist in rivalry; and a common interest would soon compel them to unite. Besides, it is absolutely certain that, on the first appearance of any serious difference between Britain and her colonies, the people of the United States, with or without the consent of their Government, would appear, as they did in 1838, in the character of sympathizers, and take an active and conspicuous share in the struggle.

Surely no one will venture to assert that the best way of preserving the allegiance of the colonies is to keep them separate, so that each may remain too weak to hazard the assertion of independence. That would indeed be an ignoble avowal, injurious to the fame of Britain as a free and honourable nation, loving justice, and scorning all manner of oppression; and yet we more than suspect that some such idea has taken rooted possession of the official mind, and that the red-tapists of the colonial department regard with horror and dismay the phantom of a congress which shall include the whole of our American dependencies. No doubt, were such a congress established, the paramount reign and secret supremacy of Downing Street would be at an end, much jobbing abolished, and many practices of doubtful tendency for ever blighted and extinguished. One of the main pillars of our absurd temple of Gaza, reared by official Philistines, would then be shaken; for the result would show that the Colonial Office was made for the benefit and direction of the colonies, not that the latter were intended to be spoil or sport for the former. But the concession—if concession that can be called which is clearly a matter of policy as well as of justice—would, if frankly and cordially made, do more to perpetu-

ate and secure the allegiance of the colonies, than even wise administration could effect, if unaccompanied by a generous reliance on the feelings and loyalty of the colonists. That such is the anxious and deliberate desire of the colonies we already know; and even upon so low a motive as financial interest and taxation, the proposal ought to recommend itself to the people of Great Britain, whose expenditure and burdens, since Liberalism was in the ascendant, have reached a point which absolutely demands the exercise of the most strict and searching economy. For if the measures which we advocate were carried into effect, there would no longer be any necessity for our sending out troops to garrison those colonies. The Federal Union would undertake to provide for the defence of the country; and in this way the nucleus of an army would be formed, capable, on emergency, of great expansion, and available in the time of need for the service and support of Britain. This is a consideration well worthy of our close attention, for we have had recent experience of the extreme difficulty of raising a sufficient number of men out of the population of the British Islands to maintain such a war as that in which we were engaged with Russia; and we sincerely trust that our Government will never again have recourse to the discreditable and futile expedient of hiring the assistance of foreign mercenaries, and perilling the reputation of the British arms upon the doubtful valour of the enlisted scum of Europe. And here we cannot help adverting to what we consider as a gross oversight—to use the mildest expression—on the part of our Government, in not appealing to the loyal colonies for assistance in the prosecution of an important war. Would it not have been the natural, prudent, and patriotic course to have recruited our armies from the masses of the western population—from men of our blood and kindred, fellow-subjects of the Queen, and inheritors of all our traditions? If it should be said in reply that the attempt was not made because it was considered by our statesmen that men could not

be spared from the colonies for such a purpose, let us entreat the attention of the public to a fact, vouched for by Mr. Justice Haliburton, which is of so scandalous a nature as almost to appear incredible to those who have not had personal experience of the manner in which public affairs are conducted in this sensitive and punctilious country. Alluding to the circumstance that in the late war Britain derived no direct aid from her colonies, Mr. Haliburton says:—

“In your turn, you may well say, ‘Do you (the colonists) put forward your bonfires, your illuminations and rejoicings, at our success at Sebastopol (if success it was), and your legislative grants in aid of the compassionate fund, as a suitable contribution to the expenses of the war?’

“It is a reasonable and a rational question to ask, and here is an answer to it. An offer was made to raise two regiments in Canada, and conduct them to the Crimea, to be commanded by colonial officers, but to be, like others, under the command of the General-in-chief, whoever he might be. THE OFFER WAS RETURNED FROM LONDON UNANSWERED: *it had been addressed to the wrong office.* I will not repeat the indignant comment made on this contemptuous and contemptible conduct; the offer was not repeated, and its reception is not forgotten.”

We state the fact as we find it recorded by Mr. Justice Haliburton, and we leave the public to draw its own conclusions. All we shall say is, that in no other country in the wide world would such conduct on the part of officials be tolerated, and it humbly appears to us that this is a case which imperatively requires strict and immediate investigation. Parliament ought not to suffer it to pass unnoticed, for, by doing so, now that the offence has been proclaimed, the insult offered to the colonies will virtually receive its sanction. Let us know the truth. Let the charge, if rashly made, be contradicted; but, if no contradiction is possible, let us know to which department of Government the blame of this discreditable transaction is affixed. We cannot afford to pass it over. We can-

not accept a blundering apology for conduct so utterly scandalous and disgraceful. Investigation is a duty which we owe not less to ourselves than to the colonists; unless, indeed, we are infatuated enough to set no value whatever upon an allegiance "that neither neglect nor indifference can extinguish, nor reward or ridicule seduce."

As we have already said, we believe that one important consequence of a federal union of the American colonies would be to relieve the people of this country from the expense of maintaining armaments for their defence—in other words, it would enable us to effect a considerable reduction in the army and navy estimates. Also, there would be no occasion, as at present, for the maintenance of six governors, each with his gubernatorial establishment and staff. These petty potentates might advantageously be replaced by one viceroy of exalted rank, whose high office would reflect the royal dignity. But the chief consideration which ought to weigh with our statesmen in making any new arrangements for the consolidation of the colonies, is, that the colonists have already, through their highest official channel, expressed their conviction that a federal union of the provinces, under the rule of a viceroy, is the form of government best suited for their wants, and most consonant with their inclination. There is, however, one obstacle in the way—an obstacle unknown to and unperceived by the public, but very clear and very precious to the eyes of the bureaucracy, who regard any possible invasion of their peculiar premises with as much jealousy as is manifested by a swarm of wasps at the appearance of an intruder on their nest. The obstacle which lies in the way is the existing Colonial Office. Over that department there has always hung a veil of the profoundest mystery. It has its secrets and arcana as closely guarded as those of a lodge of freemasons, and it even pretends to a kind of tradition, said to be exclusively its own. Strange to say, the Secretary of State for the time being, who presides over it is seldom admitted to

a full participation in its hidden lore. He is but an intruder, an occasional dignitary, a political phantom, who must pass away with his party; but the real priests are permanent. He is a Gentile, a Philistine, a Neophyte—they are the accepted hierophants. He may have nominal authority like the Pope, but the actual business is done by the secret conclave of Cardinals. To throw light upon this inscrutable department of government is next to impossible. It would be quite as easy a task to undertake the reform of the Inquisition. The colonial dependencies of Britain are by far too large and too important to be worked by such machinery; and the very first step towards placing them in their proper position, should be the abolition of the Colonial Office as at present constituted, and the substitution in its place of a Colonial Board of Control.

But one thing more is imperatively needed; and that is, representation of the Colonies in the British House of Commons. We are unable to perceive any valid or rational objection to so reasonable a demand. It is not necessary that colonial members should have votes in strictly domestic questions which apply only to Britain, but it seems highly desirable that the voice of the colonies should be heard and their influence felt in our national assembly whenever matters that affect the whole British empire are under discussion. Even the institution of a Colonial Board of Control to discharge the functions which the effete Colonial Office is not capable of fulfilling, would not suffice without representation in Parliament. For example, our Home Office, though immeasurably superior to the colonial bureau in arrangement and efficiency, would not be accepted by the people of this country as a substitute for Parliament. We make public, perpetual, and not unreasonable boast of our free representative system; and we value it more especially because it is a check upon the conduct of officials. In like manner, and for the sake of consistency, we ought to give the colonists an opportunity of declaring their sentiments upon all matters specially affecting their inter-

est; and we are convinced that by so doing many serious errors might be avoided, and much cause of dissatisfaction removed. Had Canada been represented in Parliament, no official would have dared to requite her zeal by so gross and shameful an insult as that to which we have already alluded; and Britain, at the time when she most required the services of her loyal children, would have been able to dispense with foreign enlistment, and could have sent two regiments of hardy colonists to the theatre of war. There are, moreover, many serious matters connected with the colonies and their administration of which Parliament should have cognisance, and for that purpose alone justice requires that the colonies should be adequately represented. For example, recurring again to Mr. Haliburton's pamphlet we find the following enumerated among the colonial grievances :—

"We say that a whole province, like Prince Edward's Island, was granted away in one day, being first divided into sixty-seven townships, which were disposed of by lottery; that the Magdalen Islands, fifty-six miles long, lying directly in the mouth of the St. Lawrence, were some time since granted to an old admiral, and are now in strict entail, Canada having no deputy at the Colonial Office, and no member of Parliament to prevent it.

"We say that our rights are bartered away without our concurrence, and without our knowledge; that recently a treaty, relative to the fishings of Nova Scotia, was entered into with the United States, with no other notice to us than to choose delegates to attend and advise. The delegates were chosen, but were never asked to meet the Commissioners, and the treaty was signed without them. That the people were compelled to submit to and adopt it by a threat from the Americans that they would punish their refusal by discriminating duties. This was done in such haste, that the fishing-limits were left unsettled, and greater confusion and trouble has ensued than previously existed.

"When Lord Ashburton ceded more than four millions of the best timberlands of New Brunswick, together with nearly 150 miles of the St. John, and a right of passage through the remainder of the river to the ocean (also the best

mail route to Canada), we think it not unreasonable that the people of the provinces should have had a voice in the arrangement of the treaty, or the right and the power to call him to account in Parliament. We ask, if Canada had had a representative in the House of Commons, or delegates in the Colonial Office, whether Newfoundland would have been permitted to grant, as it has done, a monopoly to an American company for a European line of telegraph, to her exclusion, so that she must now derive her English news from New York; or if Great Britain thinks proper to give a permission of registration to Americans for their vessels, without an equivalent, whether it is equally right to grant a similar privilege to them in the colonies, without their consent; or, in like manner, to grant them a coasting trade without reciprocity in our ports, whereby our commerce is crippled in a way only intelligible to merchants. For instance, an American steamer can leave Boston with freight and passengers for St. John, New Brunswick, touching at all the intermediate ports of the States; but a colonial vessel must proceed direct to her port of destination; nor can she take a freight from any port or place on the Atlantic to California or any port in the Pacific, because that they interpret to be a coasting voyage. I stop not to inquire if this is right or wrong, but it seems to be no more than decent, when the rights of others are legislated away in this manner, that their concurrence should at least be asked."

If we in this country would not submit to be governed exclusively by officials, but would revolt against such rule as absolute and degrading tyranny, how can we expect the colonists to bow their necks tamely and submissively to such a yoke? In passing from Britain to Canada, or any other of our dependencies, they have forfeited nothing of their birthright, they have come under no obligation to part with one iota of the privileges of British subjects. Their demand resolves itself into the right of being heard, in the great national assembly, upon questions affecting their interest either in a private or in a corporate capacity. If any of us, in our dealings with officials, have reason to believe that we are harshly or unjustly treated, or that our rights are unduly invaded, we can appeal to Parliament, for redress through our representa-

tives. But the colonists are not represented at all. Measures are introduced and sanctioned by the Legislature, in absolute ignorance of the merits, before there is any opportunity of appeal; or otherwise, the government officials have so far committed themselves by treaty that no remedy can be applied. It will not be disputed that there is now far greater need for circumspection in the management of colonial affairs, especially those relating to the American provinces, than existed some five-and-twenty years ago; and yet the colonies were then, in a certain degree, represented in Parliament. Whatever may have been the faults of our representative system before the Reform Act swept away the close boroughs, it is undeniable that, under that system, the different imperial interests were far better represented than now. The main error of the Reform Act was, that it made no provision for the safeguard of the many interests beyond the girdle of the British seas—an error which, as we have seen, did not escape the strong intellect of Mr. Hume, a determined reformer, but not blind to the consequences which were likely to ensue from insular selfishness in monopolising the whole of the representation. The colonies were then driven to what, in our view, was a very poor and objectionable substitute for direct representation—namely, the appointment of members of Parliament as agents, in consideration of an annual salary. However such a practice may be palliated on the score of necessity, it was decidedly unconstitutional; for members of Parliament are to a great extent judges, and there can be no purity of administration when judges are fêd to undertake the functions of an advocate. It is a remarkable fact, and one which tends to show the universality of the impression that the colonies were unjustly excluded from a share in the representation, that no remonstrance was ever made against a system so glaringly and thoroughly objectionable. If it had been proved that a member of Parliament had taken from a railway company a sum of money, on the con-

dition that he should lend his influence in support of its schemes, the offence would have justified, and probably have been visited by, expulsion. But no purist could apply the like strictness of rule to the case of colonies, who, deprived of the ordinary means of defending or asserting their interests in Parliament, were compelled to retain an advocate whose voice could be heard in that assembly. We do not justify the practice—we simply say that Parliament, by shutting every other door against the colonists, could not, in consistency, object to an arrangement without which the voice of the colonies never could have been heard. Practically, the expedient was barren. Professional advocacy has not, in the House of Commons, the same weight as spontaneous argument, which probably is the reason why the speeches of lawyers have in general so little effect upon the result of a debate; and however eloquent and just might be the exposition of a member in the cause of his clients, his hearers could not divest themselves of the impression that he spoke under the influence of a retainer. Moreover, it very rarely happened that a member selected to plead the cause of a colony was personally cognisant of its condition, or could speak from actual experience and observation. He was pleading from a brief, stating things for which he had no voucher except the assertion of his clients; and therefore he stood at great disadvantage when opposed to the authority of the Colonial Office, and the *vis inertia* of Government. This of itself would have baffled the efforts even of the most accomplished speaker, and the more careful collector and arrayer of facts; but the services of first-rate men, skilful debaters and experienced politicians, could not be secured by the colonists. The position of retained parliamentary advocate was at best a doubtful one, and was not coveted by politicians who were ambitious to rise in the State. The choice was accordingly limited to men of inferior talent, not qualified to be leaders, or entitled to command attention; consequently their efforts, though zealously made, were not successful. Now, however,

a fair opportunity presents itself for determining whether the colonies are to be left, as heretofore, to the capricious and arbitrary management of an irresponsible bureau, or to be allowed the privilege of sending direct representatives to Parliament. All the arguments which have hitherto been brought forward in support of the latter and liberal view are still available; and as regards the North American colonies, circumstances have occurred which naturally strengthen their claim. The wealth and population of the provinces have increased enormously, and the emigration from this country shows no signs of diminution. Also of late years an immense amount of British capital has found its way to Canada for the purposes of investment; and the result has been so favourable that we may anticipate a yet larger and progressive issue. Thus the common interest has become greater and more direct; and the vast improvements in steam navigation have contracted to a very moderate span the chasm of intervening distance. Even now, while we write, the following paragraph is going the round of the papers:—

“THE MONSTER STEAMER.—The Leviathan steamer in Russell's dockyard will, it is said, be placed on the Canada line. She is to sail from the westernmost part of Ireland to the easternmost land of America, and if she can accomplish twenty-four miles an hour, she may complete the distance in little more than three days—being 1800 miles. This will admit of her taking, in fine weather, a great number of deck passengers; and we believe that a great stimulus to emigration to Canada will result from the success of the enterprise.—*Globe*.”

If the expectations here held out are realised, the voyage from Ireland to America will be accomplished in a shorter time than is now required in order to pass from London to the Shetland Islands! The wealthy citizen of the metropolis may purchase a Canadian estate, and reach it with as little trouble and delay as he now experiences in going down to a Highland moor. This must give a fresh impulse to emigration, and to investment; and effectually open the eyes

of the public in Britain to the importance of these vast colonies which theorists have affected to despise, and which have hitherto been left at the mercy of an unreasonable and unaccountable department, which, like all others that have not been properly ventilated, is a slave to routine, and a bitter enemy to innovation. We hope that we have heard the last, as regards British America, of the monstrous doctrine that the possession or retention of colonies is a matter of no importance to the mother country. Without colonies to receive our surplus population, Britain would have been subject to periodical outbreaks, and violent political agitations; and the pressure of the poor-rates would have been so heavy as to paralyse the arm of industry. Even at the present time, we know what impulse is given to crime by the diminution or stagnation of employment; and how prone the working classes are, at such a period, to listen to the delusive and pestilential doctrines of democrats, who are ever ready to inflame the minds of the populace by denouncing as corrupt, abominable, and tyrannous, the whole framework of society. Emigration has effected this great good, that competition in the labour market has been lessened, and wages proportionally increased; and the comparative value of colonies depends upon their vicinity to the mother country, and the cheapness of transit. It is true that the United States of America were open for the reception of our emigrants; but every settler there was a subject lost to the crown of Britain, and his capital and industry went to swell the resources and augment the power of a country which openly professed itself to be a rival. Cosmopolitanism is not a principle likely to find general favour. Even republicans disown it: for no people are more proud of their country, even to the verge of vainglory, than the sturdy citizens of the States. In Canada and the other British provinces, the feeling of nationality is very strong, and there is no reason to anticipate its decline, if Britain will only act the part of a kind and judicious mother who really cares for

her offspring instead of chilling their affection, and alienating their love, by selfishness, indifference, or neglect.

We are perfectly certain that any indication of an altered policy towards these colonies would be hailed with enthusiasm, and the sooner we resolve upon it the better. We know that the loyalty of the colonists has been tested and approved—therefore we are the more bound to lend a favourable ear to their requests, and, if reasonable, to meet their wishes.

We must suppose that our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic know better than we do what is necessary or expedient for their welfare; and, therefore, we are bound to defer to their judgment and accede to their desires, unless some very cogent and intelligible reason can be assigned to the contrary. Their primary wish, which has been repeatedly expressed, and which was long ago preferred by the Canadian Legislative Assembly, is for the incorporation of all the British provinces, in North America, in a legislative union. Now what possible objection can be raised to that? All the provinces are agreed in recommending it. They feel at present the want of power, administrative as well as political, arising from the absence of union; and they point to the separate jurisdictions and tariffs, the different currencies and codes of law, as inconveniences and anomalies which ought to be removed, and which would be removed if Britain would only listen to their prayer. If there is any objection—if any of our statesmen think that the system of the Heptarchy is suitable for the future government of North America—let us hear them upon the subject. It may be that the desire of the colonists is extravagant or objectionable, and that there are excellent reasons for keeping the provinces asunder. We are not so ardent for change that we shall refuse to listen to the counter argument; but surely it is a monstrous thing that this cry of the colonists should remain unanswered for so many years, and have elicited no response from the drowsy deities of Downing Street. Next comes their request that repre-

sentatives from the colonies of North America should have seats in the House of Commons. We do not disguise our anxiety as to the result of that proposal which must necessarily be considered in the next session of Parliament. It is a question, in the first instance, for Her Majesty's Ministers, who have pledged themselves to bring forward a measure of representative reform; and it is one of such vast importance that they cannot refuse to pronounce a distinct opinion upon it. Indeed, such a refusal would be little short of a direct insult to the Canadians, who have formally claimed for themselves, and for the people of the other provinces, the right of representation in Parliament—a claim which might well rest in abeyance while the existing arrangements were undisturbed, but which instantly revived when a new adjustment of the representation was proposed. The difficulty here lies in the recognition of the principle. It will be said that there is no precedent for granting to colonists the privilege of sitting in Parliament, except as representatives of a purely British constituency; and we anticipate that this objection will be most strongly urged by the very men who, on other occasions, are foremost in advocating change. It is quite true that there is no precedent, any more than there is for the admission of Jews into Parliament; but in political matters, the argument *a priori* is decidedly the weakest that can be advanced. If a State is to be progressive, inflexible adhesion to precedent becomes a practical impossibility. New wants, new exigencies, require new expedients; and it is the duty of each generation, as it advances into the current of time, to lay down stepping-stones for the guidance and advantage of that which is to follow after. The exclusiveness of our fathers is no substantial reason for our remaining exclusive, provided we are satisfied that a more liberal course of conduct is required to meet the exigencies of the case; and in saying so, we by no means depart from the doctrine of sound and enlightened Conservatism. Indeed, we are at present

remonstrating against the exclusiveness of Liberalism, as exhibited in the great parliamentary change of 1832. Up to that period the colonies and our other foreign possessions were represented through the medium of the close boroughs—a system in many respects objectionable, but so far useful that it made the House of Commons the guardian of imperial interests. But the Reform Act totally altered the nature of our representation, deprived the colonies even of the shadow of power, prevented their voice from being heard within the walls of St. Stephen's, and converted what was an imperial into an exclusively insular assembly. If this be so—and no man who has paid the slightest attention to politics will dispute the truth of our position—then we submit that, by giving the colonists a certain share of parliamentary representation, we are not innovating but restoring, not altering the spirit of the constitution, but devising a means for bringing it more thoroughly into play.

Surely it is more important to Britain that Canada should be represented than Calne, or Nova Scotia than Arundel! When Lord John Russell brought forward in 1854 his abortive Reform Bill, he proposed that nineteen boroughs, which at present return twenty-nine members, should be wholly disfranchised, because either the number of electors was under three hundred, or that of the inhabitants under five thousand. He, moreover, proposed to make vacant thirty-three other seats in Parliament by restricting boroughs now returning two members to one. But his lordship had no intention of diminishing the number of the House of Commons, which was to be kept up by giving additional members to towns and counties at present sufficiently represented. In fact, his overplus was so large that he evidently found difficulty in disposing of it. Now, if the disfranchisement was required, or expedient on account of the insignificance of the boroughs, here is an ample fund available for the supply of the colonies. Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, and Bristol, may very

well remain contented with the two members each which they have at present, and so may many of the counties and their divisions. We have no idea that Lord Palmerston will propose to carry the work of disfranchisement so far as contemplated by Lord John Russell; still, it seems to be the universal impression that some of the smaller boroughs should cease to return representatives, and, without pushing the change too far, many more seats could be advantageously released than are required to satisfy the colonies. Thus, both time and circumstance combine to allow this question to be disposed of with a deliberation corresponding to its magnitude and importance, and we would earnestly recommend it, in the mean time, to the notice of our brethren of the press. We have no doubt that public opinion would at once declare itself in favour of the colonists, provided their case was properly stated, and the nature of their claims generally understood; and in the dearth of other topics, the men who exercise so large an influence upon public opinion, can hardly be better employed than in discussing a proposal which has for its object the establishment of a better understanding, and a closer amity and union, between Great Britain and her nearest and most valuable dependencies. And further, we urge the subject upon the attention of members of the Legislature, whatever may be their political tenets. We do not anticipate, in the pending discussion, any renewal of that rancour which disfigured the debates upon the subject of reform some five-and-twenty years ago, or a repetition of that zealotry which make partisans look only to the immediate effect of their measures, without contemplating the ultimate results. We hope, and would fain believe, that the ascendancy of party, which is ephemeral, will not be made an important element in the deliberations of the House, but that members will be influenced only by the consideration of what is best for the permanent interests of the country. We use the word in no restricted sense. Acknowledging the claims of our brethren of the

North American provinces to the name of countrymen—knowing that they are subjects, and most loyal ones, of the British crown—we wish to see them placed in such a position that their wants may be made known, and their interests guarded in the British Parliament. Recent events have shown that our public official departments cannot always be relied on for efficiency. After all, that is no new discovery. Wherever there is irresponsible power, there will be abuse; and so universally is that maxim acknowledged, that the pure administration of justice in this country has been anxiously secured by a

graduated system of appeal. Nay, we might even refer to the limitation of the powers of the Crown as a signal proof that irresponsible government, in any shape or form, is contrary to the genius and spirit of the British constitution. The colonists desire to be represented in Parliament, not for the sake of gaining political power, but simply that their voice may be heard, upon matters which deeply affect them, in the great deliberative and legislative assembly; and justice, as well as expediency and interest, recommend their claim to the earnest consideration of the country.

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WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART III.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

Primitive character of the country in certain districts of Great Britain.—Connection between the features of surrounding scenery and the mental and moral inclinations of man, after the fashion of all sound Ethnological Historians.—A charioteer, to whom an experience of British Laws suggests an ingenious mode of arresting the progress of Roman Papacy, carries Lionel Houghton and his fortunes to a place which allows of description and invites repose.

In safety, but with nought else rare enough, in a railway train, to deserve commemoration, Lionel reached the station to which he was bound. He there inquired the distance to Fawley Manor House; it was five miles. He ordered a fly, and was soon wheeled briskly along a rough parish-road, through a country strongly contrasting the gay River Scenery he had so lately quitted. Quite as English, but rather the England of a former race than that which spreads round our own generation like one vast suburb of garden-ground and villas—Here, nor village, nor spire, nor porter's lodge came in sight. Rare even were the cornfields—wide spaces of unenclosed common opened, solitary and primitive, on the road, bordered by large woods, chiefly of beech, closing the horizon with ridges of undulating green. In such an England, Knights Templars might have wended their way to scattered

monasteries, or fugitive partisans in the bloody Wars of the Roses have found shelter under leafy coverts.

The scene had its romance, its beauty—half savage, half gentle—leading perforce the mind of any cultivated and imaginative gazer far back from the present day—waking up long-forgotten passages from old poets. The stillness of such wastes of sward—such deeps of woodland—induced the nurture of reverie, gravely soft and lulling. There, Ambition might give rest to the wheel of Ixion, Avarice to the scive of the Danaids; there disappointed Love might muse on the brevity of all human passions, and count over the tortured hearts that have found peace in holy meditation, or are now stilled under grassy knolls. See where, at the crossing of three roads upon the waste, the landscape suddenly unfolds—an upland in the distance, and on the upland a building, the first sign of social man.

What is the building? only a silenced windmill—the sails dark and sharp against the dull leaden sky.

Lionel touched the driver—"Are we yet on Mr. Darrell's property?" Of the extent of that property he had involuntarily conceived a vast idea.

"Lord, sir, no; we be two miles from Squire Darrell's. He han't much property to speak of hereabouts. But he bought a good bit o' land, too, some years ago, ten or twelve mile 'tother side o' the county. First time you are going to Fawley, sir?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I don't mind seeing you afore—and I should have known you if I had, for it is seldom indeed I have a fare to Fawley old Manor House. It must be, I take it, four or five year ago sin' I wor there with a gent, and he went away while I wor feeding the horse—did me out o' my back fare. What business had he to walk when he came in my fly?—Shabby."

"Mr. Darrell lives very retired, then—ees few persons?"

"'Spose so. I never see'd him, as I knows on; see'd two o' his hosses though—rare good uns;" and the driver whipped on his own horse, took to whistling, and Lionel asked no more.

At length the chaise stopped at a carriage gate, receding from the road, and deeply shadowed by venerable trees—no lodge. The driver, dismounting, opened the gate.

"Is this the place?"

The driver nodded assent, remounted, and drove on rapidly through what might, by courtesy, be called a park. The enclosure was indeed little beyond that of a good-sized paddock—its boundaries were visible on every side—but swelling uplands, covered with massy foliage, sloped down to its wild irregular turf soil—soil poor for pasturage, but pleasant to the eye; with dell and dingle, bosks of fantastic pollards—dotted oaks of vast growth—here and there a weird hollow thorn-tree—patches of fern and gorse. Hoarse and loud cawed the rooks—and deep, deep as from the innermost core of the lovely woodlands, came the mellow notes of the cuckoo. A few moments more a wind of the road brought the house

in sight. At its rear lay a piece of water, scarcely large enough to be styled a lake;—too winding in its shaggy banks—its ends too concealed by tree and islet, to be called by the dull name of pond. Such as it was, it arrested the eye before the gaze turned towards the house—it had an air of tranquillity so sequestered, so solemn. A lively man of the world would have been seized with spleen at the first glimpse of it. But he who had known some great grief—some anxious care—would have drunk the calm into his weary soul like an anodyne. The house—small, low, ancient, about the date of Edward VI., before the statelier architecture of Elizabeth. Few houses in England so old, indeed, as Fawley Manor House. A vast weight of roof, with high gables—windows on the upper story projecting far over the lower part—a covered porch with a coat of half-obliterated arms deep panelled over the oak door. Nothing grand, yet all how venerable! But what is this? Close beside the old quiet unassuming Manor House rises the skeleton of a superb and costly pile—a palace uncompleted, and the work evidently suspended—perhaps long since, perhaps now for ever. No busy workmen nor animated scaffolding. The perforated battlements roofed over with visible haste—here with slate, there with tile; the Elizabethan mullion casements unglazed; some roughly boarded across—some with staring forlorn apertures, that showed floorless chambers—for winds to whistle through and rats to tenant. Weeds and long grass were growing over blocks of stone that lay at hand. A wallflower had forced itself into root on the sill of a giant oriel. The effect was startling. A fabric which he who conceived it must have founded for posterity—so solid its masonry, so thick its walls—and thus abruptly left to moulder—a palace constructed for the reception of crowding guests—the pomp of stately revels—abandoned to owl and bat. And the homely old house beside it, which that lordly hall was doubtless designed to replace, looking so safe and tranquil at the baffled presumption of its spectral neighbour.

The driver had rung the bell, and

now, turning back to the chaise, met Lionel's inquiring eye, and said—"Yes; Squire Darrell began to build that—many years ago—when I was a boy. I heard say it was to be the show-house of the whole county. Been stopped these ten or a dozen years."

"Why?—do you know?"

"No one knows. Squire was a lawyer, I b'leve—perhaps he put it into Chancery. My wife's grandfather was put into chancery just as he was growing up, and never grew afterwards—never got out o' it—nout ever does. There's our churchwarden comes to me with a petition to sign agin the Pope. Says I, 'That old Pope is always in trouble—what's he bin doin now?' Says he, 'Spreading! He's a got into Parlyment, and he's now got a colledge, and we pays for it. I doesn't know how to stop him.' Says I, 'Put the Pope into Chancery along with wife's grandfather, and he'll never hold up his head agin.'"

The driver had thus just disposed of the Papacy when an elderly servant, out of livery, opened the door. Lionel sprang from the chaise, and paused in some confusion—for then, for the

first time, there darted across him the idea that he had never written to announce his acceptance of Mr. Darrell's invitation—that he ought to have done so—that he might not be expected. Meanwhile the servant surveyed him with some surprise. "Mr. Darrell?" hesitated Lionel, inquiringly.

"Not at home, sir," replied the man, as if Lionel's business was over, and he had only to re-enter his chaise. The boy was naturally rather bold than shy, and he said, with a certain assured air, "My name is Haughton. I come here on Mr. Darrell's invitation."

The servant's face changed in a moment—he bowed respectfully. "I beg pardon, sir. I will look for my master—he is somewhere on the grounds." The servant then approached the fly, took out the knapsack, and observing Lionel had his purse in his hand, said—"Allow me to save you that trouble, sir. Driver, round to the stable-yard." Stepping back into the house, the servant threw open a door to the left, on entrance, and advanced a chair—"If you will wait here a moment, sir, I will see for my master."

CHAPTER II.

Guy Darrell—and Still'd Life.

The room in which Lionel now found himself was singularly quaint. An antiquarian or architect would have discovered at a glance that, at some period, it had formed part of the entrance-hall; and when, in Elizabeth's or James the First's day, the refinement in manners began to penetrate from baronial mansions to the homes of the gentry, and the entrance-hall ceased to be the common refectory of the owner and his dependants, this apartment had been screened off by perforated panels, which, for the sake of warmth and comfort, had been filled up into solid wainscot by a succeeding generation. Thus one side of the room was richly carved with geometrical designs and arabesque pilasters, while the other three sides were in small simple panels, with a deep fantastic

frieze in plaster, depicting a deer-chase in relief, and running between woodwork and ceiling. The ceiling itself was relieved by long pendants without any apparent meaning, and by the crest of the Darrells, a heron, wreathed round with the family motto, "*Ardun petit Ardea*." It was a dining-room, as was shown by the character of the furniture. But there was no attempt on the part of the present owner, and there had clearly been none on the part of his predecessor, to suit the furniture to the room. This last was of the heavy graceless taste of George the First—cumbersome chairs in walnut-tree—with a worm-eaten mosaic of the heron on their homely backs, and a faded blue worsted on their seats—a marvelously ugly sideboard to match, and on it a couple of black shagreen cases,

the lids of which were flung open, and discovered the pistol-shaped handles of silver knives. The mantelpiece reached to the ceiling, in panelled compartments, with heraldic shields, and supported by rude stone Caryatides. On the walls were several pictures—family portraits, for the names were inscribed on the frames. They varied in date from the reign of Elizabeth to that of George I. A strong family likeness pervaded them all—high features, dark hair, grave aspects—save indeed one, a Sir Ralph Haughton Darrell, in a dress that spoke him of the holiday date of Charles II.—all knots, lace, and ribbons; evidently the beau of the race; and he had blue eyes, a blonde peruke, a careless profligate smile, and looked altogether as devil-me-care, rakehell, handsome, good-for-nought, as ever swore at a drawer, beat a watchman, charmed a lady, terrified a husband, and hummed a song as he pinked his man.

Lionel was still gazing upon the effigies of this airy cavalier, when the door behind him opened very noiselessly, and a man of imposing presence stood on the threshold—stood so still, and the carved mouldings of the doorway so shadowed, and, as it were, cased round his figure, that Lionel, on turning quickly, might have mistaken him for a portrait brought into bold relief, from its frame, by a sudden fall of light. We hear it, indeed, familiarly said that such an one is like an old picture. Never could it be more appositely said than of the face on which the young visitor gazed, much startled and somewhat awed. Not such as inferior limners had painted in the portraits there, though it had something in common with those family lineaments, but such as might have looked tranquil power out of the canvass of Titian.

The man stepped forward, and the illusion passed. "I thank you," he said, holding out his hand, "for taking me at my word, and answering me thus in person." He paused a moment, surveying Lionel's countenance with a keen but not unkindly eye, and added softly, "Very like your father."

At these words Lionel involuntarily pressed the hand which he had taken. That hand did not return the pressure. It lay an instant in Lionel's warm clasp—not repelling, not responding—and was then very gently withdrawn.

"Did you come from London?"

"No, sir; I found your letter yesterday at Hampton Court. I had been staying some days in that neighbourhood. I came on this morning,—I was afraid, too unceremoniously; your kind welcome reassures me there."

The words were well chosen, and frankly said. Probably they pleased the host, for the expression of his countenance was, on the whole, propitious; but he merely inclined his head with a kind of lofty indifference, then, glancing at his watch, he rang the bell. The servant entered promptly. "Let dinner be served within an hour."

"Pray, sir," said Lionel "do not change your hours on my account."

Mr. Darrell's brow slightly contracted. Lionel's tact was in fault there; but the great man answered quietly, "All hours are the same to me; and it were strange if a host could be deranged by consideration to his guest—on the first day too. Are you tired? Would you like to go to your room, or look out for half an hour? The sky is clearing."

"I should so like to look out, sir."

"This way then."

Mr. Darrell, crossing the hall, threw open a door opposite to that by which Lionel entered, and the lake (we will so call it) lay before them,—separated from the house only by a shelving gradual declivity, on which were a few beds of flowers—not the most in vogue nowadays—and disposed in rambling old-fashioned parterres. At one angle, a quaint and dilapidated sun-dial; at the other, a long bowling-alley, terminated by one of those summer-houses which the Dutch taste, following the Revolution of 1688, brought into fashion. Mr. Darrell passed down this alley (no bowls there now), and observing that Lionel looked curiously towards the summer-house, of which the door stood open, entered it. A

lofty room, with coved ceiling, painted with Roman trophies of helmets and faces, alternated with crossed flutes and fiddles, painted also.

"Amsterdam manners," said Mr. Darrell, slightly shrugging his shoulders. "Here a former race heard music, sung glees, and smoked from clay pipes. That age soon passed, unsuited to English energies, which are not to be united with Holland phlegm! But the view from the window—look out there. I wonder whether men in wigs and women in hoops enjoyed *that*. It is a mercy they did not clip those banks into a straight canal!"

The view was indeed lovely—the water looked so blue and so large and so limpid, woods and curving banks reflected deep on its peaceful bosom.

"How Vance would enjoy this!" cried Lionel. "It would come into a picture even better than the Thames."

"Vance—who is Vance?"

"The artist—a great friend of mine. Surely, sir, you have heard of him, or seen his pictures?"

"Himself and his pictures are since my time. Days tread down days for the Recluse, and he forgets that celebrities rise with their suns, to wane with their moons,—

"Traditor dies die,
Nevaeque pergunt interire luna."

"All suns do not set—all moons do not wane!" cried Lionel, with bliant enthusiasm. "When Horace speaks elsewhere of the Julian star, he compares it to a moon—'*inter ignes minores*'—and surely Fame is not among the orbs which '*pergunt interire*'—hasten on to perish!"

"I am glad to see that you retain your recollection of Horace," said Mr. Darrell, frigidly, and without continuing the allusion to celebrities, "the most charming of all poets to a man of my years, and" (he very drily added) "the most useful for popular quotation to men at any age."

Then sauntering forth carelessly, he descended the sloping turf, came to the water-side, and threw himself at length on the grass—the wild thyme which he crushed sent up its bruised fragrance. There, resting his

face on his hand, Darrell gazed along the water in abstracted silence. Lionel felt that he was forgotten; but he was not hurt. By this time a strong and admiring interest for his cousin had sprung up within his breast—he would have found it difficult to explain why. But whosoever at that moment could have seen Guy Darrell's mtising countenance, or whosoever, a few minutes before, could have heard the very sound of his voice—sweetly, clearly full—each slow enunciation unaffectedly, mellowly distinct—making musical the homeliest roughest word, would have understood and shared the interest which Lionel could not explain. There are living human faces, which, independently of mere physical beauty, charm and enthrall us more than the most perfect lineaments which Greek sculptor ever lent to a marble face; there are key-notes in the thrilling human voice, simply uttered, which can haunt the heart, rouse the passions, lull rampant multitudes, shake into dust the thrones of guarded kings, and effect more wonders than ever yet have been wrought by the most artful chorus or the deftest quill.

In a few minutes the swans from the further end of the water came sailing swiftly towards the bank on which Darrell reclined. He had evidently made friends with them, and they rested their white breasts close on the margin, seeking to claim his notice with a low hissing salutation, which, it is to be hoped, they change for something less sibilant in that famous song with which they depart this life.

Darrell looked up. "They come to be fed," said he, "smooth emblems of the great social union. Affection is the offspring of utility. I am useful to them—they love me." He rose, uncovered, and bowed to the birds in mock courtesy: "Friends, I have no bread to give you."

LIONEL.—"Let me run in for some! I would be useful too."

MR. DARRELL.—"Rival!—useful to my swans?"

LIONEL (tenderly).—"Or to you, sir."

He felt as if he had said too much, and without waiting for permission,

ran indoors to find some one whom he could ask for the bread.

"Senseless, childless, hopeless, objectless!" said Darrell murmuringly to himself, and sunk again into reverie.

By the time Lionel returned with the bread, another petted friend had joined the master. A tame doe had caught sight of him from her covert far away, came in light bounds to his side, and was pushing her delicate nostril into his drooping hand. At the sound of Lionel's hurried step she took flight, trotted off a few paces, then turned, looking wistfully.

"I did not know you had deer here."

"Deer!—in this little paddock!—of course not; only that doe. Fairthorn introduced her here. By the by," continued Darrell, who was now throwing the bread to the swans, and had resumed his careless unmeditative manner, "you were not aware that I had a brother hermit—a companion besides the swans and the doe. Dick Fairthorn is a year or two younger than myself, the son of my father's bailiff. He was the cleverest boy at his grammar-school. Unluckily he took to the flute, and unfitted himself for the present century. He condescends, however, to act as my secretary—a fair classical scholar—plays chess—is useful to me—I am useful to him. We have an affection for each other. I never forgive any one who laughs at him. The half-hour bell, and you will meet him at dinner. Shall we come in and dress?"

They entered the house—the same man-servant was in attendance in the hall. "Show Mr. Haughton to his room." Darrell inclined his head—I use that phrase, for the gesture was neither bow nor nod—turned down a narrow passage, and disappeared.

Let up an uneven staircase of oak, black as ebony, with huge balustrades, and newel-posts supporting clumsy balls, Lionel was conducted to a small chamber, modernised a century ago by a faded Chinese paper, and a mahogany bedstead, which took up three-fourths of the space, and was crested with dingy plumes, that gave it the cheerful look of a hearse; and there the attendant said, "Have you the

key of your knapsack, sir? shall I put out your things to dress?" Dress! Then for the first time the boy remembered that he had brought with him no evening dress—nay, evening dress, properly so called, he possessed not at all in any corner of the world. It had never yet entered into his modes of existence. Call to mind when you were a boy of seventeen, 'betwixt two ages hovering like a star,' and imagine Lionel's sensations. He felt his cheek burn as if he had been detected in a crime. "I have no dress things," he said piteously; "only a change of linen and this," glancing as the summer jacket. The servant was evidently a most gentlemanlike man—his native sphere that of groom of the chambers. "I will mention it to Mr. Darrell; and if you will favour me with your address in London, I will send to telegraph for what you want against to-morrow."

"Many thanks," answered Lionel, recovering his presence of mind; "I will speak to Mr. Darrell myself."

"There is the hot water, sir; that is the bell. I have the honour to be placed at your commands." The door closed, and Lionel unlocked his knapsack—other trousers, other waistcoat had he—those worn at the fair, and once white. Alas! they had not since then passed to the care of the laundress. Other shoes—double-soled for walking. There was no help for it, but to appear at dinner, attired as he had been before, in his light pedestrian jacket, morning waistcoat flowered with sprigs, and a fawn-coloured nether man. Could it signify much—only two men? Could the grave Mr. Darrell regard such trifles?—Yes, if they intimated want of due respect.

"Durum! sed sit levius Patientia
Quoloquid corrigere est nefas."

On descending the stairs, the same high-bred domestic was in waiting to show him into the library. Mr. Darrell was there already, in the simple but punctilious costume of a gentleman who retains in seclusion the habits customary in the world. At the first glance Lionel thought he saw a slight cloud of displeasure on his host's brow. He went up to Mr. Darrell ingenuously, and apologised for

the deficiencies of his itinerant wardrobe. "Say the truth," said his host; "you thought you were coming to an old churl, with whom ceremony was misplaced."

"Indeed no!" exclaimed Lionel. "But—but I have so lately left school."

"Your mother might have thought for you."

"I did not stay to consult her, indeed, sir; I hope you are not offended."

"No, but let me not offend you if I take advantage of my years and our relationship to remark that a young man should be careful not to let himself down below the measure of his own rank. If a king could bear to hear that he was only a ceremonial, a private gentleman may remember that there is but a ceremonial between himself and—his hatter!"

Lionel felt the colour mount his brow; but Darrell, pressing the distasteful theme no farther, and seemingly forgetting its purport, turned his remarks carelessly towards the weather. "It will be fair to-morrow; there is no mist on the hill yonder. Since you have a painter for a friend, perhaps you yourself are a draughtsman. There are some landscape-effects here which Fairthorn shall point out to you."

"I fear, Mr. Darrell," said Lionel, looking down, "that to-morrow I must leave you."

"So soon? Well, I suppose the place must be very dull."

"Not that—not that; but I have offended you, and I would not repeat the offence. I have not the 'ceremonial' necessary to mark me as a gentleman—either here or at home."

"So! Bold frankness and ready wit command ceremonials," returned Darrell, and for the first time his lip wore a smile. "Let me present to you Mr. Fairthorn," as the door, opening, showed a shambling awkward figure, with loose black knee-breeches and buckled shoes. The figure made a strange sidelong bow; and hurrying in a lateral course, like a crab sud-

denly alarmed, towards a dim recess protected by a long table, sunk behind a curtain fold, and seemed to vanish as a crab does amidst the shingles.

"Three minutes yet to dinner, and two before the letter-carrier goes," said the host, glancing at his watch. "Mr. Fairthorn, will you write a note for me?" There was a mutter from behind the curtain. Darrell walked to the place, and whispered a few words, returned to the hearth, rang the bell. "Another letter for the post, Mills: Mr. Fairthorn is sealing it. You are looking at my bookshelves, Lionel. As I understand that your master spoke highly of you, I presume that you are fond of reading."

"I think so, but I am not sure," answered Lionel, whom his cousin's conciliatory words had restored to ease and good-humour.

"You mean, perhaps, that you like reading, if you may choose your own books."

"Or rather if I may choose my own time to read them, and that would not be on bright summer days."

"Without sacrificing bright summer days, one finds one has made little progress when the long winter nights come."

"Yes, sir. But must the sacrifice be paid in books? I fancy I learned as much in the playground as I did in the schoolroom, and for the last few months, in much my own master, reading hard, in the forenoon, it is true, for many hours at a stretch, and yet again for a few hours at evening, but rambling also through the streets, or listening to a few friends whom I have contrived to make—I think, if I can boast of any progress at all, the books have the smaller share in it."

"You would, then, prefer an active life to a studious one."

"Oh, yes—yes."

"Dinner is served," said the decorous Mr. Mills, throwing open the door.

CHAPTER III.

In our happy country every man's house is his castle. But however stoutly he fortify it, Care enters, as surely as she did, in Horace's time, through the porticoes of a Roman's villa. Ner, whether ceilings be fretted with gold and ivory, or whether only coloured with whitewash, does it matter to Care any more than it does to a house-fly. But every tree, be it cedar or blackthorn, can harbour its singing-bird; and few are the homes in which, from nooks least suspected, there starts not a music. Is it quite true that "*non avium oitharæque cantus somnum reducent?*" Would not even Damocles himself have forgotten the sword, if the lute-player had chanced on the notes that hilt?

The dinner was simple enough, but well dressed and well served. One footman, in plain livery, assisted Mr. Milks. Darrell ate sparingly, and drank only water, which was placed by his side iced, with a single glass of wine at the close of the repast, which he drank on bending his head to Lionel with a certain knightly grace, and the prefatory words of "Welcome here to a Haughton." Mr. Fairthorn was less abstemious—tasted of every dish, after examining it long through a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, and drank leisurely through a bottle of port, holding up every glass to the light. Darrell talked with his usual cold but not uncourteous indifference. A remark of Lionel's on the portraits in the room turned the conversation chiefly upon pictures, and the host showed himself thoroughly accomplished in the attributes of the various schools and masters. Lionel, who was very fond of the art, and indeed painted well for a youthful amateur, listened with great delight.

"Surely, sir," said he, struck much with a very subtle observation upon the causes why the Italian masters admit of copyists with greater facility than the Flemish—"surely, sir, you must yourself have practised the art of painting?"

"Not I; but I instructed myself as a judge of pictures, because at one time I was a collector."

Fairthorn, speaking for the first time: "The rarest collection—such Albert Durers! such Holbeins! and that head by Leonardo da Vinci!" He stopped—looked extremely frightened—helped himself to the port—turning his back upon his host, to hold, as usual, the glass to the light.

"Are they here, sir?" asked Lionel.

Darrell's face darkened, and he

made no answer; but his head sank on his breast, and he seemed suddenly absorbed in gloomy thought. Lionel felt that he had touched a wrong chord, and glanced timidly towards Fairthorn; but that gentleman cautiously held up his finger, and then rapidly put it to his lip, and as rapidly drew it away. After that signal, the boy did not dare to break the silence, which now lasted uninterruptedly, till Darrell rose, and with the formal and superfluous question, "Any more wine?" led the way back to the library. There he ensconced himself in an easy-chair, and saying, "Will you find a book for yourself, Lionel?" took a volume at random from the nearest shelf, and soon seemed absorbed in its contents. The room, made irregular by bay-windows, and shelves that projected as in public libraries, abounded with nook and recess. To one of these Fairthorn sidled himself, and became invisible. Lionel looked around the shelves. No *belles lettres* of our immediate generation were found there—none of those authors most in request in circulating libraries and literary institutes. The shelves could discover none more recent than the Johnsonian age. Neither in the lawyer's library were to be found any law-books—no, nor the pamphlets and parliamentary volumes that should have spoken of the once eager politician. But there, were superb copies of the ancient classics. French and Italian authors were not wanting, nor such of the English as have withstood the test of time. The larger portion of the shelves seemed, however, devoted to philosophical works. Here alone was novelty admitted—the newest essays on science, or the best editions of old works thereon. Lionel at length made his choice—a volume of the

Faerie Queen. Coffee was served; at a later hour tea. The clock struck ten. Darrell laid down his book.

"Mr. Fairthorn—the Flute!"

From the recess a mutter; and presently—the musician remaining still hidden—there came forth the sweetest note—so dulcet, so plaintive! Lionel's ear was ravished. The music suited well with the enchanted page, through which his fancy had been wandering dream-like—the flute with the *Faerie Queen*. As the air flowed liquid on, Lionel's eyes filled with tears. He did not observe that Darrell was intently watching him. When the music stopped, he turned aside to wipe the tears from his eyes. Somehow or other, what with the poem, what with the flute, his thoughts had wandered far far hence to the green banks and blue waves of the Thames—to Sophy's charming face, to her parting childish gift! And where was she now? Whither passing away, after so brief a holiday, into the shadows of forlorn life?

Darrell's bell-like voice smote his ear.

"Spenser! You love him! Do you write poetry?"

"No, sir; I only feel it!"

"Do neither!" said the host, abruptly. Then, turning away, he lighted his candle, murmured a quick good-night, and disappeared through a side-door which led to his own rooms.

Lionel looked round for Fairthorn, who now emerged *ab angulo*—from his nook.

"Oh, Mr. Fairthorn, how you have enchanted me! I never believed the flute could have been capable of such effects!"

Mr. Fairthorn's grotesque face lighted up. He took off his spectacles, as if the better to contemplate the face of his eulogist. "So you were pleased! really?" he said, chuckling a strange grim chuckle, deep in his inmost self.

"Pleased! it is a cold word! Who would not be more than pleased?"

"You should hear me in the open air."

"Let me do so—to-morrow."

"My dear young sir, with all my heart. Hist!"—gazing round as if haunted—"I like you. I wish him to like you. Answer all his questions as if you did not care how he turned you inside out. Never ask him a question, as if you sought to know what he did not himself confide. So there is something, you think, in a flute, after all? There are people who prefer the fiddle."

"Then they never heard your flute, Mr. Fairthorn." The musician again emitted his discordant chuckle, and, nodding his head nervously and cordially, shambled away without lighting a candle, and was engulfed in the shadows of some mysterious corner.

CHAPTER IV.

The Old World and the New.

It was long before Lionel could sleep. What with the strange house, and the strange master—what with the magic flute, and the musician's admonitory caution—what with tender and regretful reminiscences of Sophy, his brain had enough to work on. When he slept at last, his slumber was deep and heavy, and he did not wake till gently shaken by the well-bred arm of Mr. Mills. "I humbly beg pardon—nine o'clock, sir, and the breakfast-bell going to ring." Lionel's toilet was soon hurried over; Mr. Darrell and Fairthorn were talking together as he entered the break-

fast-room—the same room as that in which they had dined.

"Good morning, Lionel," said the host. "No leave-taking to-day, as you threatened. I find you have made an appointment with Mr. Fairthorn, and I shall place you under his care. You may like to look over the old house, and make yourself"—Darrell paused—"At home," jerked out Mr. Fairthorn, filling up the *hiatus*. Darrell turned his eye towards the speaker, who evidently became much frightened, and, after looking in vain for a corner, sidled away to the window, and poked him-

self behind the curtain. "Mr. Fairthorn, in the capacity of my secretary, has learned to find me thoughts, and put them in his own words," said Darrell, with a coldness almost icy. He then seated himself at the breakfast-table; Lionel followed his example, and Mr. Fairthorn, courageously emerging, also took a chair and a roll. "You were a true diviner, Mr. Darrell," said Lionel; "it is a glorious day."

"But there will be showers later. The fish are at play on the surface of the lake," Darrell added, with a softened glance towards Fairthorn, who was looking the picture of misery. "After twelve, it will be just the weather for trout to rise; and if you fish, Mr. Fairthorn will lend you a rod. He is a worthy successor of Izaak Walton, and loves a companion as Izaak did, but more rarely gets one."

"Are there trout in your lake, sir?"

"The lake! You must not dream of invading that sacred water. The inhabitants of rivulets and brooks not within my boundary are beyond the pale of Fawley civilisation, to be snared and slaughtered like Caffres, red men, or any other savages, for whom we bait with a missionary, and whom we impale on a bayonet. But I regard my lake as a politic community, under the protection of the law, and leave its denizens to devour each other, as Europeans, fishes and other cold-blooded creatures, wisely do, in order to check the overgrowth of population. To fatten one pike it takes a great many minnows. Naturally I support the vested rights of pike. I have been a lawyer."

It would be in vain to describe the manner in which Mr. Darrell vented this or similar remarks of mocking irony, or sarcastic spleen. It was not bitter nor sneering, but in his usual mellifluous level tone and passionless tranquillity.

The breakfast was just over as a groom passed in front of the windows with a led horse. "I am going to leave you, Lionel," said the host, "to make—friends with Mr. Fairthorn, and I thus complete the sentence which he diverted astray, according to my own original intention." He passed across the hall to the open house-door, and stood by the horse

stroking its neck, and giving some directions to the groom. Lionel and Fairthorn followed to the threshold, and the beauty of the horse provoked the boy's admiration: it was a dark muzzled brown, of that fine old-fashioned breed of English roadster, which is now so seldom seen; showy, bow-necked, long-tailed, stumbling reedy hybrids, born of bad barbs, ill-mated, having mainly supplied their place. This was, indeed, a horse of great power, immense girth of loin, high shoulder, broad hoof; and such a head! the ear, the frontal, the nostril! you seldom see a human physiognomy half so intelligent, half so expressive of that high spirit and sweet generous temper, which, when united, constitute the ideal of thorough-breeding, whether in horse or man. The English rider was in harmony with the English steed. Darrell at this moment was resting his arm lightly on the animal's shoulder, and his head still uncovered. It has been said before that he was of imposing presence; the striking attribute of his person, indeed, was that of unconscious grandeur; yet, though above the ordinary height, he was not very tall—five feet eleven at the utmost—and far from being very erect. On the contrary, there was that habitual bend in his proud neck which men who meditate much and live alone almost invariably contract. But there was, to use an expression common with our older writers, that "great air" about him which filled the eye, and gave him the dignity of elevated stature, the commanding aspect that accompanies the upright carriage. His figure was inclined to be slender, through broad of shoulder and deep of chest; it was the figure of a young man, and probably little changed from what it might have been at five-and-twenty. A certain youthfulness still lingered even on the countenance—strange, for sorrow is supposed to expedite the work of age; and Darrell had known sorrow of a kind most adapted to harrow his peculiar nature, as great in its degree as ever left man's heart in ruins. No grey was visible in the dark brown hair, that, worn short behind, still retained in front the large Jove-like curl. No wrinkle, save at the corner of the eyes, marred the pale

bronze of the firm cheek; the forehead was smooth as marble, and as massive. It was that forehead which chiefly contributed to the superb expression of his whole aspect. It was high to a fault; the perceptive organs, over a dark, strongly-marked, arched eyebrow, powerfully developed, as they are with most eminent lawyers: it did not want for breadth at the temples; yet, on the whole, it bespoke more of intellectual vigour and dauntless will than of serene philosophy or all-embracing benevolence. It was the forehead of a man formed to command and awe the passions and intellect of others by the strength of passions in himself, rather concentrated than chastised, and an intellect forceful from the weight of its mass rather than the niceness of its balance. The other features harmonised with that brow; they were of the noblest order of aquiline, at once high and delicate. The lip had a rare combination of exquisite refinement and inflexible resolve. The eye, in repose, was cold, bright, unrevealing, with a certain absent, musing, self-absorbed expression, that often made the man's words appear as if spoken mechanically, and assisted towards that seeming of listless indifference to those whom he addressed, by which he wounded vanity, without, perhaps, any malice premeditated. But it was an eye in which the pupil could suddenly expand, the hue change from grey to dark, and the cold still brightness flash into vivid fire. It could not have occurred to any one, even to the most commonplace woman, to have described Darrell's as a handsome face; the expression would have seemed trivial and derogatory; the words that would have occurred to all, would have been somewhat to this effect—"What a magnificent countenance! What a noble head!" Yet an experienced physiognomist might have noted that the same lineaments which bespoke a virtue bespoke also its neighbouring vice; that with so much will there went stubborn obstinacy; that with that power of grasp there would be the tenacity in adherence which narrows in astringing the intellect; that a prejudice once conceived, a passion once cherished, would resist all rational

argument for relinquishment. When men of this mould do relinquish prejudice or passion, it is by their own impulse, their own sure conviction that what they hold is worthless: then they do not yield it graciously; they fling it from them in scorn, but not a scorn that consoles. That which they thus wrench away had grown a living part of themselves; their own flesh bleeds—the wound seldom or never heals. Such men rarely fail in the achievement of what they covet, if the gods are neutral; but adamant against the world, they are vulnerable through their affections. Their love is intense, but undemonstrative; their hatred implacable, but unvengeful. Too proud to revenge, too galled to pardon.

There stood Gay Darrell, to whom the bar had destined its highest honours, to whom the senate had accorded its most rapturous cheers; and the more you gazed on him as he there stood, the more perplexed became the enigma, how with a career sought with such energy, advanced with such success, the man had abruptly subsided into a listless recluse, and the career had been voluntarily resigned for a home without neighbours, a hearth without children.

"I had no idea," said Lionel, as Darrell rode slowly away, soon lost from sight amidst the thick foliage of summer-trees—"I had no idea that my cousin was so young!"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Fairthorn; "he is only a year older than I am!"

"Older than you?" exclaimed Lionel, staring in blunt amaze at the elderly-looking personage beside him; "yet true—he told me so himself."

"And I am fifty-one last birthday."

"Mr. Darrell fifty-two! Incredible!"

"I don't know why we should ever grow old, the life we lead," observed Mr. Fairthorn, readjusting his spectacles. "Time stands so still! Fishing, too, is very conducive to longevity. If you will follow me, we will get the rods; and the flute—you are quite sure you would like the flute? Yes! thank you, my dear young sir. And yet there are folks who prefer the fiddle!"

"Is not the sun a little too bright for the fly at present; and will you not, in the meanwhile, show me over the house?"

"Very well; not that this house has much worth seeing. The other, indeed, would have had a music-room! But, after all, nothing like the open air for the flute. This way."

I spare thee, gentle reader, the minute inventory of Fawley Manor House. It had nothing but its antiquity to recommend it. It had a great many rooms, all, except those used as the dining-room and library, very small, and very low—innumerable closets, nooks—unexpected cavities, as if made on purpose for the venerable game of hide-and-seek. Save a stately old kitchen, the offices were sadly defective even for Mr. Darrell's domestic establishment, which consisted but of two men and four maids (the stablemen not lodging in the house). Drawing-room, properly speaking, it had none. At some remote period a sort of gallery under the gable roofs (above the first floor), stretching from end to end of the house, might have served for the reception of guests on grand occasions. For fragments of mouldering tapestry still, here and there, clung to the walls; and a high chimney-piece, whereon, in plaster relief, was commemorated the memorable fishing-party of Antony and Cleopatra, retained patches of colour and gilding, which must, when fresh, have made the Egyptian queen still more appallingly hideous, and the fish at the end of Antony's hook still less resembling any creature known to ichthyologists.

The library had been arranged into shelves from floor to roof by Mr. Darrell's father, and subsequently, for the mere purpose of holding as many volumes as possible, brought out into projecting wings (collece-like) by Darrell himself, without any pretension to mediæval character. With this room communicated a small reading-closet, which the host reserved to himself; and this, by a circular stair cut into the massive wall, ascended first into Mr. Darrell's sleeping-chamber, and thence into a gable recess that adjoined the gallery, and which the host had fitted up for the purpose of scientific experiments in chemistry,

or other branches of practical philosophy. These more private rooms Lionel was not permitted to enter.

Altogether the house was one of those cruel tenements which it would be a sin to pull down, or even materially to alter, but which it would be an hourly inconvenience for a modern family to inhabit. It was out of all character with Mr. Darrell's former position in life, or with the fortune which Lionel vaguely supposed him to possess, and considerably underrated. Like Sir Nicholas Bacon, the man had grown too large for his habitation.

"I don't wonder," said Lionel, as, their wanderings over, he and Fairthorn found themselves in the library, "that Mr. Darrell began to build a new house. But it would have been a great pity to pull down this for it."

"Pull down this! Don't hint at such an idea to Mr. Darrell. He would as soon have pulled down the British monarchy! Nay, I suspect, sooner."

"But the new building must surely have swallowed up the old one?"

"Oh, no; Mr. Darrell had a plan by which he would have enclosed this separately in a kind of court with an open screen-work or cloister; and it was his intention to appropriate it entirely to mediæval antiquities, of which he has a wonderful collection. He had a notion of illustrating every earlier reign in which his ancestors flourished—different apartments in correspondence with different dates. It would have been a chronicle of national manners."

"But, if it be not an impertinent question, where is this collection? In London?"

"Hush! hush! I will give you a peep of some of the treasures, only don't betray me."

Fairthorn here, with singular rapidity, considering that he never moved in a straightforward direction, undulated into the open air in front of the house, described a rhomboid towards a side-buttress in the new building, near to which was a postern-door; unlocked that door from a key in his pocket, and, motioning Lionel to follow him, entered within the ribs of the stony skeleton. Lionel followed in a sort of supernatural awe,

and beheld, with more substantial alarm, Mr. Fairthorn winding up an inclined plank which he embraced with both arms, and by which he ultimately ascended to a timber joist in what should have been an upper floor, only flooring there was none. Perched there, Fairthorn glared down on Lionel through his spectacles. "Dangerous," he said, whisperingly; "but one gets used to everything! If you feel afraid, don't venture!"

Lionel, animated by that doubt of his courage, sprang up the plank, balancing himself, schoolboy fashion, with outstretched arms, and gained the side of his guide.

"Don't touch me," exclaimed Mr. Fairthorn, shrinking, "or we shall both be over. Now, observe and imitate." Dropping himself then carefully and gradually, till he dropped on the timber joist as if it were a velocipede, his long legs dangling down, he, with thigh and hand, impelled himself onward till he gained the ridge of a wall, on which he delivered his person, and wiped his spectacles.

Lionel was not long before he stood in the same place. "Here we are!" said Fairthorn.

"I don't see the collection," answered Lionel, first peering down athwart the joists, upon the rugged ground overspread with stones and rubbish, then glancing up, through similar interstices above, to the gaunt rafters.

"Here are some—most precious," answered Fairthorn, tapping behind him. "Walled up, except where these boards, cased in iron, are nailed across, with a little door just big enough to creep through; but that is locked—Ohubb's lock, and Mr. Darrell keeps the key!—treasures for a palace! No, you can't peep

through here—not a chink; but come on a little further,—mind your footing."

Skirting the wall, and still on the perilous ridge, Fairthorn crept on, formed an angle, and, stopping short, clapped his eye to the crevice of some planks nailed rudely across a yawning aperture. Lionel found another crevice for himself, and saw, piled up in admired disorder, pictures, with their backs turned to a desolate wall, rare cabinets, and articles of curious furniture, chests, boxes, crates—heaped pellmell. This receptacle had been roughly floored in deal, in order to support its miscellaneous contents, and was lighted from a large window (not visible in front of the house), glazed in dull rough glass, with ventilators.

"These are the heavy things, and least costly things, that no one could well rob. The pictures here are merely curious as early specimens, intended for the old house, all spoiling and rotting; Mr. Darrell wishes them to do so, I believe! What he wishes must be done! my dear young sir—a prodigious mind—it is of granite."

"I cannot understand it," said Lionel, aghast. "The last man I should have thought capriciously whimsical."

"Whimsical! Bless my soul! don't say such a word—don't, pray! or the roof will fall down upon us! Come away. You have seen all you can see. You must go first now—mind that loose stone there!"

Nothing further was said till they were out the building; and Lionel felt like a knight of old who had been led into sepulchral halls by a wizard.

CHAPTER V.

The annals of empire are briefly chronicled in family records brought down to the present day, showing that the race of men is indeed "like leaves on trees, now green in youth, now withering on the ground." Yet to the branch the most bare will green leaves return, so long as the sap can remount to the branch from the root; but the branch which has ceased to take life from the root—hang it high, hang it low—is a prey to the wind and the woodman.

It was mid-day. The boy and his new friend were standing apart, as becomes silent anglers, on the banks of a narrow brawling rivulet, running

through green pastures, half a mile from the house. The sky was overcast, as Darrell had predicted, but the rain did not yet fall. The two anglers

were not long before they had filled a basket with small trout.

Then Lionel, who was by no means fond of fishing, laid his rod on the bank, and strolled across the long grass to his companion.

"It will rain soon," said he. "Let me take advantage of the present time, and hear the flute, while we can yet enjoy the open air. No, not by the margin, or you will be always looking after the trout. On the rising-ground, see that old thorn-tree—let us go and sit under it. The new building looks well from it. What a pile it would have been! I may not ask you, I suppose, why it is left uncompleted. Perhaps it would have cost too much, or would have been disproportionate to the estate."

"To the present estate it would have been disproportioned, but not to the estate Mr. Darrell intended to add to it. As to cost, you don't know him. He would never have undertaken what he could not afford to complete; and what he once undertook, no thoughts of the cost would have scared him from finishing. Prodigious mind—granite! And so rich!" added Fairthorn, with an air of great pride. "I ought to know, I write all his letters on money matters. How much do you think he has, without counting land?"

"I cannot guess."

"Nearly half a million; in two years it will be more than half a million. And he had not three hundred a-year when he began life; for Fawley was sadly mortgaged."

"Is it possible! Could any lawyer make half a million at the bar?"

"If any man could, he would, if he set his mind on it. But it was not all made at the bar, though a great part of it was. An East Indian old bachelor of the same name, but who had never been heard of hereabouts till he wrote from Calcutta to Mr. Darrell (inquiring if they were any relations—and Mr. Darrell referred him to the College-at-Arms, which proved that they came from the same stock ages ago)—left him all his money. Mr. Darrell was not dependent on his profession when he stood up in Parliament. And since we have been here, such savings! Not

that Mr. Darrell is avaricious, but how can he spend money in this place? You should have seen the servants we kept in Carlton Gardens. Such a cook too—a French gentleman—looked like a marquis. Those were happy days, and proud ones! It is true that I order the dinner here, but it can't be the same thing. Do you like fillet of veal? we have one to-day."

"We used to have a fillet of veal at school on Sundays. I thought it good then."

"It makes a nice mince," said Mr. Fairthorn, with a sensual movement of his lips. "One must think of dinner when one lives in the country—so little else to think of! Not that Mr. Darrell does, but then he is—granite!"

"Still," said Lionel, smiling, "I do not get my answer. Why was the house uncompleted? and why did Mr. Darrell retire from public life?"

"He took both into his head; and when a thing once gets there, it is no use asking why. But," added Fairthorn, and his innocent ugly face changed into an expression of earnest sadness—"but no doubt he had his reasons. He has reasons for all he does, only they lie far far away from what appears on the surface—far as that rivulet lies from its source! My dear young sir, Mr. Darrell has known griefs on which it does not become you and me to talk. He never talks of them. The least I can do for my benefactor is not to pry into his secrets, nor babble them out. And he is so kind—so good—never gets into a passion; but it is so awful to wound him—it gives him such pain; that's why he frightens me—frightens me horribly; and so he will you when you come to know him. Prodigious mind!—granite—overgrown with sensitive plants. Yes, a little music will do us both good."

Mr. Fairthorn screwed his flute—an exceedingly handsome one. He pointed out its beauties to Lionel—a present from Mr. Darrell last Christmas—and then he began. Strange thing, Art! especially music. Out of an art, a man may be so trivial you would mistake him for an imbecile—at best a grown infant. Put him into his art, and how high he

soars above you! How quietly he enters into a heaven of which he has become a denizen, and, unlocking the gates with his golden key, admits you to follow, an humble, reverent visitor.

In his art Fairthorn was certainly a master, and the air he now played was exquisitely soft and plaintive; it accorded with the clouded yet quiet sky, with the lone bat summer landscape, with Lionel's melancholic but not afflicted train of thought. The boy could only murmur, "Beautiful!" when the musician ceased.

"It is an old air," said Fairthorn; "I don't think it is known. I found its scale scrawled down in a copy of the Eikon Basilike, with the name of *Joannes Darrell, Eq. Aurat*, written under it. That, by the date, was Sir John Darrell, the cavalier who fought for Charles I., father of the graceless Sir Ralph, who flourished under Charles II. Both their portraits are in the dining-room."

"Tell me something of the family; I know so little about it—not even how the Haughtons and Darrells seem to have been so long connected. I see by the portraits that the Haughton name was borne by former Darrells, then apparently dropped, now it is borne again by my cousin."

"He bears it only as a Christian name. Your grandfather was his sponsor. But he is nevertheless the head of your family."

"So he says. How?"

Fairthorn gathered himself up, his knees to his chin, and began in the tone of a guide who has got his lesson by heart, though it was not long before he warmed into his subject.

"The Darrells are supposed to have got their name from a knight in the reign of Edward III., who held the lists in a joust victoriously against all comers, and was called, or called himself, John the Dare-all; or, in old spelling, the Der-all! They were amongst the most powerful families in the country; their alliances were with the highest houses—Moutfichets, Nevilles, Mowbrays; they descend through such marriages from the blood of Plantagenet kings. You'll find their names in Chronicles in the early French wars. Unluckily they attached themselves to the fortunes of Earl

Warwick, the King-maker, to whose blood they were allied; their representative was killed in the fatal field of Barnet; their estates were of course confiscated; the sole son and heir of that ill-fated politician passed into the Low Countries, where he served as a soldier. His son and grandson followed the same calling under foreign banners. But they must have kept up the love of the old land, for in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., the last male Darrell returned to England with some broad gold pieces, saved by himself or his exiled fathers, bought some land in this county in which the ancestral possessions had once been large, and built the present house, of a size suited to the altered fortunes of a race that had, in a former age, manned castles with retainers. The baptismal name of the soldier who thus partially re-founded the old line in England was that now borne by your cousin, Guy—a name always favoured by Fortune in the family annals; for in Elizabeth's time, from the rank of small gentry, to which their fortune alone lifted them since their return to their native land, the Darrells rose once more into wealth and eminence under a handsome young Sir Guy—we have his picture in black flowered velvet—who married the heiress of the Haughtons, a family that had grown rich under the Tudors, and in high favour with the Maiden-Queen. This Sir Guy was befriended by Essex, and knighted by Elizabeth herself. Their old house was then abandoned for the larger mansion of the Haughtons, which had also the advantage of being nearer to the Court. The renewed prosperity of the Darrells was of short duration. The Civil Wars came on, and Sir John Darrell took the losing side. He escaped to France with his only son. He is said to have been an accomplished melancholy man; and my belief is, that he composed that air which you justly admire for its mournful sweetness. He turned Roman Catholic, and died in a convent. But the son, Ralph, was brought up in France with Charles II. and other gay roisterers. On the return of the Stuart, Ralph ran off with the daughter of the Roundhead to whom his estates had been given, and, after

getting them back, left his wife in the country, and made love to other men's wives in town. Shocking profligate! no fruit could thrive upon such a branch. He squandered all he could squander, and would have left his children beggars, but that he was providentially slain in a tavern brawl for boasting of a lady's favours to her husband's face. The husband suddenly stabbed him—no fair duello—for Sir Ralph was invincible with the small sword. Still the family fortune was much dilapidated, yet still the Darrells lived in the fine house of the Haughtons, and left Fawley to the owls. But Sir Ralph's son, in his old age, married a second time, a young lady of high rank, an earl's daughter. He must have been very much in love with her, despite his age, for to win her consent or her father's, he agreed to settle all the Haughton estates on her and the children she might bear to him. The smaller Darrell property had already been entailed on his son by his first marriage. This is how the family came to split. Old Darrell had children by his second wife; the eldest of those children took the Haughton name, and inherited the Haughton property. The son by the first marriage had nothing but Fawley, and the scanty domain round it. You descend from the second marriage, Mr. Darrell from the first. You understand now, my dear young sir?"

"Yes, a little; but I should very much like to know where those fine Haughton estates are now?"

"Where they are now? I can't say. They were once in Middlesex. Probably much of the land, as it was sold piecemeal, fell into small allotments, constantly changing hands. But the last relics of the property were, I know, bought on speculation by Cox the distiller; for, when, we were in London, by Mr. Darrell's desire I went to look after them, and inquire if they could be repurchased. And I found that so rapid in a few years has been the prosperity of this great commercial country, that if one did buy them back, one would buy twelve villas, several streets, two squares and a paragon! But as that symptom of national advancement, though a proud thought in itself, may

not have any pleasing interest for you, I return to the Darrells. From the time in which the Haughton estate had parted from them, they settled back in their old house of Fawley. But they could never again hold up their heads with the noblemen and great squires in the county. As much as they could do to live at all upon the little patrimony; still the reminiscence of what they had been, made them maintain it jealously, and entail it rigidly. The eldest son would never have thought of any profession or business; the younger sons generally became soldiers, and being always a venturesome race, and having nothing particular to make them value their existence, were no less generally killed off betimes. The family became thoroughly obscure, slipped out of place in the county, seldom rose to be even justices of the peace, never contrived to marry heiresses again, but only the daughters of some neighbouring parson or squire as poor as themselves, but always of gentle blood. Oh, they were as proud as Spaniards in that respect. So from father to son, each generation grew obscurer and poorer; for, entail the estate as they might, still some settlements on it were necessary, and no settlements were ever brought into it; and thus entails were cut off to admit some new mortgage, till the rent-roll was somewhat less than £500 a-year when Mr. Darrell's father came into possession. Yet somehow or other he got to college, where no Darrell had been since the time of the Glorious Revolution, and was a learned man and an antiquary—A GREAT ANTIQUARY! You may have read his works. I know there is one copy of them in the British Museum and there is another here, but that copy Mr. Darrell keeps under lock and key."

"I am ashamed to say I don't even know the titles of those works."

"There were 'Popular Ballads on the Wars of the Roses'; 'Darrelliana,' consisting of traditional and other memorials of the Darrell family; 'Inquiry into the Origin of Legends connected with Dragons'; 'Hours amongst Monumental Brasses,' and other ingenious lucubrations above the taste of the vulgar; some of them were even read at the Royal

Society of Antiquaries. They cost much to print and publish. But I have heard my father, who was his bailiff, say that he was a pleasant man, and was fond of reciting old scraps of poetry, which he did with great energy; indeed, Mr. Darrell declares that it was the noticing, in his father's animated and felicitous elocution, the effects that voice, look, and delivery can give to words, which made Mr. Darrell himself the fine speaker he is. But I can only recollect the Antiquary as a very majestic gentleman, with a long pigtail—awful, rather, not so much so as his son, but still awful—and so sad-looking; you would not have recovered your spirits for a week if you had seen him, especially when the old house wanted repairs, and he was thinking how he could pay for them!"

"Was Mr. Darrell, the present one, an only child?"

"Yes, and much with his father, whom he loved most dearly, and to this day he sighs if he has to mention his father's name! He has old Mr. Darrell's portrait over the chimney-piece in his own reading-room; and he had it in his own library in Carlton Gardens. Our Mr. Darrell's mother was very pretty, even as I remember her: she died when he was about ten years old. And she too was a relation of yours—a Haughton by blood; but perhaps you will be ashamed of her when I say she was a governess in a rich mercantile family. She had been left an orphan. I believe old Mr. Darrell (not that he was old then) married her because the Haughtons could or would do nothing for her, and because she was much snubbed and put upon, as I am told governesses usually are—married her because, poor as he was, he was still the head of both families, and bound to do what he could for decayed scions! The first governess a Darrell ever married, but no true Darrell would have called that a *mesalliance*, since she was still a Haughton, and '*Fors non mutat genus*'—Chance does not change race."

"But how comes it that the Haughtons—my grandfather Haughton, I suppose, would do nothing for his own kinswoman?"

"It was not your grandfather Ro-

bert Haughton, who was a generous man—he was then a mere youngster hiding himself for debt—but your great-grandfather, who was a hard man, and on the turf. He never had money to give—only money for betting. He left the Haughton estates sadly dipped. But when Robert succeeded, he came forward, was grandfather to our Mr. Darrell, insisted on sharing the expense of sending him to Eton, where he became greatly distinguished; thence to Oxford, where he increased his reputation; and would probably have done more for him, only Mr. Darrell, once his foot on the ladder, wanted no help to climb to the top."

"Then my grandfather, Robert, still had the Haughton estates? Their last relics had not been yet transmuted by Mr. Cox into squares and a paragon?"

"No, the grand old mansion, though much dilapidated, with its park, though stripped of saleable timber, was still left, with a rental from farms that still appertained to the residence, which would have sufficed a prudent man for the luxuries of life, and allowed a reserve fund to clear off the mortgages gradually. Abstinence and self-denial for one or two generations would have made a property, daily rising in value as the metropolis advanced to its outskirts, a princely estate for a third. But Robert Haughton, though not on the turf, had a grand way of living; and while Guy Darrell went into the law to make a small patrimony a large fortune, your father, my dear young sir, was put into the Guards to reduce a large patrimony—into Mr. Cox's distillery."

Lionel coloured, but remained silent.

Fairthorn, who was as unconscious, in his zest of narrator, that he was giving pain as an entomologist in his zest for collecting, when he pins a live moth into his cabinet, resumed: "Your father and Guy Darrell were warm friends as boys and youths. Guy was the elder of the two, and Charlie Haughton (I beg your pardon, he was always called Charlie) looked up to him as to an elder brother. Many's the scrape Guy got him out of; and many a pound, I believe.

when Guy had some funds of his own, did Guy lend to Charlie."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Lionel, sharply.

Fairthorn looked frightened. "I'm afraid I have made a blunder. Don't tell Mr. Darrell."

"Certainly not; I promise. But how came my father to need this aid, and how came they at last to quarrel?"

"Your father Charlie became a gay young man about town, and very much the fashion. He was like you in person, only his forehead was lower, and his eye not so steady. Mr. Darrell studied the law in Chambers. When Robert Haughton died, what with his debts, what with his father's, and what with Charlie's post-obits, and I O U's, there seemed small chance indeed of saving the estate to the Haughtons. But then Mr. Darrell looked close into matters, and with such skill did he settle them that he removed the fear of foreclosure; and what with increasing the rental here and there, and replacing old mortgages by new at less interest, he contrived to extract from the property an income of nine hundred pounds a-year to Charlie (three times the income Darrell had inherited himself), where before it had seemed that the debts were more than the assets. Foreseeing how much the land would rise in value, he then earnestly implored Charlie (who unluckily had the estate in fee-simple, as Mr. Darrell has this, to sell if he pleased), to live on his income, and in a few years a part of the property might be sold for building purposes, on terms that would save all the rest, with the old house in which Darrells and Haughtons both had once reared generations. Charlie promised, I know, and I've no doubt, my dear young sir, quite sincerely—but all men are not granite! He took to gambling, incurred debts of honour, sold the farms one by one, resorted to usurers, and one night, after playing six hours at piquet, nothing was left for him but to sell all that remained to Mr. Cox the distiller, unknown to Mr. Darrell, who was then married himself, working hard, and living quite out of news of the fashionable world. Then

Charlie Haughton sold out of the Guards, spent what he got for his commission, went into the Line; and finally, in a country town, in which I don't think he was quartered, but having gone there on some sporting speculation, was unwillingly detained—married—"

"My mother!" said Lionel, haughtily; "and the best of women she is. What then?"

"Nothing, my dear young sir,—nothing, except that Mr. Darrell never forgave it. He has his prejudices; this marriage shocked one of them."

"Prejudice against my poor mother! I always supposed so! I wonder why? The most simple-hearted, inoffensive, affectionate woman."

"I have not a doubt of it; but it is beginning to rain. Let us go home. I should like some luncheon; it breaks the day."

"Tell me first why Mr. Darrell has a prejudice against my mother. I don't think that he has even seen her. Unaccountable caprice. Shocked him, too—what a word! Tell me—I beg—I insist."

"But you know," said Fairthorn, half piteously, half snappishly, "that Mrs. Haughton was the daughter of a linendraper, and her father's money got Charlie out of the county jail; and Mr. Darrell said, 'Sold even your name!' My father heard him say it in the hall at Fawley. Mr. Darrell was there during a long vacation, and your father came to see him. Your father fired up, and they never saw each other, I believe, again."

Lionel remained still as if thunder-stricken. Something in his mother's language and manner had at times made him suspect that she was not so well born as his father. But it was not the discovery that she was a tradesman's daughter that galled him; it was the thought that his father was bought for the altar out of the county jail! It was those cutting words, "Sold even your name." His face, before very crimson, became livid; his head sunk on his breast. He walked towards the old gloomy house by Fairthorn's side, as one who, for the first time in life, feels on his heart the leaden weight of an hereditary shame.

CHAPTER VI.

Showing how sinful it is in a man who does not care for his honour to beget children.

When Lionel saw Mr. Fairthorn devoting his intellectual being to the contents of a cold chicken-pie, he silently stepped out of the room, and slunk away into a thick copse at the farthest end of the paddock. He longed to be alone. The rain descended, not heavily, but in penetrating drizzle; he did not feel it, or rather he felt glad that there was no gaudy mocking sunlight. He sat down forlorn in the hollows of a glen which the copse covered, and buried his face in his clasped hands.

Lionel Haughton, as the reader may have noticed, was no premature man—a manly boy, but still a habitant of the twilight, dreamy shadow-land of boyhood. Noble elements were stirring fitfully within him, but their agencies were crude and undeveloped. Sometimes, through the native acuteness of his intellect, he apprehended truths quickly and truly as a man—then, again, through the warm haze of undisciplined tenderness, or the raw mists of that sensitive pride in which objects, small in themselves, loom large with undetected outlines, he fell back into the passionate dimness of a child's reasoning. He was intensely ambitious; Quixotic in the point of honour; dauntless in peril, but morbidly trembling at the very shadow of disgrace, as a foal, destined to be the war-horse, and trample down levelled steel, starts in its tranquil pastures at the rustling of a leaf. Glowingly romantic, but not inclined to vent romance in literary creations, his feelings were the more high-wrought and enthusiastic because they had no outlet in poetic channels. Most boys of great ability and strong passion write verses—it is nature's relief to brain and heart at the critical turning-age. Most boys thus gifted do so; a few do not, and out of those few Fate selects the great men of action—those large luminous characters that stamp poetry on the world's prosaic surface. Lionel had in him the pith and substance of Fortune's grand nobodies,

who become Fame's abrupt somebodies when the chances of life throw suddenly in their way a noble something, to be ardently coveted and boldly won. But I repeat, as yet he was a boy—so he sat there, his hands before his face, an unreasoning self-torturer. He knew now why this haughty Darrell had written with so little tenderness and respect to his beloved mother. Darrell looked on her as the cause of his ignoble kinsman's "sale of name;" nay, most probably ascribed to her not the fond girlish love which levels all disparities of rank, but the vulgar cold-blooded design to exchange her father's bank-notes for a marriage beyond her station. And he was the debtor to this supercilious creditor, as his father had been before him! His father!—till then he had been so proud of that relationship. Mrs. Haughton had not been happy with her captain; his confirmed habits of wild dissipation had embittered her union, and at last worn away her wifely affections. But she had tended and nursed him, in his last illness, as the lover of her youth; and though occasionally she hinted at his faults, she ever spoke of him as the ornament of all society—poor, it is true, harassed by unfeeling creditors, but the finest of fine gentlemen. Lionel had never heard from her of the ancestral estates sold for a gambling debt; never from her of the county jail nor the mercenary *mesalliance*. In boyhood, before we have any cause to be proud of ourselves, we are so proud of our fathers, if we have a decent excuse for it. Of his father could Lionel Haughton be proud now? And Darrell was cognisant of his paternal disgrace—had taunted his father in yonder old hall—for what?—the marriage from which Lionel sprang! The hands grew tighter and tighter before that burning face. He did not weep, as he had done in Vance's presence at a thought much less galling. Not that tears would have misbecome

him. Shallow judges of human nature are they who think that tears in themselves ever misbecome boy or even man. Well did the sternest of Roman writers place the arch distinction of humanity, aloft from all meaner of heaven's creatures, in the prerogative of tears! Sooner mayest thou trust thy purse to a professional pickpocket than give loyal friendship to the man who boasts of eyes to

which the heart never mounts in dew! Only, when man weeps he should be alone—not because tears are weak, but because they should be sacred. Tears are akin to prayers. Pharisees parade prayer; impostors parade tears. O Pegasus, Pegasus—softly, softly—thou hast hurried me off amidst the clouds; drop me gently down—there, by the side of the motionless boy in the shadowy glen.

CHAPTER VII.

Lionel Houghton, having hitherto much improved his chance of fortune, decides the question.
“What will he do with it?”

“I have been seeking you everywhere,” said a well-known voice; and a hand rested lightly on Lionel's shoulder. The boy looked up, startled, but yet heavily, and saw Guy Darrell, the last man on earth he could have desired to see. “Will you come in for a few minutes? you are wanted.”

“What for? I would rather stay here. Who can want me?”

Darrell, struck by the words, and the sullen tone in which they were uttered, surveyed Lionel's face for an instant, and replied in a voice involuntarily more kind than usual—

“Some one very commonplace, but since the Picts went out of fashion very necessary to mortals the most sublime. I ought to apologise for his coming. You threatened to leave me yesterday because of a defect in your wardrobe. Mr. Fairthorn wrote to my tailor to hasten hither and repair it. He is here. I commend him to your custom! Don't despise him because he makes for a man of my remote generation. Tailors are keen observers, and do not grow out of date so quickly as politicians.”

The words were said with a playful good-humour very uncommon to Mr. Darrell. The intention was obviously kind and kinsman like. Lionel sprang to his feet; his lip curled, his eye flashed, and his crest rose.

“No, sir; I will not stoop to this! I will not be clothed by your charity—yours! I will not submit to an implied taunt upon my poor mother's ignorance of the manners of a rank

to which she was not born! You said we might not like each other, and if so, we should part for ever. I do not like you, and I will go!” He turned abruptly, and walked to the house—magnanimous. If Mr. Darrell had not been the most singular of men, he might well have been offended. As it was, though none less accessible to surprise, he was surprised. But offended? Judge for yourself. “I declare,” muttered Guy Darrell, gazing on the boy's receding figure,—“I declare that I almost feel as if I could once again be capable of an emotion! I hope I am not going to like that boy! The old Darrell blood in his veins, surely. I might have spoken as he did at his age, but I must have had some better reason for it. What did I say to justify such an explosion! *Quid feci!*—*ubi lapsus?* Gone, no doubt, to pack up his knapsack, and take the Road to Ruin! Shall I let him go? Better for me, if I am really in danger of liking him; and so be at his mercy to sting—what? my heart! I defy him; it is dead. No; he shall not go thus. I am the head of our joint houses. Houses! I wish he had a house, poor boy! And his grandfather loved me. Let him go! I will beg his pardon first; and he may dine in his draws if that will settle the matter!”

Thus, no less magnanimous than Lionel, did this misanthropical man follow his ungracious cousin. “Ha!” cried Darrell, suddenly, as, approaching the threshold, he saw Mr. Fairthorn at the dining-room window

occupied in nibbling a pen upon an ivory thumb-stall—"I have hit it! That abominable Fairthorn has been shedding its prickles! How could I trust flesh and blood to such a bramble? I'll know what it was, this instant!" Vain menace! No sooner did Mr. Fairthorn catch glimpses of Darrell's countenance within ten

yards of the porch, than, his conscience taking alarm, he rushed incontinent from the window—the apartment—and, ere Darrell could fling open the door, was lost in some lair—"nullis penetrabilis astris"—in that sponge-like and cavernous abode, wherewith benignant Providence had suited the locality to the creature.

CHAPTER VIII.

New Imbroglio in that ever-recurring, never-to-be-settled question,
"What will he do with it?"

With a disappointed glare, and a baffled shrug of the shoulder, Mr. Darrell turned from the dining-room, and passed up the stairs to Lionel's chamber, opened the door quickly, and, extending his hand, said, in that tone which had disarmed the wrath of ambitious factions, and even (if fame lie not) once seduced from the hostile Treasury-bench a placeman's vote, "I must have hurt your feelings, and I come to beg your pardon!"

But before this time Lionel's proud heart, in which ungrateful anger could not long find room, had smitten him for so ill a return to well-meant and not indelicate kindness. And, his wounded egotism appeased by its very outburst, he had called to mind Fairthorn's allusions to Darrell's secret griefs—griefs that must have been indeed stormy so to have revulsed the currents of a life. And, despite those griefs, the great man had spoken playfully to him—playfully in order to make light of obligations. So when Guy Darrell now extended that hand, and stooped to that apology, Lionel was fairly overcome. Tears, before refused, now found irresistible way. The hand he could not take, but, yielding to his yearn-

ing impulse, he threw his arms fairly round his host's neck, leant his young cheek upon that granite breast, and sobbed out incoherent words of passionate repentance—honest, venerating affection. Darrell's face changed, looking for a moment wondrous soft—and then, as by an effort of supreme self-control, it became severely placid. He did not return that embrace, but certainly he in no way repelled it; nor did he trust himself to speak till the boy had exhausted the force of his first feelings, and had turned to dry his tears.

Then he said, with a soothing sweetness: "Lionel Haughton, you have the heart of a gentleman that can never listen to a frank apology for unintentional wrong, but what it springs forth to take the blame to itself, and return apology tenfold. Enough! A mistake, no doubt, on both sides. More time must elapse before either can truly say that he does not like the other. Meanwhile," added Darrell, with almost a laugh—and that concluding query showed that even on trifles the man was bent upon either forcing or stealing his own will upon others—"meanwhile, must I send away the tailor?"

I need not repeat Lionel's answer.

CHAPTER IX.

Darrell: mystery in his past life. What has he done with it?

Some days passed—each day varying little from the other. It was the habit of Darrell, if he went late to rest, to rise early. He never allowed himself more than five hours' sleep.

A man greater than Guy Darrell—Sir Walter Raleigh—carved from the solid day no larger a slice for Morpheus. And it was this habit, perhaps, yet more than temperance in

diet, which preserved to Darrell his remarkable youthfulness of aspect and frame, so that at fifty-two he looked, and really was, younger than many a strong man of thirty-five. For, certain it is, that on entering middle life, he who would keep his brain clear, his step elastic, his muscles from fleshiness, his nerves from tremor—in a word, retain his youth in spite of the register—should beware of long slumbers. Nothing ages like laziness. The hours before breakfast Darrell devoted first to exercise, whatever the weather—next to his calm scientific pursuits. At ten o'clock punctually he rode out alone, and seldom returned till late in the afternoon. Then he would stroll forth with Lionel into devious woodlands, or lounge with him along the margin of the lake, or lie down on the tedded grass, call the boy's attention to the insect populace which sports out its happy life in the summer months, and treat of the ways and habits of each varying species, with a quaint learning, half humorous, half grave. He was a minute observer and an accomplished naturalist. His range of knowledge was, indeed, amazingly large for a man who has had to pass his best years in a dry and absorbing study; necessarily not so profound in each section as that of a special professor, but if the science was often on the surface, the thoughts he deduced from what he knew were as often original and deep. A maxim of his, which he cropped out one day to Lionel in his careless manner, but pointed diction, may perhaps illustrate his own practice and its results: "Never think it enough to have solved the problem started by another mind, till you have deduced from it a corollary of your own."

After dinner, which was not over till past eight o'clock, they always adjourned to the library, Fairthorn vanishing into a recess, Darrell and Lionel each with his several book, then an air on the flute, and each to his own room before eleven. No life could be more methodical; yet to Lionel it had an animating charm, for his interest in his host daily increased, and varied his thoughts with perpetual occupation.

Darrell, on the contrary, while more kind and cordial, more cautiously on his guard not to wound his young guest's susceptibilities than he had been before the quarrel and its reconciliation, did not seem to feel for Lionel the active interest which Lionel felt for him. He did not, as most clever men are apt to do in their intercourse with youth, attempt to draw him out, plumb his intellect, or guide his tastes. If he was at times instructive, it was because talk fell on subjects on which it pleased himself to touch, and in which he could not speak without involuntarily instructing. Nor did he ever allure the boy to talk of his school-days, of his friends, of his predilections, his hopes, his future. In short, had you observed them together, you would have never supposed they were connections—that one could and ought to influence and direct the career of the other. You would have said the host certainly liked the guest, as any man would like a promising, warm-hearted, high-spirited, graceful boy, under his own roof for a short time, but who felt that that boy was nothing to him—would soon pass from his eye—form friends, pursuits, aims—with which he could be in no way commingled, for which he should be wholly irresponsible. There was also this peculiarity in Darrell's conversation; if he never spoke of his guest's past and future, neither did he ever do more than advert in the most general terms to his own. Of that grand stage, on which he had been so brilliant an actor, he imparted no reminiscences; of those great men, the leaders of his age, with whom he had mingled familiarly, he told no anecdotes. Equally silent was he as to the earlier steps in his career, the modes by which he had studied, the accidents of which he had seized advantage—silent there as upon the causes he had gained, or the debates he had adorned. Never could you have supposed that this man, still in the prime of public life, had been the theme of journals, and the boast of party. Neither did he ever, as men who talk easily at their own hearths are prone to do, speak of projects in the future, even though the projects

be no vaster than the planting of a tree or the alteration of a parterre—projects with which rural life so copiously and so innocently teems. The past seemed as if it had left to him no memory, the future as if it stored for him no desire. But did the past leave no memory? Why then at intervals would the book slide from his eye, the head sink upon the breast, and a shade of unutterable dejection darken over the grand beauty of that strong stern countenance? Still that dejection was not morbidly fed and encouraged, for he would fling it from him with a quick impatient gesture of the head, resume the book resolutely, or change it for another which induced fresh trains of thought, or look over Lionel's shoulder, and make some subtle comment on his choice, or call on Fairthorn for the flute; and in a few minutes the face was severely serene again. And be it here said, that it is only in the poetry of young gentlemen, or the prose of lady novelists, that a man in good health, and of sound intellect, wears the livery of unvarying gloom. However great his causes of sorrow, he does not forever parade its ostentatious mourning, nor follow the hearse of his hopes with the long face of an undertaker. He will still have his gleams of cheerfulness—his moments of good-humour. The old smile will sometimes light the eye, and awake the old playfulness of the lip. But what a great and critical sorrow does leave behind is often far worse than the sorrow itself has been. It is a change in the inner man, which strands him, as Guy Darrell seemed stranded, upon the shoal of the Present; which the more he strive manfully to bear his burthen, warns him the more from dwelling on the Past;

and the more impressively it enforces the lesson of the vanity of human wishes, strikes the more from his reckoning illusive hopes in the Future. Thus out of our threefold existence two parts are annihilated—the what has been—the what shall be. We fold our arms, stand upon the petty and steep cragstone, which alone looms out of the Measureless Sea, and say to ourselves, looking neither backward nor beyond, "Let us bear what is;" and so for the moment the eye can lighten and the lip can smile.

Lionel could no longer glean from Mr. Fairthorn any stray hints upon the family records. That gentleman had evidently been reprimanded for indiscretion, or warned against its repetition, and he became as reserved and mum as if he had just emerged from the cave of Trophonius. Indeed he shunned trusting himself again alone to Lionel, and, affecting a long arrear of correspondence on behalf of his employer, left the lad during the forenoons to solitary angling, or social intercourse with the swans and the tame doe. But from some mystic concealment within doors would often float far into the open air the melodies of that magic flute; and the boy would glide back, along the dark-red mournful walls of the old house, or the futile pomp of pilastered arcades in the uncompleted new one, to listen to the sound: listening, *he*, blissful boy, forgot the present; *he* seized the unchallenged royalty of his years. For him no rebels in the past conspired with poison to the wine-cup, murder to the sleep. No deserts in the future, arresting the march of ambition, said—"Here are sands for a pilgrim, not fields for a conqueror."

CHAPTER X.

In which chapter the History quietly moves on to the next.

Thus nearly a week had gone, and Lionel began to feel perplexed as to the duration of his visit. Should he be the first to suggest departure? Mr. Darrell rescued him from that embarrassment. On the seventh day,

Lionel met him in a lane near the house, returning from his habitual ride. The boy walked home by the side of the horseman, patting the steed, admiring its shape, and praising the beauty of another sad—

horse, smaller and slighter, which he had seen in the paddock exercised by a groom. "Do you ever ride that chestnut? I think it even handsomer than this."

"Half our preferences are due to the vanity they flatter. Few can ride this horse,—any one, perhaps, that."

"There speaks the Dare-all!" said Lionel laughing.

The host did not look displeased.

"Where no difficulty, there no pleasure," said he in his curt laconic diction. "I was in Spain two years ago. I had not an English horse there, so I bought that Andalusian jennet. What has served him at need, no *preux chevalier* would leave to the chance of ill-usage. So the jennet came with me to England. You have not been much accustomed to ride, I suppose?"

"Not much; but my dear mother thought I ought to learn. She pinched for a whole year to have me taught at a riding-school during one school vacation.

"Your mother's relations are, I believe, well off. Do they suffer her to pinch?"

"I do not know that she has relations living; she never speaks of them."

"Indeed!" This was the first question on home matters that Darrell had ever directly addressed to Lionel. He there dropped the subject, and said, after a short pause, "I was not aware that you are a horseman, or I would have asked you to accompany me; will you do so to-morrow, and mount the jennet?"

"Oh, thank you; I should like it so much."

Darrell turned abruptly away from

the bright grateful eyes. "I am only sorry," he added, looking aside, "that our excursions can be but few. On Friday next I shall submit to you a proposition; if you accept it, we shall part on Saturday—liking each other, I hope; speaking for myself, the experiment has not failed; and on yours?"

"On mine!—oh, Mr. Darrell, if I dared but tell you what recollections of yourself the experiment will bequeath to me!"

"Do not tell me, if they imply a compliment," answered Darrell, with the low silvery laugh which so melodiously expressed indifference, and repelled affection. He entered the stable-yard, dismounted; and on returning to Lionel, the sound of the flute stole forth, as if from the eaves of the gabled roof. "Could the pipe of Horace's Faunus be sweeter than that flute?" said Darrell.

"*Utonque dulci, Tyndare, Atula, Valles, &c.*"

What a lovely ode that is! What knowledge of town life! what susceptibility to the rural! Of all the Latins, Horace is the only one with whom I could wish to have spent a week. But no! I could not have discussed the brief span of human life with locks steeped in Malobathran balm, and wreathed with that silly myrtle. Horace and I would have quarrelled over the first heady bowl of Massic. We never can quarrel now! Blessed subject and poet-laureate of Queen Proserpine, and, I dare swear, the most gentlemanlike poet she ever received at court, henceforth his task is to uncoil the asps from the brows of Alecto, and arrest the ambitious Orion from the chase after visionary lions."

CHAPTER XL

Showing that if a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.

The next day they rode forth, host and guest, and that ride proved an eventful crisis in the fortune of Lionel Haughton. Hitherto I have elaborately dwelt on the fact that, whatever the regard Darrell might feel for him, it was a regard apart from that interest which accepts a

responsibility, and links to itself a fate. And even if, at moments, the powerful and wealthy man had felt that interest, he had thrust it from him. That he meant to be generous was indeed certain, and this he had typically shown in a very trite matter-of-fact way. The tailor whose visit

had led to such perturbation, had received instructions beyond the mere supply of the raiment for which he had been summoned; and a large patent portmanteau, containing all that might constitute the liberal outfit of a young man in the rank of a gentleman, had arrived at Fawley, and amazed and moved Lionel, whom Darrell had by this time thoroughly reconciled to the acceptance of benefits. The gift denoted this, "In recognising you as kinsman, I shall henceforth provide for you as gentleman." Darrell indeed meditated applying for an appointment in one of the public offices, the settlement of a liberal allowance, and a parting shake of the hand, which should imply, "I have now behaved as becomes me; the rest belongs to you. We may never meet again. There is no reason why this good-by may not be for ever."

But in the course of that ride, Darrell's intentions changed. Wherefore? You will never guess! Nothing so remote as the distance between cause and effect, and the cause for the effect here was—poor little Sophy.

The day was fresh, with a lovely breeze, as the two riders rode briskly over the turf of rolling common-lands, with the feathery boughs of neighbouring woodlands tossed joyously to and fro by the sportive summer wind. The exhilarating exercise and air raised Lionel's spirits, and released his tongue from all trammels; and when a boy is in high spirits, ten to one but he grows a frank egotist, feels the teeming life of his individuality, and talks about himself. Quite unconsciously Lionel rattled out gay anecdotes of his school days; his quarrel with a demoniacal usher; how he ran away; what befel him; how the doctor went after, and brought him back; how splendidly the doctor behaved—neither flogged nor expelled him, but after patient listening, while he rebuked the pupil, dismissed the usher, to the joy of the whole academy; how he fought the head boy in the school for calling the doctor a sneak; how, licked twice, he yet fought that head boy a third time, and licked him; how, when head boy himself, he had roused the whole school into a civil war, dividing the boys into Cavaliers and

Roundheads; how clay was rolled out into cannon-balls and pistol-shot, sticks shaped into swords; the playground disturbed to construct fortifications; how a slovenly stout boy enacted Cromwell; how he himself was teleported into Prince Rupert; and how, reversing all history, and infamously degrading Cromwell, Rupert would not consent to be beaten; and Cromwell at the last, disabled by an untoward blow across the knuckles, ignominiously yielded himself prisoner, was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot! To all this rubbish did Darrell incline his patient ear—not encouraging, not interrupting, but sometimes stifling a sigh at the sound of Lionel's merry laugh, or the sight of his fair face, with heightened glow on its cheeks, and his long silky hair, worthy the name of love-locks, blown by the wind from the open loyal features, which might well have graced the portrait of some youthful Cavalier. On bounded the Spanish jennet, on rattled the boy rider. He had left school now, in his headlong talk; he was describing his first friendship with Frank Vance, as a lodger at his mother's; how example fired him, and he took to sketch-work and painting; how kindly Vance gave him lessons; how at one time he wished to be a painter; how much the mere idea of such a thing vexed his mother, and how little she was moved when he told her that Titian was of a very ancient family, and that Francis I., archetype of gentlemen, visited Leonardo da Vinci's sick-bed; and that Henry VIII. had said to a pert lord who had snubbed Holbein, "I can make a lord any day, but I cannot make a Holbein;" how Mrs. Haughton still confounded all painters in the general image of the painter and plumber who had cheated her so shamefully in the renewed window-sashes and redecorated walls, which Time and the four children of an Irish family had made necessary to the letting of the first floor. And these playful allusions to the maternal ideas were still not irreverent, but contrived so as rather to prepossess Darrell in Mrs. Haughton's favour, by bringing out traits of a simple natural mother, too proud, perhaps, of her only son, not caring what she did,

how she worked, so that he might not lose caste as a born Haughton. Darrell understood, and nodded his head approvingly. "Certainly," he said, speaking almost for the first time, "fame confers a rank above that of gentlemen and of kings; and as soon as she issues her patent of nobility, it matters not a straw whether the recipient be the son of a Bourbon or of a tallow-chandler. But if Fame withhold her patent—if a well-born man paint aldermen, and be not famous (and I dare say you would have been neither a Titian nor a Holbein), why, he might as well be a painter and plumber, and has a better chance, even of bread and cheese, by standing to his post as gentleman. Mrs. Haughton was right, and I respect her."

"Quite right. If I lived to the age of Methuselah, I could not paint a head like Frank Vance."

"And even he is not famous yet. Never heard of him."

"He will be famous—I am sure of it; and if you lived in London, you would hear of him even now. Oh, sir! such a portrait as he painted the other day! But I must tell you all about it." And therewith Lionel plunged at once, *medias res*, into the brief broken epic of little Sophy, and the eccentric infirm Belisarius for whose sake she first toiled and then begged; with what artless eloquence he brought out the colours of the whole story—now its humour, now its pathos; with what beautifying sympathy he adorned the image of the little vagrant girl, with her mien of gentlewoman and her simplicity of child; the river-excursion to Hampton Court; her still delight; how annoyed he felt when Vance seemed ashamed of her before those fine people; the orchard scene in which he had read Darrell's letter, that, for the time, drove her from the foremost place in his thoughts; the return home, the parting, her wistful look back, the visit to the Cobbler's next

day—even her farewell gift, the nursery poem, with the lines written on the fly-leaf, he had them by heart! Darrell, the grand advocate, felt he could not have produced on a jury, with those elements, the effect which that boy-narrator produced on his granite self.

"And, oh sir!" cried Lionel, checking his horse, and even arresting Darrell's with bold right hand—"oh," said he, as he brought his moist and pleading eyes in full battery upon the shaken fort to which he had mined his way—"oh, sir! you are so wise, and rich, and kind, do rescue that poor child from the penury and hardships of such a life! If you could but have seen and heard her! She could never have been born to it! You look away—I offend you. I have no right to tax your benevolence for others; but, instead of showering favours upon me, so little would suffice for her, if she were but above positive want, with that old man (she would not be happy without him), safe in such a cottage as you give to your own peasants! I am a man, or shall be one soon; I can wrestle with the world, and force my way somehow; but that delicate child, a village show, or a beggar on the high-road!—no mother, no brother, no one but that broken-down cripple, leaning upon her arm as his crutch. I cannot bear to think of it. I am sure I shall meet her again somewhere; and when I do, may I not write to you, and will you not come to her help? Do speak—do say 'Yes,' Mr. Darrell."

The rich man's breast heaved slightly; he closed his eyes, but for a moment. There was a short and sharp struggle with his better self, and the better self conquered.

"Let go my reins—see, my horse puts down his ears—he may do you a mischief. Now canter on—you shall be satisfied. Give me a moment to—to unbutton my coat—it is too tight for me."

CHAPTER XII.

Guy Darrell gives way to an impulse, and quickly decides what he will do with it.

"Lionel Haughton," said Guy Darrell, regaining his young cousin's side, and speaking in a firm and measured voice, "I have to thank you for one very happy minute; the sight of a heart so fresh in the limpid purity of goodness, is a luxury you cannot comprehend till you have come to my age; journeyed, like me, from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren. Heed me: if you had been half-a dozen years older, and this child for whom you plead had been a fair young woman, perhaps just as innocent, just as charming—more in peril—my benevolence would have lain as dormant as a stone. A young man's foolish sentiment for a pretty girl. As your true friend, I should have shrugged my shoulders and said, 'Beware!' Had I been your father, I should have taken alarm, and frowned. I should have seen the sickly romance, which ends in dupes or deceivers. But at your age, you hearty, genial, and open-hearted boy—you caught but by the chivalrous compassion for helpless female childhood—oh that you *were* my son—oh that my dear father's blood were in those knightly veins! I had a son once! God took him;" the strong man's lips quivered—he hurried on. "I felt there was manhood in you, when you wrote to fling my churlish favours in my teeth—when you would have left my roof-tree in a burst of passion which might be foolish, but was nobler than the wisdom of calculating submission—manhood, but only perhaps man's pride as man—man's heart not less cold than winter. To-day you have shown me something

far better than pride;—that nature which constitutes the heroic temperament is completed by two attributes—unflinching purpose, disinterested humanity. I know not yet if you have the first: you reveal to me the second. Yes! I accept the duties you propose to me; I will do more than leave to you the chance of discovering this poor child. I will direct my solicitor to take the right steps to do so. I will see that she is safe from the ills you fear for her. Lionel: more still, I am impatient till I write to Mrs Haughton. I did her wrong. Remember, I have never seen her. I resented in her the cause of my quarrel with your father, who was once dear to me. Enough of that. I disliked the tone of her letters to me. I disliked it in the mother of a boy who had Darrell blood; other reasons too—let them pass. But in providing for your education, I certainly thought her relations provided for her support. She never asked me for help there; and, judging of her hastily, I thought she would not have scrupled to do so if my help there had not been forestalled. You have made me understand her better; and at all events, three-fourths of what we are in boyhood most of us owe to our mothers! You are frank, fearless, affectionate—a gentleman. I respect the mother who has such a son."

Certainly praise was rare upon Darrell's lips, but when he did praise, he knew how to do it! And no man will ever command others who has not by nature that gift. It cannot be learned. Art and experience can only refine its expression.

MANCHESTER EXHIBITION OF ART-TREASURES.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL AND ITS TENDENCIES.

THE inherent connection between national life and national art is in an Exhibition like the present specially apparent. The life of a nation in its earlier simplicity, or in its later complexity and luxury, in the earnest endeavour of its healthful rise, or in the intoxicated levity of its fall, are all impressed in corresponding characters upon the national art. Compare the early-cloistered Italian works in the first saloon, with the Venetian luxury and colour in the second; or the pictures by Van Eyck and Mabuse, careful and conscientious, with the florid extravagance of Rubens, and then think of the wide diversity in national life which must have led to such bold contrasts in national art. We take it, that a grand international gallery like the present will be comparatively useless, unless it be made the basis of conclusions as wide as the collection is itself extensive. While disconnected works lay scattered in distant churches, palaces, or private galleries, criticism could with difficulty assume a consecutive completeness, or throw into its treatment of dissevered parts the system inherent to a united whole. It seems, however, in these days the special use and province of museums, whether of Natural History, or of Art, to group together into the completeness of a system materials which formerly lay scattered in individual isolation. Criticism of separate works or of individual artists had not to wait for this Manchester Exhibition; but a criticism which shall embrace nationalities in their wide diversities or close analogies—which shall give to each art its comparative position in the world's history, show the relation between a people's life and a people's pictorial fancies, is now, for the first time, rendered practicable. In our previous article we dwelt more especially on the characteristics of the ancient masters; in our present, coming to modern times, we shall treat of the merits, position, and tendencies of our English national

school. We shall endeavour to show how far it is representative of our national life; how far, as with the art of the middle ages, our own school now answers to the requirements of the times; and how far, failing of highest aims, it leaves existing wants and aspirations still unsatisfied.

In art, as in politics, the great difficulty is how to combine with a wise conservatism the possibility of progress; how to acknowledge, yea, even to adopt all, for example, that is eternally true and beautiful in the pictures of Claude or of Poussin, and yet at the same time not to barter away our pictorial independence, or pervert these works, which should instruct and guide our liberty, into fetters for our bondage. It was the rare merit of Reynolds to strike this happy medium between the obedience due to the past and the independence due to himself and his country. The pictures of Reynolds in this Exhibition, such as "Mrs. Anderson, Pelham" (155), "Nelly O'Brien" (19), and "The Strawberry Girl" (18), happily combine with an independent treatment of nature the pictorial knowledge which the onward history and development of art had established, thus giving to his works at once historic maturity and national vitality.

In landscape art, likewise, the examples in the first saloon sufficiently show that our English school, now so original, was, in its outset, content to be taught by the wisdom of the past. The noble works of Wilson, his "Niobe" (32), and "The View on the Arno" (39), owe their nobility and their beauty to Poussin and Claude. In like manner Louthenbourg, in his "Landscape with Cattle" (94), wisely submitted to the tuition of Berghem; and Nasmyth, it will be seen from various examples, adopted the style of Hobbema. That this humble attitude, this state of pupilage, was, in the infancy of English landscape art, needful and salutary, we think is manifest, not only in the nature of things, but by the results which this

Exhibition serves to establish. What English landscape might have been without this tuition is seen by Hogarth's "View of Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park" (19). What it has been and now is under such guidance and inspiration is manifest by Turner's "Vintage at Maçon" (229), and Danby's "Vale of Tempe" (359). We deem it no derogation to any man that, for a period at least in his development, he should see in nature what was first discovered by Claude and Poussin. A writer might well submit to be taught by Shakespeare or Milton, yet fear no servitude. Claude and Poussin were poet-painters, and it is fit that poetry such as theirs should live in our memories, and actuate our art; they saw what was unchangeably true in nature—the delicacy of aerial distance and the grandeur of composition—as true now and for us as it was then true for them; and it is thus fit and right that their works should be taken as guides to the same excellencies. It is well, not less in art than in other matters, that man should so use history, and the experience and acquisition of bygone ages, as to extend the sphere of his vision, and free him from the prejudice of a fleeting fashion, and the narrow dogmas and practice of a particular clique.

It is worthy of remark that the landscape artists who in their onset commenced with a marked and unaided individuality, whose honour it has been that their works are supremely and exclusively English, soon reached the limits of a circumscribed career. Take, for example, the landscapes of Gainsborough—his "Cottage Door" (161)—how thoroughly English!—the figures expressive of simple, rural, domestic happiness; even the cows and the pigs domestic, and content: the landscape too has the feeling of home; not brilliant, it is true, in the sky, or sunny in the climate, or ambitious in the gently-undulating distance, or ideal or dignified in the composition, and yet, as we have said, how thoroughly English!—how it appeals to our national sympathies, because it contains within it so much of ourselves, of our life and country home, recalling through memory and association

hours of boyhood's rambles in the woods, bird-nesting in the hedges, and fishing in the streams. Yet this landscape-art, though charming, is proportionably circumscribed. It is, indeed, remarkable how little these pictures contain of detailed knowledge—how loose and sloppy they are in handling—how uniformly monotonous in the tree touch. They constitute, in fact, an art which, having no *historic antecedents*, has, it would seem by a necessary consequence, no *historic sequence*, circumscribed in the period of its duration, as it was limited in the sphere of its excellence. Take Constable, again, as an example verifying the same conclusions. His "Salisbury Cathedral" (243), and the "Landscape with the White Horse" (277), are, indeed, the direct antipodes to the works of Claude and Poussin. The accident of nature is here rendered just as it is found; there is no attempt at picture-making, no love of the ideal, but a rude landscape and a rainy sky are truthfully given with vigorous hand. Now this art, like that of Gainsborough, having taken no deep root in the past, flourished for a season, and then, without reaching to any wide universality, without attaining to the expression of any high or recondite truth, died out with the man who had given it birth. Is it, indeed, a strange thing that an art born in a corner, unheralded by the prophesy of history, claiming no nobility or antiquity of ancestry, should be wanting in universality and exaltation?

Turner, on the contrary, was universal in the end, because he consented to be limited in the beginning; he attained in his maturity to a universal freedom, because in the onset he submitted to the bondage of tuition. Thus his "Vintage at Maçon" (229) is a noble example of what a great man may do even in his pupilage, when he consents to be taught by the greatest masters who have gone before him. It is now, we regret to say, too much the fashion to disparage works which derive their excellencies from the manner of Claude and Poussin. We would, therefore, specially direct the student to mark that this Exhibition of the

English school does not afford greater examples of landscape-art than Wilson's "Niobe," his "View on the Arno;" Turner's "Vintage at Maçon;" and Danby's "Vale of Tempe," all directly, be it observed, deriving their origin in Italian art. In the empire of art we do not object to reform, or to renovation; but we detest and decry violent revolution as both dangerous and unsound. An Exhibition like the present ought specially to teach us that, in art like nature, the laws of growth are gradual and progressive; that from time to time new life may be given, new creations added, but yet that the new is the development of the old—an addition which augments, not a revulsion which destroys. Thus the early Florentines led up to Raphael; the school of Venice was crowned by Titian; from this southern art, again, arose in the north Rubens and Vandyck; and the school of Spain took its parentage in Italy. On leaving the old masters, and entering on the Gallery of English Art, we are startled by the abrupt transition, by the want of historic sequence; and it is scarcely strange, because indeed most natural, that just in those points where the connection with the past is the closest, our success has been the greatest. It is in portrait-art and in landscape-painting that we are connected with antecedent greatness, and have thus become great ourselves. We must say that it argues ill for our national school, that in this great historic and chronological series we cannot show a more direct descent from Italy, and that, instead of finding a parentage in Raphael, we are compelled to look out for an ancestry among the Dutch.

It is not our intention to uphold the doctrine of art-finality; we do not pretend that any man, however historically great, should obtrude impassable barriers to our progress; we only wish to point out that a collection like the present does specially establish the chronological and historic laws of art-development, and that what is greatest and truest and soundest in the present, must, as it were, by the inherent laws of human progression, or at least of human mutation, take past greatness for its

origin. But while maintaining this as the critical canon which conduces to the safest as well as to the highest results, we cannot but admit that, when a nation has boldly, like our own, struck out a new career, the effort has at once the vigour of originality, and the promise of ultimate success. There is a cringing servitude to the past which implies national prostration, and precludes vitality and advancement. Thus the modern and living Germans have sold themselves to the ancient and dead Italians, and the result is an art learned, historic, and, perchance, grand: yet whether it be alive or dead is withal uncertain. An individual, whatever be his calling, should not lose his individuality; neither should a nation willingly barter away its nationality. A hybrid art of intermingled nationalities, wanting the vital vigour of healthful birth, is, by the condition of its first origin, emasculated, and threatened with extinction. Thus the French school of David was wedded to the art of modern Italy, and the resultant bastard offspring are the present Italian works, enfeebled and degenerate. While, then, we could have wished that out of the glories of historic art there might have arisen for us a school at once national and international; derived from universal humanity, yet not less belonging to us Englishmen; reaching back into all time, yet not less vital with the time and life now existent,—we, nevertheless, cannot but rejoice that, failing this highest result, our art has at least shown itself vigorous, honest, and free. We could have wished that the first efforts of our English school towards high art had been attended with greater success. But when we look at such failures as those of Fuseli (102), of Barry (158), and of Northcote (122),—when we see how vain were their efforts to reach the heroic style, we are ready to doubt not only whether a manner so ambitious was suited to the genius of these men, but still further, to question whether the grand style be consonant with the English character. A school of art such as theirs might indeed become domiciled in our nation without

growing into or out from our nationality. We content ourselves, then, with an indigenous growth, if healthful though humble, rather than a sicklied exotic, though it reach the heavens. England, politically free, boasts of an art not less independent; but while we rejoice that she has, in art as in politics, thrown off foreign dictation, and become subject to no servitude, we could have wished, as before stated, that in rebelling against tyranny she could have submitted to teaching.

In this independent and indigenous origin of our English school we recognise a close relation with the national characteristics of our people. In the naturalistic tendencies of our art we not less trace the corresponding direction of the nation's studies and sympathies. Nature has become with us an idolatry; natural science and natural history a passion; the knowledge of nature in a thousand ways ministers to our wealth; and in art, in like manner, its study becomes subservient to our pleasure. Now, if asked in what consists the health and the hope of our English school, we should assuredly say, in its close relation to nature, and to actual life. In landscape-art, for example, the minute and accurate transcript of nature has been carried to the last degree even of excess. It were now indeed almost possible to use a landscape painting as a diagram to illustrate a geological conformation, and a foreground in a picture might have been a scientific study from a Botanic Garden. It must be admitted that the Italian masters never attained to a like accuracy; their object was rather to portray nature in her general aspects than in her minute detail; their knowledge was in those days sufficient for the imagination, but not enough to satisfy the present prying curiosity of the senses. The accuracy of science, however, at length came, and required of art a corresponding truth; and now, finally, the detail of the photograph demands that the artist's eye shall be the lens of a camera, and his hand an untiring and unerring mechanism. All this, we have said, is healthful and hopeful,—and so it is, so far, at least, as it is not absolutely

absurd. That these hopes have indeed been already realised, we think the present Exhibition, though not strong in landscape-art, sufficiently proves. We shall hereafter take occasion to speak more at large of Turner's works; for the present, it is sufficient to point out that the careful study and minute knowledge of nature which characterise our English school, were in him the sure foundation of his greatness, the basis on which he reared his subsequent ideal and imaginative structure. The other masters of our English landscape-art are examples of the same naturalistic tendency. Constable was truthful and literal even to the last. Muller, in such pictures as the "Baggage-Waggon" (302), and the "Welsh Landscape" (309), and in his series of water-colour sketches, was equally truthful and vigorous, and, in the treatment even of foreign subjects, thoroughly English. Mr. Creswick, likewise, in his "Rocky Lake" (321), and "Over the Sands" (548), is another example of that detail and literal truth which can be attained only by continuous and laborious sketching. As a further and an exquisite example of this successful naturalism, we would refer to "A Morning in Autumn" (556), by Mr. Linnell, jun., in which detail is still duly subordinate to general pictorial effect. But at length we have reached a point in our national art career in which nature is made the pretence for the monstrous and the unnatural in art, and thus that which once was healthful is now perverted to disease, and what was hopeful in its origin has, in the end, become hopeless. We will not now stop further to characterise the school which has taken to itself the name pre-Raphaelite. A mistaken love of nature has become with these men a monomania; and beginning with the attempt to render all which was visible, they have at length, by a strange anomaly, actually succeeded in painting what is invisible. Mr. Hunt, for example, in "The Hireling Shepherd" (424), not content with counting the blades of grass in the field, the leaves on the tree, has painted, with utmost pains and detail, the eye, the beak, and the plumage of a swallow swiftly upon the wing!

We have confessed that the hope and the promise of our English school lies greatly in its strong hold on nature; we only regret that its love for nature is too material and literal; that the artist does not take more of the poet's license, and create out of the actual a fairer ideal. Art may possibly have become, in its decline in Italy, and in its rise in England, too artificial, too servilely bound down to academic dogmas; but the reaction in the opposite direction is now excessive; and in the anarchy which at present reigns, all received principles are in danger of being overturned. It is, however, to be hoped that the present stage of growth is merely transitional; that we are now, though blindly, yet industriously collecting facts and data, which, when the time for mere copyism has ended, and the advanced stage of creation has at length arrived, may be wrought into a national art commensurate with our national knowledge. Let it be borne in mind that art can compete with photography only by pushing to their utmost limits the essentially art qualities; by making the picture more and more a poem, throwing into it more of thought, intent, and feeling, making discordant lines harmonious, composing nature so as to satisfy the mind's desires, and better to attain nature's high intent—thus fashioning, as Milton did, a Vallombrosa into a paradise, and banishing from the Eden of an ideal art the plague and the pestilence which entered through sin.

Now we thankfully acknowledge that the art of this country has not been without the witness of this high endeavour. It is true that criticism now tends to crush all that is creative; academic law and order are imperilled, and a worse tyranny threatened; yet we trust an Exhibition like the present may serve to show that in art there are, and have been, higher walks than the truthful transcript of commonplace. We cannot but think, whatever may have been asserted to the contrary, that the authority of Turner is in direct support of this ideal, creative, and imaginative art, and we regret, on this account, that the Manchester

Exhibition contains no example of the class to which the grand picture of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" in Marlborough House belongs. To this imaginative school he gave not only the sanction of his practice, but the attesting approval of a last bequest, when he left by will his "Building of Carthage," to be placed between the pictures of Claude, as the test of his genius, and the witness to his fame. In our English school, Turner, Martin, and Danby are the three apostles of this imaginative art. Of Turner and his works we shall speak more hereafter. Of the landscapes by Martin we have his "Clytie" (289), with his usual infinity of space, an imagination run wild, and glorying in excess, yet suggestive of—indeed, almost revealing—thoughts which reach beyond earth's confines. Mr. Danby's "Vale of Tempe" (559) is one among the few grand landscapes in the Exhibition; yet, like Martin's "Clytie," its beauties are unseen in its present position. It is a picture appealing to the feelings rather than to the outward eye—a composition of tone and tender harmonies, the sky without a cloud melting into eternity, the distant sea reaching into infinity, the tranquil river flowing through the midst, an emblem of the life of song and dance, which fill the sunny day. Mr. Linton's "Greek City" (518), and his "Return of a Greek Armament" (524), belong, by pretension, to the same class; they have merit, but are, however, rather the compilations of pictorial commonplace than the impulsive soarings of an imagination which cannot rest till out of the materials of the actual world it has created a new heaven and a new earth.

Art of this poetic aim is not only high, but rare, and within the reach of few, and perhaps by a necessary consequence few only can appreciate it. We do not say that such art should be, or can be, universal, because we well know that in its very nature it is exceptional; all that we have asserted is, that whenever it may appear, men should straightway acknowledge it as supreme. We do not say to English artists indiscriminately, Attempt this

walk; on the contrary, we rather say, Examine into the quality of your individual genius, and follow its bent wherever it may lead. It is not needful that you should soar into the heavens if you were intended to walk humbly on the earth; but one thing is at least required of you, that you should be to your own selves truthful and sincere. manifold are the ways of nature, multifarious the offices of art; and to paint with truth and sincerity the lichen on the wall, the pebble on the beach, is something nobler than, with false ambition, to ape the highest, and consequently to fall into the lowest. We can almost forgive all that has been said against the ideal, because nothing can be more fatal to a school of art than that each man should imitate or measure himself against Raphael or Michael Angelo, Claude or Poussin. We once more, then, repeat, that notwithstanding the exception we have taken, it must be admitted that our English school is full of hope and promise, not only because it seeks to be true to outward nature, but because, in an Exhibition like the present, we scarcely find a man untruthful to himself. If he be not a Raphael, he is the first to acknowledge it, and, instead of painting prophets, does his best at a peasant. If not a Claude, he leaves for others "Carthage" and "the Bay of Baïæ," rightly content if he can make a truthful picture of a simple cottage. Let each man, according to his work, receive his reward.

The career and works of Turner are complex phenomena, capable of different explanation, according to the theories a writer may wish to substantiate. We cannot, however, but think that the doctrines we have enunciated will tend to the solution of that mystery in which his genius is involved. There is surely nothing mysterious or strange in the fact that a great man coming into the world had yet everything to learn, and that he naturally and necessarily sought instruction from those masters who were best qualified to teach. We see from such examples as the "Vintage of Maçon" (229), and from the early drawings in the Water-

Colour Gallery, that in his onset he adopted the style then in vogue. He thus, as we have already urged, made for himself in the past, a wide and secure basis for his future progress, by taking his stand among the historic names who had given to art a history, a chronology, and a progress. It was, therefore, not his weakness, but the source of his strength, that he commenced where Claude and Poussin had left off. The fact is, nature requires treatment before it can be converted into art; a glance, indeed, at the landscape backgrounds of the earliest pictures in the Italian and German Gallery of this Exhibition, sufficiently shows how great was the difficulty in transmuting the landscape of nature into the technicality of a picture. Thus, however original be the genius of an artist, he cannot afford to renounce the accumulated knowledge, and the established canons, which the predecessors in the history of his art have matured and established for his guidance. Turner accordingly submitted to be a pupil before he assumed to be a master. He saw nature through the eye of the great Italians; he painted the sea in the manner of the Dutch; he submitted for a season to this seeming servitude, in order that his vision in the end might be clear and far-reaching; and thus at length he won a right to freedom, and, through submission to the past, worked out his future originality.

The successive stages of his complex growth cannot be traced so completely at Manchester as in Marlborough House. Yet we are inclined to the belief that his onward rise, and his subsequent downward fall, have in them more of simplicity than has been generally imagined, and that the division of his manner into several successive periods is an ingenious overstraining scarcely borne out by the facts. There were of necessity in Turner, as more or less in the history of all great artists, three powers contending for mastery—the authority of the past, the authority of nature, and the power of his own genius. The authority of the past, intermingled with the teaching of nature, was, as we have shown,

rightly paramount in his earlier works, and we are far from thinking a wise man would desire that even his very latest should contain no traces of what is great and true in Art's history. Then came works in which the second power was more specially dominant, the authority of nature in its simple unbiassed truth. Of this phase in his art we have the "Abingdon," and the "Windsor," in Marlborough House, and the "Small Sea-Piece" (248), and the "Coast Scene" (264), in the Manchester Exhibition. In these pictures we find that tendency to naturalism, in the best sense of the word, which we have already pointed out, as the special hope and promise of our English school. We see in works of this character how closely he watched nature, with what delicacy and assiduity he laboured to verify her subtlest truths and beauties, laying in for himself a store of hard facts and expressive phenomena, which were subsequently to serve for his more ideal creations. Of this simple truthful naturalistic manner, take the small "Coast Scene" (264) as an example. Mark the minute study and accuracy in the wave-curves, the momentary poise of the boat on the wave's summit, the lucid reflection given to the water, which swells over the sand in liquid transparency; mark, too, the aerial and the linear perspective of the long wave which stretches far into the distance. This picture is, at the same time, wholly free from the taint of subsequent extravagance; its colour is not vivid, but neutral; not venturing on a greater variety of tint than existing knowledge could reduce into harmony. In accordance, then, with our previous division, we should, firstly, say that this work still retained somewhat of the manner which history had prescribed; that, secondly, it contained very much of direct nature, derived, not through tradition, but immediately from close study; and that, lastly, it incorporated somewhat of the artist's individual self, without the intense egotism of his later hallucinations.

In the career of Turner we would however, regard "tradition," "nature," and "genius," rather as three

originating powers, more or less operative throughout all his works, than as marking three successive chronological epochs. We imagine, indeed, that a minute examination will show that no positive demarcation of periods exists; that one manner overlaps and merges into another; that, for example, the very simplest nature enters into his earliest water-colour drawings (397 and 303), with no other traditional influence than the immature practice of an infant-school. Still, as we have said, we believe that the recognition of these three elements, "tradition," "nature," and "genius," as three fundamental powers, ever present in varying degrees, may tend to the better comprehension and classification of his complex works. His picture of "Walton Bridge on the Thames" (266), may be taken as an example of the manner in which the three elements frequently intermingle. In this work tradition had all but died out; the knowledge and the love of nature were still supreme; yet at the same time we find that both tradition and nature are modified by the power of his genius, which here plays with the colour and sports with the composition. Thus a subject utterly commonplace, and signally intractable, is, by the skilful introduction of cattle, boats, and horses, and through the tact of artistic treatment, reduced into a pleasing picture. In this work, likewise, we see positive colour broken down, made throughout transitional and relative, the water in its fluent liquid transparency suffused with reflections, and partaking of the surrounding local tints. Thus colour, as we have said, is sported with, nature is subjected to art-treatment, and this work may therefore be studied with advantage, as marking the transition from nature's supremacy to that closing phase in which genius, amounting ultimately to pictorial frenzy, tyrannises over nature, and reverses the teachings of history.

We have said that the English school is for the most part so literally naturalistic, that it seldom passes into the ulterior stage of ideal creation. This shortcoming, however, cannot be laid to the charge of Turner. He seems indeed, as we have

seen, to have been at once an imitator of other masters, and a diligent student of nature, in order that, in the end, he might, with the freedom and mastery of perfect knowledge, revel in the phantom glories of a burning imagination. Works of this third manner are not to be admired because they are transcripts of nature, which indeed they are not; but because they are the fiery effusions of a heated fancy, the outpourings of a genius which, having at first discovered beauties and truths in nature, at length found in itself a fervid poetry. Perhaps minds which pass through these stages of successive growth are capable of their highest works just at that point where fact and imagination meet half-way; where facts are not violated but coloured, and imagination, still holding on to nature, has a stand-point more substantial than the subsequent baseless fabric of a vision. Of this intermediate manner of mingled fact and fiction the present Exhibition contains some not unimportant examples. The "*Pas de Calais*" (259) is perhaps the best. Some facts of ocean have never indeed been seized with greater truth. The glassy mirror-like surface of the heaving waves, speeding onward, and carrying along the resistless boat, which, having lost all other way, heaves powerless. In this work is likewise found the subtle relation of each part to all, and all to each—sky, water, vessels, figures, all seen under a dream-like halo. To these special aspects of nature this picture is most true. Yet as we have said, such works are to be prized rather as a glowing fiction than a literal fact. It has often been our lot to traverse the ocean in sunshine, shade, and shower, yet never did it appear to us in guise like this. Of the same manner the Water-Colour Gallery contains further examples. Take, for instance, the drawing of "*Launceston*" (340), in which nature is subjected to the utmost art-treatment; the sky is full of atmosphere; over the landscape is sunshine; in the putting together of the entire picture there is all possible skill; the colour is delicate in gradations; and positive notes are thrown in only where point and emphasis are needed. Such

works, of which the Water-Colour Gallery contains a few examples, are, as we have said, the meeting of nature and art, of fact and fiction, half-way, and consequently partake of the fascination of the Arabian Nights, or of the poetic trance of a Midsummer Night's Dream. The mind, whether in painting or poetry, only demands of such works that they shall be well done, and then the imagination, willingly led captive, cares not, in the intoxication of high delight, to inquire whether the colours be too glowing or the fancy too exuberant.

How far away from literal nature a poet or an artist may lead his readers or spectators, depends mainly on the potency of his creative spell. Perhaps there is indeed no greater evidence of the genius of Turner than the distance to which he can allure the mind from the region of cold dry facts, without violating the sense of pictorial propriety. Of this last victory the Manchester Exhibition contains no example comparable to the "*Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*" in Marlborough House. In this pictorial romance the beauties of Italy are seen, as through the visions of a dream; the power of a concentrating composition brings together the distant mountains, the languishing sky, the villages nestling among the hills, the broken arch, and the exuberant fertility of a southern clime, all lustrous and golden in the fervid colour of a burning sun. That this is literally like to nature even in Italy, it were absurd to pretend. But it is like to what imagination pictures—like to the romance which poetry has written—like to the remembered scenes of past delight, when the cold of the wind or the heat of the sun—when the importunity of the mendicant or the weariness of fatigue are forgotten, and memory enhances, while it records, all that ministered to pleasure. It is an utter mistake to put such works to the test of literal truth; they prove, on the contrary, the position for which we have contended, that imagination is the artist's highest gift, and that, consequently, a picture of composition, a work of romance, takes a nobler mental position than a mere detailed chronicle of facts or events.

It might lead to interesting æsthetic conclusions, were we to analyse by what means Turner, in the more visionary drawings of this Water-Colour Gallery, succeeded in maintaining his spell over the imagination. It were interesting to inquire how far it was needful that the mind should be at once caught up from the earth, as in a trance; how far it was necessary, by a dream-like halo of unreality, to blind the clearer vision; how far a stern, startling truth might suddenly awaken to a convicting sense of delusion; or how far, on the contrary, a skilful intermingling of literal fact with fancied fiction was absolutely essential to satisfy that pictorial conscience which imperatively demands truth. It would probably be discovered that the success of these works depends on the due balance of these apparently incompatible elements. It will indeed be found that the license of romance is fully balanced by the wondrous amount and value of literal truth, so that it becomes difficult to determine whether these drawings are to be prized most for their accuracy to nature or for their consummate skill as works of art.

In the Water-Colour Gallery are collected many of Turner's drawings for book illustration, and we need scarcely say that, to the artist especially, they are studies of pictorial effect and management. We were more particularly struck with "Milan Cathedral" (366), "Marathon" (376), and "On the Rhine" (347). In the "Milan Cathedral," note the skilful management of the long procession, upon which the light, shade, and colour are so dexterously thrown, that great distance is given, and the whole length of pavement from foreground to the cathedral door, kept down in perfect level. Indeed, we need scarcely say that the entire series of these vignette drawings is remarkable for the skilful putting together of the subject, and for that pictorial management by which the strong telling points are brought out, and the weak merged or counteracted. We need not say how exquisite they are in colour; yet they belong to that period when literal nature had given place to romance; they are indeed studies in chromatics;

and being harmonious and grammatic in colour, it was left to the engraver to translate the transitional delicacies of tint into the equivalent of light and shade. It will be found that in detail they are minute, yet the detail is merged into one general effect. This strongly marked general effect, for the sake of which all that is inimical is surrendered, makes these works, considering the subtlety of their composition, not only eminently telling, but in some sense easily understood. Hence the erroneous conclusion that they were equally easily executed. But however rapid might have been the actual execution, never could it be asserted of any other painter with greater truth, that to throw off these works readily in an hour had required the hard labour of a life. Accordingly, on close examination, it will be found that, in the execution, there is no daring dash of hand, no broad blotting in of subject; even the sky is stippled, and every square inch has its separate light, shade, and resolution of colour. Never was so much knowledge crowded into so small a space, so much complexity and intricacy reduced into simplicity; so much positively stated, and yet so much vaguely suggested; so much for the eye to discover, and at the same time so much for the imagination to conjecture.

Such works, as we have said, are at the same time both nature and art, fact and fiction, each meeting the other half-way; and, consequently, they are sometimes admired simply as works of art, sometimes exclusively as works of nature. It has been our object to show that they are equally admirable as both, that they are signal examples of that highest class of art in which a great man throws into nature a portion of his own greatness, constituting a picture, as Coleridge said, an intermediate something between a thought and a thing. There came, however, it is well known, and now we trust universally admitted, a time in the history of Turner's mind, when, to adopt the idea of Coleridge, the idiosyncrasy of the artist's "thought" grew morbid and excessive. Of this closing and melancholy period, "The Exile and the Rock Limpet," and "The Angel standing

in the Sun," among the Marlborough House Collection, are sufficiently signal examples.

Of the numerous pictures and drawings now in Manchester, it is, perhaps, well that but few manifest the extravagance of this latest mannerism. The drawing of "Llanberris Lake" (334), in the Water-Colour Gallery, tends, for the first time, to that fierce blaze of the fiery furnace, and falls into that incoherence of colour, that mental wandering and paroxysm, which indicated, if we may be allowed to say, in what direction madness lay. We scarcely know whether to deem it strange or but natural, that Turner's strongest faculty, the sense of colour, should have been the first to give way, not indeed, perhaps, that it did so much break down as overleap prescribed bounds—what had always been a passion, becoming in the end raving delirium. Of this last sad stage, "Kussnucht, Lake of Lucerne" (379), and "An Alpine Pass," his last drawing (380), may be taken as examples: the one class has been designated "the Scarlet fever;" the other, "the Yellow fever." We need not say that, as critics, we have long condemned these extravagances. We at least have nothing to retract. As far back as the year 1833, this fiery school, in our English art, of which these drawings are ultra examples, was denounced as follows:—

"There are modern pictures that would make you long for a parasol, and put you in fear of the yellow fever, and into suspicion of the jaundice; scenes pretending, too, to be Fairy Land, that are as hot as capsicum, terribly tropical, 'sub curru nimum propinqui solis,'—where an Undine would be dried and withered, and you would long more for an icicle than Lalage, and would cry out for the shades of Erebus to hide you therein. Horace says: 'Place me under the chariot of the too near sun, in a land unblest of houses.' Yet do artists in defiance build their structures under the blaze of the sweltering orb, then perhaps give you a river in a region where even a Niobe could not squeeze out the moisture of a tear. You are astonished at the skill of the artist, and detest his

work, and require a green shade over your eyes for a week, and dread an ophthalmia. The true worship of nature is a greater mystery; the idol demands not the caldron and the fiery furnace; would she were the Mater Cybele to unyoke the lion from her car, and drive the mad recusant back into the woods. You cannot open an Annual without the flaring sun in the middle of the page; all imitate the wonder. Are we tired of the quietness of landscape? Must the earth exchange its verdure for a burnt-up barrenness, as if suffused with brimstone? and Phoebus himself, if he appear, be ever in a flame-coloured suit?"*

We had set ourselves the task of tracing the connection subsisting between our national life and our national art, and the career of Turner is an example which serves our purpose. Thus in his first rise he was historic and conservative, laying his foundations wide and deep in the past, seeking security in experience, and finding wisdom in an aristocracy of greatness. Then ensued a phase specially accordant with the existing tendencies of our national mind, when he set himself steadfastly to the study of nature, seizing her pictorial aspects and phenomena, thus making art in this its extended naturalism, in some measure commensurate in aim and importance with our natural science. His closing career of intoxicated extravagance may at first sight seem ill accordant with the practical sobriety of the national character. We regret to say, however, that an unhealthy craving for mental sensation and surprise has long set in; that repose is now superseded by intensity and velocity; that old truths are in danger of being neglected for specious error, and quiet merit for meretricious pretence. Now we do not say that in Turner's last manner there was no saving merit; we only point out the manifest relation between these works of extravagance and these cravings for intoxication, and accordingly we find, when the novelty of surprise is over, and the public talk has tired out, that these ultra works lose their spell, and the public, true to their better instincts, return with settled approval to those earlier pictures in

* *The Sketcher* (p. 12), by the Rev. John Eagles. See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxiii. p. 684.

which simple nature was the inspiration, and a wise antiquity the guide. What we now urge respecting the last style of Turner, is applicable to the first manner of the equally notorious school of English pre-Raphaelites. They are the latest novelty; the public are indebted to their works for a new pictorial sensation; they have given an interesting and an endless topic of talk. All this may be taken as a success; but when, as in the mannered works of Turner, the public eye becomes wearied with a novelty at length grown stale, these pre-Raphaelites may dread, from the noisy and fickle democracy of taste, a reaction not less blind and extravagant than former praise. The spirit of revolution which first crowned, is, in the end, not less eager to dethrone.

Let us now endeavour to show how far the English school of figure-painting is representative of the English character and our present aspect of civilisation. As society grows more complex, art naturally becomes more manifold. The fewer the wants, the simpler the ideas of a people, the more narrow will be the range of their art-creations. The art of barbarous nations is not only rude, but proportionably circumscribed; even the arts of Egypt and of Greece, whatever be their merit, and however clearly they declare an advanced civilisation, are at least wanting in wide universality. The pictures of the middle ages, as the Manchester Exhibition abundantly shows, were still more circumscribed in subject; and while they incite to ardour certain noble faculties of the mind, they leave the wider circuit of human nature unrepresented. It is not till we enter the gallery of the modern English school that we find art assume that wider latitude, which may even perhaps be deemed latitudinarian, taking in the profane no less than the sacred, the comic as well as the tragic. What a revolution is indeed involved in the entire purpose and direction of art by the contrast between "The Last Supper" (80) of Giotto, "The Baptism" (182) of Francia, and "The Crucifixion" (128) of Raphael, on the one hand; and on the other, "The March of the Guards to Finchley"

(26) by Hogarth, "The Drawing of the Militia" (514) by John Philip, and "Snap-Apple Night" (534) by Maclise. This ominous introduction of comedy and satire into modern art, and their prevalence in our English school, induce grave reflection. A well-known passage purporting to be descriptive of the Saviour, ended with the words, "None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep;" and accordingly, the art of the middle ages might readily move to tears, but never intentionally provoked to laughter. It is then startling to find our English school commence with the works of Hogarth; and this vein of comedy, once opened, runs more or less throughout the English Gallery. This intermingling of comedy into art is perhaps, after all, a healthful and manful indication. It has been said, man is the only animal who laughs; and when he does laugh, as here upon canvass, he shows a light heart and a free conscience; and far be it from us to suggest that the keenest sense of comedy and satire is irreconcilable with higher duties, or incompatible with more serious art. We fear, however, that this revolution in the purpose of the art implies that they are now content with a lower aim; that their present object is not so much to ennoble, as to amuse; that, in fact, they now serve to decorate a drawing-room, instead of aspiring, as formerly, to add devotion to a church. Herein, however, we find an adaptation in the existing phase of art to the wants, or at least to the weakness, of our present civilisation. The business of life is now so intense, the conflict of the world so severe, that art, becoming reactionary, has now taken the province of recreation, and a picture which beguiles into a smile, or provokes to laughter, accordingly confers on the world a service. It is, then neither strange nor unpardonable that on the walls of an exhibition should be hung works of comedy as well as of tragedy,—that Mr. Dobson's "Tobit and the Angel" (517), "Pepys's Introduction to Nell Gwynne" (526) by Mr. Egg, Mr. Leighton's "Procession of Cimabue" (520), and "The Ghost Scene in Macbeth" (522) by Mr. Maclise, should

all be found together on one wall in the same gallery. Such distribution and arrangement at least conspires to that system of contrast, surprise, and sensation, by which, as we have seen, the much-dreaded mental ennui is guarded off. This violation of the art-unities is indeed specially English; it has the sanction of Shakespeare; and the present heterogeneous character of our art may at least claim the following well-known passage by Dr. Johnson in its defence,—

"Shakespeare's plays," he says, and the argument equally applies to our English art—"Shakespeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of the other, in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend."

The school of *genre* painting, in which it will be seen the English Gallery is so prolific, would seem to take its rise in this indiscriminate and naturalistic treatment of actual and ordinary life. Our English art is thus in great measure a spontaneous emanation from the popular mind, finding what beauty, poetry, or comic point it may, in the incidents of society, rather than seeking what might perhaps be now deemed an abnormal elevation, distant from the daily sympathies of mankind. The sphere of art would no doubt be higher, were the life of man better; if his inner life were more thoughtful, his feelings less artificial and conventional, the outward manifestation of that life through art would doubtless become more contemplative and heartfelt. For our part, however, we are content to take the present phase of art as we find it, more especially as these English pictures are good of their kind, with no pretence, it is true, to the student-life of the few, but at the same time, honestly representative of life as it now is; of the crowd of gay dresses which throng our exhibitions; of the drawing-room and dinner-giving world, from whence

comes patronage to art. We accordingly trace a certain refinement of manner and style about our present school, which contrasts, we think, favourably with the coarser comedy of Hogarth and the pig-sty cottages of Morland. It will be seen, for example, how Wilkie in his "Blind-man's Buff" (258) and in his "Rent Day" (265), refined upon the Dutch Teniers and Brouwer, transmuting the tenants of a cottage into fit company for a palace. In like manner, Mr. Faed, in his admirable picture of the "Village School" (448) eschews all that is repulsive in poverty and rags; while Mr. Webster wholly avoids the pictorial difficulty of low life, by making his boys in such masterpieces as "the Playground" (328), and "the Slide" (350), the polished sons of gentlemen. It is, indeed, remarkable how delicate treatment, skill in execution, study of character, and point in incident, can, in such pictures, raise subjects the most common into works of extraordinary merit.

This wide and undefined term, "*genre painting*," includes a class of works which, taken from polite society or genteel comedy, are especially suited for the drawing-room. "The Vicar of Wakefield," the plays of Sheridan, the writings of Sterne and Addison, are the favourite works for illustration. It is, indeed, quite surprising what trifles will please, if the art which adorns be excellent. "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman" (369), "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church" (392), and "Sterne and the Grisette" (425), are, for example, all subjects suited to that quiet humour and veiled satire which are the special gifts of Mr. Leslie, and constitute pictures at once pointed and pleasing, which amuse without presuming to instruct; which, taking the public taste just as it is, condescends to "please with a feather and tickle with a straw." How delightfully charming is a painting of silks and satins—how well, when hung in the drawing-room, it matches with the new curtains and the gay carpet—how well the elegant attitudes and manners of the people in the picture comport with the elegant trifling in

society, with the graceful compliments which pass round the piano, and the *sotto voce* conversation which serves as an accompaniment to songs of conventional sentiment! Thus how complete is the accordance between art and society; and how can pictures fail of pleasing, which thus satisfy the highest needs of "evening parties?" "High Art" were an intrusion. Do you suppose that a picture of St. Peter is wanted in that polite society, where the company of St. Peter himself, the rude fisherman, would be far from welcome? In a day when manners make the man—and it is more important to be recognised as the perfect gentleman than known as the good Christian—it is not surprising that art corresponding to the exigencies of society, should become at once frivolous and refined.

This is specially the tendency of our present English school; yet, though a successful work be both frivolous and refined, it is, at the same time, needful that the execution and treatment should be pictorially good. If manners make the man, it is needful, at least, that the manners shall be of the best; and if pictorial manners and polish, and a good wardrobe, be sufficient to make the picture, it is at any rate demanded that these excellencies shall be the best of their kind. Mr. Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theatre, may succeed by alluring the eye; but yet, to command even this success, it was needful that the stage-display should be of its kind the best. In like manner take Mr. Frith's "Life at the Sea-side" in the Academy Exhibition of 1854, and which we are sorry not to find now at Manchester: it was admirably executed, abounding in point, humour, and character; it was the best of its class, and the crowd which gathered round it at once constituted a just tribute to its merit, and afforded sufficient evidence that to amuse and tickle by a trifle is now the special province of art. The pictures of Mr. Frith and of Mr. Egg are, indeed, so admirably executed, that we should with reason regret their absence in any Exhibition. Take for example Mr. Frith's "Stage-Coach Adventure"

(386); it is marked by pungent satire, is capitally painted, and has, at least, the merit of adding to enjoyment by creating amusement. In the same way, Mr. Egg's pictures of "Pepys' Introduction to Nell Gwynne" (526), and "Peter the Great's first Interview with Catherine" (398), are admirable rather from the excellence of pictorial manner and execution than from any intrinsic value in the subject. People delight to find what they have read of put upon canvass; it is now specially the province of a picture to realise and satisfy curiosity, and it is scarcely less gratifying for a man to find his own vagrant thoughts and reminiscences reduced to pictorial form, than to see himself in print. All men, of course, have read *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and have early recollections of Moses and his adventures: what then can be more delightful than to come upon the two pictures of Maclise (579 and 585), and see Moses, how smart he is made for the fair,—to mark the consternation of his return, and actually to find the gross of green spectacles here full in view? To praise works or men of such acknowledged excellence were needless, to attempt their depreciation fruitless. Such pictures cannot but succeed, because they awaken pleasing and passive memories without taxing to heavy thought, or rousing a dormant conscience. We live in a day when sermonising is permitted to the pulpit alone, as the only set-off to the levity of a world which dares not to be serious. We doubt not, were it necessary, a deep moral might be discovered in "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," in "Life at the Sea-side," or in "Moses and the Spectacles;" but, for our part, we should scarcely presume to moralise where we are evidently told to laugh, especially as the laughter may be both hearty and harmless.

It is scarcely a hopeful symptom that our national art so early in its growth should have so soon degenerated into a luxury. Ours is an art of wealth ambitious of display rather than of thoughts which demand an utterance, of feelings which claim a sympathy. Ours is an art allied to the merchant wealth of Venice,

rather than to the convent thought of Fiesoli, or even to the student-life which now feeds our literature. It is an art of colour, rather than of form, of effect rather than of sentiment; it seeks to furnish a room instead of feeding the mind, to allure rather than to exact. But to the gorgeous art of Venice in her glory we cannot yet attain. Of Venice it is said, "In purple was she robed, and of her feast monarchs partook;" and, accordingly, her palace-art was sumptuous and ornate. In like manner our own school of painting, under the patronage of merchant princes, as here assembled at the grand emporium of commerce, has emulated the same display; yet, nevertheless, our works contrast with the glowing creations of Venice, as the Exchange and the Free Trade Hall in Manchester compare with the Doge's Palace.

Yet must it be conceded that our drawing-room art admits of and receives much refinement and elegance in its treatment. There is, as we have said, in the works of Mr. Leslie a touch of subtlety. We would also, for this same merit, specially point out Mr. Horeley's "*Madrigal*" (549). Look at the hands, how delicately formed, how sensitive to the music; the heads, how expressive of character, and how full of the occasion; the bearing of the figures, and their attire, how indicative of birth and refinement! A picture which, like this, takes a domestic scene, and exalts it into a refined and thoughtful work of art, throws into the conception of life a poetry, and thus does service to mankind. We need not say that the works of Mr. Mulready bear this same critical test. Careful and elaborate in execution and finish, rich and lustrous in colour, matured in thought and intention, free from mannerism, they attain all the special merits which the English pre-Raphaelites only aim at, and sufficiently show that our national school was not wholly wanting in truth and sincerity when the brethren appeared with their wondrous revelations. The best works of Mr. Mulready are not to be seen in Manchester. Turn, however, to the hayfield, with "*Burchell and Sophia*" (362), and mark the high

refinement, and the exquisite drawing in the hands and heads; or, more especially, to "*The Bathers*" (357), and observe the delicate undulation in the lines and forms; the modulation of light, shade and colour; the refined idealising of the actual model, free from the coarseness of Etty and the mannered generalisation of Frost. Then, if in wonder you ask how all this knowledge and skill has been attained, walk into the room of drawings, examine the chalk studies from the life, and the elaborate sketch for his masterpiece, "*The Choice of the Wedding Gown*." Again, we say, these works are perfect in their kind; and while such a school existed, a pre-Raphaelite revolution and revelation were not needed.

The difficulty of assigning to these pre-Raphaelite works their rightful position in the history of past art, or among the works of our own times, is indicated at once in the violence of their opponents, and by the ardour of their friends. To take a middle course would be more easy, were they not themselves, both in their doctrine and by their works, so aggressively antagonistic. For ourselves, we have, in our previous article, already shown that this Manchester Exhibition abundantly proves that the brethren have imitated the middle ages by the resuscitation of exploded errors, rather than through the adoption of high spiritual graces. But perhaps the members of this school would rather be tested by their truth to living nature than by their literal transcript of a past history. Even, however, upon this issue we shall find that verdicts are conflicting. One man, with magnifying lens in hand, but with no notion, as we think, of what is requisite to a picture, examines and counts every separate hair on the ruddy peasant's head, or individualises each blade of grass in the field (see 424), and forthwith in ecstasy exclaims how wonderful, how like to nature! Another man, who has studied nature not less diligently, and who is certainly not less informed on the true philosophy of art, eschewing the numerously-supplied magnifying and opera glasses by which the Manchester Committee have unconsciously satirised the exe-

cution of the works exhibited, or the injustice of their hanging,—this man, we say, anxious to test these pretentious pictures by unaided vision and unbiassed mind, exclaims in execration, how detestable! how untrue to nature! It is evident, then, that on this point the public are divided into diametrically opposing parties. We think, however, it must be admitted by all, that this new school is the last and the most ultra development of the naturalistic tendencies which we have already pointed out as the special characteristic, of our national art. Whether this new aspect of naturalism be indeed simple nature, or a gross mannerism, and altogether a caricature of nature, is another question. We think, however, we may positively assert that these works, even if true to nature as she *is*, are at least utterly false to nature as she *appears*. It is, therefore, manifest that these pictures, as translations of nature into art, are utterly untrue and false. This is, indeed, the fundamental error which vitiates all their industry, their pretended honesty and truth. It may be admitted that, in nature a cube has eight sides, but if an artist should in his picture paint more than three, he violates the possibilities of vision. In like manner, a swallow on the wing may have eye, bill, and plumage; but when Mr. Hunt actually puts all these details into his picture (424), pretending to be true to nature, he paints, in fact, a pictorial falsehood. Whatever may have been an earlier doctrine, it has now been the practice of several centuries, that the action of a picture must be limited to a moment of time; that, for example, on the same canvass cannot be represented a man going to execution, the scene of his execution, and the subsequent burial; and, accordingly, Mr. Cope, in his "Martyrdom of Lawrence Saunders" (560), has thrown an analogous subject into three separate compartments or pictures. Now, it is this visual and mental, no less than pictorial law, which the English pre-Raphaelites substantially violate in their works. In the "Hireling Shepherd" (424), it may be possible that the eye should mark, for example, each individual hair on the peasant's head, but, conse-

quently, it could not at the same moment see the down on the moth's wing, or count the ears of corn in the distant field. In order to mark with equal distinctness these varied details, so widely distant from the focus of vision, a succession of moments, and still more, several distinct points of sight, are needful. Thus this equal emphasis of detail throughout the picture, so fatal to pictorial effect, arises in the fundamental error, that it is the province of a picture to represent nature as she *is*, not as she *appears*.

This doctrine of aspects and appearances constitutes, in fact, the very philosophy and poetry of art. If art be nothing but a literal transcript of nature, then is picture-making mechanical, and the painter's vocation drudgery. Art is no longer the rendering of what the poet-mind perceives, or feels, but the manual and servile transcript of detail which can be spelt out and counted. This is a naturalism which defeats itself, by leading to an art which, as art, is unnatural and monstrous; a naturalism which is, in fact, materialism; and in proportion as it is material, ignores the artist's mind, whose special province it is to compose, to create, and to idealise. This is the philosophical error which infects and vitiates, to a greater or less degree, all the works which have proceeded from this presumptuous school. Sir Joshua Reynolds would seem, as it were by anticipation, to have denounced the delusions of these men, when he wrote as follows,—

"Amongst the painters and writers on painting, there is one maxim universally admitted and continually inculcated. Imitate nature is the invariable rule; but I know of none who have explained in what manner this rule is to be understood; the consequence of which is, that every one takes it in the most obvious sense, that objects are represented naturally when they have such relief that they seem real. It may appear strange, perhaps, to hear this sense of the rule disputed; but it must be considered that, if the exclusive excellence of a painter consisted only in this kind of imitation, painting must lose its rank, and be no longer considered as a liberal art and sister to poetry. This imitation being merely mechanical, in which the

slowest intellect is always sure to succeed best, for the painter of genius cannot stoop to drudgery, in which the understanding has no part; and what pretence has art to claim kindred with poetry but its powers over the imagination?"

There are other errors and perversities which seem to belong to individual taste, or rather to the want of good taste, rather than to arise from any dogmatical theory. For instance, we know of no theory which lays down that flesh should be made of brick-dust; that human hair should be uniformly red; that women should be unexceptionally ugly; that men should be ungainly and uncouth; that beauty should be eschewed as a moral evil, and poetry be sought only in the repulsive. That we are in no way over-rating the special claims of these works to public attention and admiration, will be at once evident on appealing to Mr. Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd" (424), and his equally startling "Gentlemen of Verona" (470). It is strange, nay, it is unpardonable, that the pretended love of nature—a nature which shows herself so beautiful, so placid, and unobtrusive—should result in pictures so repulsive, so meretricious and offensive.

We readily admit that, notwithstanding such abhorrent qualities, the works of these men possess some remarkable merits. If they did not, it were impossible that they could so long have maintained their ground in public attention. Some of the best works which have emanated from this school, it must be admitted, are not in Manchester. It is to be regretted that Millais's pictures of "The Huguenots" and the "Order of Release," are not here exhibited, and that the undoubted genius of this artist has no better witness to attest his merit than his "Autumn Leaves" (543). Yet, notwithstanding these deficiencies, the Exhibition contains works, to deny all merit to which would assuredly be to condemn ourselves. For example, in Mr. Hunt's "Claudio and Isabella" (565), there is a dread fear in Claudio, a reproof in the Isabella, with her steadfast manner and soul-piercing eye, which makes this work, notwithstanding its repulsive aspect, a mar-

vel in expression. "The awakened Conscience" (560) is likewise in this respect not less remarkable, every incident adding emphasis to the story, and the marvellous detail aiding the realisation. It is these mental attributes which have given to the best works of these artists a high position with all men who, tired of conventionalism and elegant trifling, would fain look to art for suggestive thought and the mind's expression. We would, as far as in us lies, earnestly beseech these ardent painters to throw aside their repulsive mannerism, their false dogmas, and the dogmatising teachers who have betrayed their best interests; and henceforth, according to the sound and long-established canons in art, throw into their works more and more of thought, deep intent, and mental expression. They are wholly in error when they suppose that to them was confided a fresh revelation. All that is essentially new in themselves and their works is a repulsive and utterly false mannerism, which in their best pictures they have themselves already in great measure abandoned. What is good and admirable in their practice is in nowise new, and belongs not specially to them; it is coeval with the origin of all noble art, and immutable as the best faculties of man. Surely they do not pretend that to them is due the discovery that truth, honesty, and sincerity, are essential to all high labour, and that thought and mental expression are the highest attributes in the works of man. The entire history of art enforces the truth of these doctrines, old as the records of the human race. It is thought and mental expression which gives to the classic heads of Jupiter, of Alexander, and of Psyche, their claim to immortality. It was thought and mental expression which gave to the now much-abused Raphael, in the "Dispute" and "the School of Athens," his supreme position in the middle-age revival. This same thought and expression, found in the greatest works of Titian and Tintoret, still subsisting in such pictures as "The Three Marys" (310), not extinct in the school of Spain, and in "The Descent from the Cross" by Rubens, have in all

ages, and in all countries, given to art its value and renown. Among the presumptuous errors, then, which our pre-Raphaelite brethren have yet to unlearn, is the flattering notion, that to them pertains the honour of any grand discovery. In proportion as they henceforth learn humility, learn to acknowledge that before the dawn of their light the world was not in utter darkness; just in proportion as they submit to the wisdom that has gone before them—a wisdom which, though they think it not, may still be found living around them;—just in this same proportion will they lose the noisy notoriety belonging to a revolutionary clique, and gain that enduring renown which their genius merits.*

It is somewhat remarkable that this pre-Raphaelite furor has not extended to our school of water-colour painting. Many of these drawings, indeed, sufficiently show that sincerity and honesty of purpose may exist wholly independent of "the brethren," and, fortunately, equally independent of their repulsive mannerism. We need scarcely point out such works as Mr. Lewis's "Frank Encampment in the Desert" (638), or his "Easter day at Rome" (647), both of which sufficiently prove that the utmost originality, and the highest merit, may still be attained by genius without the necessity of any new revolution. Mr. William Hunt, again, in his "Stable Boy" (544), and in "The Attack" (526), and "The Defeat" (527), is natural, characteristic, and graphic to the last degree, yet wholly uninfected by this vicious theory, and uncontaminated by any extravagance, in practice. Indeed, this entire collection of water-colour drawings is so admirable and unexceptional, and the merits of the works, and the several manners of the individual artists, so well understood and so fully acknowledged, that the task of the critic has become now difficult, just in proportion as all that

can be advanced has been already anticipated. In the great Exposition of the Fine Arts in Paris, our school of water-colours attracted much attention; and Théophile Gautier, in the columns of the *Moniteur*, thus spoke of its characteristics,—

"It is known to what point of perfection our neighbours beyond the Channel have pushed this national style, in which they have no serious rivals: they have acquired in it a vigour, an *éclat*, an incredible effect. If too often their oil-pictures resemble water-colours, in revenge their water-colours are like oil-pictures for intensity, warmth, and energy of tone. They possess colours of an irreproachable preparation, which form a scale the most extended—papers smooth as glass, granulated as a wall, according to the effect which they desire to obtain, and which admit of work the most varied, from a free wash to the utmost elaboration."—*Le Moniteur Universel*, June 21, 1855.

Though all which can be said on the merits of our English water-colours has been long since exhausted, yet we would at least venture to advance a few words on the manifest relation between this essentially national art and the pictorial wants and tastes of the people. Water-colour art is indeed specially suited to the characteristics of our English school—a school, as we have seen, not ambitious or high, and therefore, for the most part, not availing itself of the full resources or limits of oil-painting. Water-colours, on the other hand, are not fitted for grand historic works, but rather for those smaller cabinet-pictures and subjects of *genre* which are specially suited to English tastes, and the limits of private patronage. Such subjects and works demand that high and delicate finish, that purity and brilliancy of colour, which the water-colour medium can so well attain. Such works are rightly prized as gems. Then, again, atmosphere in the sky, and aerial delicacy in distances, with all those qualities of

* We need scarcely say that this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy justifies and confirms all that we had written on the English pre-Raphaelites in Manchester. We gladly admit, however, that such works as "Thoughts of the Future," by Mr. R. Carrick, and "The Mountain-Path," by Mr. J. T. Linnell, give, at least to some members of this school, the promise of honourable escape from what is monstrous and repulsive.

colour, effect, and tone, which give to our landscape art its supremacy and charm, are perhaps more within the reach of water-colours than of oils. It is, therefore, not surprising that, within their comparatively circumscribed limits—the confines, in fact, which bound our English school—these works approach perfection, and merit all the crowded popularity which in Manchester has attended them. The examples here brought together are the best of their kind: they are such as minister to enjoyment without taxing thought; they specially constitute an art of luxury—an epicurean banquet to the finer senses.

But if the thought in these works be not deep, it cannot at least be charged with monotony. The diversity, indeed, manifested by the leading men in this Gallery, is remarkable, as if the ready fluency in the vehicle had given a freedom to expression, each artist speaking out in his own way just what thoughts are in him. Take, for example, Lewis, Hunt, Cattermole, Haag, Turner, Copley, Fielding, Prout, David Cox, Richardson, G. Fripp, and Branwhite—all so admirable, and yet each so different from the other. Contrast the refined drawing and the elaborate stipple of Mr. Lewis with the rude blotting-in of Cattermole; the delicacy of Copley Fielding's tones with the fierce fire of Turner's later colour; the indefinite sloppy-wash of Mr. David Cox with the determined positive execution of Mr. Branwhite. There is certainly in all this nothing of dead academic uniformity; each style, like the school itself, has sprung up, we scarcely know how; each master presuming to imitate nature just in his own way. The complaint is often heard that our modern civilisation destroys individuality of character; but the charge, if true of society, is certainly false when applied to our school of art, whether in water or in oil. Contrast, for example, Mr. MacIise with Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Danby with Mr. Holman Hunt, and in each, the strong individuality of our art is seen protruding above its generalised nationality; each man owning allegiance first to himself, and then in-

cidentally to his country. In art, indeed, our collective nationality is formed out of our dissevered individualities; the diversified aspects of our national school having remarkably little in common, save the one locality of origin. Art, in fact, in these days of fusing intercourse, merges its national into a cosmopolitan existence; and thus, for example, while the French, German, and English schools have each their boundary lines of separation, all yet again intermingle into one brotherhood, having this in common—that all alike represent the thoughts, the feelings, and the wants, of the same European civilisation.

A foreigner walking through these galleries of English painting would exclaim, where is their "high art?" Accustomed to grand altar-pictures—to Kaulbach's "Fall of Jerusalem," or his "Battle of the Huns,"—to "Homer deified," by Ingres—or the "Decline of the Romans," by Couture,—he would be astonished, that a nation so great in wealth, in commerce, and in conquest, should not boast of pictures equally grand in scale and ambitious in manner. The explanation of this unfortunate anomaly is, that the English artists, from Barry down to Haydon, specially devoted to high art, have sunk under poverty and calamity. Of the works of Haydon the public will be glad of the opportunity now afforded of judging for themselves, and they will probably arrive at the conclusion that the merits of these ambitious pictures are barely commensurate with their partial popularity and success. His "Judgment of Solomon" (280) is acknowledged as his best; "Macbeth" (241) betrays his besetting exaggeration; and "The Mock Election" (471) his coarseness. Judging from these works, we should infer that he did not possess sufficient innate mental elevation and refinement for the high style to which he aspired. His colouring is coarse, his execution clumsy, his figures plebeian, and his forms wanting in style and dignity. Still we readily admit that his "Judgment of Solomon" is a great work, and we cannot but join in the regret, elsewhere expressed, that this—one of the highest at-

tempts of our English school—should not have found a position in our National Gallery.

The works of Etty, it must be admitted, merit more than this qualified praise. His picture of "Ulysses and the Syrens" (263) is great in merit as it is grand in scale. Let it be admitted that the forms are coarse, that the Syrens are too literally copied from the ordinary models of common life; yet the colour, not so rapturous as the Venetian, not so subtle and delicate as that of Turner in his better days, is of the highest excellence, passing from the delicacy of silver tones into the richness of golden lustre, making the picture a banquet for the eye, an intoxication to the senses. His "Woman interceding for the Vanquished" (360) is directly founded upon Titian, and attains a Titian-like grandeur; the drawing has decision, and that certainty which belongs to knowledge; the colour distant and subtle, yet close and intimate in its modulated relations, is thoroughly matured, rising indeed into the heroic, and becoming truly the language of expression. There is likewise in these works a power which proves vigour of mind, an intensity which gives them a purpose, to which the surrounding pictures do not aspire. Take, for example, Mr. Frost's "Una and the Wood Nymphs" (507); though refined in feeling and elegant in form, it is, when compared with these works of Etty, without colour, power, or intention.

In the interest of high art it is to be regretted that Mr. Herbert is not better represented. His "Piracy of the Brides of Venice" (383) is a subject not suited to his manner; and his "Lear disinheriting Cordelia" (329), severe, thoughtful, academic, is yet but a study for a larger work. Sir Charles Eastlake's picture of "Christ weeping over Jerusalem" (359) is too well known to require either commendation or criticism. In dignity of subject and purity of manner it takes a high comparative position among the English school; but were the point of contrast changed to the great Italian works, it would be found comparatively wanting in elevation of general type and in

marked individuality of character and expression. Still we readily admit that it is a great and honourable work. Of Mr. Ward it is difficult to say whether he belong to the lower province of *genre* or to the higher sphere of history; his admirable picture of "Marie-Antoinette mending the coat of the sleeping King" (597), partaking, in fact, of both characters. It must be admitted, however, that his "Charlotte Corday led to execution" (464) is one of the chief historic pictures in this Exhibition, approaching indeed to the "grand style." It were interesting to know how far this work was executed under the inspiration of Horace Vernet and the French school. In the enumeration of works of high intention, it were unpardonable to omit the mention of Mr. Poole's "Song of the Troubadours" (326), so different from any work ancient or modern in the present Exhibition, so great in its spell-like power and mystery. The style is so special as scarcely to admit of designation in words; like all true greatness, the manner is inborn. The colour is not Venetian—for that it is too subdued; not of the school of Rembrandt, for that it is too refined; not Roman, for that it were too good. The light of the moon sparkles and dances on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, yet none of its shores can now show so poetic and noble a race. The picture is indeed a poet's dream and dream-land, where the fever-heat of day has at length swooned into the languishing hours of moonlight, and sobg wakens in the soul tenderest rapture.

Finally, though foremost in our enumeration of the works of highest purpose, we must mention Mr. Mac-lise's grand picture, "The Ghost Scene in Macbeth" (522). Let it be conceded that it is black in colour, exaggerated in type of countenance and expression, noisy and clap-trap in its stage-mannerism, yet do we nevertheless feel that there is in this work an unapproachable grandeur and terror. It has been objected that the Ghost, visible only to Macbeth, ought not to be in the picture: let it be supposed then, if necessary, that the Ghost appeared likewise to the painter—that under the haunting

vision of the spectre he painted this picture, thus giving to the work its supernatural mystery and awe. Our limits scarcely admit of detailed criticism, yet, nevertheless, we may venture to state the conclusion to which that criticism would lead,—that in power of thought and of dealing with a great subject, making each character great and powerful; for skill and concentration in the composition, and in the telling of the story; for mastery in handling and execution, this work triumphs over its more obvious defects, and attains to some of the highest attributes in art—grandeur, power, and mystery.

Were we asked whether art, like science, be progressive, we should probably point to the works of Stanfield, Landseer, and Roberts. Progression in the arts would seem not only to correspond with, but in some measure to be dependent on, the development of the physical sciences; art increasing in detailed accuracy as science advances in certainty, a picture in fact involving a knowledge of earth, air, and sea, with the science of optics and the laws of vision. Take, for instance, Mr. Roberts' "Giralda, Seville" (535), his "Interior of St. Stephen's, Vienna" (187), and his large picture of "Rome" (434), and compare these pictorial applications of linear and aerial perspective with the background buildings in the pictures of the early German and Italian schools, and we shall find in these works about the same contrast as between middle-age science and the positive knowledge of the nineteenth century. Of the works of Landseer, such as "The Shoeing" (407), "The Catspaw" (379), and "There is Life in the Old Dog yet" (331), it is scarcely needful that we should speak. In the history of animal-painting, however, they claim distinctive notice for the supremacy given, if we may so say, to mental expression. These pictures would indeed go far to determine the long-mooted question, whether animals are gifted with mind and reason, and it were, perhaps, difficult to say whether such art belongs to the department of natural science or of mental philosophy. Mr. Stanfield must be classed with Mr. Roberts—not only by virtue

of his naturalism, but also from the largeness of his scenic manner. We think that "The Passage of the Magra" (343)—guns drawn along the beach with inflowing tide and mountains in the distance—is the best of his works here exhibited. His "St. Michael's Mount" (377), however, more especially displays his mastery over the sea, broken and tossing—heaving dashing waves, rising and falling with weight and power, but liquid and yielding, into which heavy bodies sink, yet buoyant, whereon light bodies may float; swelling with anger, ready to break in spray and flood over man and boat; the same storm which tosses the waves ranging in the sky, buffeting the black wind-driven rain-laden clouds. We think such pictures as these would go far to show that art is, or at least may be, still progressive; yet, at the same time, let it be observed, that the progression has been in a physical direction. All that belongs to the soul of art—to soul in man and spirit in nature—is, by our modern art, deliberately neglected. Mr. Stanfield's pictures to us always incline to the material, without emotion, or even much of imagination: they are, as it were, a body perfect after its kind, yet a body without a soul. It is strange to reflect how difficult it is in art, as indeed in human nature, to combine in their highest forms the material with the mental, to bring into union strength of body with intensity of soul. Contrast, for example, Stanfield's "St. Michael's Mount" with Danby's "Evening Gun" (197): Danby's work wants the vigour of a robust bodily existence, but, as a compensation, soul is suffused over land and sea; to us those clouds which gather round that setting sun do take a colouring from an "eye that had kept watch o'er man's mortality." This picture, when exhibited in Paris described from the *Moniteur* the following notice,—

"The poetic effect of this scene cannot well be imagined; there is in this picture a tranquillity, a silence, a solitude, which vividly impress the soul. Never was the solemn grandeur of the ocean better represented."—*Le Moniteur*, June 21, 1855.

It is difficult to sum up in a few

words the tendencies of our English school. Our English art, as we have seen, is healthful and vigorous, because eminently naturalistic; it is true and honest, because each painter is true to himself, and with mental independence paints just what he thinks and feels; it is for this reason diversified in subject and character, not fettered by authority, nor bound down by historic precedent. It likewise represents and corresponds to the existing phases of society, painting up to the requirements of the drawing-room, and putting upon canvasses all that is talked of at the dinner-table. Finally, it knows how to respect as well as to represent English national life and manners in their observance of social and moral proprieties, in their respectabilities, in their downright, honest, and hearty commonplace. We think and trust, however, that in our English life and thought are to be found higher phases of existence than our national art has thus generally ventured to portray. The faculty of imagination, the feelings of devotion, man in his higher aspects of thought or worship, religion as it connects the earth and humanity with heaven,—these inspirations, to a corresponding nobility in art, our national school has hitherto for the most part left unheeded. The time has been, and in some countries still is, when a picture claimed the bended knee. Whatever, then, be the merits of our English school—and they are great—it is but too manifest that we need the guidance of higher thought, the inspiration of a nobler idea. Our art is too fugitive, miscellaneous, and vagrant, and seems, like our poetry, to await the outburst of some strong national impulse, some cry from the people, some kindling of the fire.

This great historic and international Exhibition suggests and justifies these reflections. It shows in its Gallery of Old Masters that the great painters

did not, under the pretence of loving nature, worship materialism; that, on the contrary, they fashioned individual nature into high mental types; that, infusing poetic thought and emotion into their works, nature became indeed spiritual. Thus an Exhibition like the present should, as before suggested, teach us the coequal authority of historic wisdom to guide, of nature to suggest and give, and of the artist's mind to mould and create. No national school of art can be great or enduring which is not the joint emanation of these three fundamental elements. We say once again that a national school, which has no historic root in the past, is like to those ephemeral political constitutions which rise and decay in a day. The great works in historic art ought to teach us wisdom—a knowledge how rightly to use nature, and how safely to exercise our own individual freedom. So taught we may look at nature with discriminating eye, seize what she intended for a picture, and bring out her latent beauties. So taught, we may at length exercise the poet's right of creation, and with that freedom which knowledge justifies, throw into the work the expression of the artist's mind. Thus taught by the great masters—enlightened and made truly free, not enslaved—taking out of nature all that is best and most beauteous, thus giving to the artist's mind the rights and the functions of the poet, we see no reason why the art of the future should not be still greater than that of the past, and the school of England, now vigorous in youth, in its fuller maturity surpass the achievements of Italy. Thus guided by history, taking that which is vital and most holy in our civilisation, fashioning our genius according to the pressure and the wants of our own times, it is yet possible that our national art may adequately represent our national life.

N O R T H O N H O M E R .

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

MY DEAR IRENÆUS,—

"Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli
Dum tui declamas Romæ, Præneste religt."

So wrote Horace to his friend. How shall I paraphrase the passage, and apply it to my *friend* in two senses? "The author of the Trojan war, you prince of loungers, while you were listening to debates in Westminster, I have read through again by the classic shores of Isis." But I have not read him again in the flesh, though I have in the spirit, along with the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, in the rich and racy prose of the fourth volume of Professor Wilson's *Essays*. I hope I am not falling into my second childhood, but I am fain to confess that, in returning to Homer, I have returned to the embrace of the earliest literary friend of my first. The first book I ever read through was the *Iliad* of Homer in Pope's translation. How I loved every line of it! How I discussed all the Homeric characters with my elders! How angry I was with those who took the part of the Trojans, and preferred Hector to Achilles! The child's instinct felt that somehow or other it is good to be courageous; and all the Trojans are painted in the *Iliad*, save, perhaps, Sarpedon and Æneas, as more or less of poltroons—even Hector 'himself, the slayer of men and the tamer of horses, in spite of his waving plumes. Achilles was the great hero. He will always be the hero of the instinctive and unsophisticated soul. And dear, next to him, was the clever vagabond Ulysses—perhaps even more dear, though less imposing, because he seems the more attainable character for imitation. To fight like Achilles seemed a hopeless business, but to travel like Ulysses possible. What a thirst for seeing the world is kindled by the smell of the salt-water of which all his narrative

smacks! If mothers would make their children stay at home, they should never put into their hands the *Odyssey*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Lemuel Gulliver*. But the *Odyssey* is perhaps the prime well-head of that mischief. I should like to know how many Britons it has eventually sent to the north pole—how many to the antipodes! I ever preferred the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*, though no doubt, as a work of art, the *Iliad* is most perfect; for I am not by nature bloodthirsty, but travel-thirsty to excess. Years have rolled away since I first read Homer; and I have made other authors for the time being, the friends of my bosom; but one after another, "as from life's stirring circle the gems drop away," they have left my side, and Homer has at last taken his place again there—without a rival.

Often have I asked myself what two books I should wish to have saved out of some Alexandrian and Omaric (not Homeric) destruction of my library. I should have said once long ago, in the naughtiness of my heart, "Byron and the Bible;" in the next septennium perhaps, "the Bible and Schiller;" then "the Bible and Shakespeare;" now once again I say "the Bible and Homer;" and the concatenation of the two books is more natural than that of the other pairs; for Homer displays the man of biblical simplicity walking by the earthlight of nature, and showing how much he could effect, and how much he was good for, without the Shekinah of the Divine Presence. No book devised by the brain of man furnishes an abler commentary on the book of life. In Homer the natural man is painted exactly as in Scripture, as simple and intense in his loves and hatreds, as having all his actions superintended in the one case by Providence, in the other by destiny, possessing only a subordinate free-will. In the Bible

(the Old Testament I mean), the earth is governed by kings, as in the age of Homer — real unmistakable kings, stronger and wiser and more beautiful, and sometimes better than other men—such as were Saul the son of Kish, and Agamemnon, and such as were Siegfried and the Oid in the early ages of medieval romance. In Homer, as well as in the Bible, portraits are drawn of true men, and, what is much missed in later times, of true women; not the wax-dolls of the Greek tragedians, miscalled heroines, but more like mitigated viragos when they have life at all, which is not often—but true women such as one meets with any day, with all their lovely weaknesses, so indispensable to anything that deserves the name of society.

But, Irenæus, this is a high theme, and I shall attempt to raise the style of my letter a little towards its level.

When we stand in the vale of Chamouni, or on that little oasis of verdure in a desert of glaciers, the Jardin of Mont Blanc, although fully alive to the spirit of the mountains, we are not able to contemplate in its unity the majesty of the monarch of the Alps; but when we have withdrawn to a certain distance—to Sallenche, for instance, or, still better, to the Jura—we are then first capable of noting his oneness, and feeling his overwhelming grandeur. His hoary head is far up above all others, reaching to the heaven of heavens; and the lake of Geneva, dwarfed into a mountain tarn, appears to slumber at his feet. Much the same is the case with regard to the greatest poets, Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare—more particularly with regard to Homer, the greatest of all poets, therefore the greatest of all artists, inasmuch as poetry is the greatest of the fine arts, and therefore shall I not say, with due allowance for the twilight of paganism in which he lived, the greatest of all actual men; for your true artist is a divine seer, and to see truly is perhaps the highest function of man. But let this be said in all humility, for man only sees what it pleases God to reveal to him. Homer's Greek countrymen, in their better

days, never raised a question as to whether he was one or many. He wrote their bible, or at all events composed it, and they would have looked on such investigations as positive impiety. Homer circulated in their veins. They breathed and lived him. He inspired them with all their heroisms, and all of them that was unheroic was not of Homer. But they were in a measure unconscious of his influence, and that showed its healthful nature. Even the guides of Chamouni, and other mountaineers, imbibe the courage of action with their wild air, but do not know whence it comes. Drag them away, and they pine for the hills with a heart-sickness which sometimes ends in death. Then followed a perverse generation of critics, sophists, poetasters, commentators, grammarians in the Alexandrian schools.

"'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more."

And with them came an era of confusion in all matters of faith, and scepticism with regard to Homer—just as those who withdraw from the close neighbourhood of the highest mountains, lose the feeling without gaining the sight, and the dome and peaks appear confusion. Then came the Roman era. Homer's majesty is recognised by Horace and Virgil, the latter poet proceeding to make pictures which somewhat misrepresent him. The traveller has retired upon Sallenche. Mont Blanc is imposing, but not as yet confessed monarch of all. But an angle of road is turned and he is lost sight of for a long time. Even so the decline of the Roman empire was followed by many generations that knew not Homer. There was a good reason for this; they were even better engaged. They were learning in their own wild way, like children who romp in the midst of their letters, the alphabet of all that is good from the mouths of Christian teachers. Homer was lost sight of in the ages of romance, although of all singers the most romantic. The revival of letters led to a new appreciation of him at a still further distance. It is now the view of Mont Blanc from the ascent of Jura. We have all the ages between us and

Homer to search for his match; and the more we search, the more certain we become that he is not only, like the king of men, "head and shoulders above them all," but that the crest of the greatest man since born scarcely reaches to the top of the pedestal on which he stands. No doubt that now we have a better view of Homer—that is, of Homer's real self, his immortal mind—than was ever presented to any past age. Not only can we see him from a commanding elevation, and with abundance of aerial perspective intervening to melt his lights and shadows into one grand unity of aspect, but we have also the telescope of science to look through. Philology, as now pursued, is taking its place as one of the exact sciences. Ceasing to be mere word-fencing, serving to display a mean subtlety and frivolous ingenuity, it has been patiently proceeding, in the Baconian method, from the known to the unknown, until, through the comparison of languages, its phenomena harden into facts no less to be respected than those of geology or astronomy, and no less completely furnishing data for further investigation. Stores of knowledge before hidden are brought to light by means of the comparison of parts of speech—just as certain locks may be unfastened when the graven letters have been brought together that form some secret word. And philology holds up a lantern by which we can see into many unheeded crannies in ancient history—even get glimpses through dark and winding caverns, whose other end opens into a new world, wherein we discern, in a light new to us, the inner and outer life of ancient man. Much of what appeared dark and repulsive before comes out fair and comely, like some neglected picture of a good master in the hands of a skilful cleaner. And the general deduction is to the same effect as the testimony of Divine revelation, too often unheeded by later arrogance and self-conceit, that the moral progress of the human race has not been commensurate with its material advancement; in a word that man has not altogether risen, but rather, in many respects, fallen. The solitary fact, that in the common ancient lan-

guage of the Indo-Germanic races the nicer degrees of relationship were expressed each by its own word, instead of, as now, by periphrasis, speaks volumes on this point, nor less the evidence furnished by the study of all mythologies of the degradation of a purer primeval faith,

One great reason why ancient Greece presents such a valuable field of study is, that its history is the counterpart of the history of modern Europe. It is, as its natural scenery bears witness, a world in miniature. It had its age of heroes, as modern Europe had its age of chivalry; it had its age of despots, as modern Europe had and has its absolute monarchies resting on standing armies. It had also its age of speculation and material progress, of liberty and license, as modern Europe had its eighteenth and has its nineteenth century, leading whither we cannot see; but we can see that in ancient Greece the same state of things led to the reign of universal evil, and in the end to chaos. Homer's divine songs were chanted in the romantic age of Greece, or rather at that particular period when it had just culminated, and was beginning to decline—just as, at the decline of our own youth, we talk and sing of its glorious feelings, which we are scarcely conscious of during the heyday of their precious exuberance. Perfect in their conception and artistic form, they sprang into life armed at all points, like Minerva from the head of Jove. Two circumstances in the main combined to produce their superlative excellence: one is, that they were the offspring of an heroic age; the other is, that they were the offspring of the Greek mind—the mind of all others most wonderful in its subtlety and versatility, and most deeply enamoured of the Beautiful, which is the soul of all the Fine Arts, and of Poetry as their elder sister.

Other poems have sprung from an age like that which was illustrated by Homer—for instance, the *Nibelungen Lied* in Germany, the *Cid* in Spain; but they want, though of surpassing merit, the Promethean fire that lightens through the verses of Homer. They are heroic, but not

Greek. And many other poems there are, also of surpassing excellence, which are Greek, but not heroic. *Æschylus*, who came nearest to the great master, had much of his inspiration. *Sophocles* possessed his intellectual tenderness, and his numbers are warm with the embers of the heroic fire. *Euripides* was thoroughly Greek, but scarcely at all heroic, and thus was naturally most popular with the age in which he lived—so much so, that the recitation of a few of his verses availed to save the remnant of the defeated Athenians from the prison quarries of *Syracuse*. Homer's masterpieces alone are both thoroughly heroic and thoroughly Greek, and thus, in the whole curriculum of literature not of immediate divine inspiration, they stand alone in their perfection.

Such being the Homeric poems, the next question is, Who or what was Homer? He was no doubt a living man, but in common parlance he was a Nobody—a roving ballad-singer, very like him whose visit to the baronial hall so touchingly introduces the Lay of the Last Minstrel. And our own Shakespeare was not much more—a mere strolling actor. Dante had the advantage of an aristocratic connection, which saved his individuality. It is surely a humbling thought that those who have achieved immortality by their works should so soon cease to be regarded as living persons. Where would *Ulysses* be without Homer? and yet Homer's person has vanished, while that of *Ulysses* is embalmed for ever in the immortal *Odyssey*. The fact is melancholy, but no less a fact; and beautifully has it been poetised by *Felicia Hemans* in the "The Diver." As the pearl-diver perishes forgotten in his struggles to endow the world with concealed wealth, so does the poet in many cases pine with neglect and die unremembered.

"Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind spread,
So radiant thoughts are strew'd;
—The soul whence those high gifts are shed
May faint in solitude!

And who will think, when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gush'd with every word?

None, none!—his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies like thee;
—Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea!"

But the obscure poet pities not himself as others pity him. He is conscious of his divine mission, and he looks on his worldly position as a matter of course, knowing the world imperfect. We think that we can discover even in Homer, the least subjective of all poets, the sentiment of this proud acquiescence in the obscurity and comparative humiliation of his lot. In the *Odyssey*, two of his brethren are introduced, *Pheonius* and *Demodocus*. So sweetly does *Pheonius* sing, that *Penelope* is even fain to come down from her upper chamber, whence she was accustomed to fly from the rudeness of the suitors, to hear him discourse of the return of the heroes from *Troy*, and her own hero amongst them. And it must be remarked, that he makes this *Pheonius* sing to that crew of roysterers, not for base gain, but against his will, and from compulsion.

Κῆρυξ δ' ἐν χειρὶν κίθαριν περικαλλέα
θῆκεν
Φημίω, ὃς β' ἤειδε παρὰ μνηστήρων
ἀναγκῇ.

By making the minstrel succumb to brute force alone, he at once removes the thought of degradation from his position. And we should not fail to mark with what respect he speaks of *Demodocus*, the court-minstrel of the king of the *Phæacians*.

Καλέσασθε δὲ θεῖον αἰοῖδν,
Δημόδοκον· τῷ γάρ βα θεὸς πέρι θῆκεν
αἰοῖδν
τέρπειν, ὅππῃ θυμὸς ἐποτρύνῃσιν
αἰεῖειν.

"And call the divine singer, *Demodocus*, for verily the god hath invested him with the gift of song, so as to delight whenever his spirit urges him to sing." And a little farther on is a passage, inimitable in its tender application to the circumstances of the dear old man of *Scio*, the king of all mendicant minstrels—

Κῆρυξ δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθεν, ἄγων ἐρίηρον
αἰοῖδν.
Τὸν πέρι Μοῦς ἐβίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε
κακόν τε
Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄπερσε, δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν
αἰοῖδν.

"So the herald came near, leading the delectable singer, whom the *Muse* loved exceedingly, and to whom she gave both an evil and a good. She

muleted him of eyesight, but she gave him the sweetness of song." Whether he was blind or not when he composed the *Iliad*, there can be no doubt, after reading this passage, that the *Odyssey* was the child of Homer's blindness. I love to think that he composed the *Iliad* in his fiery youth, perhaps himself, like Alcæus after him, a soldier of no mean name; for was not the divine Achilles himself a minstrel, and accustomed to console the monotonous hours of his wrath with the gentle lyre? The similes and general imagery of the *Iliad* are life-like, and as if placed under the eye at the moment of inspiration—the plashing sea, the soft-falling snow, the dark mountain-stream, the sea-fog suddenly enveloping the swarms of cranes, the lion in his rage, the sparkling fires of the night-watch, the blazing beacon, the moon and attendant stars. The imagery of the *Odyssey* seems, on the other hand, more of the nature of a beautiful dream of the past, invested, not in the white light of mid-day, but the crimson weirdness of evening. Surely it is legitimate to indulge the belief that the author of the *Iliad* was a noble young man, who knew by his own martial experience the "windy plains" of Troy; that in the lulls of battle he sung himself to sleep in his tent with heroic songs, but then, as yet, without firm and void, like Achilles himself—

—Φόρμιγγι λυγρῇ
Τερπόμενον·

that either by the accident of battle or the stress of climate he lost his eyesight early in life; that this loss of eyesight was compensated by the full awakening of the musical energies of his soul; that he lived long years after his old dog had died for joy at his return to his temporary home somewhere in Western Greece (for Argus must be the portrait of Homer's own dog); that he returned, as he makes Ulysses return, a beggar, and a blind beggar, but more glorious in his blindness than was the fallen Belisarius, for Belisarius could not sing; that he perfected his *Iliad* and composed the *Odyssey* in his blindness, and went about, from court

to court, and house to house, singing lays of heroes, until his course was run; and whatever may have been his outward lot, his grand spirit sank from the eyes of an illumined world, quietly, gracefully, gloriously, like a Greek sun behind the margin of a Greek sea.

With regard to Homer's lot as a wandering minstrel, it is consolatory to us to know that, though the class to which he belonged may be said, in these utilitarian days, to have lived upon alms, such was by no means the feeling of their own time. The ballad-singer was universally cherished, and even received with honours half divine; for the men of those days well knew that, in the exchange of benefits, the bargain was in their favour. Did he not give them song while they only gave him meat—a spiritual delight for an animal satisfaction? χρῆσα χαλκίων, εκατομβοί ἐννεαβοίων. So we find that in the Phæacian feast "Pontonous placed for him (Demodocus) a seat with silver knobs in the midst of the banqueters, with his back against the tall central pillar, and the herald hung from the peg the high-toned lyre above his head, and signified that he should take it in his hands; and he placed beside him a basket and a fair table, and wine beside the repast to drink of whenever his spirit urged him."

It is true that we moderns will pay immoderate prices for good singing, but, after all, we only pay money which is a drug in the market to our national wealth, placing the singer himself rather below than above the salt; but the primitive ancients gave him honour, which could not be represented in money; and this has ever been the case with all early tribes who had music in their souls, as most early tribes had. The bard was a sacred personage among the Celts, and the Skald amongst the Norsemen—not only a singer, but the domestic chaplain for the time being, without whose presence the feast was considered unblest. Even the gods, they thought, could not feast without song—

"— ohne Gesang im Himmlichen Saal
Ist die Freude gemein auch beim Nectar-
saal."

This was the belief of the old

Germans. And even so the old inhabitants of the sister isle, if we may trust a note appended to an edition of Moore's *Melodies*, kept in every house one or two harps free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music.

"When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard who roams forsaken
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song."

Thus we love to think that the great Homer, though a wandering beggar, was honoured, and not unhappy even in the night that attended him everywhere, and which the glorious daylight of his native Greece could not avail to dissipate. The loss of sight was atoned for, when all his soul was transmuted into golden song.

With those charlatans, impostors, knaves, idiots, heretics, schismatics, atheists, who would impugn the unity and throw doubt on the very existence of the divine Homer, why should you and I deign to bandy words, any more than with some wretched sophist who would deny the existence of the moral feelings, or the divine origin of religion? If any reader of *Maga* is disposed to listen to them, we should be as angry with him as the shade of Virgil was with Dante when he stooped to listen to a vulgar quarrel in the lowest circle of hell—

"Che voler ciò udirde bassa voglia."

And any further notice of such malignants would be superfluous, after the elaborate demolition their arguments have experienced under the hard cuffs of William Mure of Caldwell, who deserves, for his successful efforts, to be held in honour both by Greece and Great Britain, especially as the work could not have been a very savoury one. And, indeed, the object of this epistle is not to fence with infidels after the fashion of Paley, but rather to call a friend's attention to one of the ablest commentators on Homer, or rather illustrators of Homer, that our own century has seen—a *true believer*, in every

sense of the word. The spirit of Homer lives again in the pages of Wilson, as the same spirit, it is to be believed, animated his life. A cast from a bust of the late Professor is to be seen in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; I would request of you to observe it, and say whether it be possible to conceive a more thoroughly heroic head? The head tells the story of the whole man. It is the head of an athlete, but an athlete possessing a soul, the grace of Apollo sitting on the thighs of Hercules. Such a man, you would say at once, was none of your sedentary literati, who appear to have the cramp in their limbs whenever they walk abroad, but one who could, like the Greeks of old, ride, run, wrestle, box, dive, or throw the discus at need, or put the stone like Ulysses himself, or one who could do the same things, and in addition to them, steer, pull an oar, shoot, fish, follow hounds, or make a good score at cricket, like a true Briton of modern times, in spite of all our physical and intellectual degeneracy, about which, indeed, we have a right to be sceptical, when we know that such an unmistakable man as Wilson was living in the reign of Queen Victoria. It is an honour to Scotland that she produced such a critic on Homer, only second to that which is hers in having produced that poet who, of all the moderns, has composed poetry the most Homeric—even Walter Scott. Your humble and obedient friend and servant will never forget his one interview with Professor Wilson in a lecture-room at Edinburgh. He lectured on that occasion on the philosophy of Hobbes, for whose daring eccentricities in opinion he appeared to entertain a certain respect, not without a lurking sympathy. He spoke of the sage of Malmesbury with great gusto as a demolisher of quacks and shams, and compared the superstitions which he encountered with so much effect to the reign of the fairies. As he spoke, he warmed; his eyes flashed; his whole form and manner became lion-like. He was sometimes satirical, and then his countenance wore an expression of grim yet genial humour, seldomer facetious, yet retaining his dignity

through his jokes, and on one occasion making his juvenile class very quickly draw in their horns when they had become somewhat obstreperous in their manner of enjoying some witticism, and were rebuked in a voice like that of a Greek god, "Gentlemen, I do not stand in need of your applause."

A message from a mutual friend authorised a few minutes' conversation after the lecture, and since then I have never seen him except in his works. Scotland is fortunate in having possessed three such indisputably manly authors as Burns, Scott, and Wilson. As a critic, Professor Wilson reminds one of *Oœur-de-Lion* as a swordsman. The crutch of Christopher North smites like the blade of him who shore in sunder bars of iron in his contest with the Saracen who shaved a veil in twain with his scimitar. Woe be to the poetaster or political quack whose numskull came in the way of that portentous oak-stick. The papers entitled "Homer and his Translators" are some of the best in the collective works of the late Professor. After discussing in detail the separate merits of Pope, Cowper, Chapman, and Sotheby, adding his own prose translations as a kind of unassailable, because unpretending standard, the Professor warms up towards the end of his series, as he warmed up in his lecture, when, having done with Homer's translators, he comes to the discussion of Homer's two heroes, Achilles and Ulysses. Achilles was his special favourite. No other hero of them all, as hero, was "sans peur et sans reproche." And though perhaps with a diminished reverence, still, with the hearty sympathy of his genial nature, he throws himself into the character of the cosmopolite Ulysses. His verdict with regard to the translators of Homer is, on the whole, in favour of the correct and graceful Sotheby. Dares any man to differ from him? Fresh from a dip into the old song of the Nibelungen, I am forcibly struck with the resemblance in form and metre of the great Epic of Germany to Chapman's translation of Homer. The quaint old or rather middle English in which it is written, corresponds to the middle high German

of the Nibelungen. Still it may be said that the dash of mediæval grotesqueness of language which belongs to Chapman and the German minstrel is out of place as applied to Homer, one of whose chief beauties is the highly polished simplicity of his style. All speak in the voice of nature, but in the case of the original Homer alone is it nature speaking through the medium of an exquisitely beautiful human soul. Homer must remain, after all, untranslatable, and the comparative merits of his translators must remain a matter of opinion to the end of time.

We prefer to dwell on the Professor's own conceptions of the character of Homer, and the characters of Homer's personages. Who can for a moment doubt of Homer's unity, who observes the thoroughly sustained consistency of every actor in his divine drama? Achilles is one throughout—the incomparable hero. Of course he has faults, he has weaknesses, for he was not a sage or a saint; but they are the faults and weaknesses of a hero. How exquisitely does the master artist effect his exaltation above all his other persons! Agamemnon is great; to those who gaze from the walls of Troy he appears great indeed; and Homer compares him to the gods in two magnificent lines,—

Ὅμματα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἱκελος Δίῃ περ
πικεράννῳ
Ἄρῃ δὲ ζώνην στέρνον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι.

"Like in the eyes and head to thunder-loving Jove, in the waist to Ares, in the chest to Poseidon," to be compared with gods rather than men, for that he overtops them all with his head and broad shoulders. But when the King of Men is placed beside Achilles, he falls into shade. To have given the measure of the stature of Achilles would have seemed a profanation—but his presence made light in the camp, his absence made darkness. His wrath sufficed to reduce the whole armada of Greece to the lowest pitch of despair; his reconciliation with Agamemnon to produce the same effect upon the enemy. His shout alone, as he stands before his tent in his naked fury, is enough to rout the

Trojans, Hector included, who even trample each other to death in their headlong flight over those very trenches of the Greeks which they had so newly stormed triumphant. One personage alone is capable of giving Achilles trouble in the field, and this is rather because he had no palpable body to wound than from his intrinsic might: this is the river-god Scamander, who entrammels in his shoals and eddies the legs of the fighting hero. It would have been necessary even to invent an eccentric god for this purpose, as the ordinary gods of heaven had before been worsted by Diomed. The invulnerability of Achilles was a myth invented afterwards. Homer had far better taste, and he caused Achilles to get a scratch from some mean combatant, as if to anticipate this 'detraction from his heroic perfection. And nothing is more calculated to bring out the grandeur of the character in full relief, than the dark background against which the poet causes it to stand. Achilles is doomed to early death. This shadow is everywhere. It runs through all his thoughts, it gives a piquancy and a sentiment to all that he has to do and to undergo. If he plays on the lyre in his tent, his own dirge is heard through the notes. If he feasts with the chieftains, an invisible sword hangs above the banquet. Everywhere through the hero's sleeping dream and waking fancies looms a skeleton. The sentence of early death has been pronounced over him by the fiat of the gods. Thetis knows it, his immortal mother, who cannot endow him with her own immortality, who knows that the arms she causes Vulcan to make for him are to be accessory to the doom. Early death and glorious life, or an inglorious old age, are before him—he chooses to die, leaving "footsteps on the sands of time." When the dying Hector prophesies the death of his slayer, the latter receives the news without surprise or anger, as a matter of course. It is no news to him. He will not quarrel with the condition of transitoriness that attends all that is most perfect on earth. He is true to his nature, and knows no fear. He will not do or

die, but do and die, since that is his fate. Matchless Achilles! And that wrath of his which Christopher North dwells upon so vividly, bringing it round again and again in his illustration to prove the unity of subject, what a grand and awful wrath it is! That *Mῆνις* is deaf to all common propitiation. Nothing but the counter passion of another and stranger *Mῆνις* can neutralise it. Great as was the injury of Agamemnon, greater was the injury of him who slew Patroclus, the bosom friend. Everything else has been tried and failed. The despair of Agamemnon had offered everything he possessed most valuable to the insulted honour of the chieftain—gifts of price, the restitution of Briseis, and one of Agamemnon's daughters in marriage, dowered as befitting the King of Men. But no; the hero is deaf to prayers, and equally blind to wealth and beauty in the blaze of the inflaming wrath.

Παῖδά δ' ἔγωγε γαμέω Ἀγαμέμνονος
Ἀτρείδῃ

Οὐδ' ἐὶ χροστήγγ' Ἀφροδίτῃ κάλλος ἐρίσσι
Ἔργα Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκῶπιδι ἱσοφύροισι.

The wrath of Achilles is, as Christopher North observes, the beginning, middle, and end of the *Iliad*, and all other subjects are subordinate. Homer has the skill to wrap Achilles' character in a veil of mystery; for, after all, we know some of the other heroes still better; and we feel that, knowing them so, they enlist our sympathies as being more on a level with ordinary humanity.

Agamemnon is great and royal, but deficient in constancy, in self-confidence under adversity, and shrinking from responsibility in difficulties. In many respects he represents the scriptural character of David. Unscrupulous in passion, dismayed and penitent in affliction, tenderly solicitous for his people suffering because of his fault, like the Hebrew king exclaiming, "These sheep, what have they done?" he presents a true picture of a shepherd of his people in those patriarchal times. Diomed is the perfect soldier, obedient, modest, and dauntless: sage he is in counsel, but his sagacity is more the result of sterling honesty of insight, than, like that wisdom of Ulysses, springing from the inventive faculty. It is

only by supposing this modesty of Diomed to have been traditional with the ancients, that we can understand how there was no question of his merits or services in the trial for the arms of the dead Achilles. Diomed might perhaps have had them, had he had the assurance to ask for them; but he was always putting others before himself. So Pallas, the presiding goddess of true genius, loved him, and by her aid he sent back even Ares, the bravo of the immortals, howling to Olympus. Ulysses is exhaustless in resource, and endowed with the courage of Napoleon, which was always at hand when wanted, though never obtruding itself on public notice unnecessarily. The courage of Ajax is of a different kind, compared by Homer to that of an ass, who will not be driven by blows from his thistles—animal pluck of the finest kind, but animal pluck after all. Ajax, like the British at Waterloo, will not know when he is beaten. Ajax is a soldier, and a good one, but he would never have risen from the ranks had he not been born a chieftain. Ulysses would have fought his way up in society from any the lowest position. Nestor is a quaint old twaddler, but we get to respect him when we find that no danger will scare him out of his yarns. If his palace at Pylos had been on fire over his head, he would have finished his story before he ordered out the buckets. Then there is poor Menelaus, whose excellence exaggerates Helen's deplorable frailty in leaving him. He is chivalry itself, the soul of honour, generous and self-sacrificing, the only one of all the Greeks who offers on the spur of the moment to accept the challenge of Hector. Then there are the Trojan heroes—Hector, savage in battle, slayer of men, but gentlest of husbands, and tenderest of fathers; Paris, the man about Troy—the gay and heartless libertine, but not so much a coward as a "faineant," outrageously petted and spoiled by the ladies, and even by his old father and mother themselves, who ought to have been ashamed of their weakness; and poor old fatuous Priam, about whom there hangs a majesty, whatever he says or does—even sitting in the ashes, and

throwing dust on his head: the bowed monarch is every inch a king. No less perfectly drawn are the female characters. How unlike the stiff and statuesque heroines of the tragedians—the Antigones, and Electras, and Medeas. There is no condoning of Helen's sin, but as much loveliness is granted her as is compatible with it. Her instincts are too good to allow her to be happy in her shame; and in her self-reproaches, weakness, penitence, admiration of heroism, and yearnings towards the husband of her youth and innocence, she is the perfect lady, though not the perfect woman. Andromache is both, but the woman is even more conspicuous than the lady. She is no Spartan heroine. She does not tell Hector to come back with his shield, or upon it; she thinks of him, not as the warrior, but as her all in all, supplying the place of all other relatives, "father and lady-mother, and brethren, and, yet more, her buxom spouse." She feels that if he is killed, the world will be a blank to her, and she tells him what she feels. Never since, in the whole career of Greek literature, have two female characters so true to nature been imagined by the poets as those of Helen and Andromache.

No less thorough is the critical insight of Professor Wilson in his appreciation of the *Odyssey*. Homer, at the beginning of this letter, was compared to Mont Blanc; one should perhaps more justly have compared his two immortal poems to the twin peaks of Parnassus. They have the same base, and, according to the place from which we regard them, one appears higher or lower than the other. The *Iliad* is most generally popular. Perhaps its style is more natural and vigorous—the style of a younger poet; but there are subjects treated of in the *Odyssey* into which the *Iliad* does not enter, and to which a peculiar interest attaches, connected with the daily life of the heroic ages; and we moderns should be the last to undervalue the exquisite descriptions of scenery which the later epic contains. Here, again, Homer is beyond all praise in delineation of character. Under altered circumstances many of the men and women of the *Iliad* reappear the same in essence, yet

changed by circumstances; and there are some charming additions—none more so than Penelope, Nausica, and Calypso, the anxious wife, the maiden princess, and the enamoured nymph. Helen reappears chastened by affliction and penitence, but a paragon of good taste and good manners, if not morals, having reconquered her social position by the ten years' war, and at the price of the destruction of the first city of Asia. This is enough to make her a little serious in the midst of her luxury and splendour, and she does seem to have a conscience. Menelaus appears again chivalrous in his hospitality, as he was before in his warlike conduct, doing the honours of his house in a manner which stamps him as the flower of courtesy, and model of all gentle princes. In the *Odyssey*, the character of Ulysses, which was subordinate in the *Iliad*, is brought out in strong relief; and afterwards, by the skill of the poet, placed on a heroic pedestal, little short of the height of that of Achilles. The whole spring of this artistic machinery is the single word *πολυλας*, "much suffering." As Achilles is a hero in action, and his inaction is the greatest calamity to his nation, so is Ulysses a hero in endurance. Achilles conquers all others, but Ulysses conquers himself. He is not the Greek of the Lower Empire, or rather, we should say, to escape anachronism, Lower Republic, painted by the tragedians. He is only a Greek so far as he adapts means to ends with consummate skill, and does not stand to excess upon his personal dignity, when his great object in life, restoration to his home and kingdom, can be forwarded by an opposite course of conduct.

The aim of the two heroes was different. That of Achilles was to win as much glory as he could in a short life—that of Ulysses was to fulfil his functions as ruler of Ithaca, and be gathered, after a life of usefulness, to his fathers in peace. As the ends differed, so did the means; but in either case perfect justice is done by the prince of artists to the heroic ideal. In the *Iliad*, Achilles stands before us at once revealed in the beauty and grandeur of his wrath, and draws himself up to his full

height; Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*, rises and grows upon us, improves vastly on acquaintance; and in the concluding scene, when he takes vengeance on the suitors, towers majestic far above all other heads, an universally confessed and incomparable hero—incomparable, inasmuch as the province in which Achilles moved was distinct from that of Ulysses. We may notice, as one signal instance of Homer's unapproachable tact, that Ulysses, in his beggarly disguise, was humiliated to the deepest degree just before the climax of his exaltation. Lord Byron must have had that picture before his eyes when he wrote those lines in the *Corsair*, which better represent the spirit of the *Odyssey* than any literal translation.

"Up rose the Corsair with that burst of
light,
Nor less his change of form appalled the
sight;
Up rose the Corsair, not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb.
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe
away,
Shone his mailed breast, and flashed his
sabre's ray!
His close but glittering casque, and sable
plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sallow
gloom,
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit
sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for
fight."

But this, though very grand, is scarcely equal to the picture of Ulysses rising from his rags, and towering above the suitors in his island majesty, endued with divine grace by Pallas, the very incarnation of righteous vengeance. The *Odyssey* has the advantage of the *Iliad* in possessing a heroine as well as a hero. Penelope is the paragon of all matronly virtues, and the high position she takes in the *Odyssey*, points to a period in the life of Greece when womanhood, robed with chastity, commanded nearly as high a reverence as it did among the forests of early Germany. Yet with all her virtues she is a woman still. When the absence of her lord and master is beginning to look a hopeless case, she ruminates on sacrificing her bleeding heart to the interests of the kingdom, and contracting a second marriage with one of the least ob-

jectionable of the suitors. So that Ulysses arrives just at the nick of time. Or perhaps she thought that the test of the bow which she proposed to try the worthiest, would only end in the discomfiture of all, and that, by such distractions and instalments of hope, time would be gained for her stripling son Telemachus to prove himself a man, and assume the sovereignty himself, as well as the task of retribution. To exalt the character of Penelope, she is contrasted with the sea-goddess Calypso, who holds the truant husband in a voluptuous captivity. If it be said that the conduct of Ulysses in the enchanted isle of Calypso is a derogation from his domestic faith, it must be remembered that Calypso was a powerful goddess, that the only chance of escape of the imprisoned mariner was through the affections of his beautiful jailer, and that though he did not pass through the ordeal as a Bellerophon or a Hippolytus, his heart was with his home and wife throughout; and he had the manliness and truth to avow to Calypso herself, that a mortal woman was her successful rival in his esteem.

The whole sojourn of Ulysses in the isle of Calypso, and his relations with that goddess, open a mine of beautiful imagery. His conversation with her in particular, of itself is enough to take from his character that stain of duplicity which was cast on it by his degenerate countrymen of later ages. The substance of it I will endeavour to give you in a kind of ballad.

ULYSSES AND CALYPSO.

CALYPSO.

Ere thy coming brought confusion,
Ere thy wily voice was felt,
Happy in the sweet seclusion
Of my magic isle I dwelt.

Mighty trees were all about me,
Musically peopled trees,
Peace within and joy without me,
Silver stars and golden seas.

There were spirits to remark to
How the sun-blush tinged the leaf,
There were dullest birds to hark to
Jesting at the night-wind's grief.

Mortal! 'twas a night of sorrow
When I took thee to my cave;
Thou wouldst tarry till the morrow,
Then again attempt the wave.

If thy heart had condescended
To confess Calypso's charms,
I had burned with pride offended,
I had spurned thee from my arms.

'Twas thy bosom's marble coldness
Which did kindle fire in mine;
'Twas thy faith's unflinching boldness
Which could all for home resign.

Passing fair, to whom thou flee'st,
Must be thy Penelope,
Since her image, which thou see'st
In thy memory, conquers me.

Can a mortal's beauty fleeting
Vanquish the celestial form,
That to Hades fast retreating,
Thine for ever young and warm?

* ULYSSES.

Goddess! be that word unspoken,
My true wife Penelope,
If for her my heart be broken,
May not dare to vie with thee.

'Tis because her youth is waning
That her image waxes dear,
That my love on time is gaining
Faster through each absent year.

Truth no stress of time can sever,
Single-heartedness and faith,
These preserve the spirit ever
Uncorroded unto death.

Spell mysterious, who reveals it
In the form of winged word?
By the heart alone that feels it
May its eloquence be heard.

Goddess, no, thy form is rarer,
Richer is thy voice's tone,
Immortality is fairer,
But the mortal is my own.

With what exquisite delicacy the Professor touches, in his masterly critique, on the relations of Ulysses and Calypso! It is from this special point that I prefer to cull my quotations. Who will say, after reading Homer's exquisite lines, and Christopher North's rendering of their spirit, far more effective than any formal translation, that the antique ancients (we must use this seeming tautology to express the ancients who lived before that artificial age which corresponds with our own) were no landscape-painters, or that they did not enter fully and deeply into the mysterious writings of nature? Why, Calypso and the Nymphs, and all the rest of those beings who did not live in springs and trees and ocean, so much as they were themselves the souls of these objects, were only an expression of the deepest feeling of reverence for nature, which could be satisfied with nothing short of deification. This is the Professor's prose

rendering of part of the Fifth Book. Hermes is despatched to seek out Calypso, and give her the sorrowful message, that the gods require her to send home her detained hero.

"But when indeed he came to the island placed at a distance,
From the violet-colour'd ocean ascending to the mainland
He came on, till he reach'd a spacious cave, in which the nymph
With beautiful ringlets dwelt: her he found within.
A great fire was blazing on the hearth, and far the odour
Of easily-cleft cedar-wood, and of incense, spread fragrance throughout the island
As they were burning: while she (the nymph) warbling with her beautiful voice,
And playing the loom, was weaving with a golden shuttle.
A wood in-full-luxuriance had-grown-around the cave,
The alder and the poplar, and the sweet-smelling cypress.
There, too, the wing-widely-expanded birds nestled,
Owls, and cormorants, and long-tongued divers (sea-birds)
Of-the-sea, to which (birds) sea employments are a concernment.
There also around the hollow cave was extended
A young luxuriant vine which flourished in clusters.
Four fountains in order flowed with limpid water,
Near to each other,—being turn'd one in one direction, and another in another.
Around soft meadows of violets, and of parsley,
Were blooming: thither even an Immortal, had he come,
Would have admired (it) as he gazed, and had been delighted in his spirit.
And there standing, the messenger, the Argicide, gazed!"

And this is his commentary:—

"This is the most elaborate description of natural scenery in all Homer. In the *Iliad* the bard but illumines the visual sense by a few sunny strokes, that make start out tree, glade, or rock. Here we have a picture. Say rather a creation. In a moment the poet evokes the enchanted isle out of the violet-coloured ocean. There it is hanging in air. But all we know is that it is beautiful—for we are Mercury, and see nothing distinctly till we find ourselves standing at the mouth of a spacious cave. The light of a magical fire—the odour of sacred incense—the music of an immortal voice—Calypso herself plying the golden shuttle as she sings! All felt at once, yet in loveliest language evolved in a series of words

expanding like a flower with all its bright and balmy leaves—an instantaneous birth. We must not disturb the daughter of Atlas, but gaze and listen—till by degrees the congenial beauty of the place withdraws our soul and our senses from the tones and tresses of the divine among goddesses; and, still conscious of her living enchantments, we are won by delight to survey the scene in which she enjoys her immortal being, yet about to be disturbed by visitings like our own mortal grief! The scene is sylvan. 'A wood in full luxuriance had grown around the Cave!' One line gives the whole wood, another its composing trees, another their inhabitants—and all together breathe of the sea. Look again at the Cave. The entrance is draped with green and purple—for in such sunny shelter luxuriates the vine! The beauty of nature is nowhere perfect without the pure element of water wimpling in peace. And there it is—flowing fresh as flower-dews, in mazy error, through blooming meadows, its 'sweet courses not hindered,' and happy to blend its murmurs with the diapason of the deep. True it is that earth is as beautiful as heaven."

We omit a portion no less beautiful, but the insertion of which is unnecessary to the continuity of the passage.

"Though 'light the soil and pure the air,' and the scenery composed of all familiar objects, yet is the region felt to be almost as preternatural as if it were submarine—and Calypso's cave as wondrous as a mermaid's grotto. How very still! No screen to the mouth of the cave, but a few vine-festoons—so, blow as it may on the main, and all around the isle (and a storm brought hither Ulysses), on the land *all is hush*—merely breath enough to keep the pure air for ever pure, and to enable the leaves to take a dance now and then upon the tree-tops, to some *Æolian* harp capriciously playing in the shade. Calypso is a queen—but she has no subjects, only her attendant nymphs—and of them we see, hear nothing—only once are they mentioned—they are to us but mere momentary shadows, passing unheeded along the walls of the cave. There is no building made with hands anywhere on the isle—not a vestige of antiquity in the shape of a rudely sculptured stone. No roads, no pathways, no flocks, no herds, no four-footed creatures, either wild or tame—not even—we are sorry for it—a dog."

The Professor was thinking of dear old Bronte, the Argus of the *Noctes*. How quick with feeling are his remarks on the fact that Calypso, when she had pointed out to her hero the spot where he was to cut the wood for his raft, instead of staying to look at him, went back home.

"She could not bear to see him at work—felling the very trees under whose shade they two had so often sat—that they might bear him away for ever! She did not, like Miranda with her Ferdinand, assist in carrying the logs; for this was no romantic love-toil, the mere mimicry of a worky-day, and to be succeeded by life-long happiness; the sound of every stroke that cut into the heart of the tottering tree, smote her heart too till it ached; and dismal to her was each crash among the brushwood, as 'alder, poplar, or fir, went to the earth.' It would have looked very pretty had she brought her web in its frame to the forest, and all the while kept plying her golden shuttle and singing a low sweet song. Had Ulysses been her husband she would have done so—she would have been with him at his work, just like the wife of a forester in the woods of our own world; for in the boat then growing into shape, the wedded might go out by themselves to sea with their fishing-nets, or to take their pastime on the waves. As it was, they were better apart—yet Calypso came to him again as soon as she knew twenty trees had fallen; but how often she came and went, and how long at each time she stayed during

those four trying days, is not written in Homer."

In fine, these magnificent essays stand alone as a popular introduction to the poet, were it not for his original Greek, of all most popular in the world. He is the best exponent of the spirit of an age which, if not the age of gold, was golden in the treasures of imperishable nature—an age of truth and valour, and simplicity and fidelity, and honour and romance; and Christopher North is, amongst all men of the present, if not of the living generation—and honour enough that—the ablest and best exponent of Homer. Others have essayed, and the essay is not without its merits. That Homer should be in danger of becoming the fashion is one of the most cheering symptoms of the tendencies of the present time—a symptom of a great and noble reaction against all that is selfish, vile, and venal. Let credit be given in all like cases. The honourable member for the University of Oxford has consoled himself for the destruction of his own un-heroic party by illustrating the reign of heroes; and may not an elaborate essay on Homer in the *Quarterly* be justly considered as a Peacemonger's Pali-node? No offence to you, Irenæus.

From your loving Friend,

TRIPOLKEMUS.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. III.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

PART II—CHAPTER V.

It was half-past nine o'clock in the morning. The midsummer sun was already warm on the roofs and weathercocks of Millby. The church-bells were ringing, and many families were conscious of Sunday sensations, chiefly referable to the fact that the daughters had come down to breakfast in their best frocks, and with their hair particularly well dressed. For it was not Sunday but Wednesday; and though the Bishop was going to hold a Confirmation, and to decide whether or not there

should be a Sunday-evening lecture in Millby, the sunbeams had the usual working-day look to the hay-makers already long out in the fields, and to laggard weavers just "setting up" their week's "piece." The notion of its being Sunday was the strongest in young ladies like Miss Phipps, who was going to accompany her younger sister to the confirmation, and to wear a sweetly pretty transparent bonnet with marabout feathers on the interesting occasion, thus throwing into relief

the suitable simplicity of her sister's attire, who was, of course, to appear in a new white frock; or in the pupils at Miss Townley's, who were absolved from all lessons, and were going to church to see the Bishop, and to hear the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Prendergast, the rector, read prayers—a high intellectual treat, as Miss Townley assured them. It seemed only natural that a rector, who was honourable, should read better than old Mr. Orewé, who was only a curate, and not honourable; and when little Clara Robins wondered why some clergymen were rectors and others not, Ellen Marriott assured her with great confidence that it was only the clever men who were made rectors. Ellen Marriott was going to be confirmed. She was a short, fair, plump girl, with blue eyes and sandy hair, which was this morning arranged in taller cannon curls than usual, for the reception of the Episcopal benediction, and some of the young ladies thought her the prettiest girl in the school; but others gave the preference to her rival, Maria Gardner, who was much taller, and had a lovely "crop" of dark-brown ringlets, and who, being also about to take upon herself the vows made in her name at her baptism, had oiled and twisted her ringlets with especial care. As she seated herself at the breakfast-table before Miss Townley's entrance to dispense the weak coffee, her crop excited so strong a sensation that Ellen Marriott was at length impelled to look at it, and to say with suppressed but bitter sarcasm, "Is that Miss Gardner's head?" "Yea," said Maria, amiable and stuttering, and no match for Ellen in retort; "Th—th—this is my head." "Then I don't admire it at all!" was the crushing rejoinder of Ellen, followed by a murmur of approval among her friends. Young ladies, I suppose, exhaust their sac of venom in this way at school. That is the reason why they have such a harmless tooth for each other in after life.

The only other candidate for confirmation at Miss Townley's was Mary Dunn, a draper's daughter in Millby, and a distant relation of the Miss Linnets. Her pale lanky hair

could never be coaxed into permanent curl, and this morning the heat had brought it down to its natural condition of lankiness earlier than usual. But that was not what made her sit melancholy and apart at the lower end of the form. Her parents were admirers of Mr. Tryan, and had been persuaded, by the Miss Linnets' influence, to insist that their daughter should be prepared for confirmation by him, over and above the preparation given to Miss Townley's pupils by Mr. Orewé. Poor Mary Dunn! I am afraid she thought it too heavy a price to pay for these spiritual advantages, to be excluded from every game at ball, to be obliged to walk with none but little girls—in fact, to be the object of an aversion that nothing short of an incessant supply of plumcakes would have neutralised. And Mrs. Dunn was of opinion that plumcake was unwholesome. The anti-Tryanite spirit, you perceive, was very strong at Miss Townley's, imported probably by day scholars, as well as encouraged by the fact that that clever woman was herself, strongly opposed to innovation, and remarked every Sunday that Mr. Orewé had preached an "excellent discourse." Poor Mary Dunn dreaded the moment when school-hours would be over, for then she was sure to be the butt of those very explicit remarks which, in young ladies' as well as young gentlemen's seminaries, constitute the most subtle and delicate form of the innuendo. "I'd never be a Tryanite, would you?" "O here comes the lady that knows so much more about religion than we do!" "Some people think themselves so very pious!"

It is really surprising that young ladies should not be thought competent to the same curriculum as young gentlemen. I observe that their powers of sarcasm are quite equal; and if there had been a genteel academy for young gentlemen at Millby, I am inclined to think that, notwithstanding Euclid and the classics, the party spirit there would not have exhibited itself in more pungent irony, or more incisive satire, than was heard in Miss Townley's seminary. But there was no such academy,

the existence of the grammar-school under Mr. Crewe's superintendence probably discouraging speculations of that kind: and the genteel youths of Millby were chiefly come home for the mid-summer holidays from distant schools. Several of us had just assumed coat tails, and the assumption of new responsibilities apparently following as a matter of course, we were among the candidates for confirmation. I wish I could say that the solemnity of our feelings was on a level with the solemnity of the occasion; but unimaginative boys find it difficult to recognise apostolical institutions in their developed form, and I fear our chief emotion concerning the ceremony was a sense of sheepishness, and our chief opinion, the speculative and heretical position, that it ought to be confined to the girls. It was a pity, you will say; but it is the way with us men in other crises, that come a long while after confirmation. The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

But, as I said, the morning was sunny, the bells were ringing, the ladies of Millby were dressed in their Sunday garments.

And who is this bright-looking woman walking with hasty step along Orchard street so early, with a large nosegay in her hand? Can it be Janet Dempster, on whom we looked with such deep pity, one sad midnight, hardly a fortnight ago? Yes; no other woman in Millby has those searching black eyes, that tall graceful unconstrained figure, set off by her simple muslin dress and black lace shawl, that massy black hair now so neatly braided in glossy contrast with the white satin ribbons of her modest cap and bonnet. No other woman has that sweet speaking smile, with which she nods to Jonathan Lamb, the old parish clerk. And, ah!—now she comes nearer—there are those sad lines about the mouth and eyes on which that sweet smile plays like sunbeams on the storm-beaten beauty of the full and ripened corn.

She is turning out of Orchard Street, and making her way as fast

as she can to her mother's house, a pleasant cottage facing a road-side meadow from which the hay is being carried. Mrs. Raynor has had her breakfast, and is seated in her arm-chair reading, when Janet opens the door, saying, in her most playful voice—

"Please, mother, I'm come to show myself to you before I go to the parsonage. Have I put on my pretty cap and bonnet to satisfy you?"

Mrs. Raynor looked over her spectacles, and met her daughter's glance with eyes as dark and loving as her own. She was a much smaller woman than Janet, both in figure and feature, the chief resemblance lying in the eyes and the clear brunette complexion. The mother's hair had long been grey, and was gathered under the neatest of caps, made by her own clever fingers, as all Janet's caps and bonnets were too. They were well-practised fingers, for Mrs. Raynor had supported herself in her widowhood, by keeping a millinery establishment, and in this way had earned money enough to give her daughter what was then thought a first-rate education, as well as to save a sum which, eked out by her son-in-law, sufficed to support her in her solitary old age. Always the same clean, neat old lady, dressed in black silk, was Mrs. Raynor: a patient, brave woman, who bowed with resignation under the burden of remembered sorrow, and bore with meek fortitude the new load that the new days brought with them.

"Your bonnet wants pulling a trifle forwarder, my child," she said smiling and taking off her spectacles, while Janet at once knelt down before her, and waited to be "set to rights," as she would have done when she was a child. "You're going straight to Mrs. Crewe's, I suppose? Are those flowers to garnish the dishes?"

"No, indeed, mother. This is a nosegay for the middle of the table. I've sent up the dinner-service and the ham we had cooked at our house yesterday, and Betty is coming directly with the garnish and the plate. We shall get our good Mrs. Crewe through her troubles famously. Dear tiny woman! You should have seen her lift up her hands yesterday, and

pray heaven to take her before ever she should have another collation to get ready for the Bishop. She said, 'It's bad enough to have the Arch-deacon, though he doesn't want half so many jelly glasses. I wouldn't mind, Janet, if it was to feed all the old hungry cripples in Millby, but so much trouble and expense for people who eat too much every day of their lives!' We had such a cleaning and furnishing-up of the sitting-room yesterday! Nothing will ever do away with the smell of Mr. Crewe's pipes, you know; but we have thrown it into the background, with yellow soap and dry lavender. And now I must run away. You will come to church, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, I wouldn't lose such a pretty sight. It does my old eyes good to see so many fresh young faces. Is your husband going?"

"Yes, Robert will be there. I've made him as neat as a new pin this morning, and he says the Bishop will think him too buckish by half. I took him into Mammy Dempster's room to show himself. We hear Tryan is making sure of the Bishop's support; but we shall see. I would give my crooked guinea, and all the luck it will ever bring me, to have him beaten, for I can't endure the sight of the man coming to harass dear old Mr. and Mrs. Crewe in their last days. Preaching the Gospel indeed! That is the best Gospel that makes everybody happy and comfortable, isn't it, mother?"

"Ah, child, I'm afraid there's no Gospel will do that here below."

"Well, I can do something to comfort Mrs. Crewe, at least; so give me a kiss, and good-by till church-time."

The mother leaned back in her chair when Janet was gone, and sank into a painful reverie. When our life is a continuous trial, the moments of respite seem only to substitute the heaviness of dread for the heaviness of actual suffering: the curtain of cloud seems parted an instant only that we may measure all its horror as it hangs low, black, and imminent, in contrast with the tran-

sient brightness; the water-drops that visit the parched lips in the desert, bear with them only the keen imagination of thirst. Janet looked glad and tender now—but what scene of misery was coming next? She was too like the cistus flowers in the little garden before the window, that, with the shades of evening, might lie with the delicate white and glossy dark of their petals trampled in the road-side dust. When the sun had sunk, and the twilight was deepening, Janet might be sitting there, heated, maddened, sobbing out her griefs with selfish passion, and wildly wishing herself dead.

Mrs. Raynor had been reading about the lost sheep, and the joy there is in heaven over the sinner that repenteth. Surely the eternal love she believed in through all the sadness of her lot, would not leave her child to wander farther and farther into the wilderness till there was no turning—the child, so lovely, so pitiful to others—so good, till she was goaded into sin by woman's bitterest sorrows! Mrs. Raynor had her faith and her spiritual comforts, though she was not in the least evangelical, and knew nothing of doctrinal seal. I fear most of Mr. Tryan's hearers would have considered her destitute of saving knowledge, and I am quite sure she had no well-defined views on justification. Nevertheless, she read her Bible a great deal, and thought she found divine lessons there—how to bear the cross meekly, and be merciful. Let us hope that there is a saving ignorance, and that Mrs. Raynor was justified without knowing exactly how.

She tried to have hope and trust, though it was hard to believe that the future would be anything else than the harvest of the seed that was being sown before her eyes. But always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labour. We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

CHAPTER VI.

Most people must have agreed with Mrs. Raynor that the confirmation that day was a pretty sight, at least when those slight girlish forms and fair young faces moved in a white rivulet along the aisles and flowed into kneeling semicircles under the light of the great chancel window, softened by patches of dark old painted glass; and one would think that to look on while a pair of venerable hands pressed such young heads, and a venerable face looked upward for a blessing on them, would be very likely to make the heart swell gently, and to moisten the eyes. Yet I remember the eyes seemed very dry in Millby church that day, notwithstanding that the Bishop was an old man, and probably venerable (for though he was not an eminent Grecian, he was the brother of a Whig lord); and I think the eyes must have remained dry, because he had small delicate womanish hands adorned with ruffles, and, instead of laying them on the girls' heads, just let them hover over each in quick succession, as if it were not etiquette to touch them, and as if the laying on of hands were like the theatrical embrace—part of the play, and not to be really believed in. To be sure there were a great many heads, and the Bishop's time was limited. Moreover, a wig can, under no circumstances, be affecting, except in rare cases of illusion; and copious lawn-sleeves cannot be expected to go directly to any heart except a washerwoman's.

I know Ned Phipps who knelt against me, and I am sure made me behave much worse than I should have done without him, whispered that he thought the Bishop was a "guy," and I certainly remember thinking that Mr. Prendergast looked much more dignified with his plain white surplice and black hair. He was a tall commanding man, and read the Liturgy in a strikingly sonorous and uniform voice, which I tried to imitate the next Sunday at home, until my little sister began to cry and said I was "yoining at her."

Mr. Tryan sat in a pew near the pulpit with several other clergymen. He looked pale, and rubbed his hand over his face and pushed back his hair oftener than usual. Standing in the aisle close to him, and repeating the responses with edifying loudness, was Mr. Budd, churchwarden and delegate, with a white staff in his hand and a backward bend of his small head and person, such as, I suppose, he considered suitable to a friend of sound religion. Conspicuous in the gallery, too, was the tall figure of Mr. Dempster, whose professional avocations rarely allowed him to occupy his place at church.

"There's Dempster," said Mrs. Linnet to her daughter Mary, "looking more respectable than usual, I declare. He's got a fine speech by heart to make to the Bishop, I'll answer for it. But he'll be pretty well sprinkled with snuff before service is over, and the Bishop won't be able to listen to him for sneezing, that's one comfort."

At length the last stage in the long ceremony was over, the large assembly streamed warm and weary into the open afternoon sunshine, and the Bishop retired to the Parsonage, where, after honouring Mrs. Crewe's collation, he was to give audience to the delegates and Mr. Tryan on the great question of the evening lecture.

Between five and six o'clock the parsonage was once more as quiet as usual under the shadow of its tall elms, and the only traces of the Bishop's recent presence there were the wheel-marks on the gravel, and the long table with its garnished dishes awry, its damask sprinkled with crumbs, and its decanters without their stoppers. Mr. Crewe was already calmly smoking his pipe in the opposite sitting-room, and Janet was agreeing with Mrs. Crewe that some of the blanc-mange would be a nice thing to take to Sally Martin, while the little old lady herself had a spoon in her hand ready to gather the crumbs into a plate, that she

might scatter them on the gravel for the little birds.

Before that time, the Bishop's carriage had been seen driving through the High Street on its way to Lord Trufford's, where he was to dine. The question of the lecture was decided, then?

The nature of the decision may be gathered from the following conversation which took place in the bar of the Red Lion that evening.

"So you're done, eh, Dempster?" was Mr. Pilgrim's observation, uttered with some gusto. He was not glad Mr. Tryan had gained his point, but he was not sorry Dempster was disappointed.

"Done, sir? Not at all. It is what I anticipated. I knew we had nothing else to expect in these days, when the Church is infested by a set of men who are only fit to give out hymns from an empty cask, to tunes set by a journeyman cobbler. But I was not the less to exert myself in the cause of sound Churchmanship for the good of the town. Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing. That's my way, sir; and there are many victories worse than a defeat, as Mr. Tryan shall learn to his cost."

"He must be a poor shuper-annayated sort of a bishop, that's my opinion," said Mr. Tomlinson, "to go along with a sneaking Methodist like Tryan. And for my part, I think we should be as well wi'out bishops, if they're no wiser than that. Where's the use o' havin' thousands a-year an' livin' in a pallis, if they don't stick to the Church?"

"No. There you're going out of your depth, Tomlinson," said Mr. Dempster. "No one shall hear me say a word against Episcopacy—it is a safeguard of the Church; we must have ranks and dignities there as well as everywhere else. No,

sir! Episcopacy is a good thing; but it may happen that a bishop is not a good thing. Just as brandy is a good thing, though this particular bottle is British, and tastes like sugared rain-water caught down the chimney. Here, Ratcliffe, let me have something to drink, a little less like a decoction of sugar and soot."

"I said nothing against Episcopacy," returned Mr. Tomlinson. "I only said I thought we should do as well wi'out bishops; an' I'll say it again for the matter o'that. Bishops never brought ony grist to my mill."

"Do you know when the lectures are to begin?" said Mr. Pilgrim.

"They are to *begin* on Sunday next," said Mr. Dempster in a significant tone; "but I think it will not take a long-sighted prophet to foresee the end of them. It strikes me Mr. Tryan will be looking out for another curacy shortly."

"He'll not get many Millby people to go and hear his lectures after a while, I'll bet a guinea," observed Mr. Budd. "I know I'll not keep a single workman on my ground who either goes to the lecture himself or lets anybody belonging to him go."

"Nor me nayther," said Mr. Tomlinson. "No Tryanite shall touch a sack or drive a waggon of mine, that you may depend on. An' I know more besides me as are o' the same mind."

"Tryan has a good many friends in the town, though, and friends that are likely to stand by him too," said Mr. Pilgrim. "I should say it would be as well to let him and his lectures alone. If he goes on preaching as he does, with such a constitution as his, he'll get a relaxed throat by-and-by, and you'll be rid of him without any trouble."

"We'll not allow him to do himself that injury," said Mr. Dempster. "Since his health is not good, we'll persuade him to try change of air. Depend upon it, he'll find the climate of Millby too hot for him."

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Dempster did not stay long at the Red Lion that evening. He was summoned home to meet Mr. Arin-

strong, a wealthy client, and as he was kept in consultation till a late hour, it happened that this was one of the

nights on which Mr. Dempster went to bed tolerably sober. Thus the day, which had been one of Janet's happiest, because it had been spent by her in helping her dear old friend Mrs. Crewe, ended for her with unusual quietude; and as a bright sunset promises a fair morning, so a calm lying down is a good augury for a calm waking. Mr. Dempster, on the Thursday morning, was in one of his best humours, and though perhaps some of the good humour might result from the prospect of a lucrative and exciting bit of business in Mr. Armstrong's probable lawsuit, the greater part of it was doubtless due to those stirrings of the more kindly, healthy sap of human feeling, by which goodness tries to get the upper hand in us whenever it seems to have the slightest chance—on Sunday mornings, perhaps, when we are set free from the grinding hurry of the week, and take the little three-year-old on our knee at breakfast to share our egg and muffin; in moments of trouble, when death visits our roof or illness makes us dependent on the tendering hand of a slighted wife; in quiet talks with an aged mother, of the days when we stood at her knee with our first picture-book, or wrote her loving letters from school. In the man whose childhood has known caresses there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues, and Mr. Dempster, whom you have hitherto seen only as the orator of the Red Lion, and the drunken tyrant of a dreary midnight home, was the first-born darling son of a fair little mother. That mother was living still, and her own large black easy-chair, where she sat knitting through the live-long day, was now set ready for her at the breakfast-table, by her son's side, a sleek tortoise-shell cat acting as provisional incumbent.

"Good morning, Mamsey! why, you're looking as fresh as a daisy this morning. You're getting young again," said Mr. Dempster, looking up from his newspaper when the little old lady entered. A very little old lady she was, with a pale, scarcely wrinkled face, hair of that peculiar white which tells that the locks have once been blond, a natty pure white

cap on her head, and a white shawl pinned over her shoulders. You saw at a glance that she had been a mignonne blonde, strangely unlike her tall, ugly, dingy-complexioned son; unlike her daughter-in-law, too, whose large-featured brunette beauty seemed always thrown into higher relief by the white presence of little Mamsey. The unlikeness between Janet and her mother-in-law went deeper than outline and complexion, and indeed there was little sympathy between them, for old Mrs. Dempster had not yet learned to believe that her son, Robert, would have gone wrong if he had married the right woman—a meek woman like herself, who would have borne him children, and been a deft, orderly house-keeper. In spite of Janet's tenderness and attention to her, she had had little love for her daughter-in-law from the first, and had witnessed the sad growth of home-misery through long years, always with a disposition to lay the blame on the wife rather than on the husband, and to reproach Mrs. Raynor for encouraging her daughter's faults by a too exclusive sympathy. But old Mrs. Dempster had that rare gift of silence and passivity which often supplies the absence of mental strength; and, whatever were her thoughts, she said no word to aggravate the domestic discord. Patient and mute she sat at her knitting through many a scene of quarrel and anguish; resolutely she appeared unconscious of the sounds that reached her ears, and the facts she divined after she had retired to her bed; mutely she witnessed poor Janet's faults, only registering them as a balance of excuse on the side of her son. The hard, astute, domineering attorney was still that little old woman's pet, as he had been when she watched with triumphant pride his first tumbling effort to march alone across the nursery floor. "See what a good son he is to me!" she often thought. "Never gave me a harsh word. And so he might have been a good husband."

O it is piteous—that sorrow of aged women! In early youth, perhaps, they said to themselves, "I shall be happy when I have a hus-

band to love me best of all;" then, when the husband was too careless, "My child will comfort me;" then, through the mother's watching and toil, "My child will repay me all when it grows up." And at last, after the long journey of years has been wearily travelled through, the mother's heart is weighed down by a heavier burthen, and no hope remains but the grave.

But this morning old Mrs. Dempster sat down in her easy-chair without any painful suppressed remembrance of the preceding night.

"I declare mammy looks younger than Mrs. Crewe, who is only sixty-five," said Janet. "Mrs. Crewe will come to see you to-day, mammy, and tell you all about her troubles with the Bishop and the collation. She'll bring her knitting, and you'll have a regular gossip together."

"The gossip will be all on one side, then, for Mrs. Crewe gets so very deaf, I can't make her hear a word. And if I motion to her, she always understands me wrong."

"O, she will have so much to tell you to-day, you will not want to speak yourself. You, who have patience to knit those wonderful counterpanes, mammy, must not be impatient with dear Mrs. Crewe. Good old lady! I can't bear her to think she's ever tiresome to people, and you know she's very ready to fancy herself in the way. I think she would like to shrink up to the size of a mouse, that she might run about and do people good without their noticing her."

"It isn't patience I want, God knows; it's lungs to speak loud enough. But you'll be at home yourself, I suppose, this morning; and you can talk to her for me."

"No, mammy; I promised poor Mrs. Lowme to go and sit with her. She's confined to her room, and both the Miss Lowmes are out; so I'm going to read the newspaper to her and amuse her."

"Couldn't you go another morning? As Mr. Armstrong and that other gentleman are coming to dinner, I should think it would be better to stay at home. Can you trust Betty to see to everything? She's new to the place."

"O I couldn't disappoint Mr. Lowme; I promised her. Betty will do very well, no fear."

Old Mrs. Dempster was silent after this, and began to sip her tea. The breakfast went on without further conversation for some time, Mr. Dempster being absorbed in the papers. At length, when he was running over the advertisements, his eye seemed to be caught by something that suggested a new thought to him. He presently thumped the table with an air of exultation, and said, turning to Janet,—

"I've a capital idea, Gipsy!" (that was his name for his dark-eyed wife when he was in an extraordinarily good humour), "and you shall help me. It's just what you're up to."

"What is it?" said Janet, her face beaming at the sound of the pet name, now heard so seldom. "Anything to do with conveyancing?"

"It's a bit of fun worth a dozen fees—a plan for raising a laugh against Tryan and his gang of hypocrites."

"What is it! Nothing that wants a needle and thread, I hope, else I must go and tease mother."

"No, nothing sharper than your wit—except mine. I'll tell you what it is. We'll get up a programme of the Sunday evening lecture, like a play-bill, you know—'Grand Performance of the celebrated Mountebank,' and so on. We'll bring in the Tryanites—old Landor and the rest—in appropriate characters. Procter shall print it, and we'll circulate it in the town. It will be a capital hit."

"Bravo!" said Janet, clapping her hands. She would just then have pretended to like almost anything, in her pleasure at being appealed to by her husband, and she really did like to laugh at the Tryanites. "We'll set about it directly, and sketch it out before you go to the office. I've got Tryan's sermons up-stairs, but I don't think there's anything in them we can use. I've only just looked into them; they're not at all what I expected—dull, stupid things—nothing of the roaring fire and brimstone sort that I expected."

"Roaring? No; Tryan's as soft as a sucking dove—one of your honey-

mouthed hypocrites. Plenty of devil and malice in him, though, I could see that, while he was talking to the Bishop; but as smooth as a snake outside. He's beginning a single-handed fight with me, I can see—persuading my clients away from me. We shall see who will be the first to cry *peccavi*. Millby will do better without Mr. Tryan than without Robert Dempster, I fancy! and Millby shall never be flooded with cant as long as I can raise a breakwater against it. But now, get the breakfast things cleared away, and let us set about the play-bill. Come, mamsey, come and have a walk with me round the garden, and let us see how the cucumbers are getting on. I've never taken you round the garden for an age. Come, you don't want a bonnet. It's like walking in a greenhouse this morning."

"But she will want a parasol," said Janet. "There's one on the stand against the garden-door, Robert."

The little old lady took her son's arm with placid pleasure. She could barely reach it so as to rest upon it, but he inclined a little towards her, and accommodated his heavy long-limbed steps to her feeble pace. The cat chose to sun herself too, and walked close beside them, with tail erect, rubbing her sleek sides against their legs, and too well fed to be excited by the twittering birds. The garden was of the grassy, shady kind, often seen attached to old houses in provincial towns; the apple-trees had had time to spread their branches very wide,

the shrubs and hardy perennial plants had grown into a luxuriance that required constant trimming to prevent them from intruding on the space for walking. But the farther end, which united with green fields, was open and sunny.

It was rather sad, and yet pretty, to see that little group passing out of the shadow into the sunshine, and out of the sunshine into the shadow again; sad, because this tenderness of the son for the mother was hardly more than a nucleus of healthy life in an organ hardening by disease, because the man who was linked in this way with an innocent past, had become callous in worldliness, fevered by sensuality, enslaved by chance impulses; pretty, because it showed how hard it is to kill the deep-down fibrous roots of human love and goodness—how the man from whom we make it our pride to shrink, has yet a close brotherhood with us through some of our most sacred feelings.

As they were returning to the house, Janet met them, and said, "Now, Robert, the writing things are ready. I shall be clerk, and Mat Paine can copy it out after."

Mammy once more deposited in her arm-chair, with her knitting in her hand, and the cat purring at her elbow, Janet seated herself at the table, while Mr. Dempster placed himself near her, took out his snuff-box, and plentifully suffusing himself with the inspiring powder, began to dictate.

What he dictated, we shall see by-and-by.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next day, Friday, at five o'clock by the sun-dial, the large bow-window of Mrs. Jerome's parlour was open; and that lady herself was seated within its ample semicircle, having a table before her on which her best tea-tray, her best china, and her best urn-rug had already been standing in readiness for half an hour. Mrs. Jerome's best tea-service was of delicate white fluted china, with gold sprigs upon it—as pretty a tea service as you need wish to see, and quite good enough for chimney ornaments;

indeed, as the cups were without handles, most visitors who had the distinction of taking tea out of them, wished that such charming china had already been promoted to that honorary position. Mrs. Jerome was like her china, handsome and old-fashioned. She was a buxom lady of sixty, in an elaborate lace cap fastened by a fringe under her chin, a dark, well-curled front concealing her forehead, a snowy neckerchief exhibiting its ample folds as far as her waist, and a stiff grey silk gown. She had a clean

damask napkin pinned before her to guard her dress during the process of tea-making; her favourite geraniums in the bow-window were looking as healthy as she could desire; her own handsome portrait, painted when she was twenty years younger, was smiling down on her with agreeable flattery; and altogether she seemed to be in as peaceful and pleasant a position as a buxom, well-drest elderly lady need desire. But, as in so many other cases, appearances were deceptive. Her mind was greatly perturbed and her temper ruffled by the fact that it was more than a quarter past five even by the losing time-piece, that it was half-past by her large gold watch, which she held in her hand as if she were counting the pulse of the afternoon, and that, by the kitchen clock, which she felt sure was not an hour too fast, it had already struck six. The lapse of time was rendered the more unendurable to Mrs. Jerome by her wonder that Mr. Jerome could stay out in the garden with Lizzie in that thoughtless way, taking it so easily that tea-time was long past, and that, after all the trouble of getting down the best tea-things, Mr. Tryan would not come.

This honour had been shown to Mr. Tryan, not at all because Mrs. Jerome had any high appreciation of his doctrine or of his exemplary activity as a pastor, but simply because he was a "Church clergyman," and as such was regarded by her with the same sort of exceptional respect as a white woman who had married a native of the Society Islands might be supposed to feel towards a white-skinned visitor from the land of her youth. For Mrs. Jerome had been brought up a Churchwoman, and having attained the age of thirty before she was married, had felt the greatest repugnance in the first instance to renounce the religious forms in which she had been brought up. "You know," she said in confidence to her Church acquaintances, "I wouldn't give no ear at all to Mr. Jerome at first; but after all, I began to think as there was a maeny things wuss nor goin' to chapel, an' you'd better do that nor not pay your way. Mr. Jerome had a very pleasant man-

ner wi' him, an' there was never another as kep a gig, an' 'ud make a settlement on me like him, chapel or no chapel. It seemed very odd to me for a lung while, the preachin' wi'out book, an' the stannin' up to one lung prayer, istid o' changin' yur postur. But la! there's nothin' as you mayn't get used to i' time; you can al'ys sit down, you know, afore the prayer's done. The ministers say welly the same things as the Church parsons, by what I could iver mek out, an' we're out o' chapel i' the mornin' a deal sooner nor they're out o' church. An' as for pewa, oun's a deal comfortabler nor aeny i' Millby Church."

Mrs. Jerome, you perceive, had not a keen susceptibility to shades of doctrine, and it is probable that after listening to Dissenting eloquence for thirty years, she might safely have re-entered the Establishment without performing any spiritual quarantine. Her mind, apparently, was of that non-porous flinty character which is not in the least danger from surrounding damp. But on the question of getting start of the sun in the day's business, and clearing her conscience of the necessary sum of meals and the consequent "washing up" as soon as possible, so that the family might be well in bed at nine, Mrs. Jerome was susceptible; and the present lingering pace of things, united with Mr. Jerome's unaccountable oblivioness, was not to be borne any longer. So she rang the bell for Sally.

"Goodness me, Sally! go into the garden an' see after your master. Tell him it's goin' on for six, an' Mr. Tryan 'ull niver think o' comin' now, an' it's time we got tea over. An' he's lettin' Lizzie stain her frock, I expect, among them strawberry beds. Mek her come in this minute."

No wonder Mr. Jerome was tempted to linger in the garden, for though the house was pretty and well deserved its name—"the White House," the tall damask roses that clustered over the porch being thrown into relief by rough stucco of the most brilliant white, yet the garden and orchards were Mr. Jerome's glory, as well they might be: and there was nothing in which he had a more

innocent pride—peace to a good man's memory! all his pride was innocent—than in conducting a hitherto uninitiated visitor over his grounds, and making him in some degree aware of the incomparable advantages possessed by the inhabitants of the White House in the matter of red-streaked apples, russets, northern greens (excellent for baking), swan-egg pears, and early vegetables, to say nothing of flowering "scrubs," pink hawthorns, lavender bushes more than ever Mrs. Jerome could use, and, in short, a superabundance of everything that a person retired from business could desire to possess himself or to share with his friends. The garden was one of those old-fashioned paradises which hardly exist any longer except as memories of our childhood: no finical separation between flower and kitchen garden there; no monotony of enjoyment for one sense to the exclusion of another; but a charming paradisiacal mingling of all that was pleasant to the eyes and good for food. The rich flower-border running along every walk, with its endless succession of spring flowers, anemones, auriculas, wall-flowers, sweet-williams, campanulas, snapdragons, and tiger-lilies, had its taller beauties, such as moss and Provence roses, varied with espalier apple-trees; the crimson of a carnation was carried out in the lurking crimson of the neighbouring strawberry-beds; you gathered a moss-rose one moment and a bunch of currants the next; you were in a delicious fluctuation between the scent of jasmine and the juice of gooseberries. Then what a high wall at one end, flanked by a summer-house so lofty, that after ascending its long flight of steps you could see perfectly well there was no view worth looking at; what alcoves and garden seats in all directions; and along one side, what a hedge, tall, and firm, and unbroken, like a green wall!

It was near this hedge that Mr. Jerome was standing when Sally found him. He had set down the basket of strawberries on the gravel, and had lifted up little Lizzie in his arms to look at a bird's nest. Lizzie peeped, and then looked at her

grandpa with round blue eyes, and then peeped again.

"D'ye see it, Lizzie?" he whispered.

"Yes," she whispered in return, putting her lips very near grandpa's face. At this moment Sally appeared.

"Eh, eh, Sally, what's the matter? Is Mr. Tryan come?"

"No, sir, an' Missis says she's sure he won't come now, an' she wants you to come in an' hev tea. Dear heart, Miss Lizzie, you've stained your pinafore, an' I shouldn't wonder if it's gone through to your frock. There'll be fine work! Come along wi' me, do."

"Nay, nay, nay, we've done no harm, we've done no harm, hev we, Lizzie? The wash tub 'll mek all right again."

Sally, regarding the wash-tub from a different point of view, looked sourly serious, and hurried away with Lizzie, who trotted submissively along, her little head in eclipse under a large nankin bonnet, while Mr. Jerome followed leisurely with his full broad shoulders in rather a stooping posture, and his large good-natured features and white locks shaded by a broad-brimmed hat.

"Mr. Jerome, I wonder at you," said Mrs. Jerome, in a tone of indignant remonstrance, evidently sustained by a deep sense of injury, as her husband opened the parlour door. "When will you leave off invitin' people to meals an' not lettin' 'em know the time? I'll answer for't, you niver said a word to Mr. Tryan as we should tek tea at five o'clock. It's just like you!"

"Nay, nay, Susan," answered the husband in a soothing tone, "there's nothin' amiss. I told Mr. Tryan as we took tea at five punctual; mayhap summat's a detainin' on him. He's a deal to do an' to think on, remember."

"Why, it's struck six i' the kitchen a'ready. It's nonsense to look for him comin' now. So you may's well ring for th' urn. Now Sally's got th' heater i' th' fire, we may's well hev th' urn in, though he doesn't come. I niver see the like o' you, Mr. Jerome, for axin' people an' givin' me the trouble o' gettin' things down an'

hevin' crumpets made, an' after all they don't come. I shall hev to wash every one o' these tea-things myself, for there's no trustin' Sally—she'd break a fortin i' crockery i' no time!"

"But why will you give yourself sich trouble, Susan? Our everyday tea-things would ha' done as well for Mr. Tryan, an' they're a deal convenient to hold."

"Yes, that's just your way, Mr. Jerome, you're aly's a-findin' faut wi' my chany, because I bought it myself afore I was married. But let me tell you, I knowed how to choose chany if I didn't know how to choose a husband. An' where's Lizzie? You've niver left her i' the garden by herself, wi' her white frock on an' clean stockins?"

"Be easy, my dear Susan, be easy; Lizzie's come in wi' Sally. She's hevin' her pinafore took off, I'll be bound. Ah! There's Mr. Tryan a-comin' through the gate."

Mrs. Jerome began hastily to adjust her damask napkin, and the expression of her countenance for the reception of the clergyman, and Mr. Jerome went out to meet his guest, whom he greeted outside the door.

"Mr. Tryan, how do you do, Mr. Tryan? Welcome to the White House! I'm glad to see you, sir, I'm glad to see you."

If you had heard the tone of mingled goodwill, veneration, and condolence in which this greeting was uttered, even without seeing the face that completely harmonised with it, you would have no difficulty in inferring the ground notes of Mr. Jerome's character. To a fine ear that tone said as plainly as possible—"Whatever recommends itself to me, Thomas Jerome, as piety and goodness, shall have my love and honour. Ah, friends, this pleasant world is a sad one, too, isn't it? Let us help one another, let us help one another." And it was entirely owing to this basis of character, not at all from any clear and precise doctrinal discrimination, that Mr. Jerome had very early in life become a Dissenter. In his boyish days he had been thrown where Dissent seemed to have the balance of piety, purity, and good works on its side, and to become a Dissenter seemed to him

identical with choosing God instead of mammon. That race of Dissenters is extinct in these days, when opinion has got far ahead of feeling, and every chapel-going youth can fill our ears with the advantages of the Voluntary system, the corruptions of a State Church, and the Scriptural evidence that the first Christians were Congregationalists. Mr. Jerome knew nothing of this theoretic basis for Dissent, and in the utmost extent of his polemical discussion he had not gone further than to question whether a Christian man was bound in conscience to distinguish Christmas and Easter by any peculiar observance beyond the eating of mince-pies and cheese-cakes. It seemed to him that all seasons were alike good for thanking God, departing from evil and doing well, whereas it might be desirable to restrict the period for indulging in unwholesome forms of pastry. Mr. Jerome's dissent being of this simple, non-polemical kind, it is easy to understand that the report he heard of Mr. Tryan as a good man and a powerful preacher, who was stirring the hearts of the people, had been enough to attract him to the Paddiford Church, and that having felt himself more edified there than he had of late been under Mr. Stickney's discourses at Salem, he had driven thither repeatedly in the Sunday afternoons, and had sought an opportunity of making Mr. Tryan's acquaintance. The evening lecture was a subject of warm interest with him, and the opposition Mr. Tryan met with gave that interest a strong tinge of partisanship; for there was a store of irascibility in Mr. Jerome's nature which must find a vent somewhere, and in so kindly and upright a man could only find it in indignation against those whom he held to be enemies of truth and goodness. Mr. Tryan had not hitherto been to the White House, but yesterday, meeting Mr. Jerome in the street, he had at once accepted the invitation to tea, saying there was something he wished to talk about. He appeared worn and fatigued now, and after shaking hands with Mrs. Jerome, threw himself into a chair and looked out on the pretty garden with an air of relief.

"What a nice place you have here, Mr. Jerome! I've not seen anything so quiet and pretty since I came to Wilby. On Paddiford Common, where I live, you know, the bushes are all sprinkled with soot, and there's never any quiet except in the dead of night."

"Dear heart! dear heart! That's very bad—and for you, too, as hev to study. Wouldn't it be better for you to be somewhere more out i' the country like?"

"O no! I should lose so much time in going to and fro, and besides I like to be *among* the people. I've no face to go and preach resignation to those poor things in their smoky air and comfortless homes, when I come straight from every luxury myself. There are many things quite lawful for other men, which a clergyman must forego if he would do any good in a manufacturing population like this."

Here the preparations for tea were crowned by the simultaneous appearance of Lizzie and the crumpets. It is a pretty surprise, when one visits an elderly couple, to see a little figure enter in a white frock, with a blonde head as smooth as satin, round blue eyes, and a cheek like an apple blossom. A toddling little girl is a centre of common feeling which makes the most dissimilar people understand each other; and Mr. Tryan looked at Lizzie with that quiet pleasure which is always genuine.

"Here we are, here we are!" said proud grandpa. "You didn't think we'd got such a little gell as this, did you, Mr. Tryan? Why, it seems but th' other day since her mother was just such another. This is our little Lizzie, this is. Come an' shake hands wi' Mr. Tryan, Lizzie; come."

Lizzie advanced without hesitation, and put out one hand, while she fingered her coral necklace with the other, and looked up into Mr. Tryan's face with a reconnoitring gaze. He stroked the satin head, and said in his gentlest voice, "How do you do, Lizzie? will you give me a kiss?" She put up her little bud of a mouth, and then retreating a little and glancing down at her frock, said,

"Dit id my noo fock. I put it on

'tod you wad toming. Tally taid you wouldn't 'look at it."

"Hush, hush, Lizzie, little gells must be seen and not heard," said Mrs. Jerome; while grandpapa, winking significantly, and looking radiant with delight at Lizzie's extraordinary promise of cleverness, set her up on her high cane-chair by the side of grandma, who lost no time in shielding the beauties of the new frock with a napkin.

"Well now, Mr. Tryan," said Mr. Jerome, in a very serious tone, when tea had been distributed, "let me hear how you're a-goin' on about the lectur. When I was i' the town yisterday, I heared as there was pessecutin' schemes a-bein' laid again you. I fear me those raskills 'ull mek things very onpleasant to you."

"I've no doubt they will attempt it; indeed, I quite expect there will be a regular mob got up on Sunday evening, as there was when the delegates returned, on purpose to annoy me and the congregation on our way to church."

"Ah, they're capable o' anything, such men as Dempster an' Budd; an' Tomliason backs 'em wi' money, though he can't wi' brains. Howiver, Dempster's lost one client by's wicked doins, an' I'm deceived if he won't lose more nor one. I little thought, Mr. Tryan, when I put my affairs into his hands twenty 'ear ago this Michaelmas, as he was to turn out a pessecutor o' religion. I niver lighted on a cliverer, promisin' young man nor he was then. They talked of his bein' fond of a extry glass now an' then, but niver nothin' like what he's come to since. An' it's headpiece you must look for in a lawyer, Mr. Tryan, it's headpiece. His wife, too, was al'ys an uncommon favourite o' mine—poor thing! I hear sad stories about her now. But she's druv to it, she's druv to it, Mr. Tryan. A tender-hearted woman to the poor, she is, as iver lived; an' as pretty-spoken a woman as you need wish to talk to. Yes! I'd al'ys a likin' for Dempster an' his wife, spite o' iverthing. But as soon as iver I heared o' that dilegate business, I says, says I, that man shall hev no more to do wi' my affairs. It may put me t' inconvenience, but I'll encourage no man as pessecutes religion."

"He is evidently the brain and hand of the persecution," said Mr. Tryan. "There may be a strong feeling against me in a large number of the inhabitants—it must be so, from the great ignorance of spiritual things in this place. But I fancy there would have been no formal opposition to the lecture, if Dempster had not planned it. I am not myself the least alarmed at anything he can do; he will find I am not to be cowed or driven away by insult or personal danger. God has sent me to this place, and, by His blessing, I'll not shrink from anything I may have to encounter in doing His work among the people. But I feel it right to call on all those who know the value of the Gospel, to stand by me publicly. I think—and Mr. Landor agrees with me—that it will be well for my friends to proceed with me in a body to the church on Sunday evening. Dempster, you know, has pretended that almost all the respectable inhabitants are opposed to the lecture. Now, I wish that falsehood to be visibly contradicted. What do you think of the plan? I have to-day been to see several of my friends, who will make a point of being there to accompany me, and will communicate with others on the subject."

"I'll mek one, Mr. Tryan, I'll mek one. You shall not be wantin' in any support as I can give. Before you come to it, sir, Millby was a dead an' dark place; you are the fust man i' the Church to my knowledge as has brought the word of God home to the people, an' I'll stan' by you, sir, I'll stan' by you. I'm a dissenter, Mr. Tryan; I've been a dissenter iver sin' I was fifteen 'ear old; but show me good i' the Church, an' I'm a Churchman too. When I was a boy I lived at Tilston; you mayn't know the place; the best part o' the land there belonged to Squire Sandeman; he'd a club-foot, hed Squire Sandeman—lost a deal o' money by canal shares. Well, sir, as I was sayin', I lived at Tilston, an' the rector there was a terrible drinkin', fox-huntin' man; you niver see such a parish i' your time for wickedness; Millby's nothin' to it. Well, sir, my father was a workin' man, an' couldn't afford to gi' me only eddication, so I

went to a night-school as was kep by a dissenter, one Jacob Wright; an' it was from that man, sir, as I got my little schoolin' an' my knowledge o' religion. I went to chapel wi' Jacob—he was a good man was Jacob—an' to chapel I've been iver since. But I'm no enemy o' the Church, sir, when the Church brings light to the ignorant an' the sinful; an' that's what you're a-doin', Mr. Tryan. Yes, sir, I'll stan' by you. I'll go to church wi' you o' Sunday evenin'."

"You'd fur better stay at home, Mr. Jerome, if I may give *my* opinion," interposed Mrs. Jerome. "It's not as I hev'n't ivery respect for you, Mr. Tryan, but Mr. Jerome 'ull do you no good by his interferin'. Dissenters are not at all looked on i' Millby, an' he's as nervous as iver he can be; he'll come back as ill as ill, an' niver let me hev a wink o' sleep all night."

Mrs. Jerome had been frightened at the mention of a mob, and her retrospective regard for the religious communion of her youth by no means inspired her with the temper of a martyr. Her husband looked at her with an expression of tender and grieved remonstrance, which might have been that of the patient patriarch on the memorable occasion when he rebuked his wife.

"Susan, Susan, let me beg on you not to oppose me, an' put stumblin'-blocks i' the way o' doin' what's right. I can't give up my conscience, let me give up what else I may."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Tryan, feeling slightly uncomfortable, "since you are not very strong, my dear sir, it will be well, as Mrs. Jerome suggests, that you should not run the risk of any excitement."

"Say no more, Mr. Tryan. I'll stan' by you, sir. It's my duty. It's the cause o' God, sir; it's the cause o' God."

Mr. Tryan obeyed his impulse of admiration and gratitude, and put out his hand to the white-haired old man, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Jerome, thank you."

Mr. Jerome grasped the proffered hand in silence, and then threw himself back in his chair, casting a regretful look at his wife, which seemed to say, "Why don't you feel with me, Susan?"

The sympathy of this simple-minded old man was more precious to Mr. Tryan than any mere onlooker could have imagined. To persons possessing a great deal of that facile psychology which prejudices individuals by means of formulae, and casts them without further trouble into duly lettered pigeon-holes, the Evangelical curate might seem to be doing simply what all other men like to do—carrying out objects which were identified not only with his theory, which is but a kind of secondary egoism, but also with the primary egoism of his feelings. Opposition may become sweet to a man when he has christened it persecution: a self-obtrusive, over-hasty reformer complacently disclaiming all merit, while his friends call him a martyr, has not in reality a career the most arduous to the fleshly mind. But Mr. Tryan was not cast in the mould of the gratuitous martyr. With a power of persistence which had been often blamed as obstinacy, he had an acute sensibility to the very hatred or ridicule he did not flinch from provoking. Every form of disapproval jarred him painfully; and, though he fronted his opponents manfully, and often with considerable warmth of temper, he had no pugnacious pleasure in the contest. It was one of the weaknesses of his nature to be too keenly alive to every harsh wind of opinion; to wince under the frowns of the foolish; to be irritated by the injustice of those who could not possibly have the elements indispensable for judging him rightly; and with all this acute sensibility to blame, this dependence on sympathy, he had for years been constrained into a position of antagonism. No wonder, then, that good old Mr. Jerome's cordial words were balm to him. He had often been thankful to an old woman for saying "God bless you;" to a little child for smiling at him; to a dog for submitting to be patted by him.

Tea being over by this time, Mr. Tryan proposed a walk in the garden as a means of dissipating all recollection of the recent conjugal dissidence. Little Lizzie's appeal, "Me go, gandpa!" could not be rejected, so she was duly bonneted and pin-afored, and then they turned out into the evening sunshine. Not Mrs.

Jerome, however: she had a deeply meditated plan of retiring *ad interim* to the kitchen and washing up the best tea-things, as a mode of getting forward with the sadly-retarded business of the day.

"This way, Mr. Tryan, this way," said the old gentleman; "I must take you to my pastur fust, 'an show you our cow—the best milker i' the county. An' see here at these back-buildings, how convenient the dairy is; I planned it ivery bit myself. An' here I've got my little carpenter's shop an' my blacksmith's shop; I do no end o' jobs here myself. I niver could bear to be idle, Mr. Tryan; I must al'ys be at somethin' or other. It was time for me to ley by business an' mek room for younger folks. I'd got money enough, wi' only one daughter to leave it to, an' I says to myself, says I, it's time to leave off moitherin' myself wi' this world so much, 'an give more time to thinkin' of another. Bnt there's a many hours atween getting up an' lyin' down, an' thoughts are no cumber; you can move about wi' a good many on 'em' in your head. See here's the pastur."

A very pretty pasture it was, where the large-spotted short-horned cow quietly chewed the cud as she lay and looked sleepily at her admirers—a daintily trimmed hedge all round, dotted here and there with a mountain-ash or a cherry-tree.

"I've a good bit more land besides this, worth your while to look at, but mayhap it's further nor you'd like to walk now. Bless you! I've welly an' acre o' potato ground yonters; I've a good big family to supply, you know." (Here Mr. Jerome winked and smiled significantly.) "An' that puts me i' mind, Mr. Tryan, o' summat I wanted to say to you. Clergymen like you, I know, see a deal more poverty an' that than other folks, an' hev a many claims on 'em more nor they can well meet; an' if you'll mek use o' my purse any time, or let me know where I can be o' any help, I'll tek it very kind on you."

"Thank you, Mr. Jerome, I will do so, I promise you. I saw a sad case yesterday; a collier—a fine broad-chested fellow about thirty—was killed by the falling of a wall in the

Paddiford colliery. I was in one of the cottages near when they brought him home on a door, and the shriek of the wife has been ringing in my ears ever since. There are three little children. Happily the woman has her loom, so she will be able to keep out of the workhouse; but she looks very delicate."

"Give me her name, Mr. Tryan," said Mr. Jerome, drawing out his pocket-book. "I'll call an' see her, I'll call an' see her."

Deep was the fountain of pity in the good old man's heart! He often ate his dinner stintingly, oppressed by the thought that there were men, women, and children, with no dinner to sit down to, and would relieve his mind by going out in the afternoon to look for some need that he could supply, some honest struggle in which he could lend a helping hand. That any living being should want, was his chief sorrow; that any rational being should waste, was the next. Sally, indeed, having been scolded by master for a too lavish use of sticks in lighting the kitchen fire, and various instances of recklessness with regard to candle ends, considered him "as mean as aenythink;" but he had as kindly a warmth as the morning sunlight, and, like the sunlight, his goodness shone on all that came in his way, from the saucy rosy-cheeked lad whom he delighted to make happy with a Christmas box, to the pallid sufferers up dim entries, languishing under the tardy death of want and misery.

It was very pleasant to Mr. Tryan to listen to the simple chat of the old man—to walk in the shade of

the incomparable orchard, and hear the story of the crops yielded by the red-streaked apple-tree, and the quiet embarrassing plentifulness of the summer-pear—to drink in the sweet evening breath of the garden, as they sat in the alcove—and so, for a short interval, to feel the strain of his pastoral task relaxed.

Perhaps he felt the return to that task through the dusty roads all the more painfully, perhaps something in that quiet shady home had reminded him of the time before he had taken on him the yoke of self-denial. The strongest heart will faint sometimes under the feeling that enemies are bitter, and that friends only know half its sorrows. The most resolute soul will now and then cast back a yearning look in treading the rough mountain-path, away from the greensward and laughing voices of the valley. However it was, in the nine o'clock twilight that evening, when Mr. Tryan had entered his small study and turned the key in the door, he threw himself into the chair before his writing-table, and heedless of the papers there, leaned his face low on his hands, and moaned heavily.

It is apt to be so in this life, I think. While we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, and labelling his opinions—"he is Evangelical and narrow," or "Latitudinarian and Pantheistic," or "Anglican and supercilious"—that man, in his solitude, is perhaps, shedding hot tears because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word, and do the difficult deed.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Tryan showed no such symptoms of weakness on the critical Sunday. He unhesitatingly rejected the suggestion that he should be taken to church in Mr. Landor's carriage—a proposition which that gentleman made as an amendment on the original plan, when the rumours of meditated insult became alarming. Mr. Tryan declared he would have no precautions taken, but would simply trust in God and

his good cause. Some of his more timid friends thought this conduct rather defiant than wise, and reflecting that a mob has great talents for impromptu, and that legal redress is imperfect satisfaction for having one's head broken with a brickbat, were beginning to question their consciences very closely as to whether it was not a duty they owed to their families to stay at home on Sunday evening. These timorous persons,

however, were in a small minority, and the generality of Mr. Tryan's friends and hearers rather exulted in an opportunity of braving insult for the sake of a preacher to whom they were attached on personal as well as doctrinal grounds. Miss Pratt spoke of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and observed that the present crisis afforded an occasion for emulating their heroism even in these degenerate times; while less highly instructed persons, whose memories were not well stored with precedents, simply expressed their determination, as Mr. Jerome had done, to "stan' by" the preacher and his cause, believing it to be the "cause of God."

On Sunday evening, then, at a quarter past six, Mr. Tryan, setting out from Mr. Landor's with a party of his friends who had assembled there, was soon joined by two other groups from Mr. Pratt's and Mr. Dunn's; and stray persons on their way to church naturally falling into

rank behind this leading file, by the time they reached the entrance of Orchard Street, Mr. Tryan's friends formed a considerable procession, walking three or four abreast. It was in Orchard Street and towards the church gates, that the chief crowd was collected; and at Mr. Dempster's drawing-room window, on the upper floor, a more select assembly of Anti-Tryanites were gathered, to witness the entertaining spectacle of the Tryanites walking to church amidst the jeers and hootings of the crowd.

To prompt the popular wit with appropriate sobriquets, numerous copies of Mr. Dempster's play-bill were posted on the walls, in suitably large and emphatic type. As it is possible that the most industrious collector of mural literature may not have been fortunate enough to possess himself of this production, which ought by all means to be preserved amongst the materials of our provincial religious history, I subjoin a faithful copy.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!!!

To be given at Millby, on Sunday evening next, by the

FAMOUS COMEDIAN, TRY-IT-ON!

And his first-rate company, including not only an

UNPARALLELED CAST FOR COMEDY!

But a Large Collection of *reclaimed and converted Animals*; among the rest

A Bear, who used to dance!

A Parrot, once given to swearing!!!

A Polygamous Pig!!!

and

A Monkey who used to catch fleas on a Sunday!!!!

Together with a

Pair of *regenerated LINNERS!*

With an entirely new song, and *plumage*.

MR. TRY-IT-ON

Will first pass through the streets in procession, with his unrivalled Company, warranted to have their *eyes turned up higher* and the *corners of their mouths turned down lower*, than any other company of Mountebanks in this circuit!

AFTER WHICH

The Theatre will be opened, and the entertainment will commence
at HALF-PAST SIX,

When will be presented

A piece, never before performed on any stage, entitled,

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING;

OR

THE METHODIST IN A MASK.

Mr. Boanerges Soft Sawder,	Mr. TRY-IT-ON.
Old Ten-per-cent Godly,	Mr. GANDER.
Dr. Feedemup,	Mr. TONIC.
Mr. Lime-Twig Lady-winner,	Mr. TRY-IT-ON. •
Miss Piety Bait-the-hook,	Miss TONIC.
Angelica,	Miss SERAPHINA TONIC.

After which
 A miscellaneous Musical Interlude, commencing with
The Lamentations of Jerom-tah!
 In nasal recitative.
 To be followed by
 The favourite Cackling Quartette,
 by
Two Hen-birds, who are no chickens!
 The well-known counter-tenor, Mr. Done, and a Gander,
 lineally descended from the *Goose* that laid golden eggs!
 To conclude with a
 GRAND CHORUS by the
Entire Orchestra of converted Animals!!

But owing to the unavoidable absence (from illness) of the *Bull-dog, who has left off fighting*, Mr. Tonic has kindly undertaken, at a moment's notice, to supply the "bark!"

The whole to conclude with a
Screaming Farce of
 THE PULPIT SNATCHER.

Mr. Sainly Smooth-face,	Mr. TRY-IT-ON!
Mr. Worming Sneaker,	Mr. TRY-IT-ON!!
Mr. All-grace No-works,	Mr. TRY-IT-ON!!!
Mr. Elect-and-Chosen Apewell,	Mr. TRY-IT-ON!!!!
Mr. Malevolent Prayerful,	Mr. TRY-IT-ON!!!!!!
Mr. Foist-himself Everywhere,	Mr. TRY-IT-ON!!!!!!
Mr. Flout-the-aged Upstart,	Mr. TRY-IT-ON!!!!!!

Admission Free. A Collection will be made at the Doors.
Vivat Rex!

This satire, though it presents the keenest edge of Millby wit, does not strike you as lacerating, I imagine. But hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly. And Mr. Dempster's sarcasms were not merely visible on the walls; they were reflected in the derisive glances, and audible in the jeering voices of the crowd. Through this pelting shower of nick-names and bad puns, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment of groans, howls, hisses, and heehaws, but of no heavier missiles, Mr. Tryan walked pale and composed, giving his arm to old Mr. Landor, whose step was feeble. On the other side of him was Mr. Jerome, who still walked firmly, though his shoulders were slightly bowed.

Outwardly Mr. Tryan was composed, but inwardly he was suffering

acutely from these tones of hatred and scorn. However strong his consciousness of right, he found it no stronger armour against such weapons as derisive glances and virulent words, than against stones and clubs; his conscience was in repose, but his sensibility was bruised.

Once more only did the Evangelical curate pass up Orchard Street followed by a train of friends; once more only was there a crowd assembled to witness his entrance through the church gates. But that second time no voice was heard above a whisper, and the whispers were words of sorrow and blessing. That second time, Janet Dempster was not looking on in scorn and merriment; her eyes were worn with grief and watching, and she was following her beloved friend and pastor to the grave.

AFOOT.

PART III.—CHAPTER V.

"THE human species," says Charles Lamb, "according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races—the men who borrow and the men who lend. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, 'Parthians and Medes and Elamites,' flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions." We do not unreservedly endorse this doctrine of races; nor do we accept as our creed, the more elaborate division of mankind, by Buffon and Cuvier, into Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, Malayan, and American races. Prichard's psychical and philological study of man is too high for us; so are his Melanic, Xanthous and Leucous varieties. Still less would we adopt the Lazarus and Dives distinction. The theory of our afoot philosophy is, that men should be classed, not by race or degree, but by kind. We would divide them into Churl and Gentle—the churl in heart and mind, the man of purblind vision, of the closed heart and the closed hand—the gentle in spirit and thought, the full-hearted, full-handed, and full-sighted; the men who have smiles for their brethren and eyes for nature, who can say a welcome and a God-speed. These are the grand divisions, and these again have their varieties. There are peasant churls and noble churls; boorish churls and niggard churls; muleish and moleish churls; sodden, sordid, crabbed, and sullen churls. There are the low-born and high-born gentles; the hearty and the social; the retiring and the diffident; the hail-fellow-well-met and the recluse; the horny-handed and weather-beaten gentle; the soft and the delicate, yet all-generous, free-hearted, cheerful—lovers of nature and lovers of men. We have found these pretty equally distributed between Caucasian and Ethiopian, and

as often associated with blubber lips and woolly hair, as with the finely chiselled physiognomy of Arab or Greek. We would not bruit it in New York, or whisper it in a steamer on the Mississippi, without having made up our minds to be taboed, lynched, or bowied; but here, surrounded by Magna Charta and the rural police, we are free to confess that we consider the Ethiop or Nigger rather a pleasant fellow, save and excepting when he comes betwixt the wind and our nobility. We are not sanguine enough to believe that we shall ever see the fulfilment of the theory, that the most gorgeous drama of civilisation the world has ever witnessed will be enacted by blacks—if so, we trust that some bountiful dispensation will adapt the olfactories to the time and circumstances—for we have lived through a dignity ball, and can imagine what a drawing-room or Exeter hall of niggers would be—but we look upon the nigger rather as a fellow to be laughed and joked with, than to be manacled and cow-hided. The courtesy with which he invites one to partake of his plantain or shaddock has not the grace with which the Arab tenders his bowl of milk, or the Andalusian presents the cigar, yet it is just as hearty: and as for merriment and laughter, one laugh of his will concentrate more force of cahinnation than would come from the whole tribe of Bedouins in a generation. We have known a joke, which we would not father on Selwyn or even quote as Grimaldi's, set a whole group of Sambos and Dinahs rolling, rollicking, and guffawing in an ecstasy of fun.

No! gentleness, courtesy, pleasantness, are not things which depend on blood, or race, or rank, colour or locality; nor are churlishness, niggardliness, insensateness. In this is the whole world nearly kin: that both sorts are to be found in all its peoples and families, classifying them more surely than genus or species. There

have been Nabals and Barzillais in all ages—Coverleys and Grimes in all classes. We men afoot, who jostle and rub elbows with the world, soon learn the characteristics of these kinds, and 'tis wonderful by how many signs, by how many little traits, the gentle disclose the courtesy and hospitality of their hearts. We have gathered these in crumbs from the rich man's table; we have feasted on them at the scant board of the peasant. We have caught them in smiles and greetings; in salaams, salutations, and passing benedictions; in proffered chibouques and seats, and in the many kindly acts which lighten the foot and gladden the heart of the wayfarer. The memories of such things fan our thoughts like angels' wings. Their name is legion—these gentle deeds. Yet there are some which, from a peculiarity of expression or association, stand apart from the rest. Once we had followed some wild duck along a deep out in a plain of Murcia, and had passed beyond the limits of habitation. Some kind of dwelling at last appeared before us, and we approached it in the hope that it might be a venda, where we could at least get a crust and a cup of wine. We found it to be a mere shed or shelter made of boughs and reeds; yet it was the abode of man, and from it there came forth a gaunt peasant leading a sickly child by the hand. He welcomed us at once; waved us to a slight alcove which he had formed outside; spread his tattered cloak on the ground for a seat; then retired within and came back bearing a platter with some brown bread, black olives, and a bottle of the sourest, thinnest wine on it. He made no excuses, no apologies—he gave his best, his all. The offering was poor in matter, yet rich in bounty. 'Twas true hospitality too, for his hand closed against the coin we tried to slip into it, and we were fain to drop it in the lap of the child.

The hospitality of the East has a colouring of its own—the broad colouring of primitive feeling, unshaded by conventional touches. We are in the house of a Sheik of the Lebanon; pipes and coffee have been handed

round. We are in full divan, looking as gravely and puffing away as fiercely as we can. The door opens; a servant salaams, and we are informed that a feast awaits us in another room. We enter, and find a banquet spread, at which Aladdin's genie might have assisted, save that the gold and silver dishes were lacking. There were pilaus, kabobs, roasts, heaps of sweetmeats, piles of rice, dishes of fruit, bowls of sherbet, and jars of coolest water—all set off with leaves and flowers. Nor were flasks of vino d'oro wanting, for our host was no Mussulman. We were waiting the signal to fall to, when a black servant entered, bearing on a dish a kid roasted whole, and stuffed with pistacchio nuts, which he placed before one of the party. The Sheik then quietly remarked, that having observed, on a former occasion, that God had blessed our hakim with a good appetite, this dish had been provided especially for him; and we were invited to try our lesser powers on the lighter delicacies around us. This was not done in joke or sarcasm, but in the pure earnest desire of a host that his guest should be filled and satisfied.

This division of churl and gentle is pretty general among people standing by their own homesteads, or sitting under their own vine and fig. We mean not that the sorts are numerically equal, but that they are found pretty much in the same proportions among the races of men. But it must be allowed that there are nations to whom the pilgrim spirit is more congenial than to others, and who more fully comprehend and fulfil the purposes and destiny of travel. The men of the East say, that we of the Saxon blood inherit the wandering foot as a curse; that we cannot rest, and must wander ever on and on by the will of fate. The Spaniard says we come into his country to see the sun. It is certain, that whatever be the motive, we travel more than any other people or species. The old migratory habit is still strong with us. And though there be some of our kin gobemouches, charlatans, inanities, "purbblind, opaque flunkys, and solemn shams," who disgrace the staff and scallop-shell, and make

the name a byword and a scorn, still from our ranks have sprung the truest and most genial of the pilgrim brotherhood. Our cognates of the German family travel much and well; but they are ponderous in research and learning, deep in statics and analogies, and care little for the lighter touches which brighten and shadow the life of man. They are ever digging for ore, and cannot stop to gather flowers or fruit. The Spaniard seldom moves abroad except in his own land. The Pyrenees, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean, bound all that he considers worth seeing or knowing. Why should he go beyond this supreme spot? Is it not "el Paraiso?" If strangers come to him, well; he will receive them courteously. They are welcome to his hills and plains, his huertas and prados, and also, if he like them, to his homes and his tertulias. It is quite right that they should travel *al cielo d'España*; but he! why should he wander? The Ross travels luxuriously and diplomatically. He seeks fine climes and pleasant cities. Luxury is his recreation, politics his study. The world is his *rouge-et-noir* table, on which he speculates and stakes. His thoughts stray not beyond coteries, cabinets, bureaux, écarté, and salons. It is seldom he cares to climb the hillside, to stand beside the herdsman in the plain, the artisan at his work, the peasant in his cot. How could these help him in his battle of life? With his language spoken, his customs and manners adopted, by one-third of the civilised world, the Frenchman is perhaps least of all men a cosmopolitan—is the least at home among foreigners—has the least aptitude for adapting himself to their nationalities—the least comprehends or understands the characters or characteristics of another people. With a knowledge of the fine arts, of the elegancies and refinements of life, with a love of open air, trees, and gardens, with a fine wit and a ready speech, we have rarely found in him a true perception of the picturesque in nature, the grotesque in life, or the great in art. His mind is subjective rather than objective. He is ever thinking of himself, his country, his capital, his tastes, his style

of life, his cookery, and his glory. He has not the wide vision to perceive the universality of nature, or the wide heart to comprehend the citizenship of mankind. He is great as a soldier, a statesman, a writer, an artiste; but a poor traveller, and a worse colonist. We must make one exception in favour of his love of nature. We never saw it abiding more beautifully than in the heart and soul of an old man in Martinique. He was a settler and planter, had been busied for years with canes and trees, yet had not lost the air of the old noblesse. Age had thinned and silvered his locks, but had not bowed his form, dimmed his eye, or wrinkled his face. His frame was erect as ever, his brow smooth as a child's. After entertaining us hospitably, he said, "Now you must see my pictures;" and then led us forth to his grounds, where he had cut paths in the slopes and openings in the woods, which commanded long glorious vistas of tropic scenery. "Here is my morning—here my noontide—here my evening seat," he said. "These are my pictures. In the contemplation of them, and in the worship of my God, I find the pleasures and studies of my old age."

No steam-engine journeys more fiercely, or with more rapidity, than our kinsman across the Atlantic. In doing a certain number of miles, a certain number of museums, cities, rivers, ruins, mountains, churches, in a certain number of weeks or months, he whips the whole world. His success in checking tavern-bills, the skill with which he manages guides and postboys, the energy with which he surmounts difficulties, the perseverance with which he writes himself everywhere, and at all times, a citizen U. S., are truly wonderful. His feet are untiring, his will unrelaxing—yet we cannot hold out to him the hand of fellowship, or recognise in him the true spirit of travel. He is a smart traveller, a regular go-ahead; but we find in his tracks little of the sentiment, the taste, or the heartfulness which are essentials of the gentle. We have met some ludicrous instances of the reverse. We were made prisoner once by a heavy shower in the halls of the Alhambra,

and as we sat musing and dreaming there, the old custodian or major-domo brought us the visitors' book, and there, amid dull poems, duller sophisms, and heavy facetias, we lit on this precious couplet —

"Oh, Alhambra, thou shalt ever be
The dearest thought of W. T.!"

The initials were meant to help the rhyme, not the incognito, for beneath was written in large letters, William Thompson, Boston, U. S. It was considerate thus to relieve the world of all doubt as to the authorship, to bar future critics from questions and quibbles, to leave conjecture no peg to hang upon, to drop no bone of contention, no apple of discord, among towns and nations which might strive hereafter to claim the writer as their own.

We were once on our way to Florence; our companion was the friend of many a day afoot. Learned as a pundit, enthusiastic as a boy, nature, antiquity, art, were old familiars to him; yet, so eager was he to greet any novelty which they offered, that he loved to anticipate it by thought and talk, like a child when he awakes at dawn to dream over the coming holiday, or when he goes forth on the stairs to inhale the savour of the goose he is afterwards to feast on, or sits before the drop-curtain of his first play. At the place where we were stopping was a Yankee who had just come from Florence the beautiful. Our friend approached him warily, and began to ask him what he had seen, what admired. Then, after a little circumlocution, he dashed at once *in medias res*, by saying, "Of course, you were in raptures with the Venus de Medici?"—expecting an answer such as he would himself have given. "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I don't care much about those stone gals," was the reply he received. Our friend collapsed. Had any one in his presence denied the orthodoxy of St. Augustine, or abjured the Thirty-nine Articles, there would have been more sorrow in his anger, but scarcely more indignation. The Venus de Medici—a classic *chef-d'œuvre*—a thing which Praxiteles might have touched with his chisel, or Pericles have looked upon, to be called a "stone

gal!" Had he doubted its genuineness, or spoken of it as a specimen of secondary art, he might have been deemed critical, hypercritical; but this was a classic impiety, an irreverence, a profanity. We would not lay down this uncivism, this egoism, as certain signs that a race belonged to any one of our divisions. Men who, under their home influences, and the shadow of their own nationalities, are the gentlest of the gentle, may, from peculiarities of circumstances, nurture, or character, have no aptitude for general civism; but we proclaim it as our creed, that the man whose eye, heart, soul, are large enough truly to see, feel, and understand men and things under various aspects and various forms; who can respect custom, tolerate prejudice, and recognise everywhere a universal interpretation in nature, and a common brotherhood in man, must stand in the first class of the genus-gentle. Yes! the wide-hearted, the tolerant, the gentle-spirited, who move from clime to clime, from people to people, without carping at localities, or jarring with nationality, seeing the good and the true everywhere, bear with them marks plainer than masonic symbols, broader than phylactery, that they rank as magnates in the hierarchy. We have recognised them again and again, by little traits, little acts of courtesy and politeness, things said and done without hope of return, not acted or conventional, but genial impulses and genuine utterances. It is a grand element, a foremost sign of gentleness, this politeness—this unstudied, unobserved, spontaneous courtesy, which waits not for scenery, audience, or foot-lights, but diffuses itself, like the sunshine and the rain, equally on rich and poor, young and old, gentle and simple. We agree with old Charles Lamb—a thorough gentle, quaint and uncouth as he was—that we would, without further test or trial, give a diploma at once to any "Dorimant who hands a fishwife across the kennel, or assists the applewoman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated; who will part with his admired box-coat to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor

woman who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage with him, drenched in the rain: who would yield the wall to the reverend form of female eld, even though she were an old beggar-woman."

A lady of our acquaintance used often to assert, that a gentleman, then sleeping with his fathers, had been the politest man of his generation, and, as a reason for this opinion, always told the following story. On returning once from school for the holidays, she had been put under his charge for the journey. They stopped for the night at a Cornish inn. Supper was ordered, and soon there appeared a dainty dish of wood-cocks. Her cavalier led her to the board with the air of a Grandison; and then proceeded to place all the legs of the birds on her plate. At first, with her school-girl prejudices in favour of wings and in disfavour of legs and drumsticks, she felt rather angered at having these (as she supposed) uninviting and least delicate parts imposed upon her; but in after years, when gastronomic light had beamed on her, and the experience of many suppers brought true appreciation, she did full justice to the memory of the man who could sacrifice such morceaus as wood-cocks' thighs to the crude appetite of a girl; and who could thus show his innate deference for womanhood, even in such budding form.

In these small courtesies we must confess that we have ever found the most gallant nation under the sun very deficient. In the abstract of politeness the Gaul is great; he is grand. We have seen him dash off his hat at a group of ladies every time they passed him with a frantic enthusiasm which made us tremble for the brim. We have even seen him wave it at their shadow, or after the poodle dog which followed at their heels. Yet alas! when these same deities appeared at the *table d'hôte*, how blind! how insensible was he to their presence! how closely did he hug his well-chosen seat, though they were seatless! how zealously did he pick for himself the tit-bits and the dainties, without regard or thought for their delicate palates!

With grief we admit, that even the

Spaniard, high-bred and courteous as he generally is, is frequently a defaulter in this particular. We remember once being one of a motley group which tumbled out of a diligence at Loja, all clamorous and impatient for dinner; when it was served, what a rush was made at the table! what a dash at the viands! One dish of brain fritters seemed to cause great excitement; there was a regular scuffle for it. At length, as it came near us, we captured it, and instead of taking advantage of our opportunity by emptying it on our own plate, as was evidently expected, we marched off with it to some *senoras* who were sitting modestly at the end of the board. Our proceeding excited the greatest astonishment, and many were the exclamations of "mira! mira!" which followed us. There was even a slight touch of surprise in the "Gracias" with which the *senoras* acknowledged our attention.

Our Transatlantic brother does not recognise such trifles and absurdities as courtesies. In travelling he is fighting a *mêlée*—running a-muck—riding a race—every man is a foe, a rival, a competitor. If he stop, or turn, or relax for a moment, he may be taken at advantage—miss a stroke, or lose a place. He repudiates the obligation of yielding, or deferring to, womanhood. "Our gals, sir, I guess, are pretty well up to looking out for themselves. I calculate, stranger, they are pretty smart in finding their own fixings."

In the manner as well as the matter of eating and drinking, travelling and providing, in all the things ascribed to self, there are lights and shades of gentleness and churlishness, which ever and anon show forth to illustrate our theory and distinguish our grades. There are the greater and the lesser signs, by which thou shalt know these divisions of men.

We have said, "See all things!" We would also say, See all men! See man at all times, and under all circumstances; at his labour; at his ease; in his sorrow; in his joy! It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting! "That," said Sterne, when preaching on the text, "I deny." Both are

good. It is good to see man when his head is bowed, and his spirit chastened; when he is struggling with his sorrow, or bending in submission to the will which has thought good to afflict him. It is good, also, to see him when his heart is merry, and his soul glad; when there is light on his brow, and joy beamed from his face; when his step is light, his voice joyous, and the sources of his love full and flowing. Both are good. Thy soul will profit by association with either joy or sorrow, be it true and genuine—not the pageants and masquerades with which man mocks, by sham and semblance, the holiest impulses of his nature. It is better to go into the house of mourning! Perhaps, of the two, the lesson there given is higher, and more solemn, and more lasting. The heart stricken and subdued by affliction, is perhaps even truer in its expressions and revelations, than when it leaps and exults in the jubilee of its joy. It is good, indeed, to enter where the heart is mourning truly, and discourse silently with the spirit, prostrated under an ordinance of God. Yet how hateful, how repulsive is the pageant, the sackcloth-and-ashes masquerade, the mourning of escutcheons and of palls, of plumes, and mutes and tapers! Such a pageant passes before us. The bells of the churches of Lisbon are tolling mournfully. The minute-gun booms from ship and citadel. Processions of monks move to and fro with lighted tapers. Troops march onwards with trailed arms and muffled drums. Royalty itself passes in mourning cavalcade to the cathedral, where mass is being said for the soul of Dom Pedro. It is the anniversary of his Death; and yearly is this pageant enacted. We look around for a sign of true grief; for a mourning face or sorrowing heart, and find it not—all is scenic and dramatic. The soul loves contrasts, and seeks them eagerly. The scene is changed. We are walking by the sea-shore in Greece; the sun is setting gloriously, and the shadows are deepening on the Attic hills. We pass a row of cottages, and hear issuing from one shrieks, cries, and loud sobbings. We enter; we are in the house of mourning—of

death. We bare our head reverently, and our coming is no intrusion. Stretched upon a bed on the floor, lay a young girl—a dying child. She was clad in a pure white robe; flowers were strewed around her head and on her breast. A slight flush came and went on the pale marble cheek; a gentle breathing moved the still form. The spirit was fluttering for its flight. The mother sat beside her wringing her hands and sobbing; her friends and sisters cried aloud. There were men, too, standing by with moist eyes and arms folded on their breasts. In a corner sat an old man, grey and blind, rocking himself to and fro, and moaning. The scene was so like one familiar to us from childhood, that it seemed as though the place were suddenly illuminated by a glorious presence; that the mourners were led forth, the sound of wailing hushed; that a voice of power and sweetness said, *Talitha cumi*; and that the maid arose and her soul was returned unto her. A long, bitter cry, recalled us to the reality. The light flush had faded; the gentle breathing was stilled. If the maiden hear that gentle voice now, it will be in the tones with which it welcomes little children to His kingdom.

Joy as well as sorrow has its pageants. Bitter mockeries are they, those acted jubilees—like the forced jests, the forced laughs, of a clown in his motley and his paint. We have little faith in boisterous demonstrations, little faith in the cheers and choruses which come from venison-fed breaths and wine-inspired impulses. True joy, as we have generally found it, is a calm, sober emanation—a full steady sunshine, not a brightening flash; a soft, suffusing air, not a rushing blast. Yet even in its reality we have known it play strange pranks and take strange shapes. We have known it take all the extravagance of harlequinade, all the trifleness of penance, and yet be true. We cannot ourselves exactly see the fun of sticking a reed in an inflated pigskin; of carrying it under the arm and squeezing most hideous squeaks from it, as though the ghost of the animal still possessed it, whilst a group of comrades dance and caper under the shade of a wall; or of finishing off

with sour wine and fish fried in oil. Yet thus does the Maltese on his saint's day, his holiday, and is happy. A Greek boatman finds himself the owner of a few dollars, and straightway he puts on a clean shirt, cocks his fez, tightens his sash, calls his friends around him, and starts forth for a wine-shop in the country. There a table is spread with resinous wine, bread, and grapes, in an arbour, trellised with vines; an orchestra is formed of a fiddle, from which proceed the most monotonous notes ever produced on cat-gut, of a singer whose cadences are still more monotonous, and of an amateur or two who aid the time by clapping the palms of their hands together; and forthwith the rest commence the Romsic dance, and continue for hours without cessation or intermission. The dance is not very exciting, nor is the figure very striking—in fact, if done on compulsion, we should recommend it strongly as a good secondary punishment, a capital substitute for cell and treadmill—the wine is not very exhilarating, nor the feast very luxurious, and yet from these elements the poor rogues make a festivity. There are times and seasons when man is bound to be joyous. At Christmas it is his duty to be jovial. In spring it is his impulse to be glad. It is then the universal festival. Nature marks the times; nature assembles the choristers; nature furnishes the decorations; it is a world-jubilee common to earth and man. So we used to think it, so we used to feel it. But the age has grown too wise, too practical for such poetic demonstrations, and the celebration of spring has devolved on jacks o' the green and fisher-boys with their garlands and strings of sea-bird eyes. We once saw this coming celebrated simply and truly, and in Greece, of all places, and by the Greeks, of all people.

The custom had come down from old heathen classic times, as a tradition or an instinct, and had clung to them through all changes and degeneracies. We do not quarrel with them for retaining the Pyrrhic dance, though they had forgotten the Pyrrhic phalanx. It is better than losing both; and we hailed, as a sign of surviving spirit, this beautiful custom, born of

the glorious past. It was May-day at Athens. There was not, as with us, that full choristry which fills the welkin, or that bursting vegetation which clothes hills, fields, woods, and hedges with verdure; but still there were symptoms of spring, signs of young life. The young vines were sprouting forth their new leaves and tendrils, covering the old stumps with luxuriance; the olives looked almost green; the creepers here and there climbed along the trunks or across the banks, and the full sunshine glorified the purple shadows on the everlasting hills. In nooks made by boughs or hedges groups were seated, groups of men, women, and children, dressed in the rich, bright colours, so loved by the Greeks, all keeping holiday. The churches were hung with garlands, and each person we met carried a bunch of flowers or a green bough. Even in the city, at the doors and in the courts, little cheerful parties were seen smiling and chatting pleasantly. But the grand festival was held at a village near the palace. There, early in the morning, pilgrims assembled, and went in procession to a church at the foot of Mount Hymettus. On their return the population poured out to meet them here; and in the freshness of the evening, friends and families held little reunions underneath trees, in bowers, and in tents. And the shades of evening deepened on the mountains, and the clear moonlight shone upon the earth, and still groups were seen moving amid the trees; still voices were heard rejoicing that the spring had come. It seemed as though the spirits of the old Greeks might have risen up and hovered in the air to witness a scene so much in unison with their own lives.

A christening is a joyous occasion. The wedding day is said to be the happiest of a man's life. There are men who will assert and swear it valiantly, though they know in their hearts that it was a day of cares and anxieties, of distractions and confusion. If a certain clergyman we wot of in the island of Antigua were to make such an assertion we should laugh in his face, or at once give up all faith in portents; for the omens which gathered round his bridal morn

and bridal couch were dire enough. We witnessed the beginnings of these mishaps on our way to St. John's, the capital whither we were wending afoot. By the road-side sat a nigger in the last agonies of despair, now howling, tearing his hair, and dashing his head against the ground; now rocking to and fro, and uttering a low wailing. At first we thought he had been seized with cholera or yellow-jack, and hastened to proffer our aid. Our inquiries met no answer. There was still the same bitter lamentation and woe, and at last, hard driven by our importunity, he pointed to an object on the ground, and yelled out, "What de matter?—why, I've maashed de parson's cake—oh, whirra, whirra!" He had been sent to a neighbouring store to fetch the wedding cake; had put it on his head, as the niggers do with everything, had gone dancing along, and down it had tumbled in the dust. It was certainly a dreadful "maash" now. The rich frosted covering was broken into bits; the cupids were mere fragments of love; the doves had been separated in their loving kisses; the roses and the posies and the other emblems of affection lay strewn and scattered in little sugary heaps. The cake, too, was considerably damaged. It was still a good cake for eating; better still for drawing through a ring or putting in pieces under pillows to dream on; but as the centre and triumph of a bridal feast, the glory had departed from it. We could fancy the dismay of the party when they saw in the middle a place where the cake was not; the disappointment of bridesmaids, the consternation of gossips, when they found that the leading symbol, the very escutcheon of the bridal was wanting. A wedding breakfast without a cake! There might as well be a marriage without a bridegroom, a betrothal without a kiss, a christening without caudle. 'Twas dreadful! The fates had a spite that day against the poor parson. They had not done with him yet. At night we had returned from dining out; by the by, there was an accident in that dining out, which recurs most ludicrously to us. We were to dine with the Governor; as

usual our wardrobe was scanty, our comrade and ourself had no clean shirts. Our hostess got over the difficulty by bringing us two well starched, and of finer texture than any which our valise contained. We put them on rather proudly, and strutted forth with a sense of dandyism. On getting into the air we heard our friend give two or three sniffs, and then became sensible that from his side something strange was greeting our olfactories. At last we stopped, looked in one another's faces, and laughed, as there came upon us the consciousness that we were wearing a black man's shirts, and were carrying with us the peculiar odour which belongs to the children of Ham. The thought depressed me; our comrade was of more elastic spirit, and at once up and told the story at the dinner-table, to the great amusement of the company, especially of the butler, whose dusky skin was just tinged by a thin wash of whitey brown, and who went out grinning and exclaiming, "only tink of dem gentlemen putting on de shirts of dem tinkin' black niggers!" This has nothing to do, however, with our parson. We had gone to bed; had just overcome the sandflies and the heat, and were sinking into a calm slumber, when we were startled by noises, the most strange and hideous which ever saluted mortal ears. There was shouting and yelling; the clashing and jingling of metals; the beating of gongs and of drums; the squeaking of fifes, and the blowing of cows' horns. We thought at least that the town was on fire, or that there was an insurrection of the blacks, and jumped out to see what was the matter. Beneath was a motley group of dusky forms, women in loose-fitting garments, men in shirts and straw-hats, all carrying pans, kettles, whistles, drums, or other instruments of melody, all jumping and singing in the greatest state of excitement. On inquiring the meaning of this assemblage, we heard that it was the wish of the black members of his congregation, with whom he was a favourite, to pay their minister the compliment of a serenade on his bridal night, and that they were now proceeding to the

parsonage for that purpose. We did not hear the issue of the visit; but if the parson did not go mad or shed blood under such an infliction, he certainly must have had the power of possessing his soul in patience.

Yes! see man at all times! see him in his joy and his sorrow, and thou wilt look into the depths of his soul. See him in his labour and rest, and thou wilt see the strength and endurance of his heart. See all classes, all grades, especially those whose callings give characteristics to the men. Bonifaces, Figaros, boatmen, muleteers, coachmen, mayorals, all these carry the distinctive mark of their vocation in every land. The squatters who move hither and thither, planting their tabernacles wherever it pleaseth them; the migratory vagabonds, who wander up and down the world, for change, plea-

sure, or profit; gypsies, gallegos, pedlars, showmen, savoyards, musicians; all these are strange curious studies for the man who goes afoot, and will give him lessons of human life which he will seek in vain in the coteries of civilisation. Sorely are we tempted to rush in among them and bring forth specimens and illustrations of each; but we must go on to speak of our wanderings in many lands, and wait to introduce those with the lights and shades of their own lives and localities falling upon them.

In Portugal we first touched foreign soil, first saw foreign faces; and there we will go for our first gatherings, for the traits, memories, and pictures of our first travel. Take up thy staff and come with us, brother pilgrim, always remembering that ours are vignettes, sketches, scroll-work, not narratives or histories.

CHAPTER VI.

Once in an old book—we remember not where—we met with an odd conceit:—it was an idea of the writer's, that countries, races, and even individuals, might be identified with, and characterised by, different colours. This would be purple, this green, this yellow, this brown, this red, this white, according to the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of places and peoples. We have found the theory fit well enough in many cases. Portugal certainly, we should say, would come under the denomination of brown. It is everywhere the pervading colour, the prevailing tone. The fields, the soil, the hills, are brown. The people are brown, brown in raiment, brown in characteristics. The national hue is sober, not sombre or dark perhaps, certainly not brilliant, picturesque, or impassioned, but mediocre and neutral. There are occasional sparks and flashes, which would seem to denote a fiery nature, and here and there are spots of wondrous beauty. The general effect, however, both social and scenic, is sober. The aspect of the country, as it is presented to the pedestrian, is seldom striking, often monotonous. Cintra, and scenes on the Upper Douro, are glorious exceptions. The people, in their habits, lives,

and characteristics, exhibit virtues rather passive than active. "Lusian slaves, the lowest of the low," the poet calls them. These are hard words, and unjust ones, too, we believe. The poor Portuguese deserves them not. He presents few picturesque points, few grand traits; few traces of slumbering greatness, or nascent development; is not perhaps an inspiration to poet or painter; but the elements of his character are rather sober and commonplace than base or vulgar. God help us! if the sober-hued and the sober-toned must needs be base and low. There is a virtue and an interest in average natures as well as in the high and striking. And the poor Lusian peasant is interesting in his way. The utilitarian would laugh at his plough, at his lumbering squeaking bullock-waggon, and at his thrashing-floors; but he who sees him in his homes and his vocations, will admire his patient drudgery; his thrift, his quiet life, with its simple wants and simple pleasures. As for the nobles, if those of neighbouring lands be better than they, let them fling the first stone at them.

There are some theorists who see in the country and the people the capacity for a great future, but it

must be achieved by the fulfilment of their own visions. The optimist says, "Educate them, open their minds, teach them to read, give them books, give them Bibles, and enable them to rid themselves of priesthood and priestcraft." Gentle theorist, we would refer thee to the first pages of *Mistress Glass*, wherein it is written, "first catch your hare." Get at the people without the aid or concurrence of priest, and then educate them if thou canst. The Utopian would transport them at once to an Elysian perfection by the application of his old idea, good government—the old idea to which he has clung age after age, as credulously and faithfully as the child believes in the existence of the crook of gold at the tail of the rainbow, and in the efficacy of putting salt on birds' tails. The materialists say, "Make roads through the land, railroads, canals, open the communications of the country, develop its resources, inspire the people with the spirit of trade, give them gas companies, joint-stock banks, docks, quays, manufactories; and they will become rich and prosperous, and take a great place in the commerce of nations."

Throughout the world, from beginning to end, there has been and is nothing like leather.

Each and all these schemes might help him; meanwhile we must leave him to the natural development of time and circumstances. The last scheme will, perhaps, be first tried, and have most success. It may do all that it proposes for him; may make him cultivate thousands of acres instead of hundreds; may make him increase his vineyards and his orange groves; may show that his indolence is only passiveness, his want of energy unroused apathy; may make him eschew garlic, oil, and onions, and take to butter, carne-de-bove, and tomatoes; may make him exchange his sour, muddy blackstrap for more generous vintages; may give him spring vans and omnibuses instead of bullock-carts and chaises; may raise up speculators, directors, merchant princes, and millionaires around him: and will all this make him and his a great nation?

Halloa! we are wandering wide from our track. It is for political

economists, political essayists, and philosophical travellers to descry the capacities and the resources; to denote the developments and the tendencies, of a people. It is our mission afoot to sketch the lights and shades, and let others make the picture—to give traits and touches of character, and let others draw their inferences and deduce their theories. Our first ground is Lisbon, "the town that sheening far celestial seems to be," and which hath

"Many things unsightly to strange ee,
For hut and palace show like filthily."

We will say nothing in defence of its filth, except that its natives have ceased to believe in the hereditary sanctity of dirt, and no longer believe it a sin or heresy to be cleaner than their fathers. Cities are not the sphere of the man afoot, and yet even here will the wandering and the searching spirit discover for itself in odd nooks and by-streets, in strange unfrequented quarters, relics of the past and signs of the present, curious to see and curious to think upon. We will not take thee up and down the gold and silver streets, nor through the squares, or into the churches and gardens,—the passengers who land for a few hours from steamers see and know all these. Follow us rather down some of these queer passages, where the streets get narrower, and the houses more quaint and old-fashioned; let us grope amid the old courts and alleys, and we may light upon waifs and strays of antiquities, odd bits of architecture or traits of character.

We are in front of an old-fashioned building, which stands apart from the road, in a grass-grown courtyard. It has an unfrequented musty air, and looks as though it were the depository of some kind of dust and ashes. An old fellow in a brown cloak, who is sitting in the sun hard by, shakes himself out of a doze, fetches a key, and draws a rusty bolt. We enter, and see looming before us strange, ghastly, gigantic shapes, which seem to be prancing in strangest attitudes, and nodding under strange dust-covered canopies. Our eye conquers the dimness, and we find that we are in the catacombs of the state-carriages

of centuries, standing mid the dust and ashes of former pomp and grandeur. It is the burial-place of generations of royal coaches. As the Doms and Donnas who rode in them were carried in their velvet boxes to the little crypt in the church of San Vincente, they had been dragged hither to share the fate of the poor humanity whose pageants they had swelled in the days of their glory, in the prime of their gilding and glitter—to mingle with dust, to moulder, decay, and be forgotten. The dust had grimed the gilt; time had dimmed the painting on their panels; the coronets and crowns had crumbled and fallen from their places; the fringe had dropped from the hammer-cloths; the moths had feasted sumptuously on the velvet cushions. Fantastic and grotesque as they were, there was about them the mournful air which belongs to faded pomp; they had a melancholy look, poor things! half pitiful, half ridiculous; like a mummy in robes of state, or the golden-nailed coffin which holds a king's bones. Quaint things were these old state-carriages, with their huge bulk, grotesque forms, and cumbrous workmanship. Quaint illustrations were they of the royal taste in different ages, in all its gradations, from the time when it loved to mass gold and colours in the broadest coatings, down to the period when gorgeousness began to be tempered by simplicity. One of the earliest was indeed a curiosity. The body was small, and hung most rudely, with a swinging swaying motion, on a huge framework of wood, well bedaubed with paint and gilding, and which, after being contorted and twisted into all kinds of circles and floral exuberances, ended at last in front of the driver's seat in the figure of Fame blowing a trumpet; whilst on neighbouring projections sat a fat Cupid shooting his arrows, and cherubim, with very earthly faces and very wooden wings. From this starting point the ages seemed to slide gently into each other, only that the bodies grew larger, and the frameworks smaller, and that there was some faint foreshadowing of springs. In one of these ingenuity had fixed a table in the centre, on which the

royal occupants might enjoy luxurious refection, or while away the tedium of the journey by a game at ombre or piquet. At length there was evidently a great change; the panels, instead of vulgar daubings, had paintings of classical scenes and allegories of dancing fauns, satyrs, and goddesses. The projections, and contortions, and ornaments of the wood-work were less preposterous; Fame, Cupid, & Co. had disappeared, but compensation was taken in the gorgeousness and massiveness of the overhanging canopy. Strange was it to look down through this vista of entombed carriages, especially when the light waned, mellowing the marks of time, and giving to them a kind of confused being. Then a busy fancy might almost set them in motion; again the stiff coachman sat on his box in wig and buckram; again the heavy black horses pranced and the cumbrous harness creaked; again Doms and Donnas, all glorious in velvet and satin, lolled within. It was easier to set these vehicles agoing by the processes of dream-land than in reality. We had seen those colossal machines, Russell's waggons, start forth on their London journey, and could understand how these made their sure and slow progress along the roads, which Macadam had made easy; but how these wondrous coaches were dragged over the highways and byways of Portugal was for a long time a mystery to us. It was solved by the chance sight of an old print, in which the straightest of roads, paved with stones all of the same size, and all placed in regular rows, ran betwixt rows of trees all so equal in growth that they might have been littered in the same day, or cast in the same mould. Over this pavement and between these trees lumbered one of these identical old carriages, drawn by eight Flanders horses, with flowing manes and clubbed tails: on these were seated postilions habited in long coats, three-cornered hats, with wigs, and monstrous jackboots with spurs of tremendous dimensions; each had in his hand a knotted whip, the lash of which gyrated playfully in front of his horse; and from behind and beneath the canopy of state were seen nodding perukes and ex-

panding hoops. Quaint old things were they—effigies of taste and passions which had long passed away—types of a regal state which rejoiced in externals, and loved to bedeck itself in pomp and extrinsic magnificence. They were at least fitting to their ages. The man of those times would have scorned the chaste severity of our modern taste, as much as we should ridicule the appearance of one of those old state-carriages in our thoroughfares.

From the catacombs of coaches, we passed on to the tombs of kings. The Portuguese had lodged the carriage, almost as well as the human dust, of state. Near the altar-place of the old church of San Vincente we descend through the darkness beneath, streaked only by the light of the taper in the hand of our priestly guide. There in a vault, neither spacious nor grand, were numberless coffins, in shape like old trunks, all huddled together in heaps, one above another. The official, as he hauls them out to show their names and date, drops the wax on the top and besmears afresh the velvet and gold tissue, already daubed by many a stain of damp and grease and rottenness. Due care has been taken to wrap the poor dust in its proper wrappings. There are crowns to denote its regality; gold and fine cloth enough to show its splendour, but the moth and the rust, the worm and the damp, have done honour to none of these. They have treated them as they would have the beggar's rags. Lazarus' cere-cloth would have been the same to them.

Thus lie the princes of Braganza. It is an unregal burial-place. Roger of Sicily lies like a king in his porphyry sarcophagus; so does Ferdinand of Arragon, in his sculptured marble tomb in the midst of the city he had conquered. But it seems to us, that rather than be thus bandboxed and bedaubed with the swelterings of tapers and the droppings of mould, and be haled about by the hands of greasy priests, we would dare the lowest lot of human clay and stop a bungle.

Let us make another cast in the nooks and corners of the old city. On the banks of the Tagus, near the wharves off which the few trad-

ing and fishing vessels are anchored, stands an old church, plain and simple and time-worn in its exterior, and without any of the pretensions to past or present splendour which the neighbouring religious edifices exhibit. It has all the look of a poor man's church, of a temple whose votaries could not enhance their vows or their prayers by rich offerings or gifts or costly penances, and had nought but their simple worship and such rude tokens as their poverty afforded wherewith to testify their devotion. Around it are quays, black wooden sheds, fishers' huts and ship-wrights' workshops; and in the streets leading to and from it are seen, ever, groups of men wild-looking and bronze-faced, in loose frocks and long hanging red caps, busied with nets or cargoes, or free from the cares of either, lounging about the doors of wine-shops, regaling on bread and garlic or sour wine, singing sea songs or telling sea stories to one another. Such and so placed is the church of *Nostra Senhora do bom Viagem*, the Church where the men who go down to the sea in ships, and have their business in the great waters, in the strength of their faith beseech the guardianship of their protectress, the Virgin, amid the perils of their voyage, and entreat her to favour them with fair winds and a prosperous issue to their enterprise. Here too on their return, they offer up their thanksgivings and hang up votive tokens of gratitude to their patroness. Within there is the same character as without. The altar is old and the little ornament it had was faded and fast decaying; dust and cobwebs lie thick about the shrines; the walls are plain and unadorned, save by rude pictures of shipwrecks and models of boats, ships, and the waxen images of sea-faring things which were hung upon it. Here and there knelt a weatherbeaten man on the worm-eaten floor, asking or acknowledging a blessing on his labours; and a few women, simply dressed, were bending low before the image of "*Nostra Senhora*," praying perhaps for the safety and return of those who were away. The priests, too, who moved about among them, had not the well-fed, well-beneficed look of those who minister

to the consciences of the rich. Their vestments were poor and threadbare, themselves spare and hungry-looking, as though their fusts were many and real. The place had altogether an air of poverty—of the religious poverty which cannot put riches in the place of prayers, or trick out worship in glittering colours. It being the poor man's temple, would of itself have given an interest to the old church; but it had another, and if not a greater, a more prominent one. In it we find the footprint of a great man—one of those who make their lives sublime, and leave a trace, deep and indelible, "on the sand of time." It was a footprint not left by the action of, or the preparation for, a great deed—not made in the path of duty, or purpose, or achievement, but still bearing the dent of a great man's heel; and such, though it be made in sport or pleasure, or in some pursuit not relative to the good or glory of mankind, is still worth seeking for and musing upon. This was a print which marked an event in the private life of a man; and yet, may it not be that the heart was there and then nurtured, strengthened, and fed for its work—the spirit encouraged and impelled to its purpose. Here, in this poor church, Columbus was married. There, by that simple altar, he stood to bind himself for life to the one whom the heart had chosen as a partner; chosen not for her wealth, not perhaps for her beauty, but because his spirit recognised in hers the agency needful for the development of his mission. And there she stood, the daughter of a noble though impoverished house, simply plighting her faith to the man she loved, unconscious of his coming greatness, or of the part she might have to play therein. Easily does the fancy revive the scene. That face and form, such as the painters have preserved for us, so full of intellectual beauty, so expressive of innate nobility, arise before us. There is a light playing over the features now, and the form is relaxed in an attitude of gentleness—still there is that in both which denotes the grandeur of the spirit within, which speaks of the great purpose, not yet formed or matured, perhaps, but

nascent and growing in the heart, waiting only the fulfilment of time and circumstance. Yea! even in such an hour, that face must have borne witness to the great thought which was to lead the man onwards to a great work, and place him among his fellows as the discoverer of a new world. And that gentle woman's form comes before us, too, a half-melancholy, half-gladsome look, a half-proud, half-humble bearing are hers; the expression of her checkered life—of the mingled nobility and poverty, trial and joy, which were woven in the web of her destiny. She is all tenderness now, for love has triumphed over the fate which doomed her to a cloister; and she is to enter the world again and combat it side by side with the man to whom her heart is wedded. There was still a shade of sadness, for she anticipated struggle, but there was joy, too—the joy of hope and confidence; and near her was the mother, resigning her daughter and giving her over to the protection of another. A shade of doubt, perhaps, flickered on her face, for with all the providence of age, she foresaw and dreaded the poverty which was before her child, yet the trust which a great mind ever inspires made her hopeful for the career of the two who were being then united. Around were hardy, weatherbeaten men, navigators and explorers; one day perhaps to become the companions of his adventure and the sharers of his glory. To them the scene would be simple and common enough. They saw nothing remarkable in the poor adventurer and chart-maker taking unto his home a wife poorer than himself. Such an event was not singular with them. They stood before, we come behind the great deed which raised him so high in the world's nobility. To them the marriage was a commonplace thing—to us it is the footprint of a great life. To us it suggests a pleasant episode in the life of one whose son said truly of him, "Tis better to be the son of such a father than have the nobility of Italy for my ancestry." Such episodes may be the flowers of the world's history, but they grow close beside its greatest works. We follow on the river's bank, and find the footprint of a

kindred spirit. This, however, has a deeper impress. It was stamped on the eve of action. The very breath of adventure and enterprise seems to play round the spot where it was made.

Near the river, at its broadest and most beautiful part, and within sight of the old castle of Belem, is the church of San Geronimo. Its front is adorned with elaborate sculpture; all that art can bestow of ornament is there; the richness of the chisel has been exhausted on doorway window and moulding. Within there is the same exquisiteness of beauty. A soft roseate light falls on elegant pillars, round which luxuriant floral ornaments serpentine and twine, and on the rich tracery which decorates shrine, column, and arch. Inside the railings of the altar rise the marble tombs of kings and princes. But it is not the beauty of architecture, or the sanctity of royal dust, which arrests the mind and claims the thought. The footprint which a great man has left, fills the whole vision. At the thought of it we are carried back many years to behold the spectacle which was presented when that footprint was made.

There is high mass in the old church; the shrines are alight, and hung with offerings; flowers festoon from the walls; the priests are in their richest vestments; censers swing incense into the air; the organ swells the solemnity of the scene. And there at the altar stand a band of resolute and venturous men, seeking a blessing from God, ere they set forth on their undertaking. The blessing has been given; the men are sanctified to their purpose; the organ bursts into a note of triumph; the doors are opened, and forth they pass—that band—on their purpose of discovery. In their midst walks the leader, the man, his soul fraught with the thought of new worlds to be revealed, of new people to be gathered within the fold of civilisation—his heart big with the sense of strength and enterprise—his form dilated with the majesty of purpose. Thus Vasco de Gama and his companions pass from the threshold to the galleys moored in the stream. The acclamations of multitudes greet them; kerchiefs are waved; cannon thunder; flowers fall in their path:

and a breath of prayer passes from the hearts of thousands to heaven in their behalf. But the acclamations of his own heart were stronger to the leader than those of the crowd, and there was a stronger voice within, impelling him to go on and do his work. And the work was done; the purpose was fulfilled; new worlds were opened; new people brought within the pale of civilisation. We return to the scene. The sails are spread; the galleys float down the river, and are lost to the view; the crowd disperses; the church doors are shut, the aisles are dark and silent, and there is nought left of the pageant. Nought! Yes; there is the footprint made by the man as he passed from the inner life of thought to the outer life of action; and that footprint has remained since then, a sign, a guide, and a monition to other men, that they may also make their lives sublime—sublime in faith—sublime in earnest endeavour—sublime in truthfulness, if not in world-greatness.

Yes; it is not of Gothic beauty, or of priestly power, or kingly grandeur, we think, when looking on the façade of San Geronimo. It is the scene we have described which arises before us. We see Vasco de Gama going forth on his mighty purpose, and, looking down, we see the footprint he has left on "the sand of time."

We turn to a very different scene and thought. The wandering foot has carried us along the south bank of the Tagus, and we go on and on from height to height, village to village, until at last we descend abruptly towards the river on a flat spit of sand, which seems as though it had been reclaimed from the waters or disowned by the earth—renounced by or renouncing the rest of the world. The sun shone full upon it. A hot yellow glare like the flare of a furnace hung over the sand. The waves rippled hotly on the shore, and some fishing-nets spread on the beach seemed scorched and blackened by the heat. In the midst of this burning patch stand a few huts built of planks put loosely together. They shone redly in the sun, and the pitch and tar on their roofs sweltered and seethed in the heat. As we approached them, wild faces peered forth from

the doors, and then a gang of men, wild in look and wild in apparel—men with bloodshot eyes and uncombed matted hair—rushed out upon us. For a while they gesticulated and vociferated around us. Many an eye flashed threateningly towards us, and more than once we saw a knife half-drawn from its sheath. At length an elderly man with grisly hair, low brow, and thick bull neck, who spoke and acted with authority in the community, had evidently, after much discussion, decided the point, and we were warned, by a general waving of hands and a general screaming of tongues, to depart and go whence we had come. On inquiry we found that this place was a city of refuge for all the murderers, the felons, the vagabonds, and outcasts of Lisbon. If a man in hot passion shed blood, or if, with premeditated purpose, he slew his enemy—if he had robbed, or pilfered, or violated the law—hither he fled and found a shelter and a refuge. For several days a new-comer was received into the community, was lodged and fed, and allowed to remain unquestioned. At the end of the prescribed time he was compelled to tell the story of his crime, to throw what money he had into the stock, to take the common oaths, and acknowledge the laws common to that community of outcasts. No soldier or functionary ever invaded these precincts; and the tenants, again, of this spot, knew that their immunity extended not beyond the boundary of this narrow strip. Their nets provided scanty food, and women brought them other necessaries from the neighbouring village. 'Twas a strange thing to see the existence and the tolerance of such a nest of crime within sight of the law and within reach of the arm of justice; and yet law itself could not have devised a more thoroughly penal settlement.

We chanced once by accident to see how and by whom this place was peopled. We were coming at night from the opera, when a man rushed by us, wildly and at full speed. We thought little of this, though the thing was unusual at that time and place. As we reached the square by

the river-side, we saw that there was a slight stir and commotion, though not much. A few boatmen were walking up and down, and talking in an excited manner; a few citizens were stopping listlessly on their homeward route, and a sentry was taking his measured walk unconcernedly. We asked what was the matter, and a bystander pointed where, within the square, lay a body weltering in blood, and heaving and tossing convulsively. Ever as it hove and tossed, the blood gurgled fast from an ugly gash in the throat. We stepped forward to see what could be done for the wounded man, but were thrust back by the bayonet of the sentry. The authorities, the coroner, the mayor, the civic guard, or some one whose province it was, had been sent for; meanwhile none might interfere, and there lay a man bleeding and dying without aid or help, almost without sympathy. Some one of the crowd told us the story of the deed. The perpetrator of the murder was a boatman of the Tagus, one of the gentlest of his class, and especially favoured by the English for his smartness and kindness. It appears that he had conceived a grudge against a comrade for having in some way supplanted him in his vocation, and after having taken some naval officers up the river that same day, had purchased a knife with the money given by them, had then watched his opportunity, stepped behind his foe, and dealt the deadly blow. We passed by the spot again in the early morning. There lay the body stark and stiff; the hair was still wet with the sweat of the death agony; the blood was clotted on the neck, and the little pools around were dried into dark red spots, still the sentry kept watch and ward by the blackened corpse.

We heard afterwards that the murderer had gone quietly home, collected his money and clothes, and then betaken himself to the refuge of outlaws. Here he bided his time, and then shipped on board a man-of-war bound for the Brazils.

The law had stood forth resolutely as a protector of forms—not as an avenger of blood.

This was a *cosa di Portugal*.

NEW SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

NO. III.—JERSEY.

AFTER seven weeks, the rocks of Scilly appeared to have seen enough of me. A residence so protracted astonished and fatigued them. They knew all my varying moods, and one unvarying, not picturesque, costume. Familiar with the ring of my hammer, as it chiselled with savage pertinacity at their granite ribs, they were not less familiar with the compass of my voice, and the extent of my operative reminiscences, as, seduced by their solitudes, to the orchestral inspiration of their waves, I loosened all the power of my lungs in lyrical fervour. For seven weeks had our intimacy lasted, and now there arose the conviction that the time for separation had arrived. Nothing new could possibly be learnt about me. Their curiosity was satisfied, if not satiated; and my presence began to carry a certain monotony with it. Even the two or three meagre dogs, which sniffed about the pier, began to eye me with an air of supercilious weariness; and I forbear to investigate the sentiments of the Scillians, lest they should too painfully resemble the indifference of the dogs. Decidedly it was time to pack up. In spite, therefore, of the inexhaustible obligingness of my friend, Mr. J. G. Moyle, the admirable surgeon of whom Scilly is justly proud—in spite of his efforts to make my residence every way agreeable, I took the hint: the Granite Beauties turned a cold boulder on me, and I resolved to bore them no longer. My animals were scattered to the four winds (figuratively, of course—one of the four being the railway to London, which transported a coffee-tin of anemones to a tank-loving lady); my tent was struck, and, after hurrying through Penzance, Falmouth, and Plymouth, it was once more pitched in the pretty island of Jersey.

Nothing could be more charming than the welcome smiled by the rich meadow-lands and orchards here. After the bold picturesque solitudes

of Scilly, it seemed like once more entering civilized nature. Every inch of ground was cultivated. Cornfields and orchards resplendent with blossoms, sloped down to the very edge of the shore, and, by the prodigality of soil, defied the withering influence of sea-breezes. It was not amazing to me to learn afterwards that the land in the interior yields double the crop, per acre, which can be raised in most parts of England; and that, although the rent is £10 an acre, such rent can be paid by potatoes alone. Elsewhere it is difficult to get even grass to grow close on the shore, and trees have always a look of stunted old-maidenish misery; but here the high tide almost washes the hedge which limits orchards that no right-minded boy could resist robbing. Jersey, indeed, is a very paradise of farmers. The Americans say that England looks like a large garden. What England is to America, that is Jersey to England. Even the high-roads have the aspect of drives through a gentleman's grounds rather than of noisy thoroughfares; and the by-roads and lanes are perfect pictures of embowered quiet and green seclusion. There never was a more delightful place to ramble in. Every turn opens on some exquisite valley, or some wooded hill, through the cool shades and glinting lights of which the summer wanderer is tempted to stray, or to recline in the long grass, and languorously listen to the multitudinous music of the birds and insects above and around. Observe I say nothing of the sea, and the succession of bays on the coast; for what can be said at all commensurate with *that* subject? Even the poets, who not only contrive to say the finest things about nature, but also teach us how to feel the finest tremors of delight when brought face to face with her, have very imperfectly spoken of the sea. Homer is lauded for having called it "wine-faced." He probably meant

some ivy-green potation, since "wine-faced" is the epithet by which Sophocles characterises the ivy.* In any case his epithet is only an epithet, and the sea is of all colours, as it is of all forms and moods. Doubts also may be raised respecting the "giggling" which Æschylus, in a terribly-thumbed passage, attributes to the sea. The "innumerable laughter of the waves of the sea," one is apt to interpret as a giggle; an expression not only unbefitting the sea, but unworthy of the occasion. Neptune was not mocking the agony of Prometheus with a school-girl's incontinence. He was too grand and fluent for such weakness. In moments of sereneest summer-calm he may be said to smile; in moments of more leaping mirth he may be said to laugh; but to imagine him distorting his countenance by innumerable giggles, would be at all times intolerable, and at *such* a time perfectly indefensible.

On the sea, therefore, allow me to be silent. On the great attractions of Jersey for the naturalist, one word will suffice: there is no such spot in England for marine zoology. Besides all these charms, it had other charms in my eyes. Memory consecrated the ground. Eight-and-twenty years ago I was at school here. Changed as the aspect of St. Heliers necessarily is, the few spots still recognisable had a peculiar fascination for me. The Royal Square seemed to have shrunk to a third of its old dimensions, but with what strange sensations I first re-entered it! The Theatre had by no means the magical and imposing aspect which it then wore, when it seemed the centre of perfect bliss. Its yellow play-bills no longer thrilled me, although memory wandered back to those happy nights when enchanting comedy and fearful tragedy were ushered in by the overtures to "Tancredi," or "Semiramide" (the only two which the orchestra ever played), and when ponderous light comedians in cashmere tights, or powerful tragedians "took the stage" with truly ideal strides. Gone, for ever gone, are those bright credulous days. Never

more shall I see *The School for Scandal*, or *Pizarro*, performed as I saw them then. Lady Teazle will never more lure me with her coquetish fan, nor Cora transport me with her drooping ringlets. I can't believe in the vinous gaiety and good feeling of Charles Surface; nor think Rolla the most impassioned and eloquent of beings. I know that the sentiments are as unreal as the acting, or the stage wine and "property" fruit of Charles Surface's banquet. Turning with a retrospective sigh into the Market-Place, I feel the breath of former years rising around me. There is the very corner where we used to "toss" the pie-man for epicurean slices of pudding—a vulgar, but seductive form of juvenile gambling. Close by is the spot where we upset "Waddy"—an adipose comrade, much plagued by his leaner contemporaries—flat into an old woman's egg-basket. I see him now, rising covered with the squashed yolks, utterly heedless of the furious imprecations (in unintelligible *patois*), and the furious blows (in perfectly intelligible English) with which the old lady responded; I see his piteous contemplation of his soiled clothes, and hear once more his pathetic exclamation, "Oh damn!" while inextinguishable laughter shakes our leaner sides. Childhood is the Age of Innocence.

Among the changes, it was pleasant to find that no longer did the Pillory disgrace the Royal Square; no longer were criminals publicly whipped through the streets, as I once saw them with shuddering disgust. Formerly women were thus publicly whipped; but that disgraceful exhibition was put a stop to before my time; and now Jersey has grown humanised enough to see that whipping men must be relinquished. It was, indeed, a loathsome sight. The naked shrieking wretch, with a cord round his neck, halberds pointed at his breast to prevent his hurrying forwards, his back streaming with blood, his face turned imploringly towards the surgeon, who walked beside the executioner, and whom I once heard utter the cruel words

"Harder, Jack!" meaning that the victim had strength to withstand even harder blows—a brutal mob following without sympathy—the procession moving slowly from the Town-Hall to the Prison;—this was the picture Justice frequently presented to the inhabitants of Jersey, and which now, thank God, will never be seen by them again, but will take its place among the brutalities of the past, a sign of the onward progress we have made.

Although St. Heliers, "the capital of Jersey," was the spot consecrated by memory, I took up my abode at the entrance of the fishing-village of Gorey, just four miles from St. Heliers; and as these papers are addressed to amateur naturalists, some of whom may hereafter visit Jersey, a word on the reason of my choice may not be superfluous. The attractions of the capital I do not deny, and if the visitor is in need of watering-place attractions, he will pitch his tent there; but if his primary desires be zoology and quiet, he will select Gorey, especially during summer, when tide-hunting is necessarily poor, and only by dredging and trawling can he hope to get a good stock of animals. Always go where there are fishermen, that you may have the benefit of their aid. They may bring you what you would never find. It is true there are two sources of difficulty in your way: the first is the almost impossibility of making them understand that you can set any value on things they are accustomed to fling away; the second is, that when you have so tutored them that they know *what* you want, they are strangely backward in their supplies. Money is of course the only cogent argument; yet even money moves them but slowly. They go out day after day, staying out all night, and return often without a shilling's worth of fish; yet although you offer to pay them for oyster-shells and weeds as for fish, they cannot easily be induced to throw this "refuse" of their nets into a bucket, instead of throwing it overboard again. They promise to do so, but you wait in vain. At Tenby, in spite of urgent entreaties and liberal promises, only one *Loligo* was brought me; at Scilly nothing;

at Gorey, in spite of my being on the best terms with fishermen whom I had employed, and with whom I had gone trawling, five weeks passed before a bucket of refuse was brought me. Two words—pertinacity and liberality—sum up the whole art of gaining this desirable result; when gained, you will need no argument to prove the superiority of a fishing-village.

Comfortably settled at Gorey, and my working-room set in order, I had only to wait the spring-tide, once more to gather a variety of pets around me. Not that I was even then without serious occupation. Before leaving Scilly I had put up my Nudibranchs in spirits of wine, and these were now carefully to be dissected. Make no wry face at the word "dissection"—it indicates a very different process from the one you conceive; and as it is one indispensable to the naturalist, I may as well dissipate the prejudice which hangs over it. If prejudices could be satisfactorily displaced by argument, one might ask how a man can pass a butcher's shop with equanimity, yet shudder at the idea of dissecting a rabbit or a dog; but I will admit all such incongruities as facts not assailable by argument, and simply direct the reader's attention to the important differences between dissecting animals of the larger kind, and dissecting our marine pets—it is as great as the difference between knitting a silken purse in a drawing-room, and making a ship's cable in a rope-walk. Almost all our dissections are performed under water, with needles, tweezers, and delicate scissors. There is no blood to suggest unpleasant ideas; there is nothing unsightly—to the philosophic eye the sight is full of interest—and if an unsightly aspect were present, has not a noble poetess truly said:—

"Be, rather, bold, and bear
To look into the swarthiest face of things
For God's sake who has made them.

How is this,
That men of science, osteologists
And surgeons, beat some poets, in respect
For nature—count nought common or un-
clean,
Spend raptures upon perfect specimens
Of indurated veins, distorted joints,
Or beautiful new cases of curved spine;

While we, we are shocked at nature's falling off—
 We dare to shrink back from her warts and blains—
 We will not, when she sneezes, look at her,
 Not even to say, 'God bless her.' That's our wrong."

Nay, has not the greatest of German poets, whose culture of the beautiful was so devout that it has been made a reproach, given us a practical example that not only may Comparative Anatomy reveal its marvels to the delighted eye of a poet, but also that the keen glance of the poet may be that of a great discoverer in anatomy? To Goethe, bones and ligaments were not less beautiful and full of interest than flowers and streams, because he saw in them parts of the mystic scaffolding of the temple of life. And laborious and delicate as the amateur may find the dissection of animals to be, he will find his labour well rewarded at the close.

When the spring-tide *did* arrive it was unfortunately a very poor one; and had Jersey been less wealthy, my hot labours on the rocks would have produced but a meagre result. As it was, I managed to secure an ample supply of *Sea Hares*, *Eolids*, *Dorids*, *Solitary Ascidians*, *Olivellina*, *Hydractinia*, *Pycnogonids*, *Acteons*, *Anemones*, and *Polypes*. In the way of novelty there was only the *Hydractinia* (a pretty little white polype growing in clusters on the outside of a whelk shell, inside of which was a hermit-crab) and the *Actinia parasitica*, hitherto only known to me through pictures, but which I found transcending in beauty all power of painting. This beautiful Anemone is extremely abundant here at low tide, but scarcely merits its name of *parasitica*, for I find it almost as frequently on stones and on the sides of the rocks as on the whelk shells; and in captivity it quits its shell, roaming about the pie-dish, and fixing itself to the side, or to seaweeds, like any other Anemone. The extreme sensitiveness of the *Parasitica* enhances its attractions; it is for ever expanding and retracting its tentacles, elongating, curving, or retracting its stem; some-

times doubling its length, at other times assuming an hour-glass constriction in the middle. The filaments which contain the "thread capsules" are poured forth in great abundance whenever the animal is disturbed. While on the subject of Jersey Anemones, it may be added that, besides the ordinary species, I dredged what is probably a variety of the *Actinia ornata*, described and beautifully figured by Dr. Strehill Wright in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* for July 1856,—the body white, the exterior circle of tentacles orange, the two interior circles white striped with grey, the disc orange in the centre; very charming to behold.

Having stocked my jars and dishes, I was somewhat reluctant to broil in a noonday sun amid the rocks, with little hope of finding any animal not already familiar; and therefore contented myself with the less exciting and more remunerative labour of deep-water hunting. By this I got initiated into the art and mystery of trawling, having made friends with a fisherman, master of a Trawler of about twenty tons. Pleasant it is on a bright sunny morning, with a nice breeze from the shore, to recline on the deck of a fast-sailing vessel, and listen to the men retailing their experiences, or watch them heave out and haul in the net. Away we glide towards the coast of France, Jersey melting in the distance:—

"The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,
 And all is stillness, save the seabird's cry
 And dolphin's leap."

The net is at the bottom, collecting in its gaping mouth the treasures we are duly awaiting; meanwhile, in a sort of dreamy content, we stretch ourselves in the sun till the word is given to haul in, and then anxiety dissipates the luxurious calm. The trawl is a huge net of somewhat conical shape, from twenty to thirty feet wide, from thirty to forty deep. Along the edge of the wide opening is a stout wooden beam, to the ends of which are fastened the trawl heads, namely, thick flat semicircular bands

of iron, which serve to keep at a distance of three feet from the beam that portion of the net meant to touch the bottom. In the net there are various pockets. When the trawl is thrown overboard, the weight of the iron carries it to the bottom, the buoyancy of the wooden beam, assisted by the perpendicular support of the iron bands, keeping the upper edge of the net steadily floating three feet above the ground. The rope sweeping along the bottom disturbs the fish; up they dart in foolish distracted haste, and come in contact with the net overarchling them; this flurries them, and they dart sideways to escape; in doing which they unsuspectingly swim into the net if they go one way, into the pockets if they go the other. The net, thus scraping the bottom, gathers, of course, a quantity of shells and weeds as well as fish; this is known to naturalists as "trawl refuse," and is always worth careful overhauling. The contents are all emptied upon the deck, and while Jack is gloating over the turbot, brill, soles, skate, and gurnard, or grimly noticing the utter absence of those desirable individuals, you squat down amid the refuse, and begin a long deliberate investigation thereof. The net is once more plunging its way to the bottom, the vessel glides through the rippling music, and you are absorbed in eager inspection of shell and weed. It is probable that this stooping and peering, accompanied by the motion of the vessel, will bring on the nausea and headache, if not worse, which hitherto you have escaped. I will not pretend that this is pleasant; but there is no help for it. None but the brave deserve the mollusc! The pain is transient, the delight persists. You may return home at the close of the day probably green, and certainly hideous; but behind you, Jack is bringing a bucketful of treasures; and to-morrow you will only know that you have these treasures.

The first thing you have to do on the morrow is to "identify" the animals—a long and interesting, though sometimes perplexing process, owing to the exasperating system adopted by naturalists of select-

ing, as marks, characteristics by no means obvious. For example, when you read the sentence "shell flexible," among the curt indications by which an animal is to be identified, how are you to suspect that the animal in question has *no* shell visible at all, until you have dissected it, and found the thin calcareous plate underneath the back, covering the liver? That one sentence "shell flexible" prevented my identifying a *Pleurobranchus* for at least an hour. Nor have I to this day been able to identify the species of a compound Ascidian (which I only know to be an Ascidian from embryological indications), probably known to naturalists, perhaps yet undescribed. It is of a bright orange colour. From a transparent gelatinous basis minute cylindrical tubes rise, each about the twentieth of an inch in height, standing in circular groups. The orifice of each tube has four delicate processes radiating inwards, like the spokes of a wheel, or like the processes in the siphon of a cockle. This orifice is extensible and retractile, but does not open and shut like that of an Ascidian; and, moreover, the orifice is single. The heart, or pulsating sac, lies at the bottom of the visceral cavity. Imbedded in the clear gelatinous base are several branching vessels giving off pear-shaped processes. These vessels connect the visceral cavities of the whole colony, and the globules of food are seen oscillating to and from the cavities into the pear-shaped processes. I was completely puzzled what to consider this animal, until I saw a tadpole embryo escape from it, and swim away, followed by several others; and then I knew an Ascidian of some kind was before me. A tadpole? Well, that is a figure of speech. The embryo of the Ascidian is more like a tadpole than anything else; and totally unlike its parent, not only in possessing a good long tail, but in being able to swim vigorously through the water in which the parent is immovable. In the interior of the round body which surmounts this tail, a mass of yellowish granules (the vitellus) is observed, which extends some way down the axis of the tail. The transparent membrane surround-

ing the granular mass enlarges. The mass develops three processes, which act as suckers, wherewith the animal finally fixes itself for life. The tail then becomes absorbed, as in the tadpole.* The viscera appear; the envelope increases, and finally becomes the general basis out of which, or in which, an immense number of Ascidians are developed by the process of "budding;" so that from this one tadpole embryo there arises a whole colony of animals, from which in turn solitary tadpoles will issue, each of which will produce its colony. Imagine a tadpole to be transformed into a mature frog, this frog to swell his skin to an indefinite extent, and under that skin to produce, by budding, some hundreds of frogs, all living harmoniously together, each fed by all, and this colony producing at last a few solitary tadpoles, and you will have some conception of the paradox presented by our compound Ascidians.

Nor is this paradox without parallels. The other day I noticed the surface of the water in my pan agitated, as if scores of hairs were at various points thrust upwards. Nothing else was visible with eye or lens. Suspecting from a certain pulsating motion that it was caused by young Medusæ, I dipped the zoophyte trough, and brought up a quantity of newly-hatched Medusæ in great activity. They had just issued from the polype (*Laomedæa geniculata*), and on removing some of the polype branches to the microscope, the young Medusæ were plainly visible in the capsules, and were easily pressed out, whereupon they swam away like the others. Familiar as this sight was to me, it had not lost its marvellousness. Here was a polype, which the uninstructed eye could not distinguish from a seaweed, producing scores of jelly-fish; and these jelly-fish, if their days were spared, would in due time produce polypes. Imagine a lily producing a butterfly, and the butterfly in turn producing a lily, and you would scarcely invent a marvel greater than

this production of Medusæ was to its first discoverers. Nay, the marvel must go further still; the lily must first produce a whole bed of lilies like its own fair self, before giving birth to the butterfly; and this butterfly must separate itself into a crowd of butterflies before giving birth to the lily: when you have thus added marvel upon marvel, you will be ready to listen without scepticism to the phenomenon known as the "alternation of generations," since Steenstrup so baptised it. Others have given it other names: Owen calls it "Parthenogenesis;" Van Beneden, "Digenesis;" Victor Carus, "Neomelie;" and Quatrefages, "Genea-genesis." But while differing about the name, and the explanation of the phenomena, there is no difference as to the phenomena themselves. I will ask the reader's attention to a succinct exposition of the various facts and theories connected with this interesting subject; premising that I have not only verified the capital observations on which the marvel rests, but have some new facts to bring forward which materially modify the current conceptions.

Harvey's celebrated aphorism, *Omne vivum ex ovo* (every living being issues from an egg), was a premature generalisation, and has for some years past been known to be so. Many animals issue not from an egg, but directly from the substance of the parent's body, by a process analogous to that of the budding of plants. To include this process and the ordinary process under one expression, Auguste Comte suggested the following modification of the aphorism, *Omne vivum ex vivo* (every living being issues from a living being); and as the idea of spontaneous generation becomes every year less and less tenable, this aphorism acquires the force of a law. I allude to it at starting, because, inasmuch as the course of our inquiry will conduct us to the conclusion that Generation is *not* essentially a distinct process from that of Growth in general, the idea of an ovum as the necessary origin of every living thing

* Some writers describe this disappearance of the tail as a fission, the tail dropping off. I have not observed this. The enveloping membrane as it enlarged included the tail within it; and the absorption took place within the sac thus formed.

needs to be modified. The first illustration we owe to Trembley, whose Memoirs on the *Hydra*, or Fresh-water Polype, are so admirable in accuracy and extent of observation, that, in spite of the labours of a century, nothing of what he stated has been set aside, and very little added, except what the microscope has revealed. He taught us that the polype, which originally comes from an egg, produces a quantity of other polypes, exactly similar to itself, by a process of "budding," after the manner of a plant. He taught us, moreover, that not only is this the normal mode of multiplication, but that if we lacerate the polype, each lacerated fragment will become a new polype, which in its turn may be cut into several pieces, every one of them developing into perfect polypes. Several naturalists have repeated and confirmed his experiments. In repeating them myself I failed at first, but subsequently succeeded, and attribute the first failure to the presence of impurities in the water containing the fragments. Mr. R. Q. Couch made the curious observation, that if the body of the hydra "be merely irritated with a needle, or a ray of the sun, a young one will sprout from the injured parts."^{*} Here Harvey's dictum receives direct contradiction, the polype which is produced from a wound in the body of the parent, being in every respect similar to the polype which is produced from an egg.

It was in 1744 that Trembley made known to the world the astonishing reproductive powers of the hydra.[†] The following year[‡] Bonnet published his no less astonishing revelations on the reproduction of *Aphides*, or plant-lice. The *Aphis*, a winged insect familiar to most readers, deposits its eggs in the axils of the leaves of plants at the close of summer, and these eggs are hatched in the following spring; but the insect which issues from the egg is a wingless sexless insect. It was known that this wingless insect brought forth its young alive. Bonnet proved that this

took place when no male insect was in existence—in fact, proved that the insect was a virgin mother, and astoundingly fertile. He isolated the young aphid as soon as it was hatched, reared it in strict seclusion, and watched it daily, almost hourly, with the patient tenacity of a naturalist of genius. He has left on record his anxieties, his tremulous agitation lest its death should supervene to frustrate his labours; and his joy, after seeing the captive four times change its skin, and reach its normal development, to observe that this absolute virginity did not in the least interfere with fertility. On the eleventh day the aphid produced a young one alive; another succeeded, and another. Every four-and-twenty hours the brood was increased by three, four, and even ten arrivals. At the end of twenty-one days, ninety-five young ones were produced from this single aphid. Carrying further his observations, Bonnet found that the virgin offspring of this virgin parent also became parents! We know that this reproduction may even go on till the eleventh generation: then this process ceases, the eleventh generation is of *perfect* insects, with separate sexes, and these produce ova which next year become the productive virgins we have just been reading of.

"But why," we may ask in the language of Professor Owen, "should there be this strange combination of viviparous generation at one season, and of oviparous generation at another in the same insect? The viviparous or larviparous generation effects a multiplication of the plant-lice adequate to keep pace with the rapid growth and increase of the vegetable kingdom in the spring and summer. No sooner is the weather mild enough to effect the hatching of the ovum, which may have retained its vitality through the winter, than the larva, without having to wait for the acquisition of its mature and winged form, as in other insects, forthwith begins to produce a brood as hungry and insatiable and as fertile as it-

* Reports of the Pensance Natural History Society, 1850, p. 571.

† TREMBLEY: *Mémoires sur un genre de Polypes d'eau douce*, 4to. Leyden, 1744.

‡ BONNET: *Traité d'Insectologie*, 2 vols., 1745.

self. The rate of increase may be conceived by the following calculation. The aphid produces each year ten larviparous broods, and one which is oviparous, and each generation averages 100 individuals:—

Generation. Produce.

1st, 1 Aphid.	
2d, 100, a hundred.	
3rd, 10,000, ten thousand.	
4th, 1,000,000, one million.	
5th, 100,000,000, hundred millions.	
6th, 10,000,000,000, ten billions.	
7th, 1,000,000,000,000, one trillion.	
8th, 100,000,000,000,000, hundred trillions.	
9th, 10,000,000,000,000,000, ten quadrillions.	
10th, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000, one quintillion.	

If the oviparous generation be added to this, you will have a thirty times greater result.*

Recovering from the stupor into which we are thrown by facts like these, let us observe that here, as in the case of the Ascidians and Polypes formerly mentioned, an alternation of generations takes place; the parent producing a child unlike itself, and that child in its turn finally producing one like its grand-parent. The winged and perfect aphid produces a wingless hexapod larva; this wingless larva produces at last a winged and perfect insect. The reader may imagine how great was the sensation produced in the scientific world by these announcements, and how many theories were propounded in explanation; we must not pause here to consider them, but proceed with our history.

The last date was 1745. In 1819, a Germanised Frenchman, known to all lovers of romance as the author of *Peter Schlemil*, made a discovery in Natural History which was almost as incredible as his Shadowless Man. Whether this will endear the name of Chamisso still more to his admirers may be a question. Literary men will point with some satisfaction to the fact that a novelist was the discoverer of a form of reproduction unsuspected by the profoundest zoologists. They may also remember that the luminous doctrine of plant-morphology was the discovery of the greatest of our modern poets; and that the great Haller himself was a

poet and *littérateur* before, in latter life, he devoted himself with such splendid success to physiology. In Chamisso's day, naturalists knew two distinct species of the curious mollusc named *Salpa*, an indescribable animal, transparent as crystal, and of irregular cylindrical aspect. This animal is also seen somewhat different in structure, but most obviously differing from the solitary species in being a long chain of animals. In spite of their differences, they are not two species, but two generations of the same species. The solitary *Salpa* produces the chain-salpa by "budding; and the chain salpa by "alternation of generations" (the phrase is Chamisso's) produces the solitary salpa by ova. Krohn, Huxley, Leuckart, and Vogt (alas! only one Englishman among four Germans), have since confirmed Chamisso's discovery, which, as Mr. Huxley has pointed out, gives him the priority over Steenstrup, not only as to the mere phrase of "alternate generations," but as to the distinct conception of the idea implied in the phrase. Nine years afterwards, in 1828, Milne Edwards first announced a similar mode of reproduction among the Ascidians (such as I sketched it just now), without, however, connecting it with Chamisso's discovery. In 1835, the Norwegian pastor and indefatigable naturalist, Sara, opened that wonderful series of revelations which by himself, Loven, Lister, Dalyell, Steenstrup, Van Benden, Allman, Forbes, and others, have established the alternation of generations in Polypes and Medusæ.

A not less surprising alternation has been discovered in the Eutozoa; but it would occupy too much space to narrate here, requiring much preliminary explanation before it could be intelligible to the general reader. Let us continue our history.

In 1842, the known facts were collected, and connected under one generalisation by the Danish botanist, Steenstrup, who brought his own quota of important facts. In this work,† a flash of light suddenly re-

* OWEN: *Lecture on Comparative Anat. of Inverteb.* p. 414.

† *On the Alternation of Generations.* Translated for the Ray Society by Mr. GEORGE BUX, 1846.

vealed the connexion in which many isolated paradoxes stood to each other: a theory was proposed, which, although really nothing but a metaphorical expression of the already known facts, was very widely accepted as a perfect solution of the difficulty. In 1849, Professor Owen published his two lectures on *Parthenogenesis*, in which, re-stating the results of his investigations into the reproduction of aphides (1848), he propounded a theory as a substitute for the metaphor of Steenstrup, and one which up to this time is the sole theory not open to the charge of being a merely verbal explanation. In the same year, Victor Carus published a small work* containing some new observations and another verbal explanation. In 1851 Leuckart published an essay† to prove that alternate generation was simply metamorphosis *plus* asexual generation—a very unhappy explanation, since, in the first place, the peculiarity of metamorphosis is that the larva becomes a perfect insect, whereas the Polype never *becomes* a Medusa, it only *produces* it; the wingless *Aphis* never *becomes* a perfect insect; and secondly, the phrase *plus* asexual generation conceals the real difficulty. In 1853, Van Beneden, to whom we owe so many important contributions, published a work,‡ in which he modestly contents himself with stating the phenomena, classing animals under two heads, *monogenetic*, or sexual, and *digenetic*, or reproducing themselves both by sexual and asexual methods. In 1855, M. Quatrefages published four articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled *Les Metamorphoses*, in which he reviewed the state of the question, criticised the theories, and propounded one of his own. In 1856, another brilliant flash of light came from Germany. Von Siebold published a work§ containing some startling facts, and such as, in my opinion, will serve to dissipate all the clouds from the question. He offered no theory

himself; and in the only remark which directly touches our subject, he desires to "lay particular stress upon the distinction between the alternation of generations and *Parthenogenesis*." In spite of this, I must think that the two are one, and that his facts convincingly prove them to be so. For the present, however, we will confine ourselves to the points established in his work bearing on our subject.

Having isolated female moths, he constantly watched them in little vessels closed with glass lids. In due time they laid eggs. There was nothing surprising in this; the virgin moth, as well as the female of every other insect—indeed, of every other animal—lays eggs; but what was his astonishment, "when all the eggs of these females, of whose virgin state I was most positively convinced, gave birth to young caterpillars, which looked about with the greatest avidity in search of materials!" Imagine a brood of chickens hatched from the eggs of a virgin hen, and you will conceive Siebold's surprise. He subsequently found that bees, in like manner, produced hundreds of eggs, which, however, invariably become *male* bees; for it is only the fertilised bee-egg which will develop into a female—either worker or queen. Ungallant physiologists, resting on the evidence of some embryological phenomena, have declared the female to be only a *male in arrested development*; a very impertinent deduction, which was, however, flung back on them by a witty friend of mine, who hearing that one of her own sex was fond of reading metaphysics, and was feared to be suffering from a softened brain, drew her own conclusions as to this masculine course of study, exclaiming, "*Man is but woman with a softened brain!*" She would have also retorted Von Siebold's facts about the bees, which point at a miserable inferiority on the part of the males. But I must not let her prematurely enjoy this

* *Zur nähern Kenntniss des Generationswechsels*, 1849.

† SIEBOLD u. KÖLLIKER's *Zeitschrift*, iii. p. 170. He repeats the ideas in his work on Comparative Anatomy, written in conjunction with Bergmann. §

‡ *La Génération alternée et la Digénèse*, 1853.

§ *On True Parthenogenesis in Moths and Bees*. Translated by J. W. Dallas, 1857.

triumph: if the imperfect bee is always a male, the imperfect moth (*Psyche*) is always a female; and to reconcile both parties, we have the silkworm moth, whose virgin progeny is *both* male and female.

In conclusion, be it noted that Von Siebold's work establishes Parthenogenesis as a *normal* process in bees and moths, on grounds which, Funke justly says, do not permit the severest scepticism to raise a doubt worthy of notice.* He, moreover, points to the fact that among the Entomostraca there are species of which *only* the female is known; again, thousands of females of the gall-fly have been examined, but not a single male has yet been found.

Such were the facts known at the time when I resumed my investigations of Polype parthenogenesis. The labours of distinguished naturalists on the genesis of Polypes may be summed up in the following *schema*:

A. The Medusa parent produces ova;
B. These ova are developed into infusoria;

C. These infusoria are developed into Polypes;

D. These Polypes produce, by budding, the Medusæ, which in turn produce ova. Thus D completes the cycle commenced at A. As *variations* from this route we have—

a. The Medusa produces Medusæ by budding;

β. The Polype produces Polypes by budding;

γ. The Polype produces Polypes by ova directly, i. e. without going through the Medusoid generation.

Attention is called to this second table because the facts therein registered have been too often lost sight of in the discussion of the theory. When, for example, so much stress is laid on the analogy between the development of a Polype into a Medusa, with that of a bud into a flower, it is apparently forgotten that, in spite of the resemblances, great differences are discoverable. No flower produces similar flowers by a process of budding, as the Medusa buds off young Medusæ from its

substance: a rose does not split up into a dozen roses. Nor does the bud produce seed by direct transformation of its substance, as the Polype produces ova. So little have the facts registered in the second table been kept in view, that the doctrine of alternate generations has been persistently denied on the ground that the Polypes are not generations at all, are not properly speaking "individuals" any more than leaf-buds are individuals. According to this argument, which has been set forth by Dr. Carpenter,† only those can be truly called generations which issue from a generative act, i. e. the union of a germ-cell and sperm-cell; and as he maintains the analogy of the Polype and the leaf-bud to be complete, and considers the multiplication of Polypes, and of Medusæ from Polypes, to be simply a process of budding, his argument has a superficial plausibility, which is, however, totally destroyed by the fact that the Polype *also* produces Polypes by the union of ova and spermatozoa, as he is perfectly aware, seeing that he has quoted the descriptions, and even given the figures of Professor Allman, illustrating the fact. I shall have to recur to this point hereafter; meanwhile I may add that, in the course of a long investigation into the development of the Sertularian and Plumularian Polypes (especially *P. fulcata* and *P. myriophyllum*, from deep water off Jersey), I found that not only does the Polype produce Polypes by means of ova, but *also produces Medusæ in the same way*; so that instead of the production of Medusæ being only one of simple budding, it resembles that of Polypes in being *sometimes* a process of budding, and *sometimes* a process of oviparity. I have followed this development through all its stages; and as what I have seen may be seen by any one who chooses to devote the requisite patience, I shall merely clear away certain theoretical obstructions which may screen the real facts.

In Dr. Carpenter's summary of the views held by naturalists, we read

* FUNKE. *Lehrbuch der Physiologie*, 1857, p. 1326.

† *Principles of Comparative Physiology*, 1854.

that the ovarian capsules (the large vesicles which rise from the stem of the polypidom) are improperly designated ovarian, because "they have been shown by Prof. E. Forbes to be in reality metamorphosed branches." The force of this objection escapes me. Wolff and Goethe have shown the stamens and pistils to be metamorphosed leaves, but no one denies them on that account, to be reproductive organs. The capsule in question is *not* a branch, but a capsule; and the proof of its being an ovarian capsule is the fact that in it ova are developed. This, indeed, Dr. Carpenter denies, for he continues,* "These Medusa buds spring not from ova, but from a detached portion of the medullary substance;" and in a note he adds, "Although they are described by Van Beneden as developed from ova, yet it is clear from his own account that such is not the case; and that what he called the vitellus is continuous with the medullary substance of the stem and branches of the zoophyte." Not having seen Van Beneden's *Mémoires* I am unable to say whether that admirable naturalist has imperfectly described what he has seen, or Dr. Carpenter imperfectly comprehended what he has read; but I have no hesitation in asserting that direct study of the phenomena will disclose the fact of the Medusa, being, at any rate, *sometimes* developed from ova, *although* the vitellus is "continuous with the medullary substance of the stem." The ova are there, unmistakable by any eye familiar with the ova of zoophytes; and by cutting off the tips of the capsules we can gently press these ova out, revealing the germinal vesicle in each, and the vitelline mass surrounding it. Not only are ova there, but in some instances spermatozoa may be observed in great activity, and this at a time when the circulation, or more properly *oscillation*, of medullary granules from the stem into the interior of the capsule is perfectly visible. Sometimes, instead of these, we find simply a mass of granules and nucleated cells; at other times, ova in various stages

of segmentation, the germinal vesicle having disappeared, and a vitelline membrane being formed; at others, we find embryos nearly ready to escape. And here attention must be called to a remarkable fact: these embryos which we find in the capsules may be either the ciliated gemmule, which we know becomes a Polype, or the Medusoid embryo, which will swim forth as a Medusa. I have seen this so often that the whole history of evolution thus presents itself to me: Taking the medullary substance of the Polype as the analogue of the cellular basis of the plant, we may trace a somewhat similar course of evolution in each; the cellular basis becomes differentiated into leaves, stamens, pistils, germ-cells, and sperm-cells; the medullary substance becomes differentiated into nucleated cells, these cells into germ-cells and sperm-cells, or into *germ-cells alone*, from which are developed 1°, under one set of conditions, probably of temperature and food, Polypes; 2°, under another set of conditions, Medusæ; just as a leaf-bud is developed under one set of conditions, and a flower under another set; or as only germ-cells are developed in one plant, sperm-cells in another, or both on the same plant.

Of great importance as regards the facts of Parthenogenesis are two of those just indicated; namely, that the Polype produces ova and spermatozoa which become Medusæ, and that these ova may indifferently become either Polypes or Medusæ. The latter fact ceases to be so marvellous, when we consider that Agassiz has demonstrated the identity in structure of Polype and Medusa. Of still greater importance as regards the theory of Parthenogenesis is the conclusion that from *germ-cells alone*, without any influence from sperm-cells, Polypes and Medusæ may be developed. Do you ask for evidence on which to base this conclusion? The evidence is of two kinds: first, the indubitable fact that the unfertilised eggs of entomostraca, gall-flies, bees, moths, and silk-worms, *do* become developed animals (and re-

* *Principles of Comparative Physiology*, p. 552.

cent experiments in France and Germany show that dioecious plants become fertile even when the pollen is removed); and secondly, to this positive testimony I add the negative indication of the comparative rarity of spermatozoa in the ovarian capsules.

Resuming the results of these investigations with those of my predecessors in one schema, we find,—

A. The Medusa parent produces ova;

B. These ova are developed through an infusorial stage into Polypes;

C. These Polypes, in turn, produce ova;

D. (1) These ova are developed into Medusæ, thus completing the cycle opened at A.

D. (2) These ova are developed into Polypes, thus completing the cycle opened at C.

The budding process, which both Medusa and Polype manifest, may be eliminated from the scheme of "Alternation." We shall, hereafter, see that it is essentially the same as the other processes of generation.

Such, in brief, is the history, such are the facts of Parthenogenesis. Let us now glance at the theories which attempt to explain them. Steenstrup, whose merits are very considerable, and who first propounded a general theory, named by him the "Alternation of generations," encumbered the question, instead of clearing it, when he called the Polype the "wet nurse" of the Medusa, denying its claim to be considered as a "parent." To say that the Polype is not properly a "parent," but has only the germs of the Medusa confided to it, is, as Professor Owen justly remarked, to make a metaphor supply the place of an explanation. In reply to this objection Steenstrup boldly declares his theory is *la combinaison intime des faits*. Professor Owen convincingly shows that the theory is purely verbal: it is, moreover, in direct antagonism with the fact that the Polype sometimes produces eggs without the mediation of a Medusa; and if a Polype, issuing from an egg, and also producing an egg from which another Polype will issue, be not regarded as a "parent," it will be difficult to specify in what parentage truly consists. Steenstrup's theory is almost identical, except in language,

with that of the old writer alluded to by Quatrefages, who accounted for Bonnet's facts by a "transmitted fecundation." "D'après lui, les pucerons produisent toujours des œufs aussi bien que les autres insectes, mais chez eux la fécondation, au lieu d'agir sur une génération seulement, étend son influence à plusieurs générations successives. Elle devient par conséquent inutile jusqu'au moment où la somme d'action transmise de mère à fille est totalement épuisée."

At a first glance this may be mistaken for an anticipation of Owen's theory; but a more rigorous inspection discovers that Owen's theory differs from it by the all-important character of definiteness. Instead of throwing over the question the obscure generality of a phrase, it points directly to a specific fact, or condition, such as, if accepted, would indicate the terminal stage of inquiry, beyond which no intellect could hope to penetrate. It starts from the germ-cell, from which the organism arises, and, following the course of this germ-cell, it holds the Ariadne thread, which, through all the mazes of the labyrinth, conducts the mind to clear issues. Let us, in as brief a space as possible, develop this theory.

All organisms, plant or animal, originate in a cell. This cell spontaneously divides into two, these two into four, these four into eight, and so on, till, instead of a solitary nucleated cell, a mass is present, known as the "germ mass." In the *Conferveæ*, instead of a mass, a thread of cells has arisen forming the filament which constitutes the whole plant. In the animal, the cells have not been placed end to end, thread-like, but side to side, and form what is called the "mulberry mass;" and a further distinction is to be noted, namely, that each animal cell, as it formed, carried with it a portion of the yolk. From the "germ mass" the animal is evolved. Each cell of this mass is the offspring of the primary germ-cell, reproducing its powers and capacities. As the animal is formed out of this mass, and by means of it, we are forced to the conclusion that the cells have become transformed into tissues. But "not all the progeny of the primary germ-cell are required

for the formation of the body in all animals: certain of the derivative germ-cells may remain unchanged, and become included in that body which has been composed of their metamorphosed and diversely combined or confluent brethren: so included, any derivative germ-cell, or the nucleus of such, may commence and repeat the same processes of growth by imbibition, and of propagation by spontaneous fission, as those to which itself owed its origin."^{*}

It is this, according to Owen, which constitutes Parthenogenesis. Some of the cells, instead of being transformed into tissues, remain, unchanged as cells, included in the body, where they repeat the original process of subdivision, and produce offspring as they themselves were produced. In proportion, therefore, to the complexity of the animal (that is, in proportion to the amount of cells transformed into tissues), will be its inability to reproduce itself by Parthenogenesis. In proportion to the amount of unchanged cells will be this power of reproduction. The marvels of the *Hydra*, as recounted by Trembley, are thus explicable; for the *Hydra* retains its germ-cells unchanged everywhere, except in the tentacles and the integument, and *these are incapable of reproduction*. "The reproduction of parts of higher animals has also been found to depend on pre-existing cells retained as such. Mr. H. D. S. Goodsir has shown that in the lobster, so noted for the power of reproducing its claws, the regenerative faculty does not reside at any part of the claw indifferently, but in a special locality at the basal end of the first joint. This joint is almost filled by a mass of nucleated cells surrounded by a fibrous and muscular band."

But here the reader may ask how the cycle of generation is ever completed? why does not the Polype continue budding off fresh Polytypes for ever; why does not the aphid-larva continue producing broods of larvæ; why does not the plant persist in sending forth leaves and buds;

why do we always see a sudden change—a leap, as it were, into higher life—completing the cycle by the Polype producing a Medusa, the larval Aphis producing an Aphis, the plant producing a flower? To this question Owen has prepared an answer. The original cell, in its frequent subdivision, gradually loses by dilution a portion of its plastic force. If on starting it had a force of 100, after fifty subdivisions it will have no more than 2. It is this necessary dilution of power in repeated reproductions which prevents Parthenogenesis from being indefinitely prolonged.

Such is the theory, in every way remarkable, proposed by our great anatomist; and before proceeding to examine its stability, I will adduce the strongest illustration in its favour I have yet found. The theory assumes that some of the original germ-cells are retained untransformed in the body of the *Hydra* and *Aphis*, which cells, in virtue of their original tendency, subdivide and develop into new animals. This assumption has been disputed. Quatrefages goes so far as to say that it is an hypothesis without foundation. But Owen had already stated direct observations in the case of the *Aphis*, which proved the retention of some portion of the germ-mass;[†] and Burnett,[‡] although he denies that the included vitelline mass has the structure of eggs, gives positive testimony to the fact of inclusion, and the subsequent evolution of Aphides from the mass. Granting, however, that there may be some equivocation in such evidence, all equivocation is set aside in the example now to be adduced. We have formerly seen that the germ-mass of the *Eolis*, *Doris*, and *Aplysia*, normally develops itself into one, two, three, and even eight distinct animals. As this takes place contemporaneously, and in the same chorion—as one egg actually divides into several embryos, by a simple process of subdivision in the germ-mass—I do not see how Owen's position can be denied, that here at least the offspring of the original cell is actually included in each

^{*} OWEN: *Parthenogenesis*, p. 5.

† Ibid. p. 69.

‡ Notes to the translation of SIZEOLD'S *Comparative Anatomy*, p. 465.

distinct mass, and that it is the origin of each embryo. Whether the cells are *unchanged* or not, may be a question; it is certain that they are included: and as there can be little difference in the process, whether the progeny of one cell be developed simultaneously as in the Doris, or successively as in the Aphis, the fundamental position seems secured. I say *seems*, because I do not really think it is, nor do I find myself able to accept Owen's explanation.

Quatrefages and Siebold object to the name of Parthenogenesis as embodying an error. The larval aphis, says the former, cannot properly be styled a virgin, because it is an incomplete organism, and "*à l'idée de virginité se rattache invinciblement celle de la possibilité de cessation de cet état.*" He objects, therefore, to the name, because, he says, Owen's conception rests on the remarkable exception of the aphis-larva, in which reproductive organs, incomplete, but still perfectly recognisable, have been discovered. The objection, which was never very forcible, is completely silenced by Von Siebold's discovery of perfect insects, male and female, in the virgin-progeny of bee and moth. As to Von Siebold's objection to the name, that by it Owen "confounds Parthenogenesis with alternation of generations," it is met not only by the explanation Owen gives in a note to the translation of Von Siebold's work (p. 11), but is further met by what will probably be seen, in the following discussion, to be the true state of the case; namely, that the generation of bees and moths is essentially the same as that of Ascidians, Aphides, and Polypes; and instead of confounding two distinct things in one phrase, Owen has reconciled two seeming differences.

Retaining, therefore, the name Owen has given to the phenomenon, let us examine his theory. Quatrefages, among objections of little weight, urges one of more value when he says that the process of segmentation in the yolk is now known to be different from that stated by Owen, being the spontaneous act of the ovum, whether the ovum be fertilised or not; and

farther, that the "yolk cells" are not cells at all. On this latter point it may be observed that embryologists are still divided,* the dispute turning on the correct definition of a cell—much as if men disputed whether a book "in sheets" ought properly to be called a "book." As regards Owen's theory, a slight modification in its terms would meet the objection. Not so the objection which must, I think, be raised against the vital point in the theory—the assumption of a definite prolific force contained in the primary germ-cell, a force which becomes diluted by subdivision of the cell, and can be renewed only through another act of fertilisation. This is the heel of Achilles: if vulnerable here, our great anatomist may be pricked by any vulgar javelin. Let us try. "The physiologist," says our philosopher, "congratulates himself with justice when he has been able to pass from cause to cause, until he arrives at the union of the spermatozoan with the germinal vesicle as the essential condition of development—a cause ready to operate when favourable circumstances concur, and without which cause those circumstances would have no effect. What I have endeavoured to do has been, to point out the conditions which bring about the presence of the same essential cause in the cases of the development of an embryo from a parent that has not itself been impregnated. The cause is the same in kind, though not in degree; and every successive generation, or series of spontaneous fissions of the primary impregnated germ-cell, must weaken the spermatoc force transmitted to such successive generations of cells."

Quatrefages justly calls this a seductive theory; but adds, that not even the imposing authority of Owen's name has gained acceptance for it. The first objection I should raise is, that the assumption of the prolific force belongs to *metaphysiology*. The second objection is, that it forces us to embrace the paradox of the greatest effect arising from the most diminished force, since, according to it, the seed, in its primal vigour, only

* See the latest work on the subject: *FUNK'S Lehrbuch der Physiologie*, p. 1866, *et seq.*

produces buds, in its exhaustion, flowers; the egg, in its primal vigour, only produces Polypes and Larvæ, in its exhaustion, Medusæ and perfect Aphides. Or must we regard the Flower, Medusa, and perfect Aphis as inferior and arrested forms, of which Leaf, Polype, and Larva are the matured beings? The celebrated Wolff maintained that the Flower was an imperfect organism—flowers and fructification, according to him, being the consequences of arrest of development;* and much may be said for this hypothesis, although we must finally reject it, when we know that there are plants which flower *before* they put forth leaves, and that the larval Aphis is confessedly an imperfect insect.

A third, and far more fatal, objection is, that, under suitable conditions, the plant will continue putting forth buds, the Polype putting forth Polypes, the larval Aphis larvæ, to an indefinite extent. The "prolific force," instead of diminishing, by repeated subdivisions of the cells, retains its primitive fertility. Kyber kept a plant, with larval aphides, in a room the temperature of which was *constant*, and saw these larvæ produce broods for four years without interruption! Whereas, had the temperature varied, these larvæ would have manifested changes similar to those observed in ordinary circumstances, when the lowering of the temperature in autumn stops the production of larvæ, and induces that of perfect insects. We may also refer to the observation of Sir J. G. Dal-yell, who kept a *strobila* for several years continually budding.

A fourth and last objection is, that the Polypidom, which produces both Polypes and Medusæ by gemmation, *also* produces eggs which become Polypes, as every one knows, and eggs which become Medusæ, as I have discovered; yet, *after* one of these egg capsules has been developed on the Polypidom, the budding process continues as before. This would imply that the original prolific force, when nearly exhausted, produced eggs, and then, suddenly recovering its vigour, continued the production

of buds. Now, an oscillating force of this kind cannot be accepted.

Although I think Owen's theory must be abandoned, it seems to me incomparably the best which has been offered—indeed, the only one which goes deeper than a phrase, and rests on definite conditions. The very definiteness of these conditions specified enables them to be closely tested and confronted with fact. The pregnant ideas contained in his work have been of essential service in the formation of those conclusions which force me to regard Parthenogenesis as not presenting any *peculiar* mystery. I shall endeavour to show that it is no *deviation* from the ordinary processes of Reproduction, except in formal and quite accessory details. Do not, however, suppose that, in denying the relative marvellousness of a phenomenon which has excited so much astonishment, there is any attempt to lessen the original marvel. When the rise of a feather in the air is explained by the same law of gravitation which explains the fall of the quill, no mystery is dissipated by this reduction of two seemingly contradictory facts to one law. In like manner, the eternal mystery of Reproduction remains the same dark Dynamis, baffling all comprehension, although by its laws we may also explain this novel phenomenon of Parthenogenesis.

Hitherto physiologists have admitted three forms of Reproduction. 1. The *flaciparous*; *e. g.* when a cell spontaneously divides into two cells. 2. The *gemmiparous*; *e. g.* when a plant puts forth buds, or a polype sends forth polypes from its stem. 3. The *oviparous*; *e. g.* when the plant and animal produce seeds and eggs. Fission, Gemmation, and Generation, are the three names designating these processes. The two first are universally admitted to be identical processes; but, as far as my reading extends, all writers, except Owen, regard Gemmation and Generation as two *essentially distinct* processes. His perception of that universal error is one of the pregnant ideas to which I feel myself most indebted. The Hydra, as he remarks, produces Hydrae

* WOLFF, *Theorie von der Generation*. 1764. § 80, et seq.

both by Gemmation and Generation. "The young Hydra from the bud is identical in organic structure and character with that which comes from the ovum; and when the effects of organic development are the same, their efficient causes cannot be 'altogether distinct;' only the non-essential accessories of the process may be the subject of variation." Since that was written, Von Siebold has proved that perfect silkworms are produced by what has hitherto been considered as Gemmation; and I have found, that from the same mass of cells Medusæ are produced indifferently by Gemmation or Generation.

All the endeavours to prove that Parthenogenesis is in every case the result of mere Gemmation are powerless against Owen, who denies the essential difference between Gemmation and Generation, and only serve to support his view when they are coupled with Von Siebold's discoveries. The Hydra sending forth a second Hydra from its own substance directly, may be said to "bud" like a plant. The Aphis producing broods of Aphides *internally*, instead of externally, which broods are unattached to their parent, may likewise be said to exhibit "internal Gemmation,"—the differences being non-essential. But when we come to Von Siebold's facts, which present us with the production of eggs instead of young, how shall we name the process? We must name it *internal oviparous Gemmation*; and what distinction there is between oviparous Gemmation and oviparous Generation, it will be difficult to say. In both cases, eggs are produced directly from the substance of the parent; these eggs, in both cases, develop into animals indistinguishable in structure or function, and capable of reproducing their species by either mode. From attending to formal and accessory differences, and not keeping the attention fixed on essential processes, physiologists have imagined a distinction to exist between Gemmation and Generation, which will not withstand close scrutiny. Thus, M. Quatrefages says, "In the animal as in the plant reproduction by budding is effected on the spot (*en entier sur place*), at the

expense of the parent's substance. In the two kingdoms, reproduction by seeds and eggs demands the concurrence of two elements prepared by special organs. It is immaterial whether these organs are both united in the same individual, or borne by distinct individuals; there is always a father and a mother, a stamen and a pistil, an element which fertilises, and an element which is fertilised." I really cannot see anything beyond subsidiary distinctions here. The contrast is only formal. Out of the substance of the parent both bud and seed are evolved; whether the product shall be a mass of cells which at once develop into an *organism* by repeated subdivision, or into an *egg* by repeated subdivision, will depend on specific conditions, but the essential process is the same in each. The egg itself is a product, as much as the embryo; it is not a starting-point, but a station on the grand junction-line of development. No one will venture to assert that the process of Nutrition is other than identical, whether the product evolved from the blood-plasma be a nerve-cell, a muscle-cell, or a gland-cell: different as these products are, they all issue from embryonal cells indistinguishable from each other; and the law of Nutrition by which they increase is the same law in all. The identity of the process in Reproduction is clearly seen in the following results of Mr. R. Q. Couch's observations on the Sertularian Polypes: "At certain seasons of the year they produce cells much larger than those of a more permanent character. These, at first, are composed of the granular pulp of the stem; afterwards the pulp becomes furrowed, and finally formed into cells. After a short period they separate from the parent, and undergo the process of development. If these cells attain a certain size, they are developed into eggs; if they are stunted by cold, they are formed into Polypes; while if, from unfavourable causes, they are still smaller, they grow into branches: and thus we see that, according to circumstances, different organs are capable of being eliminated from the same structure."² In conclusion, let us remember that

* *Pennsylv. Nat. Hist. Society Report for 1856*, p. 274.

the egg itself is a generated product; as all know who have made themselves acquainted with the results of embryological research, in which the phases of the genesis of the egg are minutely recorded; this genesis being the same essential process observed in *all other* forms of growth. And this cuts the ground from under the old position, which declares that the union of two different elements, a germ-cell and a sperm-cell, is the act of Generation—an act *sui generis*, and altogether distinct from the act of cell-multiplication, or Growth, which is to be regarded simply “as a modification of the nutritive function.” This act of union, hitherto regarded as the fundamental act of all Reproduction, is only, I believe, a subsidiary, derivative process, and not by any means the “ultimate fact” at which our researches must pause; a conclusion to which Goethe pointed when he showed that Growth and Reproduction in plants are but different aspects of the same law.

Let us arrange the known facts of Reproduction in their ascending order of complexity. What is the simplest process known? It is that of a cell spontaneously multiplying itself by subdivision. In the albuminous and starchy fluid named *protoplasma* a single cell appears. It assimilates more and more of the fluid. It then divides into two cells perfectly similar. These two cells divide into four, eight, sixteen, and so the multiplication continues, till there is a filament of cells, each independent and capable of separate existence, but each attached to the other by its cell-wall. In the same way leaves, instead of filaments, are formed. Many of the lower plants are nothing but aggregations of such cells; and in many this simple mode of Reproduction is the only mode yet discovered. By this process of subdivision a single cell of the *Protococcus nivalis* (or red snow) will redden vast tracts of snow in a few hours; and the *Bovista giganteum* is estimated to produce in one hour no less than four thousand millions of cells. Ehrenberg computes the increase of the infusorial *Paramecium* at two

hundred and sixty-eight millions in a month. In this, the simplest form of Reproduction, the identity of the process with that of Growth is indisputable and undisputed.

Let us ascend a step, and we reach the second form of Reproduction; which is the *union of two similar cells*. This is named by botanists the act of “conjugation.” In a simple filament, consisting of cells produced by fission, any two cells may unite; their contents coalesce to form a new starting-point, from which the multiplication of cells may proceed. Instead of two cells in the same filament, two cells of contiguous filaments may coalesce, but in each case it is the union of two similar cells. This is the first dim indication we obtain of that union of different sexes which in higher organisms becomes the normal process.

From the fission of one cell into two similar cells, and the conjugation of two similar cells, we now pass to the third and final mode of Reproduction, namely, the *union of two dissimilar cells*. To this union the special name of Generation is applied; but the difference of name must not be allowed to mask the identity of the process. It is a fact that, for the production of the more complex organisms, union of germ-cells and sperm-cells is indispensable. Speculative physiologists have likened this union of germ-cell with sperm-cell to the union of an acid with its base. But the deeper our researches penetrate, the more erroneous does such a comparison appear; and instead of leading us to the conviction of any essential dissimilarity or opposition in the constitution of these cells, they lead us to a demonstration of the essential *similarity* of these cells. I cannot pause here to trace the genesis of ovum and spermatozoon, but must content myself with the assertion, which the reader can verify by consulting any embryological authority, that in their origin, and in the earlier phases of their development, these two cells are identical. It is only in their subsequent history that they differ.* If one convincing argument be needed to crown all these indica-

* That is the reason why plants can be developed into male or female according to the will of the experimenter.

tions, we may find it in the now indubitable fact, that animals which normally are developed from fertilised eggs, are *also* normally developed from eggs unfertilised. It is clear, then, that if the egg, previous to fertilisation, has within it the elements and conditions which will produce the same animal as would have issued from the fertilised egg, the influence of the sperm-cell on the germ-cell, whatever it may be, cannot be of that elementary indispensable nature which is implied in the comparison of an acid uniting with a base to form a salt. No alkali spontaneously develops into a salt; without the acid the alkali is powerless to assume any of the saline forms. But the germ-cell does develop an embryo without the aid of a sperm-cell; at least in certain cases, where, from the existence of sperm-cells, we should *a priori* imagine their influence to be indispensable. Indispensable this influence is in the more complex organisms (although the insect is a very complex organism); but we observe one intensely significant fact, namely, that the germ-cell spontaneously passes through the same early phases of its development, whether it be fertilised or not. It cannot *continue* its development, as the ova of Polypes, Entomostraca, Bees, and Moths continue theirs, but neither is there any *fixed limit* to its arrest. Some ova fall short at one stage, others at others, but at no stage of their history can we say, Here the aid of fertilisation begins. Every ovum, therefore, of the highest animal as of the lowest, has within it the power of development unaided by the spermatozoon: this development falls very short indeed of an embryo in the highest animals, but it travels some miles on the road towards that goal; and when, as in insects, the goal is not very distant, it may be reached. We may liken the spermatozoa to the extra pair of horses put to the carriage to enable it to reach a certain distance over mountainous ground. Two horses have dragged the carriage to the foot of the hill, and have brought it by precisely the same route as the four horses would have taken; but here, at the foot of the hill, the

extra horses are indispensable. In granting the indispensable nature of the aid of such extra horses, no one would think of saying that it proved the necessity of four horses to carriage travelling.

What the precise nature of the influence exercised by the spermatozoon truly is we know not; but an hypothesis may be here suggested, provided the reader regards it as an hypothesis, and not at all interfering with the positive facts just stated. We may give speculation elbow-room for a moment, and return to our discussion in no worse condition than before. When the spermatozoon penetrates into the interior of the ovum, it there becomes dissolved, and finally disappears. According to Meissner* its metamorphosis is precisely the same, whether occurring inside the ovum or apart from it, and in each case the process is one of gradual change into fat. Now if we consider the absolute importance of fat in the formation of cells, and remember that the development of the ovum is through a continuous multiplication of cells, the influence of the spermatozoon will be perfectly intelligible as that of furnishing increase of cell-production. The sperm-cell being proved identical with the germ-cell, we may compare its additional force to the force added by the extra horses which must draw the carriage up the hill.

Having given expression to my hypothesis, I return to the survey of the various modes of Reproduction, which we have seen to be identical, since not only are Fission and Gemination admitted to be identical, but we have further seen that between Gemination and Generation no real vital distinction exists. To that has been added the demonstration, that however frequent, and in many cases indispensable, the union of two dissimilar cells may be in the production of an embryo, the fundamental process of Generation is not expressed in it. The union is a secondary derivative process, and the result is often attainable without it. In a word, it has been shown that the two dissimilar cells are *essentially* similar, and their union, therefore, is essen-

* In SEEBOLD'S u. KÖLLIKER'S *Zeitschrift. f. Wissm. Zoologie*, vi.

tially the same as the conjugation of two similar cells; and this *union* we know not to be indispensable to Reproduction. As the process of Growth is identical with that of Fission, Reproduction, it must equally be so with that of Gemmiparous and Oviparous Reproduction; the differences between Growth and Reproduction being only formal non-essential differences—such, for instance, as the mass of cells being aggregated together into filaments, or each cell being set free to exist by itself as an individual; or the cells which would have formed one of the tissues of an animal are separately developed into a new animal.

If the reader has followed with assent this somewhat abstruse discussion and elucidation of the identity of Growth and Reproduction, he will have little difficulty in classing the phenomena of Parthenogenesis under the ordinary laws of Reproduction, and removing the peculiar marvel which has hitherto invested those phenomena. Accepting Reproduction as a vital property—an ultimate fact—which appears under the various forms of Growth, Gemmation, and Generation, he will admit that there is nothing more marvellous in an animalcule reproducing several millions of animalcules by spontaneous fission, than in a plant being constructed out of several millions of cells, each produced by a spontaneous fission; in each case the marvel is the same, the process the same. It is not more marvellous that an Aphis should produce another Aphis full-formed from its own substance, than that a lobster should out of its own substance replace a broken claw.

The peculiarity of Parthenogenesis which has most attracted and puzzled naturalists is the fact that each generation is *unlike* its parent. In Steenstrup's words, "Generation A produces generation B, which is dissimilar to itself; whilst generation B produces generation C, which is dissimilar to itself, but which returns to the form of generation A." This, on closer scrutiny, becomes very dubious. Agassiz has pointed out the identity in structure of the Medusa and

Polype; and although there are formal differences between *these* two animals, as we ascend the scale such differences grow less, and finally disappear. The Aphis produces a larval Aphis, which only differs from its parent in the imperfection of certain organs, and these imperfections are not *constant*; the larva has sometimes wings. The virgin product of the silkworm Moth is every way indistinguishable from the products of fertilised eggs.

What then is the theory of Parthenogenesis to which this discussion conduces us? Simply this: The Phenomenon is not a *deviation* from the ordinary laws of Reproduction, but a *derivation* from those laws. What *they* are, no one at present can express. The fact that all organic beings are endowed with the property of Reproduction, which manifests itself under the forms of Growth, Gemmation, and Generation, must, for the present at least, be accepted as an ultimate fact, not permitting dispute, not admitting explanation. Whether new individuals, or only new parts of individuals, are reproduced, the fundamental process is the same. Whether the animal produce cells which increase as buds, or as eggs, the process is the same. Whether the egg develop under the influence of fertilisation, or without that influence, the process is the same. Whether the union of two cells, followed by continuous fission, be taken as the starting-point, or whether the continuous fissions proceed without any union, everywhere the one law of Reproduction—the fundamental property of Growth—meets us as the ultimate fact, the great terminal mystery; and the simplest form under which this process is known to us is the spontaneous subdivision of a cell. Thus, to borrow Goethe's words,—

"All the forms resemble, yet none is the same as another;
Thus the whole of the throng points at a deep-hidden law,
Points at a sacred riddle."

The sacred riddle awaits its Oedipus; probably will for ever remain unanswered.

LIFE OF SIR CHARLES J. NAPIER.

PART II.

OPPORTUNITY rarely fails him who seeks it. The soul conscious of a destiny seldom waits in vain for a fulfilment. The "village Hampdens" and the "mute inglorious Miltons" are, we believe, the few among the children of men. To whom Providence has assigned a part, Providence also mostly assigns a time and place. We are no fatalist, but we believe that the God who implants power, implants beside it a faith in its purpose. There be those whose hearts fail, whose arms hang down, and whose knees droop, and these pass away with unacted lives; but the men who in expectancy and preparation wait for their opportunity, as the Israelites did for their Exodus, with loins girded and feet shod, seldom fail in reaching the goal and winning the prize. Charles Napier was one of these. He was the strong man armed,—the good knight with his sword loose in the sheath, his harness bright and his heart full strung; ever ready and able. Men have been always eager to unravel futurity: they may read it in their own hearts; out of the aspirations and hopes there spun is often woven the web of a destiny. In boyhood, youth, manhood, and old age, Charles Napier ever in his own aspirations saw a future, ever had within him an augury of command and success. The vision of fame was always present to him; disappointment could not dispel, age could not shadow it; it went before him, ever, as the star in the East, leading on to achievement.

In his fifty-ninth year he is appointed to a command on the staff at Bombay, and in this foresees his opportunity.

Thus he speaks: "The appointment is accepted. My hope is to get there safe, but to move my family is fearful! I go overland, and shall insure my life for two years. If there is war in the Punjab, which seems likely, a good command may fall to me: it will be sorrowful to leave you all, for it is late in life and

I am much worn." Again, in India: "To try my hand with an army is a longing not to be described; yet it is mixed with shame for the vanity which gives me such confidence: it will come, and I cannot help it, as to my mind; but as to my body, it is not so. Oh! for forty, as at Oephalonia, where I laughed at eighteen hours' hard work on foot under a burning sun: now, at sixty, how far will my carcass carry me? No great distance! Well, to try is glorious!"

It is a wonderful spectacle that of this man, after all his struggles, buffetings, and strivings, riddled with wounds, broken by sickness, overcast by injustice, tried by cares, thus casting off the dust and ashes from his head, and rising up at the call of opportunity, hopeful and confident as when he buckled on his maiden sword.

He who reads history aright will ever recognise a connection betwixt man and nature—a fitness in the scenes to the action of its various dramas. India has ever been the theatre of rapid and brilliant exploit. The grandeur, the vastness, the luxuriance of its scenes, the fervour of its sunshine, have seemed ever to inspire men with grand conception and rapid execution, and to characterise their deeds by picturesque details and striking effects. The results, however, for ages, had not the permanency or the durability of the things around. The rush of conquest or empire swept over the land, like the flow of its own great rivers, now receding, now inundating, now fertilising, now destroying. The history of the land had its grand epochs; but they stood, like its own cities, isolated and apart, without connection, communication, or combination, until the spirit of conquest was allied with commerce, and the soldier and the merchant went forth together to conquer and to civilise. To this land, which had witnessed the wondrous victories and pageant triumphs of Alexander, the whirlwind sweep of Genghis.

Khan, the barbarous ravages of Timour, the magnificent rule of Mahmoud, and the no less wondrous achievements of Olive; which was then exhibiting the anomaly of the genius of war and the acts of peace working in combination—an anomaly producing varieties and inconsistencies in the action of the different agencies which will often appear hereafter in this life and history—to this land of ancient tradition and glorious history, of brilliant exploit, stirring action, and splendid adventure, let us follow Charles Napier. He arrived at an eventful period. Our disasters at Cabool were then occurring. Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General, had come to inherit the consequences of his predecessor's policy, and to incur the responsibility of retrieving the reverses of our arms, of rescuing the troops still remaining in Afghanistan, and of redeeming our national honour. Immediately on his arrival he applied to Charles Napier for a plan of operations which might effect all these objects. It was given, and though not officially accepted, was adopted in all the main points. His suggestion was, "That the first military operations ought to be," "to move upon Cabool from Peshawur, and from Candahar by Ghuznee," "and when our colours were once more unfurled at Cabool," "perhaps if a noble, generous, not a vindictive warfare, be pursued by our troops, it might be practicable to retire immediately with honour from Afghanistan, leaving a friendly people behind us." This advice in regard to the operations, though not the after policy, was afterwards virtually acted upon. To assure the success of these movements, and to guard against future disaster, it was thought necessary to secure the frontiers, by which the forces withdrawing from Cabool might retire, or additional troops be advanced in support. With this purpose a reserve was to be formed on the northern frontier, and the force in Scinde, on which country General England with Nott's encumbrances would retreat, was to be strengthened by an English regiment, and Charles Napier was appointed to command.

The following extracts will show best with what spirit he entered on this work, and under what circumstances:—

"This day sixty years old. Well, patriotism is no chimera: it is the resolution to be honest, carried into effect where our country requires us to act contrary to our wishes, comforts, and happiness. Perhaps few trials are more severe than sending a man at sixty away from his family to a distant country and a bad climate. Well, Lord Collingwood did not flinch, nor will I, if I know myself.

"I go to command in Scinde with no orders—no instructions, no precise line of policy given! How many men are in Scinde? How many soldiers to command? No one knows! They tell me I must form and model the staff of the army altogether. This is easy to do: but is it in 1842 that the Indian staff should be modelled—our empire being nearly one hundred years old, and existing by military force? That I must act for myself is clear, or rather by my own lights in their interest, for they know nothing. Feeling myself but an apprentice in Indian matters, I yet look in vain for a master!"

Before we follow him in his career, a glance at the scene he is to act in, a slight sketch of the people whom he is to subdue and govern, will be necessary to the due understanding of forthcoming events.

On the north-west frontier of our Eastern empire lay the Thurr, a desert vast, arid, and sterile; beyond this was a narrow strip of territory, which ran in a diagonal line for four hundred miles from a point a little below the junction of the Punjaub rivers with the Indus to the sea. Through this tract rolled the mighty stream of the Indus, and, at its southern extremity, emptied its waters by eleven mouths into the ocean. On its north and west sides were the mountain fastnesses of the Beloochees and other robber tribes, and from it ran the high-roads and routes to the dominion of the Affghans; to the north-east lay the districts of Moltan and the empire of the Seika. The country was by nature fertile and cultivatable, especially where within reach of inundations and irrigation from the river; capable of producing all the fruits, grain, and crops needful in those

climes for the sustenance of man. But man will not till when he knows not who will gather; and the uncertainty of possession, and the abject sense of subjection, had for years checked the power of labour and the course of production. The tide of conquest had ebbed and flowed again and again over the land, leaving behind the varied strata of races. There was the Hindoo, a serf and slave; the Mohammedan, his conqueror, though now scarcely less abject than himself; above all and over all strode the Belooches, the lords and masters of the land—and their yoke on the necks of the conquered was not easy, neither was their burden light. Towards the end of the last century the Belooches of the Talpoor tribes descended from their mountain homes to invade the country, expelled the ruling dynasty of the Caloras, and established themselves as the dominant race. The Beloochee was by nature and habit a warrior; from his birth his hands were familiar with the sword and shield; where he ruled, he ruled as a soldier and conqueror. The people subject to their sway were men who could be taxed and made beasts of burden; the land they possessed was, in their eyes, a space to be turned into hunting-grounds; their polity was to prevent invasion or interference by exclusion, and by damming up the outlets and inlets of their territory; their only idea of wealth was the heaping up jewels, gold, and coin in their treasure-houses. That there were sources of riches inexhaustible and ever-flowing in the productiveness of the soil, the labour of the people, and the uses of commerce, was a truth which they knew not, neither would know. After the conquest, the supreme power was held by the principal chiefs and leaders, who formed a confederation called the Ohar Yar, or brotherhood. At their death the conquered land was divided into three distinct sovereignties—that of the northern part, or Upper Scinde, with the city of Kyrpoor as capital; that of Hyderabad, comprehending southern or Lower Scinde, and from its importance and central position holding a kind of ascendancy over the rest;

and that of Meerpoor, a state situated towards the east, and bordering on the desert, being partly tributary to Hyderabad, though owning no decided allegiance. All these were distinct and independent, connected only by the bondhoo of common interest and defence, and the feeling of clan-ship and family ties. Within the desert were the border fortresses of Emaan-Ghur and Omercote—the first attached to the northern, the latter to the Meerpoor principality—and were kept by the chiefs as places of retreat and cities of refuge in time of need. Each district was governed by a body of Ameer or princes descended from the first conquerors. The nearest in blood was invested with the Puggree, or turban of command, the other heads of families being associated with him in authority and council—all holding, however, hereditary territory and possessions, with power of taxation and control over their individual property. The right of succession passed from brother to brother, and not from father to son, and when this line of descent from the original holders ended, went back to the son of the eldest brother. This custom was common enough, and led ever to confusion, intrigue, and disunion. The Ameer ruled as despots, and, according to Eastern policy, were ever killing the goose for the golden egg. They taxed their people heavily, though the tribute was levied in kind, and proportioned to the produce of the different seasons. They strangled commerce by imposing exorbitant tolls and dues without affording commensurate protection. Merchants would not bring their traffic into a country when exposed to exactions from the rulers and robbery from their followers. The land was but partially cultivated; the people were poor, and moved about in a half-migratory state from place to place, driving their cattle with them, and depending often on their fishing in the river for sustenance. Yet from the lowest of these races—the Hindoos, who seem, like the Jews, to have the faculty of growing rich under the sorest oppressions—sprang a class of men, who, as bankers and money-changers, carried on the financial and monetary transactions

of the country. The Ameers, surrounded by a rough fierce soldiery, lived apart in a rude state, unmarked by the magnificence, luxury, and refinement so often exhibited by Eastern despots. Their palaces were generally in the midst of fortresses, and the mud-huts which grew up within and around these constituted their cities. Their great delight was in hunting; and their "shikargars," or preserves, were formed by large spaces of the most fertile ground near the river, which were turned into dense thickets, "composed of tamarisk, saline shrubs, and other underwood, with stunted trees of bramble, which are not allowed to be pruned or cut, but kept as a harbourage for game and wild animals." These chiefs of Scinde were, according to Elphinstone, barbarians of the rudest stamp, without any of the barbarous virtues; and Burnes confirms this testimony. Their history, however, does not exhibit any of those assassinations, wholesale butcheries, and fierce internal struggles, which so often stain the annals of Eastern dynasties; and the statements of those who saw and mixed with them give no evidence of the debaucheries and low sensual vices imputed to them. It must be remembered that the Ameers, from our first connection with them, were foredoomed, and that sentence was passed on them by men and powers determined to find causes and excuses for their judgment. This picture of a warrior class ruling and oppressing, of a degraded class toiling and starving, suffering and enduring—of land untilled and commerce impeded—was too common in the East to have been remarkable in itself; and the Ameers might have gone on taxing, hunting, amassing wealth, fighting and intriguing, and been left to the common fate of revolutions and changes, but for one circumstance—the Indus flowed through their country.

The peculiar constitution of the Indian Government generates a double policy—the aggrandisement of profit, and the aggrandisement of empire; and hence has arisen apparently a divided action and a contrary purpose in the agencies of each, tending, however, to the same end.

The desire of dividends and the necessity of conquest are not always reconcilable. Yet the one is the consequence of the other. The itching palm of the trader has ever preceded the closed hand of the soldier. The lust of wealth predestined the might of aggression. It speaks sweetly, treads softly, and promises fair things, but surely in its footsteps follows the mailed step of the soldier. The policy of profit begets the policy of acquisition.

Sometimes the same object has attractions for both policies. Such an object was the Indus. To Directors and merchants the possession of this noble river represented the trade of northern Ind, awoke visions of new markets, new sources of traffic, and increased dividends. To the statesman and soldier it offered a strong and safe boundary within which empire might be consolidated—a base for future operations—a *point d'appui* for attack—a defence and check against the contingencies of Eastern outbreaks and revolutions. Commerce, however, took the initiative; it made the first invasion.

It was to ascertain the capabilities of the Indus as a channel for commerce that we first visited the country. The natives, inspired by inward instinct, or influenced by a knowledge of what had befallen other peoples, looked on our coming as a doom. The presence of a European was to them the shadow of fate.

"The evil is done," said a Beloochee soldier on the advent of our mission; "you have seen our country." "Alas!" said a Syud, "Scinde is now gone, since the English have seen the river, which is the road to its conquest."

The foot of the trader made the path for invading armies. Burnes was but the forerunner of Charles Napier.

At first we speak softly to the Ameers, and breathe only of treaties for mutual interest and mutual alliance. These are granted, and contain provisions sufficient for the purposes of commerce. It is agreed that the merchants and traders of Hindostan shall have a passage by the roads and rivers of Scinde for the transport of their goods and merchandise from

one country to another, on condition that no military stores should be brought, no armed vessels come by the said river, and that no English merchants should be allowed to settle in Scinde. "*The two contracting powers bind themselves never to look with the eye of covetousness on the possessions of each other!*" Two years afterwards we obtain a reduction of tolls upon vessels navigating the Indus, and permission for a native agent to reside at the mouth of the river. Concession begets aggression. We first propose treaties, and then impose them. Two years more pass away, and the Ameers are in a strait—Runjeet Singh threatens to invade their country. Their difficulty is our opportunity. We step forth as mediators, and as usual swallow the oyster, and give the combatants the shells. As the price of our mediation, we demand that a British officer should be stationed at Shikarpoor, and a minister be allowed to take up his residence at Hyderabad, each having a sufficient escort. This was conceded reluctantly, but the Ameers keep the treaty in faith. Ours was the first infraction. In 1838 the expedition to Affghanistan is undertaken, and Scinde is convenient as a base for military movements. In the face of treaties, in defiance of remonstrance and protest, an armed force and military stores are transported through the country, and a fort on the Indus taken possession of. This step provokes such disaffection and discontent among the Ameers, that we are compelled, as a measure of safety, to have a military footing in the land. Another treaty is enforced, which stipulates that a British force should be stationed at Kurrachee, the seaport of Scinde, and another on the west of the Indus, the expenses to be partly defrayed by the Ameers; that tolls should be altogether abolished; that internal differences were to be referred to the British representatives; and that neither of the powers should correspond with or give aid to the enemy of the other. Thus we became virtual masters of the land. One trader had swelled into the presence of an army. The privilege of commercial intercourse had grown into the power

of coercing policy, and the assumption of arbitration. Wrong grows like an avalanche. Absolute power over their subjects was still guaranteed to the Ameers, but they must have felt that the sceptre had departed from them. Like the wild beasts in their own shikargara, they saw the bands of the hunter closing around them; like them, they grew restless and excited; some crouched in their lairs in sullen despair; others sought an avenue of escape; some prepared for a treacherous spring; some were ready to stand at bay.

Such was the scene; we pass on to the action of the drama. Charles Napier now appears on the stage. Henceforth in all the scenes and acts his figure is most prominent. Amid the lights and shadows of Eastern policy, the picturesque groupings of Eastern life, the stern action and the gloomy catastrophe, first and foremost moves the fierce grey-bearded warrior. His will resolves the destiny of a people. Governors-general forge the thunderbolts, but he hurls them.

We are about to discuss justice, and would therefore be just ourselves. To be so, we must premise one thing: No event stands in its own light; past, present, and cotemporary ones cast their lights and shadows across and upon it. The disaster at Cabool shadowed the conquest at Scinde. To all powers and authorities it was a warning and a lesson. To governors-general it showed the evil of half measures, of vacillation and credulity. To military chiefs it presented the terrible picture of a soldier losing by irresolution and indecision his army, his life, his fame; darkening the glory and clouding the prestige of his nation. This influence acted strongly on our actors, and will account for much which seems, and was, harsh, precipitate, and peremptory in their future deeds.

In Scinde Charles Napier is to be supreme; the rule of the "politicals" is to be abolished. All things, military, political, civil, and commercial, are to be subject to one judgment and to one man. He enters on his work manfully and resolutely. We follow in his passage up the Indus, and see him recalling the

points of Alexander's route and old classic reminiscences—riding over dusty plains; visiting Ameers; sitting in laughter whilst they all tried on his spectacles; refusing presents, giving advice, and making notes of men and things which were to form the basis of future policy. The safety of England and his troops, the organising of the cantonments at Sukkur and Shikarpoor, were his first care. These assured and settled, he turns his mind to a review of the work before him.

He acknowledges foregone injustice. "We are altogether unjust abstractedly, having no original right to be here; but humanity will gain." Yet he ignores the responsibility of former wrong, and in his line of conduct starts from the present. "It is not for me," he says, "to note how we came to occupy Scinde, but to consider the subject as it stands. We are here by right of treaties entered into by the Ameers, and therefore stand on the same footing as themselves; for rights held under treaty are as sacred as the right which sanctions that treaty."

This was convenient doctrine for us. We who had broken and changed treaties according to our pleasure, suddenly start up as the most righteous champions of justice, the most rigorous exactors of good faith. We who had swallowed camels, assume the most violent indignation against the men who should gulp down a few gnats.

It is very evident that from the first there was a strong conviction in Charles Napier's mind that the annexation of Scinde was a political necessity; that the course of events led inevitably towards it; that the interests of civilisation demanded it; and equally strong was the conviction that he was the man to do it. Such convictions in strong natures often work up to their own ends. This feeling comes forth in all his thoughts and plans.

Thus he says, "All is waste; the robber rules! With God's help, ere I am six months older, he shall have a wipe as a beginning for a new era in Scinde. I am gathering up my reins, my feet are in the stirrups, my hand is on the sword; and if I do not put

these chaps to rights with vigour and without rigour, great is my mistake."

Again: "They will try to treat, but I will take their country, and make the Indus the frontier from Mittenkote. Lord E. may settle affairs his own way north, but if I fire the shot, I will go the whole hog to the sea-shore."

This is still more strongly expressed in his public papers:—

"Can such things long continue! A government hated by its subjects, despotic, hostile alike to the interests of England and of its own people; a government of low intrigue, and so constituted that it must fall to pieces in a few years by the vices of its own construction. Will not such a government maintain an incessant petty hostility against us! Will it not incessantly commit breaches of treaties—those treaties by which, alone we have a right to remain, and must therefore rigidly uphold! I conceive such political reason cannot last; the more powerful government will, at no distant period, swallow up the weaker: would it not then be better to come to that result at once? I think it would be better, if it can be done with honesty."

Better! it is better to spring on your victim like a lion than to play with it like a cat. But it could not be done with honesty. It was a matter of expediency, wholly adverse to the principle of abstract justice or moral right. It is this attempt to reconcile expediency with justice which blinds the question, and involves it in intricacy and controversy. The possession of the Indus was necessary, and it was resolved to take it, if possible, by the least violent means, and with a view to the greatest ultimate good. Such was the policy—such the decision of our Indian rulers, and it is a mockery to veil it with pretexts of treachery and pretences of humanity. Man can never do a wrong without disguising it as a right. This is the tribute which expediency pays to justice. Abstract justice to individuals may be, or seem, virtual evil to the many, but it cannot therefore be conceded that man may depart from a moral law, because, according to his wisdom, good may ensue. Man must be just, and the ordination of

events left to Providence. "We are acting substantially just, and for the good of the mass, while these Talpoors are like their own crocodiles." This is a sophistry unworthy of the man and the soldier. The poor and the oppressed, had they lived in a spot apart from the highways of commerce and the barriers of an empire, might have cried long enough for vengeance. At this time the Talpoor dynasty was represented at Hyderabad by Musseer Khan, who wore the Puggree, and by other powerful Ameers of his kin associated with him in power; at Kyrpoor by Roostum Khan, an aged man, who had in person assisted to dethrone the Kalora princes, and behind whom stood, like an evil fate, Ali Moorad, a brother, the next in right to the turban, the most able, the most intriguing and most powerful of the Ameers; at Meerpoor, Shere Mohammed, the lion, is Rais. "I have maintained," says Charles Napier, "that we only want a fair pretext to coerce the Ameers." Such was not wanting. It was more than suspected that, during the Affghanistan warfare, they had entertained hostile feelings, and been guilty of hostile purpose, towards the British. "It would be impossible to believe that they could entertain friendly feelings, but we should not be justified in inflicting punishment upon the thoughts." Herein was found the pretext, and on it were grounded the following instructions to Charles Napier from Lord Ellenborough:—

"Should any Ameer or chief, with whom we have a treaty of alliance and friendship, have evinced hostile designs against us during the late events, which may have induced them to doubt the continuance of our power, it is the present intention of the Governor-general to inflict upon the treachery of such ally and friend so signal a punishment as shall effectually deter others from similar conduct; but the Governor-general would not proceed in this course without the most ample and convincing evidence of the guilt of the person accused."

This evidence is soon forthcoming. An intercepted despatch from Roostum Khan to the Maharajah of Lahore, a secret intercourse betwixt Musseer and Beebruck, chief of the Bhoogtees, proposing an attack on the

British troops in their retreat from Affghanistan, and a secret alliance, offensive and defensive, against the English, contracted by these chiefs, were adduced as proofs of treasonable intent and hostile purpose. The intercepted correspondence was denied by the Ameers,—pronounced to be forged; was doubted by Outram, the political agent, but pronounced genuine by Charles Napier. They had been guilty, besides, of minor violations of the treaty, of exacting illegal tolls, maltreating English subjects, neglect of tribute, and obstructing commerce and navigation. These charges are embodied in a Return of complaints, and are deemed sufficient to warrant the imposition of another and more aggressive treaty. Sukkur, Bukkur, and Roree, places commanding the approach to the country by the Indus; Kurrachee with Tatta, commanding the sea-coast and the mouths of the river, were to be surrendered to us; the territory of Subzulcote was to be restored to its original possessor, the Rajah of Bawalpoor; as an equivalent for these, the tribute and the arrears were to be remitted. "Give me thy vineyard, and I will give thee the worth of it in money." These places were the strategic points, the keys of the country. Sukkur was but three weeks' march from our northern frontier; Kurrachee a few days' sail from Bombay. The holding of these made us masters of the land, and the occupation of Scinde was fixed. The outlets of the shikargar were closed, and the time was come when the huntsman might advance on his prey, to slay or take alive.

The Ameers grew restive, suspicious and alarmed at this new invasion of their power, and the penal treaty was to be enforced by the armed occupation of the confiscated lands and strong places. Charles Napier crosses the Indus at Roree. It was the Rubicon of his policy. Once more he is in the field. The work of the political is ended, and the soldier starts forth. It is refreshing to get quit of the entanglements, the subtleties, and the pretences of negotiations and treaties, and once more see him at the soldier's work, with soldiers around him and war in

front. The atmosphere of diplomacy had begun to infect the soul of the old warrior, and it grieved us to see him adopting its sophisms, cheating the devil by pleas of humanity and civilisation, throwing sops to Cerberus by pitiful pictures of the oppression and ruffianism of the Ameers, whilst at heart he confesses "we had no right to come here, and are tarred with the Affghan brush." The sword drawn and the foot in the stirrup, the mist clears away, and all is bright and clear. The work is to be done, and he is prepared: his mind had long foreseen and shaped it. The adoption of the northern extremity as a *point d'appui*, whether attributable to him or the Government, was in itself a master-stroke. The Ameers were thus cut off from a retreat to the hill-country, where they might hang as an ever-impending evil, and are compelled to fight on their own ground, with no refuge save their desert fastnesses. The facility of an advance by the river is rejected by him as a fallacy. His experience had taught him the impediments of a water-transport for troops, and their helplessness when attacked in boats; and he determined to cross the river, and advance horse, foot, and guns in a compact mass, by the main road, holding the Indus as a means of communication. A firm base had been established, the rear was safe. Three regiments, a hundred cavalry, and four guns are left at Sukkur; Colonel Wallace is halted one march from Roree.

The Camel Battery had been organised. "The dear solemn camels, with their noses up in the air, looking so philosophical, and dragging nine-pounders tied to their tails as if they were feathers; the Scinde horse was in training; the force was disciplined; the difficulties of the country had been ascertained, contingencies provided for—the cold season chosen for striking the blow: all was ready, the man and his material. Let us see how he looks and bears himself in front of his work.

"I feel a spring in me that defies all difficulties. The time of life is short, but to spend that shortness vainly, 'twere too long! This thought must urge me to resolution, and resolution is half the battle."

Another passage seems so truthful, so illustrative of the pride and humility of human nature, that 'twould be unjust to omit it.

"Still I exult when beholding this force. I have worked my way to this great command, and am gratified at having it, yet despise myself for being so gratified! Yes! I despise myself. Not as feeling unworthy to lead, for I am conscious of knowing how to lead, and my moral and physical courage are equal to the task: my contempt is for my worldliness. Am I not past sixty! Must I not soon be on the bed of death, and yet so weak as to care for these things! No, I do not. I pray to do what is right and just, and to have strength to say, Get thee behind me, Satan. Alas! I have not that strength. Well, this comfort remains: With a secret and strong desire to guide in war, I have avoided it studiously."

Thus the man, with his strong heart, and a camp equipage consisting of a small portmanteau, a pair of canteens, two camp-tables, a bed and a private soldier's tent, awaits the turn of events. From this picture of preparedness we turn to the Ameers. With them all is confusion, affright, and mistrust. With no plan, no combination, no confidence in themselves or one another, they negotiate when they should fight, fight when they should negotiate.

Roostum Khan of Kyrpoor is the first on whom vengeance would fall. Old, worn out, distracted by conflicting counsels, urged to resistance by his sons and nephews, to submission by his brother Ali Moorad, he at last offers to present himself at the English camp; is advised to take refuge with Ali; does so, and after a while resigns the turban to him. Henceforth Ali Moorad is acknowledged by English authority as Rais of Upper Scinde.

Charles Napier advances on Kyrpoor; finds that Roostum's son and nephew, with their adherents, had fled to the desert forts; that the old man, fearful for his life and liberty, had gone with them; that armed bands are gathering in all directions. His mind seizes at once on the true strategy. He resolves at the very outset to cut off the Ameers from their places of refuge in the desert—to stop the earths ere the game is afoot.

"The Ameers are forming in the

desert, and movement is difficult for me, not having half enough carriage; and if I march upon their forces, they will disperse. I must therefore march on their forts and on Hyderabad, things which cannot escape; but their troops are not tangible by a regular force." Hence springs the daring project, which led to as curious a military feat as is recorded in the annals of war—the desert march on Emaun-Ghur. "My plans are fixed, to march to the edge of the desert, or as far in as water can be found; then encamp, select five hundred of the strongest Europeans and natives, mount them on camels, and load all my other camels with water, except a few to carry half rations. My camel battery also shall go, and as many irregular horse as it will be prudent to take, and then slap upon Emaun-Ghur in the heart of the desert; if it surrender, good; if not, it shall have such a hammering as will make fire fly out of its eyes." This is done. The movements of the Ameers are not certain, and he moves on Ali Moorad's residence, Deejee-Kote—whence he might march against them, or on the fort. Here the desert march is determined; the main columns are left under Colonel Pattle; communications are established by means of fleet camels; water is provided; and then "on the night of the 5th we moved with three hundred and fifty of the 22d Regiment, all mounted on camels, two soldiers on each. We have two 24-lb. howitzers, with double teams of camels, and two hundred of the Scinde horse, and provisions for fifteen days; water for four." Thus in the beginning of the year 1843, trusting to his own skill, the courage of his troops, and the fortune which ever favours the brave, he enters the desert, the sea of sand which no European had ever yet crossed. 'Twas a strange sight that midnight march. The long strings of camels with the English soldiers mounted on them, calm, impassive, and reliant as they ever are; the teams drawing the howitzers; Ali Moorad and his Beloochees, picturesque, excitable, and wondering at the scene; the Scinde horse galloping in front and on the flanks, the grim old warrior himself riding hither and thither, inspiring and directing;—all these moving on-

wards, in the stillness of night, with the bright moonlight falling upon them, the white tents of their comrades gleaming behind, and the desert with its swelling waves of sand stretching before. The march is at first through "a sandy plain, interspersed with brushwood, tamarisks, and another shrub without leaves, a blighted-looking bush; then on through a heavy country covered with jungle, the upper sand full of sea-shells, cockles, mussels, and the spiral unicorn's horn-shell;" then to a punch-bowl or small plain with sand-hills, in front steep and very deep: here the camels fail, and he falls back on man-power. The soldiers of the 22d, inspired by their leader, turn out and "run the guns up in five minutes from bottom to top with cheers! What fellows English soldiers are—laughing and joking, and such strength!"

On again, day by day, through wild places, sometimes with water, sometimes without, and over "sands wild and deep, like a sea, or rather like a vast plain of round hills and grotesque-shaped ground, deeply covered with drifted sand, channelled or ribbed with little lines like sand on the sea-shore, and full of shells;" and then, on the seventh day, hot, thirsty, and toil-worn, yet strong and hopeful, this little band of warriors see before them the fortress of Emaun-Ghur standing in the midst of its sandy sea, with the sun shining on its brick walls and high towers, and surrounding it with the haze of a mirage. There is no watchman on the ramparts: no shot is fired on the approaching foe. The place is evacuated. There is to be no fight, but he has conquered the desert, has stripped it of its dread. The glory has departed from it, and the faith of the Ameers in its impenetrability must pass away like smoke. The place is to be destroyed. "Emaun-Ghur is shattered to atoms with ten thousand pounds of powder. The light was grand and hellish beyond description; the volumes of smoke, fire, and embers flying up was a throne fit for a devil." Beside the smoking ruins the old warrior laid down to rest, and "dreamed of his beloved mother, her beauteous face smiling upon him." Strange power of the soul thus to pass from the present to past or future

from realities to memory or the ideal! The work done, he marches back by nearly the same route, and his force is concentrated once more at Abubeker, whence he may move either on Kyrpoor or Hydrabad, according to events. In a political and strategic view, this march was a bold and brilliant stroke; as a military movement it was perfect in its details. The ventures and risks were such as must attend all military enterprises, but all the difficulties had been foreseen and provided for. A good base was established, communications preserved, and the resolution of operating with a small force, which might be moved rapidly and provided easily, rather than a larger one, marked the soldier mind. This march has been said to have its parallel only in that of Alexander on Gedrosia, and of Marius against the town of Capsa; it carries us back forcibly to some of the stirring and brilliant events in the history of the Arab conquest.

Amid all these difficulties, the humour of the man breaks forth in the following description: "Our eyes are full of sand, ears full of sand, noses full, mouths full, and teeth grinding sand! Enough between our clothes and skins to scour the latter into gold-beater's leaf; one might as well wear a sand-paper shirt. Our shoes are full of holes from dryness, and we walk as if we had supplied their place with sand-boxes; our meat is all sand, and on an average every man's teeth have been ground down the eighth of an inch, according to his appetite. It is lucky indeed we are so well scoured with sand, for there is not a clean shirt in camp. We look on our shirts with the same regret that we do on faded beauty. Alas! will she ever be pretty again—alas! will they ever be clean again? We turn them and turn them, yet all remains dark and dirty."

The plot thickens. The Ameers, whatever be their will, have no longer the power of peace or war. Everywhere the Beloochee race is rising in fury. They see in the present the turning-point of their destiny. Now the robber sway must be maintained or pass away for ever.

— word "to fight for Islam" has

been caught up and passed like the fiery cross from tribe to tribe, and village to village. From north and south, east and west, bands are gathering; "vagrant princes," with their followers subject to no rule, are in arms; it is a gathering of clans; the whole race breathes war. Vakeels still pass from Hydrabad to the camp, promising submission and professing peace. Outram has still faith in Ameers; to him they are "a second edition of the Apostles," also of martyrs: to Charles Napier they are a base and disgusting set of knaves. The political still believes in treaties; the soldier says, there is but one thing—battle. The general sees farther, and with truer vision than the diplomat. From the graves of Elphinstone and Macnaghten a warning voice is ever speaking to his heart; and before him stands another monitor, the thermometer. After April no European soldier could move in that climate. What work is to be done, must be done at once. To the political, delays have rainbow shapes of successful negotiations; to the soldier they are boding signs of danger and peril. Urged by supplicating messages and his own professed desire to spare bloodshed, Charles Napier consents that Outram shall negotiate in person. Yet still he advances. Cabool is ringing in his ears; the thermometer warns him. Outram is in Hydrabad; the Ameers sign the treaty, and all to him seems fair and smooth. "Not a man in arms is in Hydrabad," he writes. The general hears from spies and emissaries that thousands are collecting from every direction, doubts this peaceful intelligence, and moves on to Hala. Here there was a choice of two roads; "one by the river, by which we come slap on their front, leaving their rear open; one by my left, which turns their right, and forces them to battle with their back to the Indus: to this my inclination bends, but it is dangerous—1st, Because 2800 men will be opposed to 25,000 or 30,000, and these are stiff odds; 2d, A reverse would cut me off from the river and my supplies; 3, A repulse would add 20,000 men to the enemy; for barbarians hold no faith with the beaten, and numbers,

are now abiding the issue of the fight." His decision showed a sound knowledge of the principles of war, and a strong will in following them. Strategically, the right was the point on which the Ameers should have been attacked, as they would thus have been cut off from a retreat to the desert; but the communication with the river overbalances the advantages of such a movement. "Yes! I will march along the river, and trust to manœuvring in the battle for turning their flank." On the 16th July he is at Muttaree, within a march of the capital. Outram rejoins him. His hopes have failed. Assailed by the fierce Beloochees on his departure from the Dhurbar, attacked in the residency, he fights his way with a company of the 22nd Regiment back to the camp. Now there is but one thing—battle. The Ameers are known to have taken an intrenched position at Meeanee, about six miles from Hydrabad. "Three hours I have to get some sleep, and at nine o'clock to-morrow my gallant soldiers shall be launched against these brave Beloochees. It is my first battle as a commander; it may be my last! At sixty that makes little difference; but as my feelings are, it shall be do or die." The spies report they have sixteen, twenty, thirty thousand men. He takes into action 2800, of whom 400 only are British, and twelve guns. "Let them be sixty or a hundred thousand, I will fight." The mind goes back to the hero deeds of all time for parallels. The ten thousand charging at Marathon—the brothers Hauteville galloping with their small Norman band against countless hosts—Cortez, with his stalwart Spaniards, in Mexico,—Clive at Plassey,—all these are memories, which rise before us, and flit behind the scene on which this little warrior-band is moving. At dawn the march begins; the Scinde horse in front, the main column following. On they move, at last along the dry bed of the Fulallee river, through a succession of small villages interspersed with groves of trees, until they reach a spot where the river-bed turns in a straight line towards the east for the distance of about a thousand yards: on the left, or westward of this bend,

was a walled shikargar; on the right was a village concealed by trees, and protected by watercuts and enclosures; and again, beyond this, a wide canal ran at right angles; in front lay a narrow plain, dotted with low sandy hillocks and camel-bushes. Charles Napier sees his battle-ground. Here his enemy is posted well and strongly. Beloochees line the walls of the shikargar on the left, and all along the bed and banks of the Nulrah; and in the village on the right are masses of fierce wild warriors, armed with sword and shield and matchlock; in rear are large bodies of horse; in front are planted numerous pieces of artillery. To turn such a position was impracticable; and the smallness of the British force did not admit of any extensive flank movement; it must be taken in front. The weakest point is chosen for attack. The dispositions are made calmly and skilfully. The guns advance on our right, and open fire on the shikargar and the enemy's artillery. The infantry are formed in échelon of battalions from the right, "refusing the left flank to save it from the fire of the village." The Scinde horse are on the left; behind is the baggage and the baggage-guard; the camels squatted in a circle, with their noses turned inwards, and the men lying between their necks. All is ready; the bugles sound, and the échelon advances, led by the 22d Regiment—"magnificent Tipperary!"—"as at a review, across a fine plain, swept by the guns of the enemy;" the men keeping touch and step, and looking steadily on the faces of their foe. The General's eye sees a gap in the shikargar wall, by which a rush might be made on his flank; a company of the 22d is detached to clear and occupy it. This is done. Tew, their captain, leading on his men, is shot dead; and "thus this hero fell." Onwards the regiments move; they are within one hundred yards of the enemy's line; a galling fire is met with firmness and returned; and now, fierce and impatient, mad with martial ardour, the Beloochees throw aside the matchlocks, and rush with sword and shield on their foes. Amazed and shaken by the ferocity

and masses of these swordsmen, even the 22d are giving way under the terrible pressure, when the grey old warrior appears in their front, raises his hat and cheers; the cheer is taken up, and on they dash, impetuous and resistless. And "now was seen the superiority of the musket and bayonet over the sword and shield and matchlock;" the advantage of the shoulder-to-shoulder order over the loose efforts of individual valour. "Down went those bold and skilful swordsmen under the superior power of the musket and bayonet;" yet, even writhing with their death-wound, turned, and with dying hand dealt strokes at their foe, and fell, breathing defiance and deadly hate. For three hours this fierce combat endures; the fight is man to man and hand to hand; British soldiers have grown ferocious as Beloochees; no quarter is given or taken. "The shambles have it all to themselves to-day," said a soldier to his general, as he plunged his bayonet into the body of an unyielding chief. Still the Nullah is not cleared. It is the crisis of the action. An opening in the shikargar wall has been made for Hutt's guns, which now pour a cross fire on the enemy's line, and the horse are ordered to force the right. The canal is impassable, but down the bed of the river dash these dauntless horsemen, and, after a stern struggle, clear the village, though many a saddle is emptied, and many a gap made in their ranks. At the same time withering volleys sweep the face of the Nullah. Threatened by the cavalry in their rear, and overwhelmed by the murderous fire, the Beloochees are seen retreating—not hastily or in rout, but sullenly and reluctantly, ever turning defiantly, and dispersing only when charged by the horse, or broken by artillery. The British troops cross the river, and the field is won. A bloody field it was. The bed and banks of the river are strewn with heaps of dead and piles of arms. There were few wounded; "the slain had died well and quickly." Within a circle of fifty yards, four hundred bodies lay, and clumps of dead had fallen where none of the antagonists were three

yards from each other. Charles Napier forms his camp on the enemy's ground, and the men in hollow square, with the baggage in the centre, and, resting on their arms, bivouac on the battle-field. Such was Meeanee. The tactics were simple. The ground and circumstances admitted not of manœuvring; but all that ready skill could do was done; the weakest point was attacked—the readiest and fittest order of battle adopted—every turn of the action was seen and seized—the best time was chosen for the decisive movement of the cavalry and artillery. It was a soldier's battle, if such may be said of a fight where the General's presence was an inspiration. Charles Napier throughout showed the skill and courage of a soldier, and approved himself a leader of men. We have seen him on the eve of a battle, let us hear him when the day of peril and slaughter is ended, and he stands face to face with his God:—"Riding over the field of Meeanee afterwards, I said to myself, Am I guilty of these horrid scenes? My conscience reproached me not. This blood is on the Ameers, not on me."

In this battle the British force had 256 killed and wounded. The enemy is supposed to have lost 5000 men.

Now another personage appears on the scene. At daybreak it is known that Shere Mohammed, the Lion of Meerpoor, who had advanced from his own territory with the intent of joining his brother Ameers in the battle, was only a few miles off, with 10,000 men at his back. Hydrabad is first to be taken,—then for a dash at the Lion.

The presence of this prince, who had not been included in the penal treaty, showed the wide combinations of the Beloochee race, and proved plainly that the assemblage at Meeanee was no improvised movement of rage and despair, no impulse of self-defence, but a part of a well-concerted plan.

Whilst the panic of defeat is still upon the Ameers, and "terror is rife," the city is summoned to surrender on pain of being stormed. Vakeels appear to demand terms. "Life, and nothing else," was the reply. "Decide before mid-day, for the dead will

then be buried, and my men will have had their breakfasts." Then is seen a procession slowly approaching, and the six chief Ameers enter the camp, and "lay their jewelled swords at the conqueror's feet." Beaten and dispirited, they shrink from defence, though the walls are high and built on solid rock, though "every house within is a citadel of mud, and their Beloochees would have fought like tigers."

On the 20th, three days after the battle, the British flag is waving from the towers of Hyderabad, and British soldiers are camped in and around the old romantic city—the Ameers their captives, their fortress and treasures their prize. Here Charles Napier meets with a difficulty more trying than the fight at Meeanee. Within the fortress are the zenanas, full of women guarded by robust well-armed Talpoors, who were ordered "on the slightest insult to cut the women's throats, and fight their own way abroad." These were a constant source of apprehension, a ready nucleus for intrigue and treachery, and he is glad to get rid of his female captives, even at the expense of the large booty in jewels which, according to his account, and it was doubtless true, they carried off with them. It would be dishonour to the memory of the old soldier to refute the accusation of maltreating and spoiling those ladies, which was brought against him. Such was and must have been a fiction and a calumny. Now Outram, the political, again enters on the stage. At Meeanee he had left before the fight, to go with two hundred men and fire a shikargar on the river; he returns to suggest that the old game of negotiations may be played over again with Shere-Mohammed, and obtains permission to treat with him. The Lion, glad to escape the present danger, professes submission, and retires to his lair at Meerpoor. Here he becomes the centre on which the broken tribes, the roving bands, and all the Belooch race might rally, and is more formidable than ever. His own town of Meerpoor, with the desert fort Omarsote in its rear, and on its left "the delta, full of jungles, nullahs, and malaria," and subject to inundations,

form a strong line of defence and a base of operations. At Meeanee it was Charles Napier's policy to strike; it is now his policy to wait. His small band, reduced by sickness and the Hyderabad garrison, is no longer equal to an onward movement, so, like a good soldier, he secures his communication with the river by an intrenched camp, sends for reinforcements, and endeavours by the appearance of weakness to tempt his enemy from his fastnesses. Thus he bides his time, confident in his resources and precautions. "Thousands were beaten from a strong position, and they will not attack me in a strong one; yet nothing shall be left to fortune, and while believing they dare not attack me, we are ready if they do—having, 1st, Strict guards and night patrols; 2d, A very strong fort, so repaired as it has not been for many a year; 3d, A battalion in garrison; 4th, provisions for three months; it is impregnable, except by a regular siege, and they have neither guns nor science; 5th, My own camp on the Indus, strongly intrenched and provisioned for two months; 6th, Reinforcements in March; 7th, A large plain swept by our guns and those of two steamers. Yes! Beloochees, we are snug, and glory shall be yours if you drive us into the river; but even if you do drown us, you cannot get the Hyderabad fortress; it will be defended. God may destroy us, but the Beloochees cannot."

Thanks to his own provident arrangements, the reinforcements arrive from Sukkur and Kurrachee sooner than was expected, and Stack's brigade, which for the sake of creating a moral effect, had been ordered to proceed by land, after a difficult and hazardous march, joins him. Once more in strength he sallies forth on the Lion at the head of 5000 men, and finds him posted with 20,000 at Dubba, six miles south of Hyderabad. The battle is the story of Meeanee repeated with variations. The position was very similar. "The enemy was posted behind a nullah formed by two parallel ditches. The first eight feet deep and twenty-two feet across; then a bank forty-three feet wide; then the second ditch forty-two feet across and seventeen deep.

The inner banks were highest, and from behind them they opposed us first with matchlock fire, then with sword and shield. The ditches were also filled with groups rushing on the flanks of the soldiers as they descended into them. On their right and rear was the village of Dubba, and on their left a large wood. The advance is now from the left, as it seemed practicable to turn the enemy's right flank, and is again made in echelon of battalions, as his right might be attacked from the wood." The artillery open fire on the left. The "ever-glorious 22d again leads. This brave battalion marches up to the nullah, under a heavy fire of matchlocks, without returning a shot till within forty paces of the intrenchment, and then stormed it like British soldiers." Again the rushes of the Beloochee swordsmen "met with fire and steel in serried array; again the sword and shield go down before the bayonet. Unable to stand the cross-fire of the artillery and the charge of the 22d, they move towards their own left, are assailed by a brilliant charge of the cavalry, and are once more in retreat. Again they lounge off slowly, and indifferent to our musketry, though volleyed into their backs at five yards' distance." Again the field is found covered with heaps of grim swordsmen. The terribleness of the slaughter is relieved here as at Meeanee by deeds of chivalry, which carry us back to the tales of Paladins and errant knights, "M'Murdo slew three Beloochees in this battle, hand to hand, and two at Meeanee." "A Sepoy fought five in a ditch, and killed them all." "A fellow cut down young Fitzgerald's horse, and Fitz fell under him; but being the strongest man in Scinde, parried two blows while disengaging himself from his horse; then rising, his counter-blow went through turban and skull down to the teeth: the shield was of no avail against that terrible arm." Are we reading of Rowland or Amadis de Gaul? Nor was the chivalry all on our side, "Hoche Mohammed Seede, an Abyssinian slave, heroic in strength of body and mind," at the head of a band of brother slaves, the domestic guards of the Ameers, maintains and

inspires the fight with unbounded fury, until "all fall to the last man under the bayonets of the 22d." These are Charles Napier's experiences of the battle:—

"I was surprised at the improvement in the men's fighting. At Meeanee they showed hesitation and wonder; at Dubba they were like cucumbers. As to myself, I felt a different man, my confidence in the soldiers and myself being complete. I felt at ease and could have changed my whole order of battle in the fight if it had been wanted."

Hence the career of success is rapid—Meerpoor is occupied; Omar-cote secured; the Lion chased into the desert. Hence he sallies forth, is again a rallying-point, but, soon entangled in the web which his skilful opponent spreads for him, he is encompassed on all sides. Cut off from all communications, his force disperses at the sound of the first shot, and he flies across the Indus to the Khelot hills an exile and a fugitive. The conquest is now complete. Scinde is annexed, and Charles Napier made its governor.

The rule of the Talpoors had passed away—their zenanas were empty, their treasures spoiled, their shikargars broken up. The turban was taken from them, and they themselves are sent to pine and languish as captives in a strange land. Not a soul cried God bless them. 'Twas a melancholy fate—defeat, ruin, desertion, captivity; and whether deserved or not, must be ever seen shaded by the mournfulness which hallows misfortune.

The drama closes; the curtain drops, and the actors are before the footlights.

As a military event, the conquest of Scinde was a most perfect episode of war—perfect in its unity, its design, and its action—perfect in its details. The defence of Jelalabad, glorious as it was, was but the consequence of defeat, the advances of Pollock and Nott the retrievals of disaster. This was a conquest, strategically and tactically complete, unvarying in success and design from beginning to end. In selecting and securing a safe base of operations, in maintaining communications, in choosing

routes, in the plans of the campaign, in the calculation of the time and seasons, he illustrated all the great principles of war; and in all the details of movement, the maintenance of discipline, and the power of organization, he showed himself an adept in soldiery. The conception of the march on Emaun-Ghur—the rapidity of the attack at Meeanee ere the combinations of the Ameers were complete—the intrenched position at Hyderabad—the marvellous combinations by which Shere Mohammed was enclosed, paralysed, and defeated without a battle, are all grand lessons in the art of war. Not less remarkable and noteworthy are his careful provision of means, the iron discipline by which the excesses of war were prevented, and security obtained from all hostility of the population. His bazaars were full when the Ameers could scarcely collect supplies, and his information was ever more certain and rapid than theirs. The adoption of the échelon movement in battle, too, with troops young, half drilled, and unaccustomed to move together in brigades, showed skilful handling. “Had they advanced in a long line of eleven regiments, they would have wavered to and fro like a sea, and got into confusion before the nullah was reached; but in single battalions they did it well, even beautifully. This campaign, well studied, would be worth more in its lessons and experiences than field exercises or *autres mémoires*.”

The Great Captain of the age thus pronounced judgment on the man and his work:—

“He manifested at all times entire discretion and prudence in the formation of his plans, great activity in making the preparations which were necessary to insure success, and finally great zeal, gallantry, and science in carrying his plans and preparations into full execution.”

As a political event, it must be ever dark and doubtful. Conceived in covetousness, continued from necessity and expediency, and concluded in violence—wash it as you will, it is a damned spot. No arguments set forth in state papers, no casuistry, can make it just. Lord

Ellenborough justifies it thus: “Foreigners in Scinde, they had only held their power by the sword, and by the sword they have lost it. Their position was widely different from that of a native prince succeeding a long line of ancestors, the object of the hereditary affection and obedience of his subjects. They had no claim to consideration on the ground of ancient possession, or of national prejudice. Certainly they had none arising out of the goodness of their government. To take advantage of the crime they had committed to overthrow their power, was a duty to the people they had so long misgoverned.”

These arguments are based neither on moral right or sound political doctrine. Some of them might be adduced as reasons for attacking the French empire, others for the dethronement of the King of Naples, or the upsetting of the Hapsburg dynasty.

That “the removal of the Ameers from the country with which they were no longer to be connected as sovereigns, was a measure of obvious expediency,” may be granted, but all the steps which led to that expediency were violations of all the laws of right betwixt man and man, and of political justice betwixt state and state. That this policy might have been forced on Lord Ellenborough by the errors of his predecessors, and that Charles Napier was bound to fulfil the instructions of his superiors, must be allowed; and had they only pronounced expediency and avoided the sophistry of humanity and justice, they would have been absolved from responsibility; but by striving to father the unjust act on a just principle, they have rendered themselves amenable to judgment on the general issue. We would not meddle with the Outram controversy—it is a pretty quarrel as it stands. The political might have been abstractedly right, but the results and conclusions are all in favour of the soldier. The question of Roostam’s innocence and Ali’s treachery, of the authenticity of letters and seals, might be a debatable point; but there can be no doubt that the final treaty once resolved on, delays, compromises, and diplo-

macy, would have led to ruin and destruction, and that the stern resolve and decision of the old soldier who rejected the illusion of peace when 20,000 men were before him in arms, saved the country from a second edition of the Cabool massacre. That treaty was in fact a declaration of war, and the protest should have been made against that, and not the measures which it necessitated. But are not these things written in Blue-books? Have there not been attacks, reply and counter-replies? If Outram sinned, has not the wrath of Sir William been hurled against him, and have not his supposed iniquities been recorded by a pen doubly steeped in gall; and is not that retribution enough for one man? The conquest of Scinde was to be balanced by its administration. The punishment inflicted on the Ameers was to be compensated by the good resulting to the conquered races, the poor and oppressed, from a change of rule. This was the plea for conquest, and was to be its vindication. Charles Napier sets about this work well and manfully. He starts on the old principles, and from the old point—despotism. "This union of legislative, judicial, and executive power in one person, is the essence of martial law, and its exhibition, though contrary to English ideas, very necessary here." Years of repression, stagnation, and feudal tyranny, were to be redeemed; the right of robbery annulled; order established; one general action of law recognised; industry stimulated; labour protected; the resources of the country developed; life and property secured. This was tough work, and was to be done only by fitting the new system to the existing state of things, using the old agencies as much as possible for the new work, and avoiding any farther disturbance of social relations or territorial possessions than the conquest naturally involved. Murder, slavery, robbery, were at once to be suppressed with the strong hand, and the other great evils put down; but the amalgamation of races, their improvement and amelioration, were to be left to the gradual influence of order and civilisation. "Control the robbers, control the communication, the communication, the richness of the

land and variety of produce will do all the rest."

There were three races with their various natures and habits to be considered. "The Beloochee struts with sword and shield; the Scindian sleeps till kicked; the Hindoo goes about, all eyes and fingers as supple as his conscience, robbing everybody—to him the English are as a feast." The Belooch was to be turned from "a military chief into a small farmer—from a feudal retainer into a landed proprietor; the Scindian was to be stimulated to exertion by his labour being made free, his profits secure, and to be roused from the apathy of a man who can live on a handful of grain, by the temptation of comforts and the increase of prices; the Hindoo might safely be left to swing by himself in the roughest sea; he was always on top of the wave—in the worst times could grow rich and fat. To effect this the Jaghires—lands held on feudal tenure—were secured to their original possessors, the terms being changed from military service to peaceful work on roads and public buildings, with spade and mattock; and thus their holders were made interested in the existence of the government which protected them, and the general prosperity of the country. The country was to be divided into three collectorates, presided over by English officers, with subordinates under them; and the Kardars, the original collectors of revenue, still retaining the offices they held under the Ameers. The collectors were also invested with judicial functions, and were the magistrates and tribunals of the land. A police force of two thousand was formed from the Beloochees and natives. These were to assist the Kardars, but the two classes were independent of, and a check on each other. The Kardar might complain of police violence or inefficiency—the police of Kardar injustice. One-third was for the town, two for the country. The tariff on labour was to be done away with, and that, like other things, left to find its own price. Ryots were to be encouraged to become small proprietors, forming a yeoman class, and artisans were invited from neighbouring lands. A system of irrigation was to be established, and the wealth

of waters let in on the land. New products were to be introduced, and old manufactures revived. To these were appended the stern decree that the murderer should surely die—the thief be surely taken. Such was the scheme of the new padishaw for the administration of his conquest. It was carried out rigorously and with vigour. The Beloochee was submissive, and ceased to be a robber, though he did not readily become a trader or agriculturist. The sword and shield were appurtenances only of the chief. Gibbets, with murderers hanging on them, stood throughout the land. Robbers were chased into remote districts and taken. Small bodies of police moved hither and thither, where armed bands had scarcely dared to go before. The lowest appealed for justice and had it: before the tribunals a man was a man, whether Ameer or Ryot. The tide of emigration flowed in on the country.

But Scinde was to Charles Napier a country which should be defended as well as governed. It was a military frontier as well as a government. This was also provided for: "My regular force is kept in masses at Hyderabad, Sukkur, and Kurrachee, safe from acquaintance and familiarity with the people, regular Bugaboos, at whose name the slaughters of Meeanee and Dubba arise in the mind. Next to them come the irregular horsemen; more divided, yet only in four or five posts, as a chain of connection between the three capital collectorates. These irregular horsemen are of high caste, and will keep company only with such; they are a sort of yeomanry. After these come the police, in immediate contact with the people on all occasions." A chain of posts was established from Shikarpoor to Kurrachee along the left bank of the Indus to check the hill tribes. Steamers kept up the communication by the river. Such was the administration, civil and military. When all this is settled, more than a year after the conquest, he holds a comitia, a wittenagemote, a feudal assenblage, and summons all the chiefs and jaghirders to appear at Hyderabad to make salaam and do homage. From north,

and west, and south, from every tribe and district of the Belooch race, they come, a strange and picturesque throng, with their wild faces, their flashing looks, their turbaned heads, and handsome dresses, crowding in and about the castellated walls and ramparts of the old city. Old men who had witnessed the conquest, men who had fought at Meeanee, men who had been made childless in that stern fight, striplings to whom that bloody field had given chieftainship, and jaghires—all were there pressing forward eagerly to see the conqueror and padishaw; and curiously and proudly mast that eagle eye have fallen on that mingled multitude whom his sword had conquered and his will subjected. Thus all was quiet within; without there were still restless enemies, roving about and issuing in bands from the mountains on the west and north-west frontier. These were all of kin, and were attached by sympathy or race to the Talpoor dynasty; and their incursions and predatory movements disturbed the solidity of the conquest, by exciting the warrior spirit of the Beloochees, and interrupting the security and absolutism of power which he wished to extend on both sides the Indus. The chiefs on the west, between the Hala mountains and the river, were subject to British government. Many of these bore names which might figure in a pantomime—against the "Jam of the Jokeas," we should expect to see "by Mr. F. Matthews." Towards the north-west was the Khan of Khelat, a young man whose father had been killed in the Affghan war, our friend and ally; but attached to his dominions, and connecting them with the lower Indus, was "a range of savage rocks, called the Cutchee hills, which run nearly perpendicularly westward from the river towards the Bolan mountains," intersected by sandy ravines, dark passes, and difficult defiles; and in their midst were villages and deep hollows as places of retreat. These were the fastness of the Jackranees, Bhoogtees, and Doomkees—wild tribes, avowed robbers and plunderers, warlike and ferocious—who scouted law and warred against civilisation, "thinking all property

belonged of right to the strongest sword, and the plains made by nature and cultivated by man for their spoil." On the south swept a desert, eighty miles wide, separating them from Scinde, and supposed to be impassable by the regular troops.

Beja Khan, chief of the Doomkees, had been guilty of a predatory raid, had defied and worsted his master, and then retreated to the robber's nest. Charles Napier resolved to pluck him from his eyrie, and make him a warning to evil-doers.

The preparations for this exploit were made cautiously and secretly. The columns were moved towards the north, the allies are warned, and on the 18th March 1845 the march commences. Wullee Chandia, a subject chief, moves towards Poolagee; Jacob's horse advances on his right on Shahpoor; Charles Napier, with the headquarters from Sukkur, on Ooch; all places encircling the area of Cutchee rocks. With them go the famous camel corps, the organisation of which must not be omitted. "Each camel carried two men, one armed with carbine and sword, the other with a musketoon and bayonet. One man guided the animal and fought from its back; the other was to act as an infantry soldier. On the camels were carried the men's packs, cooking utensils, and beds; the latter forming part of the saddle; and thus a body of soldiers, capable of acting as infantry when required, having no tents, baggage, or commissariat to embarrass them, could make marches of sixty miles in twenty-four hours." This body gave to the solidity of English troops the mobility and rapidity of Arab cavalry. Ali Moorad, with his contingent, marches by another route on the extreme right. On the third day the desert is crossed; all the columns, save Ali's, have reached their destinations: the robbers, surprised and stricken, have withdrawn within their fastness, leaving much of their cattle and provision behind. This was Charles Napier's aim. "My object shall be to drive the hill-men into masses, because all history tells me that neither barbarous nor civilised warriors of different tribes or nations long agree when compressed." "I reckon on pushing them into masses, with

cattle, furniture, women, children—more helpless than a regular army, being without the resources of one—a wandering nation! Thus the strength of their hills is turned against them, and their active, wild, enduring habits vanish." Here he adopts "a course of action in direct contradiction of that great principle of war, concentration." For in a war like this, to act on rules suitable to regular armies, would be "pedantry and a mistake." He divides his force, but it is like the opening of a fan, or the throw of a casting net, which can be drawn back at once on a centre. Bodies of horse are placed at the mouth of the passes—Shahpoor is adopted as a depot—the chief pass, Lallee, is fortified—Simpson advances by the Teyaga gorge to clear the passes in his front—Beja is supposed to be at Tonge, a stone punch-bowl, the only entrance to which is a hole. The columns enter the deep defiles—the dark rocks close around them, and the steep ridges frown down on them. Slowly and cautiously the old soldier moves on, gaining every day a foot-hold, cutting off stragglers and cattle, and inflicting on his foe the mischief which, in mountain warfare, the invaders suffer from the invaded. Time is to him strength—to his enemy ruin. Supplies are in his rear—starvation behind them. The camel-drivers of his commissariat fail him; the camel corps is put into requisition, achieves a march of sixty miles, and returns with twelve days' provisions. The net is drawn closer. Deyrah, their stronghold, is occupied; Ali Moorad has arrived, and has been forced on to shut up the northern outlet of the hill cluster. The robbers are driven to their last lair, Trukkee. "This famous hold is about twelve miles in length, with an average of six in breadth. The interior is a mass of small rocky hillocks, with precipitous sides; so that in any part a strong position could be occupied in this enormous crater, for such it appears to be. It is enclosed by a belt of perpendicular walls." "Outside the rocky belt of Trukkee could not be ascended, but from the interior it could; wherefore, this great rude basin could only be entered by the passes, or rather passages, for the

rocks met overhead: they are splits in the wall." This was to be escalated; but the robbers, broken and baffled, with an enemy in front, and starvation staring them in the face, have no longer faith in their fastnesses. They surrender, and come to their conqueror's tent "with the Koran on their heads, and fear in their hearts." All the combinations have been successful. "My plan was, however, not to fight; but to starve the tribes, by occupying lines across their country which they could not force." "The gist of my operations is patience, slow consuming time is my weapon." It was a grand lesson, grander than a hard-fought battle. He had before conquered the desert; he had now conquered the mountain fastnesses. He had proved that nothing was impracticable or impervious to true soldiership; he had shown to Scindian chiefs and Beloochee robbers that there was no limit to the reach of the Sheitan-ka-Bhaee's mighty arm. The robbers are subdued and planted as colonists. The significance of this campaign, which was much under-valued at the time, was not fully manifest until the outbreak of the Punjaub called for co-operation, and it then showed a politic and wise forethought which had provided a safe frontier, and secured a line of march. In the latter end of '45 the Sheik war breaks out. As usual he is ready. The thing had been long anticipated. "With wondrous energy and arrangement, in forty days he assembled fifteen thousand men, with thirty thousand followers, four hundred miles from Kurrachee, completely furnished with provisions, carriages, military bridges, a flotilla and battering train of sixty pieces, with an overflowing engineer's force; his troops being meanwhile so excited and inspired that they tossed their arms in the air, and shouted to the charge as they went." The whole plan of operations was mapped out before him; the alliance of tribes, and assistance of friends secured, and the effect of combinations anticipated. The march was stayed by order, and the man himself sent for. He arrives after the battles, but finds in his reception by chiefs and soldiers, and in the deep salaams of the natives, proof

that his name as a soldier and conqueror had spread wide.

For five years his work has gone on as conqueror and administrator. "He had won two great victories, saved an army, conquered a rich kingdom, and tamed eighteen thousand robber-men, who had before repeatedly defeated our troops, and disgraced our arms; he had tranquillised and organised the government of Scinde successfully, ruling it also successfully for three years and a half." And this had been done under all difficulties and trials—trials and difficulties not to be foreseen, and not coming within the range of the event. Fever seizes on him and his troops, prostrating their energies. Mutiny appears among new regiments, and is suppressed strongly—cholera spreads a deadly desolation and fear—sickness bears him down—domestic affliction tries his heart—hostile measures disturb his policy—yet spite of all the work goes on, and the administration of Scinde consolidates, if it does not justify, the conquest.

We do not believe that the administration produced such an Elysian state as his biographer describes, or that it was shadowed even by the cruelty or oppression which his foes insinuate: it was, what he himself professed it to have been, the practical application of power and justice to a disorganised and dissolute state of society, of the best and most acknowledged means for the improvement of a neglected country. There are facts and proofs which speak above controversies and faction. Murder and robbery were repressed; order was acknowledged and maintained; wages increased; land was cultivated, grain exported; neighbouring people emigrated into the country; he was enabled to take his army to the frontier, and to leave the land almost under the guardianship of the police. Great works for irrigating the land, bounding inundation, and making harbours and quays, were projected and in progress.

Everywhere he leaves attached to his own name and that of his country the impress of power and justice. "Old Indians say 'there is no respect for you in India without magnificence and show.' A greater fallacy does

not exist." "Force is better than show." Outram's silver sticks were discarded for muskets and bayonets: these were his fasces. The strong word enforced by the strong deed, made the barbarian bow in the dust and acknowledge that his "Kismet" was great.

He resigns to save his wife's life, and in the autumn of 1847 leaves Scinde. Strange must have been his feelings as he looked his last on that land—the scene where his aspirations for command had met fulfilment; where laurels had been gathered for the grey head; where he had looked on things such as few men looked on, and dared things which few men dare and live; where his faithful soldiers had fallen around him in battle and pestilence; where he had buried his dead, where he had won love, inspired fear, and provoked hate. It was the arena he had longed for, and he found it peopled by other trials than the perils of war. Throughout, he says that he had maintained a fair conscience. What power besides could have upheld him in doing what he did? What other power innate in man could have enabled him to endure a life darkened by so many trials, and stripped bare of every consolation save the consciousness of right purpose and successful endeavour? Thus end the conquest and administration of Scinde. Cabool had shadowed the conquest—the memories of Emaun-Ghur, Meeanee, and the Cutchee hills, threw back the ray of victory and prestige on the horrors of that fearful pass.

Once more he is in England, sixty-five years old. He is met by the applause of a people, by the love and honour of comrades; the Great Captain lauds and exalts. Yet there is bitterness even in this full cup. The neglect of party and the strife of faction grieve him. Ripon, Outram, Buist, are so many Mordecais standing in his gate.

A triumph is at hand. There is a crisis in India. The British arms have met with a check. The British power is menaced. A man is wanted for the emergency. The people of England demand Charles Napier. The Great Captain selects him,—“Either you or I must go;” the hostile Directors accept him as a necessity. “What

power had enabled him thus to stride on their prostrate necks still stiffened with pride and malice?” We are surely reading of a Tartar Khan, or New Zealand chief, not of the chivalrous soldier or happy warrior. It was a triumph to be selected as their champion in an emergency by a nation, but surely this was not the way in which a great mind would evince or feel it.

He is again in India. Goojerat has been fought, and the crisis has passed. Lord Dalhousie is Governor. His work now is not to lead an army, but to reform it. There is much to do, and he does it resolutely. To understand all that follows, it must be remembered that he is no longer supreme as in Scinde, but subordinate to the Governor in Council. His first act almost is to draw up a memoir on the defence of the country, and a memorandum on the civil and military administration of the Punjab, in which there are very strong terms, strong reflections on governing powers, strong animadversions on policy and government. This is the first challenge; it provokes reply, and henceforth there is war between commander-in-chief, and Council, and Court of Directors. In the beginning of 1850 there is apparent disaffection in the Sepoys occupying the Punjab, caused by an alteration in their pay. While this was a hostile and conquered country, they had additional allowances, having passed the Indian frontier; “when the country was annexed, this allowance was withdrawn.” This is seized as a cause of general discontent. A general mutiny seems imminent. By dexterous management and active measures, this insubordinate disposition is repressed at most points; but at Govind-Ghur, one of the great fortresses of the Punjab, the 66th Regiment broke into open mutiny, “insulted their officers, attempted to seize the gates, and were only prevented by the accidental presence of a cavalry regiment.” This affair is dealt with by Sir Walter Gilbert. The ringleaders are punished. The Commander-in-chief thinks the punishment unequal to the crime, and at once, of his own authority, disbands the regiment, and gives their place and number to a Goorka corps. A

short time previous he had suspended a regulation affecting the usual allowance to the Sepoys, for purchasing their food, according to the market prices of the countries in which they served, on the supposition that it might increase the disaffection already existing. The amount involved by this act was trifling—less than ten pounds in the aggregate. "A principle, however, not money, was in question." It was an invasion of prerogative—an excess of authority; and the Governor-general meets it with the following reprimand, though the General's order was confirmed.

"But the Governor-general in Council, from a consideration of the papers before him, feels it necessary to intimate, for the future guidance of his Excellency, that the Governor-general in Council will not again permit the Commander-in-chief, under any circumstances, to issue orders which shall change the pay and allowances of the troops serving in India, and thus practically to exercise an authority which has been reserved, and most properly reserved, for the supreme government alone." At this the blood of the old soldier boils over, and he resigns his command. Yet in this we cannot see what the biographer denounces as "brutal insolence," or "gross insult." Charles Napier never admitted an invasion of his own authority. The question is referred to the Duke. His decision comes.

"The Duke of Wellington has carefully perused these papers, as well as many other documents; and having given his best attention to the whole subject, he has arrived at the conclusion, that there existed no sufficient reason for the suspension, at Wuzzeerabad, of the rule for compensation of the 15th August 1819, and that the Governor-general was right in expressing his disapprobation of the act."

Such a judgment from such a man annuls criticism. We judged by facts before; we do so now, and confess that facts and arguments as stated on both sides in the Blue-book, are against Napier. He was manifestly wrong, and aggressive throughout. His first report was dictatorial and reflective; he is ever, by his own showing, lauding the policy of Lord Ellenborough

to the disparagement of his successors; and at the dinner at Bombay, on his return, he stated "frankly, and amidst cheers of great significance, instances of Lord Dalhousie's bad government," and this too in the Presidency of a country of which he was Governor-general. Yet in the biography, disingenuously enough, Lord Dalhousie is represented as the assailant, and as heaping insult and wrong upon him. This is a way the Napiers have. They hit a man; he hits again, and presently is shown up as an aggressor and bully.

At a time such as this, when the crisis is come and the evil so long impending has fallen upon us; when a large body of our Sepoys are in open and bloody rebellion; when the fealty of others is doubtful, the opinions of a man like Charles Napier on the military polity of India are valuable and interesting.

To him, from beginning to end, the system of the Indian army, especially that of Bengal, appeared unsafe. In the withdrawal of its officers for the staff, in the negligence and apathy of others, he foresaw signs that the influence and authority would pass over to native officers. The plan of keeping European troops one hundred miles apart, of dispersing soldiers in small detachments, and employing them as police instead of keeping them in masses, was denounced by him as an error. To increase the moral and physical force of the native army, whilst diminishing its numbers, was also a favourite idea. Delhi he ever pointed out as a place to be strongly held, and made a point of concentration. The disaffection which he himself had to deal with, and which to Directors and Boards of Administration seemed temporary and of little import, had to him a more widespread tendency and a deeper source than complaints of pay. In it he recognised the working of religious feeling and religious influence. To meet the evil he proposes the substitution of Goorka battalions and other irregular corps for Sepoys, "not only because of their fine qualifications of body and spirit, but their freedom from hampering religious scruples and customs." He hoped thus to render the prejudices and customs of the Sepoys nugatory for

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MILITARY EDUCATION.

THIS is an extremely interesting, and, on the whole, a very valuable State paper. That it is not even more interesting and more valuable than we have found it, cannot, we think, be attributed with fairness to any lack of ability on the part of the Commissioners. It is attributable, in a great degree, to the defective nature of the instructions under which they seem to have acted. They were not desired to inquire and to consider whether any and what improvements might be necessary in the military education of this country, regarded as a whole. Their commission extended no farther than to ascertain the best mode of reorganising the system of training officers for the scientific corps; and, as if with a view to cramp them in the exercise of their judgment within even these narrow limits, they were informed that, on certain points, the mind of the authority under which they acted was made up.

"The Secretary of State," says Mr. Monsell's official memorandum, "has already determined that patronage should be altogether abolished, and that admission to the scientific corps should be obtained only by a competing examination, and that that

examination should be an open one." And again: "His Lordship has determined also, that the candidate for this competing examination should be from seventeen to twenty years of age; and that the education for the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers should be common for the first year: the Commission will start from this point."

Now we do not object—probably no sensible man will—to the abolition of patronage, in the sense usually applied to that term when used in connection with appointments, to what are called the scientific, or any other corps in the British army. If it be not the object of all that is now doing and talked about, to prevent the army from being officered hereafter by the untested protégés of ministers of state and other influential persons, then the sooner public attention is withdrawn from the subject the better. But, for the sake of the army itself, as well as for that of the country, which is of greater importance still, we venture to express a hope that the time will never come when the honour of holding her Majesty's Commission shall be regarded as a prize for which every clever vagabond may compete, and which

the sharpest rogue of the lot may count upon carrying off as a matter of right. Again, it is very possible that the proper age for beginning the special studies necessary to qualify for the artillery and engineers may range between seventeen and twenty; and future experience may show that it is better for both branches of the service that the "education for the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers should be common for the first year." But, with all possible respect for the high authority which settles these conditions, we would suggest that the points involved in them are still under discussion. Many competent judges happen to be of opinion that, to begin the special studies of either the artillerist or the engineer under eighteen or nineteen, would be to begin them too early. Many believe that, from the outset of their special careers, the artillerist and engineer should study in different seminaries. Many hold that, if thrown together at all as students, they should meet not in the first, but in the last year of their pupillage; while some suggest an interchange of studies after they shall have respectively obtained their commissions, and entered upon the practical duties of their profession. On these several heads, however, the Commissioners are allowed no right of deliberation. The Secretary of State has decided the case according to his own view of the matter, and they have nothing to do but to shape their inquiries so as that they shall fall in with his decision.

Again, the Commissioners, though not positively prohibited from looking beyond the requirements of the scientific corps, receive little encouragement to do so, and that only by implication. Indeed, the use of the term scientific, as applicable exclusively to the regiments of artillery and engineers, indicates pretty plainly the channel in which the mind of their employer was running. It would almost seem as if the War Office, having absorbed the patronage and taken the place of the old Board of Ordnance, had adopted at the same time some of the worst of the old board's prejudices. Is no science necessary in military educa-

tion except at Woolwich and Chatham? Or did the minister who issued these instructions shrink from extending his views beyond the two limbs of the service, to the special management of which he had succeeded? We give the Commissioners credit for the boldness with which they overstepped the strict line of their duty—they were undoubtedly wiser in their generation than their master. They looked farther than Woolwich, and Chatham, and Metz, and Olinutz, and Berlin. Their descriptions of the special school at St. Cyr, of the school of application for the staff in Paris, of the war-school and division-schools of Prussia, of the military academies of Austria, and of the seminaries at Ivrea and Pinerol in Sardinia—are among the most interesting and instructive portions of their Report. It would seem, indeed, as if, while writing, they felt that they were travelling out of the record, for they apologize as they write. But we readily accept the apology, and thank them for the fault which they have committed.

But while we thus account for some of what might otherwise be regarded as the shortcomings of this able paper, we cannot shut our eyes to other mistakes into which the Commissioners have fallen, and on which, before proceeding to deal more fully with the substance of their Report, we think it right to touch. For one of these, Lieutenant-Colonel Smythe, R.A., seems indeed not to be responsible. He has guarded himself against being supposed to assent to more than "the History and Description of the Foreign Military Schools." In the other he so far participates, that whatever observations we may feel ourselves called upon to make, will apply as much to him as to his coadjutors. Yet, in sober earnestness, the mistake into which the Commissioners, as a body, have fallen, is so common—we had almost said so universal—among military men, that it would have been a matter of surprise to us had it been avoided on the present occasion. We shall advert to it therefore, by-and-by—not so much as if it supplied us with ground of censure, as because it is suggestive

of grave thought to all who may hereafter be invited to take a practical part in the adjustment of what cannot now be much longer deferred—a general plan of military education for this country.

We gather from Colonel Smythe's protest that he takes exceptions to the result at which his fellow-commissioners arrive regarding the advisability or otherwise of separating the education of the engineers from that of the artillery. Lieutenant-Colonel Yolland, R.E., and the Rev. W. C. Lake, are of opinion that it would not be desirable to establish one place of education for the artillery and another for the engineers, and they assign this among other reasons, that the small number of candidates for the engineers, not amounting to more than fifteen annually, would neither warrant the expense of training them apart by themselves, nor sufficiently stimulate the students in the prosecution of their studies. We by no means undervalue the force of this objection. If it be the fact that an average of no more than fifteen young men present themselves year by year for service in the engineers, the proposal to keep up a separate school for their instruction could hardly be received with favour, either by the House of Commons or the Treasury. But we cannot help thinking that there must be some error in this calculation, which, if the wants of the Indian army be taken into account, might, it is believed, be safely doubled. And as no scheme of military education would be complete which should fail to bring Queen's and Company's aspirants under the same system of training, so in considering the fitness of establishing a separate college of engineers, we must remember that the Company's engineers, as well as the Queen's, are to be educated. Nor is this all. We agree with Colonel Symmonds, whose evidence is quoted in the report, that Government could not do either a wiser or more economical thing than execute all its public works, such as drainage, the construction of docks, breakwaters, &c. &c. at home and abroad, under the direction of officers of the Royal Engineers. We believe that the works,

besides being better accomplished, would cost the country less; and we are satisfied that they would call into existence such a body of military engineers as would render us better prepared for war than we have on any previous occasion been, should it unfortunately be forced upon us. In this case the propriety of a separate college for engineers could not be doubted. For however pleasantly the artillery and the engineer might travel together over the common ground of military surveying, fortification, and the theory of projectiles, their courses must inevitably diverge as soon as the one began to inquire how railways, dockyards, and public buildings, might most conveniently be constructed, while the attention of the other was turned to that long list of requirements which the reader will find enumerated and discussed in the "*Aide-Mémoire à l'Usage des Officiers d'Artillerie.*"

Even in an economical point of view, therefore, we cannot allow that it is inexpedient to establish one place of special training for the artillery and another for the engineers. On the other hand, all the weight of authority, both at home and in foreign countries, is in favour of such separation. And here we must be pardoned if we charge the two Commissioners who differ from us with having, doubtless from inadvertence, or possibly under the restraining influence of their instructions, made but imperfect use of the evidence which they had collected when coming to their conclusions. They quote largely, in the body of their report, from General Chesney, but they omit all reference to the opinions of Colonel Wilford, R.A., of Lieutenant-Colonel Eardley Wilmot, R.A., of Lieutenant-Colonel W. N. Dixon, R.A., and Captain Boxer, and slur over the views taken by Captain Younghusband, R.A., by Colonel Barker, R.A., and by Lieutenant-Colonel Larcom, R.E., all of which are against them. So also their treatment of the information collected abroad, is, to say the least of it, extremely one-sided. In the first place, the digested account given in the body of their report, makes little or no use of it from beginning to end. In the next

place, it is used in that section which discusses the point now under consideration somewhat disingenuously. Austria, for example, is represented as alone favouring the establishment of separate schools for artillery and engineers. Prussia and France are stated to be opposed to such separation. Now, though they have elsewhere admitted that military education is conducted in Austria on a better principle than in any other Continental nation, the two Commissioners, strangely enough, report in favour of the French and Prussian practice; and they make this report, keeping out of view two facts, which seem to us directly to contradict the inferences which they draw. They do not state, that previously to their admission into the United School of Artillery and Engineers at Berlin, Prussian officers have already done duty with their respective corps, besides attending separate schools, which correspond in their nature and management with the Division Schools, which are attended by officers, aspirants of the line. In the same spirit of unfairness they slur over the acknowledgment of the highest French authorities, that the course of instruction at Metz is so extremely theoretical, that "for all the artillery and engineer officers learn there, they might as well join their regiments at once from the Polytechnic." And they are quite silent as to the inconveniences which are felt at Metz and Berlin, when the separation of studies which sooner or later becomes necessary, takes place in both seminaries. Finally, they forget to inform the Secretary of State for War, that wherever they went upon the Continent the service of the artillery was held to require even higher attainments, more especially in mathematics, than the service of the engineers. In a word, the report, so far as it touches upon the question of separate instruction for artillery and engineers, seems to us to be open to strong objection. It agrees neither with the body of evidence on which it is assumed to rest, nor in some sort with itself.

From a participation in this error, Colonel Smythe, by a modest protest, has guarded himself. We do

not see that he stands quite clear from the second of the charges which we have undertaken to bring against this report. Like almost every other body of men who have given their attention to the subject, the Commissioners appear practically to forget, that the military institutions of a country must, of necessity, take their tone from the civil institutions under which the people live. We say practically, because, to do them justice, they more than once make a verbal admission of the fact. But we can discover no trace of any indwelling principle of such belief in the terms of unqualified admiration in which they speak of the Polytechnic in France, of the Cadet Houses in Prussia, and still more of the establishments for military education in Austria. Now it must not be forgotten that France, Austria, and Prussia, have very little in common, so far as their civil institutions are concerned, with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. They may enjoy a less or a greater amount of physical prosperity than ourselves—they may be quite as enlightened, quite as civilized—as far advanced, or farther, in knowledge of the sciences and in practice of the arts; but there is this marked distinction between us and them, that whereas we live under a limited and constitutional government, they are despotically governed. The objects of their rulers and of ours must, therefore, be different in many essential points—and in none more so than in the sort of education which they promote and encourage among the people. The Governments of France, Prussia, and Austria, desire indeed to have enlightened subjects, but they can desire no more. The Government of England aims, or ought to aim, at bringing forward successive generations of enlightened citizens. The one seeks to be served ably and faithfully, the other encourages the people to think for themselves, to make their own laws, and to strengthen the hands of the Executive, only so far as that it may be able to enforce obedience to these laws when the Legislature has enacted them. And if this principle of action hold good elsewhere, it is especially operative on both sides, or

ought to be, in dealing with the army.

In this country, an officer never ceases to be a citizen. He relinquishes neither his civil rights nor his civil liabilities when he girds on the sword. He is still eligible to a seat in the people's House of Parliament—and if chosen to represent a constituency there, he takes part year by year in passing the laws and voting the supplies that are necessary to keep the army from dissolving itself. In France, in Austria, and in Prussia, the army is a body distinct and apart from the nation at large. Its officers not only wear the sovereign's uniform, but they receive the sovereign's pay; and hold themselves bound to execute the sovereign's will under every conceivable emergency. It must be obvious to the least farsighted inquirer, that in preparing their young men for military service, countries so circumstanced ought to follow, if they be consistent, courses in many respects dissimilar. The despotic Governments will, as much as possible, take the education of candidates for commissions absolutely into their own hands. The constitutional Government may give encouragement, under certain circumstances, to special studies. It may appoint tests of fitness for military service, and afford ready means of mastering such tests; but it can go no further. The despotic governments will foster from the outset the exclusive study of mathematics and of the physical sciences—not only because an extensive acquaintance with these is essential to the practice of the art of war, but because addiction to such studies has a direct tendency to withdraw men's minds from the consideration of political questions. The constitutional Government, not undervaluing the importance of scientific knowledge, will be desirous of superadding it to other acquirements which may be more interwoven, perhaps, with its civil than with its military institutions, but which are not, on that account, the less important in its eyes. And for converse reasons—viz: because the great writers of Greece and Rome open the minds of the young to a perception of the value of civil liberty, the

study of the classics will, by despotic Governments, be little countenanced, especially in military circles. They may not be able, nor perhaps may they desire, to exclude the classics from their courses of civil training; but they will take little or no account of them in preparing young men for service in their armies. The constitutional Government, on the contrary, starting from an opposite point, will desire to see the foundation of its special military training laid in such a course of early study as shall render its officers something more than accomplished soldiers. For it thinks of the army not as an instrument of repression over the people, but as a national institution, and is therefore disinclined to encourage such an excessive *esprit de corps* among its officers, as would separate them in feeling and in social habits from the rest of the community. Hence the encouragement heretofore given to lads intended for the army, to seek their early education in the great public schools of this country, where the literature of Greece and Rome is extensively cultivated, and the seeds are sown of that strongly-marked national character, any change in which would, we are free to confess, be looked upon by us with regret. But this is not all.

Despotic Governments so arrange the frame of general society, as that it shall either consist, as in Austria, of two classes—the Plebeian and the Noble—differing in personal privileges the one from the other, yet both equally subject to the Crown—or, as in France, it recognises two orders only—the absolute Monarch and the subject population. In either case, noble and peasant are, for military purposes, equally at the disposal of the Crown. France, Austria, and Prussia, alike recruit their armies by conscription, and alike require that candidates for commissions shall either pass through a military seminary, or serve for a while in the ranks. England, on the other hand, while she recognises the legislative privileges of a peerage, metes out to peer and peasant, in all that lies beyond these privileges, a very evenhanded justice. In civil life, the same law which secures to the titled landed

proprietor the peaceful usufruct of his estate, protects the artisan in the exercise of his skill, and the ditcher in the application of his labour. And because the whole people is free, the same Government which recruits for its army by voluntary enlistment, selects its officers, as a general rule, from among the higher and upper-middle classes of society. It is a remarkable fact, too, that, in proportion to the extent to which the constitutional principle is carried in civil life, advancement to the higher grades in military life is both infrequent and unpopular. Every French conscript—as soon as he has overcome the horrors of enlistment, begins to calculate, as a matter of course, on his chances of promotion; and every French soldier promoted from the ranks to a commission becomes an object—not of envy, but—of respect and pride to his former comrades. The case is entirely different among ourselves. In spite of all that has been done of late to rouse the personal ambition of our soldiers, they are still, as a class, not only indifferent but averse to promotion from the ranks. They look with no favour, but its opposite, on an officer who began his career as one of themselves—they infinitely prefer being commanded by what they call gentlemen.

Again, the highest ambition of the youth of all countries despotically governed, is to obtain employment, civil as well as military, under the Government; and it is the obvious policy of the Government to encourage this feeling. Hence in Austria, in Prussia, and still more in France, education, which is the peculiar care of the State, points through all its stages steadily in one direction. The Polytechnic trains its pupils, not for the army alone, but for every occupation in life, where science and skill in the arts can be useful—and the Lyceums all train their alumni for the Polytechnic. Why is this? Because the highways in France are made and kept in repair by workmen superintended by Government officials. Because mines are dug, and railways laid down under the superintendence of Government officers. Because docks are constructed, ships built, the machinery required to

propel them constructed and put together by Government artisans, under Government supervision. And it is to fit themselves for situations of this sort, and for many others like them, that the youth of France seek their instruction in schools, all of which are, to the most minute particulars, directed and controlled by the nominees of Government.

How diametrically opposed to this is the system of early training which prevails in England, as well as the principle on which it rests! We desire as much as possible to encourage freedom of choice among our youth, as well as liberty of action in our up-grown men. We are, therefore, not only averse to fixing before-hand what the business of individuals shall be; but we abstain from giving such a character to our great seminaries of education, as shall bias the minds of lads reared in them to one species of occupation rather than another. Accordingly our public schools and universities, from which the best of our private schools take their tone, establish curricula, which are more or less calculated to prepare for all conditions of busy life. They do not profess to manipulate accomplished mechanicians, or to turn out skilled engineers, scientific miners, or able shipwrights; indeed the amount of physical science taught in them may perhaps be smaller than could be wished. But they give us what is of more moment;—wave after wave of young men, able and willing to rely on their own energies in the battle of life; and ambitious, first of winning an independence by commerce, or the prosecution of some liberal profession, and then, if the opportunity offer, of serving the State gratuitously as magistrates or members of Parliament. We must enter our protest against any scheme, or proposal of a scheme, which shall have ever so remote a tendency to interfere with this healthy state of things. We do not wish to see our national character changed, and it would ill assort with that character to encourage the general growth of bureaucratic tastes among us. Finally, as the army, considered by itself, must always be an object of secondary consideration in this country—as the whole body of

its officers taken together would weigh but as dust in the balance, against the civilian members of the classes from which they are chiefly taken, so any attempt to operate on the public schools with a view to modify the course of education pursued there in order to meet the requirements of our military service, must of necessity be made under great disadvantages, and result in failure. We do not charge Lord Panmure's Commissioners with being neglectful of this particular truth—quite otherwise—but they cast into the shade others quite as important, and to us, at least, even more obvious. While bent upon improving the military education of this country, they overlook the necessity of well considering the social and political state of the country itself—and, commending to our approval the systems of France, of Prussia, and of Austria, they seem to forget, that however admirably suited these may be to the condition of France, Austria, and Prussia respectively, they would either not work at all, or would work mischievously if transported wholesale into England. The history of the Commission of which we have undertaken to speak, seems to be this:

For a good while back, for a space of time which may date from about the year 1843 or 1844, the necessity of doing something to raise the standard of military education in this country appears to have been felt. Private persons spoke and wrote about it. Articles discussing it appeared in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, and by a process which usually takes place in like cases among us, the public mind became impregnated with an idea on which it still felt itself unable to act. In military circles alone the notion was scouted—and it proved particularly distasteful at the Horse Guards—as the Horse Guards were then managed. But the tide once fairly set in motion could not be stayed. To Sir R. Peel's government generally, while yet it could claim to be Conservative, and to Mr. Sidney Herbert in particular, belongs the merit of having placed themselves on the crest of the wave, and given to it a direction. A beginning was made by that reform in the

Military Asylum at Chelsea and in the regimental schools, of which the good effect is now universally acknowledged; and, by little and little, points were taken up, urged, and carried, which cleared the way for that still more important scheme, which is, we trust, about at length to be inaugurated.

The first victory achieved by common sense over prejudice, was much less important in itself, than because of its inevitable consequences. We may smile if we please at the Duke of Wellington's celebrated order of 1846. We may criticise its diction, and wonder how such an intellect as his could have consented, even in its decay, to so ridiculous a device; but the order was of vast consequence nevertheless. It announced that, after a given date, candidates for commissions would be required to pass an examination at Sandhurst, in certain books, and portions of books, which were carefully particularised; and that more knowledge of geography, of military drawing, and of orthography, would be expected of them. Moreover, ensigns were warned that, previously to becoming lieutenants—and lieutenants, that, previously to becoming captains, they must be passed in a few very simple professional subjects by a board of the senior officers. Honouring as we do the memory of the illustrious commander from whom the curious order proceeded, we abstain from entering further into its details, or offering any criticism upon it; for with all its shortcomings, it established a principle from which there was no escaping. It affirmed the great truth, not previously recognised, that education of some sort is necessary to qualify for command in the British army, and narrowed thereby the ground of difference between sticklers for things as they used to be and the advocates of improvement. Accordingly, from the day when the Duke's order made its appearance, statesmen were invited to consider, not whether there should be a system of military education in this country, but in what manner it should be carried on. And if they took longer time to determine this point than the more impatient advocates of change considered to be

necessary, it by no means follows that they acted unwisely. At all events Mr. Herbert's speech in the House of Commons on the 5th of June, 1856, shows that he at least had never lost sight of the subject, and that even amid the pressure of the Russian war, he found leisure to mature a plan, and was prepared to act upon it.

There is no evidence before the public to show whether the successors of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Herbert did or did not adopt the views of these statesmen, either wholly or in part. Two Commissions were, indeed, appointed after Lord Panmure came into office, but the objects of both, as far as we have been able to trace them, were limited. One, which has made no report, seems to have been occupied chiefly in examining the details of artillery, and the arrangement of arsenals in France, Austria, and Prussia. The other, instructed as we have elsewhere shown, thus describes its own purpose, and the means adopted to accomplish it:—

"It appeared necessary in the first instance, previous to any inspection of foreign schools, to make ourselves acquainted with the instruction given at those establishments for military education, to which our attention was especially directed. With this view we immediately visited the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and the Royal Engineer establishment at Chatham, at both of which every assistance was given us by the authorities; and since our return from abroad, we have repeated our visit to Woolwich, with a view of comparing some points in the system of education there pursued, with the principal features of teaching in foreign schools.

"Immediately after our inspection of these establishments, we thought it desirable to examine the French system of training artillery and engineer officers as followed in the Polytechnic School, and in the School of Application at Metz; to both of which our attention was more particularly called by the nature of our instructions.

"Having thus had an opportunity of comparing the teaching in these institutions with that given in our

own, our next duty appeared to be to circulate questions, soliciting the opinions and suggestions of officers in the two special corps, with regard to the manner in which our own system of education has worked; and the expediency of making certain alterations. In adopting this course, it was our wish to obtain extensively the opinions of officers of different ranks and experience. We therefore selected nearly an equal number in each corps, regard being had, in the first place, to officers of high rank; secondly, to those who had directed or had been closely connected with the education at Woolwich and Chatham; thirdly, to officers on service who had had recent opportunities of testing the merits of the training at the academies; and lastly, from junior officers who were comparatively fresh from their instructions. Some of our questions were intentionally of a very general nature, in order to give room for the expression of such variety of opinion on the education of the two corps as we understood to exist.

"The number of officers to whom we applied, was limited by the employment of a large portion on active service in the Crimea or in foreign stations, and by the full occupation of many others in England. But though this fact may have somewhat diminished the amount of the evidence sent us, full information has been given respecting the Royal Military Academy and the establishment at Chatham, and we have received many valuable suggestions upon points of general military education.

... We endeavoured also to obtain the opinion of foreign officers, on the working of education in their own country. Thus, in the case of the Polytechnic School, having been struck both by its excellent teaching and by the points of difference it exhibited to our own system, we requested the opinions of several scientific officers, and other persons connected with the School, with regard to the effect of its high scientific studies on the special army in France. The answers, which were most willingly sent to our questions, we have placed in immediate connection with our account of the instruction given

in the Polytechnic itself, and the School of Application at Metz. We also followed a similar course in Prussia, where we were able to obtain a full and valuable account of the history and working of some parts of the Prussian educational system from Colonel Van Holleben, who is now, and has been for many years, Adjutant to the General Inspector of Military Education.

"Our principal object, however, has been an examination of the chief military schools in France, Austria, Prussia, and, although less minutely, in Sardinia."

The first foreign country visited by the Commissioners was France, and of the schools connected with the French army, the following list is given:—1. The Polytechnic, preparatory to;—2. The Artillery and Engineer School at Metz; 3. The School at St. Cyr, for infantry and cavalry; 4. The Staff School at Paris; 5. The Military Orphan School at La Flèche; 6. The Military School in connection with the hospital at Val-de-Grâce; 7. The School of Musketry at Vincennes; 8. The Gymnastic School near Vincennes; 9. The Music School; 10. The schools of regiments. All these are under the charge of the Minister of War, with whom the authorities of each communicate directly; and the total expense of their maintenance to the State is given at £72,000 a-year. This, however, seems to be the estimated expenditure during a season of peace only. In war the expenses are much heavier; and it is worthy of remark that no portion of the amount is devoted to the maintenance of regimental schools, the whole being applied to the education of officers, of the children of officers, and of candidates for commissions.

It is generally known that, in the French army, one-third of the officers in the line, two-thirds of those in the special corps, and the whole of the staff, receive a careful professional education. The remainder are appointed from the ranks by the Emperor, on the recommendation of their commanding officers. It is equally well understood, that of the officers

so appointed, few attain to a higher grade than that of captain—an arrangement from which we draw this natural inference that, in the French service, though courage and good conduct are considered sufficient qualifications for inferior commands, scientific study and professional knowledge are essential to commands of higher importance.

Again, the plan of taking mere boys into military schools, and so training them to become officers, has long been abandoned in France. The first Revolution, which swept away other seminaries of learning, put an end to the cadet houses, in which the sons of the aristocracy used to be educated at the public expense for military service. And Carnot, to whom the merit belongs of having restored education to his country, took care that this abuse of it should not revive. With the assistance of a few eminent men—Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, Lagrange—all, like himself, ardent republicans, yet all ardent lovers of science too, he founded the Polytechnic, on the model of which every public school subsequently erected in France has been formed. Its chief characteristics are these:—

Candidates for admission to the Polytechnic must have reached the age of sixteen years complete, and not have passed their twentieth year, except in the case of soldiers already in the service, who are eligible at any time between twenty and twenty-five years of age. The right of competing is open to all young men, Frenchmen by birth, or naturalised in France, who have passed through one or other of the common schools of the country, and received their Baccalauréat;* and candidates furnishing proof that they are too poor to maintain themselves, are entitled, if they pass the preliminary examination, to assistance from the State. This is given either in full or in half *bourses*; that is to say, the youth is allowed either the whole or a moiety of the annual sum required to support him at school; and in order that poverty may not stand in his way, the State gives him, at the same time, a sum

* The Baccalauréat, or Bachelor's Degree in France, is given at the end of a boy's school career, and certifies that he has completed it to the satisfaction of the masters—

of money wherewith to provide an outfit.

There are two examinations preliminary to admission into the Polytechnic, conducted by two sets of examiners. The first is intended to satisfy the Minister of War that candidates are really worth examining. The second settles the places which the lads are respectively to take on being admitted into the school. The first is conducted partly on paper, partly by *viva voce* question and answer, and occupies in the former process twenty-four hours, spread over twenty-two days and a half. The second employs each examiner, with each candidate, one hour and a half in oral discussion. The subjects discussed seem to be Arithmetic, Geometry, Latin (optional); Algebra, History, Geography; the French Language; Descriptive Geography and Diagram; Mechanics, Physics; Applied Analysis; German; Solution of a triangle by Logarithms; Drawing. A scale of merit is employed to express the value of the answers given; and the reports of the examiners, conveying this scale in each case, are made to the Minister of War. Of the relative importance attached to the sciences and to language, an idea may be formed when we state that, while out of 86 marks, the German exercise counts for only 1, and French composition for 5; 20 marks are given to Analytical Mathematics; 16 to Physics and Mechanics; and 14 to Geometry.

The individuals employed to conduct these examinations constitute a board, and hold their sittings once in every year, not in Paris only, but in each of the chief towns of France. They report to the Minister of War, who, having settled beforehand the number of vacancies to be filled up, supplies them in strict accordance with the scale of merit as it comes in. The course at the Polytechnic extends over two years, with periodical examinations, of which the last is of course the most severe, and according to the manner in which he may have acquitted himself at this, the student is permitted to select the line in which he shall serve the State. There are open to him employment, 1st, Under the Minister of War; 2d, Under the Minister of Marine; 3d, Under the

Minister of Public Works; 4th, Under the Minister of the Interior; 5th, Under the Minister of Finance; and, 6th, In any other department, the duties of which require an extensive knowledge of Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry.

As we have already taken occasion to point out, the ablest youths select, for the most part, civil employment. It is better paid than the army, and, except in times of public calamity, it opens a wider door to ambition. Such as either prefer military service, or are thrown back upon it, pass out of the Polytechnic into the School of Application for Artillery and Engineers at Metz, or else, to the number of three, claim admission into the School of Application for the Staff. There are about 140 or 150 appointments, civil and military, made from the Polytechnic every year.

The staff employed to manage and instruct the pupils at the Polytechnic is very large. The military establishment consists of a commandant, a general officer, usually of the artillery or engineers; a second in command, a colonel or lieutenant-colonel, chosen from among the former pupils of the school; three captains of artillery, and three of engineers, inspectors of study; and six adjutants (non-commissioned officers, to whose rank we have no parallel in our service), generally under recommendation for promotion. Besides these, there are thirty-nine professors and teachers, four boards of management, and ten scientific men, unconnected with the school, to conduct the examinations.

The mode of teaching is peculiar. It combines the professional system with the tutorial, Professors being employed to lecture on the various sciences, and Repétiteurs, or private tutors, to examine and work up the students to profit by their lectures. The professors are fifteen in number, and the répétiteurs twenty-four, who proceed thus: Each professor assembles his class in one of the theatres, and, beginning with a few questions on the subject of the lecture last delivered, goes on with a fresh subject. The student takes notes, and, retiring into smaller rooms, finds themselves in knots under the hands of répétiteurs, who tax their memories, lead

them on to draw inferences, and so impress upon their minds more than the mere words of the discourse to which they have listened. It is worthy of remark, that, out of the sixteen professors, six are military men, and that the whole number of students, for whom this extensive staff is provided, never exceeds three hundred and fifty persons.

The Polytechnic has grown, by little and little, to become what it now is, the heart of education for France. It came into existence at a time when the dissolution of the country seemed to be inevitable—when the Revolution had swept away all places of instruction, including the University; and the very soil itself was in possession of foreigners. It attracted towards itself a large share, both of the natural ability and of the ambition of the Republic, and it struck its roots into the soil of Republicanism by the adoption of a system of rigid competition. Considered as a place of instruction, it possesses at once great merits and great defects. The moral tone which pervades it is not good; and its influence in this, as well as in other respects, is felt throughout France. It quickens the intellect of its pupils, without rousing within them a healthy, or even a manly spirit. It rears mathematicians, but sends out few men liberally educated. There has never yet been a revolution, or an attempt at a revolution, in France, in which the pupils of the Polytechnic have failed to bear a part; though one great object of its existence is, to rear up bands of clever men, interested as well as pledged to support the powers that be. Religious teaching is, of course, ignored entirely, and of classics, or even of history, little or no account is taken. Nor is it in these respects alone that the system of instruction at the Polytechnic produces unsatisfactory results. "The system of education," say the Commissioners, "excellent as it is in its stimulating power, has one or two marked defects—such as the attempt to give exactly the same teaching to a class of a hundred and sixty pupils, with no reference to their varieties of ability or powers of application. This practice has a tendency either to

make many of the pupils superficial, or to exhaust them. Now, it must be remembered, that the majority of these pupils enter the army, and hence probably the numerous complaints on both points from the military authorities at Metz, who possess the best opportunities of testing the effects of the Polytechnic." We perfectly agree in all this, and, deprecating any attempt to establish a Polytechnic among ourselves, pass on to a consideration of the school of artillery and engineers, to which the Polytechnic is the great feeder.

The first artillery school founded in France owed its existence to Louis XIV., and was placed, in 1679, at Douai. In 1720, under the Regency, the regiment of artillery received a new organisation, and in each of the seven towns which were garrisoned by portions of the corps, a school of theoretical instruction was set up. In 1756, D'Argenson, Minister of War, founded an academy at La Fère, with a staff of four professors, two for mathematics, and two for drawing, which, after a temporary transfer to Bapaume, whence, in 1756, it returned again to La Fère, was, with other schools, suppressed at the Revolution.

The same minister who established an academy for the service of the artillery at La Fère, set up a school of instruction for engineers at Mezières. It achieved a high reputation, numbering Monge among its professors; but it suffered the same fate with the academy, and, with the rest of the educational establishments of France, the Revolution swept it away.

When the wars consequent on that moral earthquake broke out, provisional schools were established at Metz and at Chalons-sur-Marne, the former for the instruction of engineers, the latter to educate officers for the artillery. They laboured under many disadvantages, and produced but little fruit; whereupon the Polytechnic was called into being, originally with a view to supply the army with engineers; but, after brief experience, to serve as a school preparatory to those of special application. And so matters remained from 1795 to 1802, when the school at Chalons was broken up, and its staff

and establishment transferred to Metz. Metz then became, what it has ever since continued to be, the seat of the United School of Application for the artillery and engineers.

Metz, as our readers are probably aware, is a fortified town on the Prussian frontier. It is situated upon the confluence of the Moselle and the Seille, and is usually garrisoned by about ten thousand men. It possesses an arsenal and a school of pyrotechny for the construction of rockets, with two great regimental schools, one of artillery, the other of engineers. But the establishment with which we are chiefly concerned, is the United School of Application, which occupies the site, and is, in part, lodged in the apartments of a suppressed convent of the Benedictine order. The old church of the convent has been converted into a Salle de Manœuvre, and is sufficiently capacious, not only to contain artillery of various descriptions—mortars, field and siege guns, placed as in battery—but to allow of the pieces being moved, and exercises performed, when the state of the weather is unfavourable to out-of-doors drill. The amphitheatres or lecture-rooms are two in number; one for the use of each of the two divisions into which the school is told off. And there are three halls of study, to which, after the lectures come to an end, the students repair, that they may fill up their notes, and consider and digest the subjects discussed in them. Besides this, there are galleries filled with models of every kind—of fortifications, bridges, and so forth—as well as with arms and portions of arms, and specimens of carpentry, of roofing, &c. &c.; while an excellent library, with a reading-room adjoining, offer at once the means and the inducement to private study.

Young men enter this school, after passing through the Polytechnic, at an average age of about twenty-one, with the rank, pay, and social status, of sub or second lieutenant. Their treatment is that of officers under instruction, and except that they are obliged to be present at all lectures, as well as drills, their discipline is not more rigid than that to which

regimental officers are subjected. Apart from drill and lecture, they spend their time as they please; living, often studying, in their own rooms, and taking their meals at restaurants in the town.

The course of instruction in the School of Application extends, like that at the Polytechnic, over two years; and the students are allowed to count these years, as well as the time spent in preparing for them, as years of actual service. During the first year the instruction communicated is common to both artillery and engineers. Taking account of it by days, and reckoning the year at two hundred and eighty-four days of study, we find the time thus appropriated:—

	Days
Military art and legislation occupy	33
Topography and geodesy, . . .	47
Field fortification, . . .	39
Permanent fortification, . . .	83
Theory and practice of construction, . . .	77
Total, . . .	284

In the second year the instruction for artillery and engineers diverges a little, and is managed thus through two hundred and sixty-five days:—

	Art.	Eng.
	Days	Days
Military art and legislation, . . .	2	2
Topography and geodesy, . . .	28	28
Attack and defence of places, . . .	44	44
Permanent fortification, . . .	44	149
Artillery and machines, . . .	81	0
Theory and practice of construction, . . .	46	42
	265	265

There is, besides, a short course in the veterinary art through which all pass; and drill and military exercises are of daily occurrence.

At Metz, as at the Polytechnic, there are periodical examinations, of which the last is the most formidable, and to prepare for it, six weeks of free or voluntary study are allowed. A jury of examiners test the abilities of the students as well orally as through their plans, memoirs, and papers; and the place of each, in the service which he has selected, is fixed by taking the aggregate number of the marks which he may have earned.

The staff of instruction and of government of the School of Application at Metz is, like the staffs of other military schools in France, very large. To instruct one hundred and forty sub-lieutenants, there are not fewer than nine professors, four assistant professors, and one drawing-master—of whom all, except three—viz., the professor of German, the assistant professor of the veterinary art, and the teacher of drawing—are military men. The staff of government consists of a commandant, a general either of artillery or engineers, a second in command, also a director of studies, a colonel or lieutenant-colonel of one or other of these corps, a major of artillery, a major of engineers, five captains of artillery, five captains of engineers, and a surgeon-major. There is, besides, a large administrative staff, comprising treasurer, librarian, assistant do., principal clerk, two storekeepers, one skilled mechanic, a skilled lithographer, and fencing-master; and thirty-three horses kept in the stable are used in teaching the students to ride, and in carrying them abroad when employed in making surveys of the surrounding country.

The instruction of the officers of artillery and engineers does not, however, in the French service, come to an end when they pass out of the School of Application at Metz. A second lieutenant of the former arm, on joining his regiment, is employed on all duties that tend to make him master of the drill, practice, and manœuvres of artillery, as well as of the internal economy and discipline of his corps. He continues to attend to these matters till he arrive at the rank of second captain, when he is detached and sent in succession to all the chief arsenals, cannon-foundries, powder-mills, and small-arm factories of France. Sometimes he is employed as an assistant in one of these factories; and if he distinguish himself by his ability there, he is appointed an inspector of regimental arms. On advancement to the rank of first captain, he rejoins his regiment.

In time of war the officers of artillery in the French service are requir-

ed to construct their own batteries, and to direct the ordnance in sieges as well as in battles. The pontoon-train also is attached to their arm, and on them devolves the duty of forming movable bridges and passages by boats. Nor is the fact unworthy of notice, that both artillery and engineers manufacture their own tools—field-officers acting as superintendents, and captains as sub-directors, in such manufactures.

Acting on the same principle, the sub-lieutenant of engineers, on joining his regiment, works beside his men, and passes with them through courses of practical instruction in sapping, mining, field-fortification, sham sieges, bridge-making, castrametation, &c. Indeed, it is not till he attain the rank of second captain that he ceases to do regimental duty, or is employed at all upon the *état major* of his corps, either in keeping up such public works as may already exist, or in helping to design and execute others.

We come now to the special military school at St Cyr, where young men intended for the infantry and cavalry of France are educated together. Like the rest of the military schools of the country, it is of comparatively recent formation, and takes, in some sort, the place of the "Ecole Royale Militaire," which, with other seminaries superintended, under the ancient régime, by priests, and frequented exclusively by the children of the noblesse, was overthrown at the Revolution. Students or cadets enter here as they enter at the Polytechnic, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, unless they be soldiers already in the service, when they are received up to twenty-five. The civilian class must produce their Baccalauréat, and are entitled, if poor, to claim bourses or demi-bourses, as well as whole or half outfits. The course comprises two years, and lads are permitted to enter upon it only after examinations conducted on the plan which we have elsewhere described. These are not so severe as the entrance examinations to the Polytechnic, but they embrace a good many subjects, such as arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions; algebra to

quadratic equations with one unknown quantity; geometry, plane and solid; plane trigonometry; geometrical representations of bodies by projections; French composition; German exercises; drawing; physical science purely descriptive; chemistry, history, and geography. The number of students during peace averages six hundred, for whom are provided thirty-one professors and teachers, all military men; besides a general as commandant; a colonel of infantry second in command; a major, four captains, twelve lieutenants, and five second lieutenants of infantry; a major, one captain, thirty-four lieutenants, and one second-lieutenant of cavalry; a director of studies, two assistant directors, and six examiners. When it is remembered that every one of these, except the commandant, takes a part, more or less active, in the business of instruction, it will be seen that, with whatever shortcomings the French government may be chargeable, it certainly does not starve this or any other military college in the important matter of an educational staff.

The course of study extends, as we have said, over two years, and follows in almost every essential particular the plan adopted in the Polytechnic. Professors give lectures in the theatres, and répétiteurs enforce and improve upon them in private classes; but whereas in the Polytechnic each répétiteur withdraws with his six or eight pupils into a small apartment, at St Cyr the process of repetition goes on in three large rooms, each capable of accommodating two hundred cadets. The conveniences provided for the students are also, in other respects, inferior to those at the Polytechnic. The young men sleep like private soldiers in barrack-rooms and on barrack beds, and their garments resemble those of privates of infantry, except that the fabric of the cloth is a little less coarse. A great deal of time also is devoted to military exercises, to squad, company, and battalion drill, as well as to manœuvres of cavalry and artillery, inasmuch that, throughout the first year, only one hundred and seventy-four lectures are delivered, and in the second no more than one hundred

and twenty-one. The first year's curriculum embraces Descriptive Geometry—Physical Science applied to military arts—History, entirely military, and that of France—Geography and Statistical Memoirs—French Literature—German, and Drawing. The second carries the school through Topography—Fortification—Artillery and the Ballistic Pendulum—Military Legislation—Military Administration—Military History and Art—German, and Drawing. Besides these, there is special instruction in riding, in the veterinary art, and in artillery practice. From all that we have ever heard of the school of St Cyr, we should not augur very highly of its tone either in morals or manners. We should say also, that the intellectual training is scarcely of the first order; yet from the school of St Cyr is mainly fed a seminary, on the excellence of which France especially prides herself—we mean the School of Application for the Staff, of which it now remains to give some account.

For the information of our civilian readers, it may be well to state that the staff of the French army is constituted on a principle entirely different from our own. It is not only a corps separate in itself, but the officers appointed to it come in much larger numbers directly from military schools, than from regiments. It is divided into chiefs of the staff, sub-chiefs, staff-officers, and aides-de-camp. There are comprehended under these titles thirty-five colonels, thirty-five lieutenant-colonels, one hundred and ten majors, three hundred and thirty captains, one hundred lieutenants. Colonels and lieutenant-colonels are usually employed as chiefs of the staff in the several military districts of France. Majors, captains, and lieutenants act, for the most part, as aides-de-camp. In large armies the chief of the staff assumes the title of Major-General. His duties are as onerous as his responsibility is great, for he is the organ through which orders on all subjects pass from the commander-in-chief to every department of the army. To him also reports are made from artillery, engineers, and commissariat, as well as from infantry

and cavalry; and purveyors, and doctors, and nurses, and priests, equally communicate with him, and receive from him their instructions. Nor is there any severance, as with us, into the staff of the adjutant's and of the quartermaster-general's departments. In France the staff officer is liable to be employed on all manner of duties; for he who is engaged as a clerk in the War Depot to-day may be sent to-morrow to take charge of a division of an active army in the field. It is worthy of remark, too, that everything that bears upon the science and history of the art of war is taken charge of by the officers of the staff corps. The War Depot at Paris, one of the most important branches of the War Office, is under their special charge, where they collect and arrange papers relating to the records of military operations, reconnaissances, and plans of battles. It is their business also to make search for such manuscript maps as seem to them useful for military purposes, and to get them copied and published. They undertake the trigonometrical survey of countries and provinces, compile and catalogue the War Office library, and are thus ready at any moment, should war threaten, or actually break out, to supply the Government with whatever information may be needed. We venture to say, that at this moment the military features of Great Britain are more perfectly delineated in the maps of the War Depot at Paris than in any of which our own War Office in Pall-Mall can boast; though it is but fair to the latter to acknowledge, that a topographical department has at last been formed therein, which promises to remove from us one of the heaviest reproaches under which, as a military nation, we had previously lain.

There are three channels through which young Frenchmen may win their way into the staff-school. There is only one—viz. the school itself—through which officers can pass into the staff. The School of Application, situated in the Rue Grinella, not far from the Invalids in Paris, is presided over by a commandant, a general of brigade; by a second in command, and director of studies, himself a

colonel or lieutenant-colonel of the staff-corps; by a major of the staff-corps, three captains, and a medical officer. There are thirteen military and three civilian professors to carry on the details of education, which embrace the following subjects:—

1. Applied descriptive Geometry.
2. Astronomy, Physical Geography, and Statics.
3. Geodesy and Topography.
4. Fortification.
5. Artillery.
6. Military Legislation and Administration.
7. The Art of War.
8. Descriptive Geography.
9. Equitation.
10. Drawing.
11. German.
12. Fencing.

One hundred and forty-five horses are kept in the stable for the use of the military students, and eighty-two cavalry soldiers look after them.

The number of students under instruction ranges from fifty to one hundred—fifty being the establishment in time of peace. There are apartments for sixty within the walls, and the remainder, if the school be on a war establishment, find lodgings for themselves in the neighbourhood. All obtain the rank of second-lieutenant on joining the school; and after passing their first examination they are prompted to be first-lieutenants. They take their meals at cafés and restaurants, and are waited upon by servants provided at the public expense—one servant being allowed for eight students.

Admission into the Staff-School is obtained by competition, except in the cases of three lads from the Polytechnic, who are privileged to claim the three first places, and obtain them. About twenty-five vacancies occur every year, of which twenty-two are filled up either out of the thirty most forward students at St. Cyr, or by candidates from the active army. These latter must be sub-lieutenants, and not more than twenty-five years of age. In point of fact, however, it seldom happens that candidates from the active army are numerous, and out of such as present themselves very few win the prize. The main recruitment of the

staff-school is, therefore, from the special military school at St. Cyr.

The entrance examinations, which take place before a board appointed by the Minister of War, deal strictly with professional subjects, and the studies, which range over two years, partake generally of the same character. They receive considerable relief, however, from out-of-door employment—three months in every year being devoted to reconnaissances, sometimes of the country round Paris, sometimes of the scenes of military operation elsewhere. All instruction is given by the professors in their lectures, the contents of which the young men work up out of their notes, groups of twelve or fifteen sitting together in separate halls for that purpose. But they are not, as in the Polytechnic, assisted by *répétiteurs*, nor is any encouragement given to what we should call private study. Indeed, it seems to be a settled opinion in France, that whatever military students endeavour to do in private, they do carelessly.

There are eight examinations in all, two in each year, which become more strict and comprehensive as the termination of the course approaches. The fourth of these passes the officer from the first or lower school into the higher, provided he obtain four out of twenty marks in each branch of study.* To qualify for the staff itself, not fewer than one-half of the maximum of numerical credits (1200) is indispensable.

If a young man fail at the final examination, he goes off as a lieutenant to some regiment of infantry or cavalry; and it is worthy of remark, that, though direct admission into the staff-corps can be obtained only through the school of application, there is no objection to exchanges between officers of the staff-corps and officers of the line. In this case, however, the staff-officer's rank must not exceed that of captain, while the officer from the line undergoes precisely the same examination to which he would have been subjected had he passed two years at the school.

It will be seen from this statement that the staff of the French army constitutes a corps of itself; that on the members of that corps devolve

all the duties of general administration and detail; that the departments of statistics, topography, military history, and surveying, are especially in their charge; that the war-office trusts to them for the accumulation of useful military knowledge during peace, and that generals in command of armies, and of divisions, depend upon them for intelligence, the maintenance of discipline, and the ordering of marches during war. To qualify for these high trusts, staff-officers serve, so to speak, an apprenticeship. The aide-de-camp rises, if found qualified, to become, first, a sub-chief, and then a chief of the staff to a division or *corps d'armée*. He is just as ready to undertake one description of routine duties as another, having prepared himself for all alike by four years of severe study. Nor does he enter upon his staff-duties as soon as he quits the school. In order that he may become master of the whole machine, of which he is to be a prime mover, he is attached successively to the various arms of the service, and does regimental duty for two years in the infantry, for an equal space of time in the cavalry, and for one year in the artillery, and sometimes in the engineers also.

"This routine," says the report, "cannot be interrupted except in time of war, and even then the lieutenant cannot be employed on the staff until he has completed his two years in the infantry. However, officers who have an especial aptitude for the science of geodesy or topography, may even earlier be employed on the map of France, and other similar duties; and further, two of the lieutenants, immediately on quitting the staff-school of application, are sent to the War Depot (*dépôt de la guerre*) to gain a familiarity with trigonometrical operations. The general officers, at their inspections, are required to report specially to the Minister of War on the captains and lieutenants of the staff-corps doing duty with the regiments in their districts, both as to their knowledge of drill and manœuvres, and their acquaintance with the duties of the staff. They are to require these officers to execute a military recon-

naissance, never allowing more than forty-eight hours for the field-sketch and its accompanying report."

Treading in the footsteps of the Commissioners, we come now to Prussia, where equal care is bestowed as in France on military education, though the details of management differ in the two countries, as much as in other respects their civil and military institutions stand apart. In France the entire male population, from the age of eighteen to thirty-five, is liable to military service—the army being recruited by conscription, with leave given to individuals to provide substitutes for themselves. There is no reserve or militia of any kind except the national guard, every member of which, so long as he is within the limits of military age, is liable to be drawn as a conscript. The army of France is therefore the same in peace as in war, except that in war its numbers become increased. It is always, and in all its parts, movable, the term of service for each soldier being fixed at seven years. In Prussia every man not incapacitated by bodily infirmity, or engaged in the duties of the ministry, or in tuition, is obliged to serve in person. But service in the regular army never exceeds, in time of peace, three years; and when the recruit is a man of education and able to provide his own clothing and appointments, it terminates at the end of one year. Nominally, however, all are enlisted for a term of five years—from the age of twenty to twenty-five: the last two or four, as the case may be, they spend at home without pay, being enrolled in the reserve, and liable in case of need to be called back to their standards at a moment's notice.

Having completed their five years' service in the regular army, the young men of Prussia enter the *Landwehr*—a peculiar militia, of which there are two bands or classes. The first band includes all within the ages of twenty-five and thirty-two; the second, all within the ages of thirty-two and thirty-nine. After thirty-nine, men fall into the *Landsturm*, a force somewhat akin to our *Pose Comitatus*, which can be summoned to arms only at a general rising of the people, to put down a rebellion, or repel a foreign invasion.

The *Landwehr*, like the regular army, consists of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, the regiments of which maintain a close connection with their kindred regiments in the active force. The *Landwehr* of the first band turn out every year to be brigaded with the regiments of the line, and take their part in the autumnal manœuvres. They are liable also, in the event of war, to be called up and marched out of the country against the enemy. The *landwehr* of the second band meet for only a brief annual service, but they are not brigaded with the first band, or with the line, nor are they required under any circumstances to march out of the country. It does not appear that the military service is more generally popular in Prussia than elsewhere; very few young men remain with their colours beyond the space of time appointed by law; and though immense efforts are made to educate and bring forward non-commissioned officers, there seems to be considerable difficulty in keeping up a sufficient supply of that invaluable order of men.

Everybody knows that the system of which we are now speaking was elaborated in the hour of Prussia's deepest humiliation by the genius of Stein and of Scharnhorst. It proved very effective during the wars of 1813, '14, and '15, and is still, so far as regards the principle from which it starts, highly thought of by the Prussians themselves. It unquestionably led to great improvements in the manner of providing officers for a force which, being made up in no considerable proportion of the intelligence of the country, looked for at least a fair share of intelligence in those by whom it should be commanded. Not that the democratic element has at all entered into the military institutions of Prussia—quite otherwise. A Prussian officer is always a gentleman, and the Prussian people desire that he should be one. But then a Prussian gentleman must qualify for a commission, and satisfy examiners appointed by the Crown that he has done so, before he can receive it. The process is this:—

In Prussia, as in other Continental countries not shaken up by the events

of 1798, there are schools wherein young gentlemen are educated, the poorer sort at the public expense, and all in a military spirit. These seminaries—Cadet Houses, as they are called—are five in number, of which four in the provinces receive boys from the age of twelve to sixteen, and then pass them on, if their relatives desire it, to the fifth—the cadet-house in Berlin. Though the teachers in these schools are all military men, and the dress of the boys, and the habits of the schools themselves, are formed upon a military model, the education is by no means professional. Neither is it exacted of the pupils as a condition that they shall enter the army; on the contrary, till the youth reach the highest class in the cadet house at Berlin, the education which he receives is of the most liberal kind, and he is perfectly free either to apply it to the business of civil life, or to seek employment, as is more generally done, in the profession of arms.

All young gentlemen, ambitious of obtaining commissions in the Prussian army, must, with the exception of 80 per annum, the cream or *selecta* of the class of which we are speaking, serve for at least nine months in the ranks. They apply, personally or through their relatives, to colonels of regiments, who nominate them to become ensigns; a rank just above that of corporal, and inferior to that of sergeant; to which, however, they cannot be admitted, unless they satisfy a royal board of Commissioners that they have received a good general education. Having passed this examination, they take the ordinary duties of a soldier, though associating, off parade, with the officers, and wearing a peculiar sword-knot; and if, at the end of nine months, the officers of the regiment approve of them, they pass into one of what are called the Division Schools, and there study for their second examination. This right of veto, if we may so call it, operates very powerfully in keeping up the aristocratic spirit of the Prussian army, and it is just to add, that it seems to be exercised on all occasions in a spirit of perfect fairness. Habits and manners at variance with those of good society,—any approach, however remote, to

untruth or dishonourable dealing—as surely exclude from advancement as a plebeian lineage. Indeed, they are much more effectual in barring the ensign from his lieutenancy, for though such promotions occur very rarely, there is no rule in the Prussian service to hinder the advancement of a meritorious soldier from the ranks to a commission.

At present there are in Prussia nine division-schools, corresponding to the number of army corps into which the standing force of the country is distributed. Admitted into these, the candidates for lieutenancies devote themselves entirely to military subjects—to fortification, artillery, tactics, military surveying (the theory), military literature, instruction in military duties, plan-drawing, gymnastics, riding, fencing. They are under the charge of officers taken chiefly from the staff-school, of whom the numbers are so great as to give to each aspirant well-nigh the benefit of special tuition. It is said that the division-schools are found to be too numerous, and that the Government proposes to reduce them to three. This is not improbable, nor can the arrangement be regretted, if it be the intention of the Prussian Government to keep these schools on their present footing. But should it be found advisable to expand the system, and to require further study, and an examination preparatory to the attainment of the rank of captain, then we cannot but think that, for an army so well organised as that of Prussia, nine division-schools will not be found too many. It appears that the average attendance of pupils in each does not, at the present moment, exceed ten or twelve. The course embraces nine months, and the young men repair, at the close of it, to Berlin, where they are examined, passed, or sent back again by a board appointed by the Crown.

Meanwhile, of the cadets educated at the cadet-house in Berlin, all except the *selecta* receive direct appointments, and join their regiments as ensigns, without being subjected to any other examination than that of the board which has passed them through. These must, however, like ensigns appointed by colonels, attend the division-schools, and be examined

for lieutenancies; whereas the selecta—the most distinguished youths of their standing—are kept one year more at the cadet-house, and acquire all the knowledge, and pass all the examinations there, which are required to secure a lieutenancy. If appointed to the infantry or cavalry, they go at once to their duty. If commissions be given them in the artillery or engineers, it is prefaced by a period more or less extensive of active service at the head-quarters of a regiment, so that, when they enter the school of united instruction, they apply themselves to subjects of which they have already acquired some practical knowledge. In point of fact, therefore, the early portion of the training required for the special arms in Prussia takes place in separate schools. It is only after they have become practical engineers and artillerymen that the officers of these arms pursue together studies that are common to both.

The United Artillery and Engineer School stands in the principal street in Berlin—the Unterderlinden—and is under the management of an officer of artillery or engineers, with a captain, who acts as his adjutant. Three officers of artillery, and one of engineers, assist in maintaining discipline. And there are, for educational purposes, twenty-three professors, of whom twelve are military men. The number of students ranges from 216 to 240—they all come from service with troops, except a few members of the selecta, and have all undergone, like the aspirants for other arms, a preliminary examination. Indeed, the only difference, in this respect, between them and other officers, lies here—that a more intimate acquaintance with mathematics is expected of candidates for the artillery and engineers than from youths desirous of serving either in the infantry or the cavalry.

The School of Artillery and Engineers is united so far as regards local situation. Neither the curricula of study, nor the results to which they lead, are exactly the same. The whole course covers three years, during the first of which only, the officers study together. In the second year a partial separation takes place, which becomes complete in the third year. Three

months in every year are given up to examinations, and to out-of-doors practical exercises,—only about three weeks, the last in the month of September, are allowed for vacation.

The examinations in this school are conducted by boards; that of the first year by the same which examines for commissions in the line—the Supreme Military Examinations Board; those of the two last by boards specially appointed from the two services. The whole establishment is controlled by a curatorium, consisting of the general inspectors of the corps of artillery and engineers, which, like every other body engaged in the military education of the country, reports to one head—the General Inspector of Military Education.

Artillery officers, having passed through the school, join their battalions as lieutenants, where their promotion goes on regimentally. But they are subjected to a further examination before they can obtain the rank of captain. Lieutenants of engineers, before becoming eligible for promotion, must serve seven years at least, of which three must be spent with a division of their corps, and three in some fortress to superintend the buildings. Both artillery and engineers are eligible, if they desire it, for service on the general staff to which they with others attain after a course of special training in what is called the War-School.

The war-school of Prussia stands, like the one of which we have been speaking, in Berlin, and is open to officers of every corps who shall have served three years at least with their regiments. The annual vacancies amount to 40, for which an average of 60 or 70 officers compete. The total number of pupils is 120, and the course comprises three years.

There are examinations preliminary to admission, which take place in the chief towns of the provinces where the competitors happen to be quartered. These are conducted entirely in writing, questions being sent by the board of examiners from Berlin, and answered in the presence of a staff officer, who sees that the candidates have only pens, ink, and paper wherewith to work. The ques-

tions being returned with their answers to Berlin, the latter are scrutinised, and the candidates accepted or rejected according to the decision at which the Examinations Board may arrive.

The subjects taught in the Staff-School are either obligatory or optional. Under the former head are included Tactics—Artillery—Field Fortification—Military and Political Administration and Economy—Mathematics, pure and mixed—during the first year. In the second the list comprises Tactics again—Permanent Fortification—Special Geography and Geology—History of War—Staff Duty—Art of Sieges—Military Jurisprudence.

The voluntary studies embrace Universal History—Universal Geography—Physical Geography—for the first year.

Universal History—Mathematics—Logic—Physics—The Horse—General History of Literature—Higher Geodesy—Chemistry—for the second year.

It is worthy of remark, that though the study of these latter subjects be considered as voluntary, they are not overlooked when an estimate of the merits of individuals is taken, and that, in point of fact, the students never entirely neglect them.

In the War-School, as well as elsewhere throughout Prussia, the professorial system of instruction is followed—the students being encouraged not only to take notes while the lectures are delivered, but to fill up and supplement their notes in their own apartments. With this view, examinations of particular papers take place very frequently, which are followed by examinations on a more extended scale once in three months, and again by examinations still more searching at the end of every year; according to the results of which young men are classified.

The staff in Prussia does not, like than in France, form a distinct corps. On the contrary, all officers from all branches of the service may qualify, and are all eligible to staff employment; of which the great advantage is, that, at the end of three years, lieutenants so employed are promoted to be captains. But no man

can serve for more than five consecutive years on the staff, without returning for three years at least to regimental duty. It is said that the staff prizes in Prussia are of little value, and that, lists of merit being neither published nor preserved, there is no positive security against the exercise of favouritism. This is very possible; but when we remember that not only is the topographical department manned exclusively from the staff school, but that officers educated there are employed as professors in all the military seminaries of the country, we shall scarcely come to the conclusion that, on the whole, the staff in the Prussian army is not fostered.

We cannot, within the limits at our disposal, touch at all upon the schools which are maintained in Prussia for the education of non-commissioned officers and of soldiers. It must suffice to state that they are both numerous and admirably managed, and that they all, equally with the schools for officers, carry on their operations under one management—that of the General Inspector of Military Education. To him all the examination boards report; and though the Minister of War regulates every question of finance, on all points relating to instruction and examination, the General Inspector communicates directly with the Sovereign. It is necessary to add, that he is assisted in his operations by a council or supreme board of military studies, which is made up of field officers of the staff, and of special arms, and of consultative assessors appointed by the minister of worship, and of professors chosen for the purpose.

If there be one institution in Austria which, before all others, deserves to be called national, it is the army. To perfect that in all its branches, and to draw towards it the talent and devotion of every one of the heterogeneous fragments of which the empire is composed, seems to be a leading object of the Government. One of the four co-ordinate branches of the War Office is especially intrusted with this duty. It has the management of not less than from three to four hundred thousand pounds annually, and educates free

from expense, or very nearly so, 5000 pupils. Nor is this all. The munificence of the emperor, grants from different provinces, and the gifts and legacies of generous individuals, have founded in Austria numerous exhibitions or bourses, by means of which almost as many more youths receive a gratuitous education, which is conducted throughout on a uniform plan, and seems admirably to effect its purpose. Hence we find that 5700 boys, ranging between the ages of seven and fifteen years, are always under training in military schools, in order to fit them for becoming non-commissioned officers; and that four cadet-houses, each containing 200 lads, act as feeders to the greater military academies, wherein young men are educated to supply officers to the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery, and the engineers. And not the least striking feature in the case is this—that whereas a large proportion of these young men are unable to defray the expense of their own education, they are educated and maintained either wholly or in part by the State.

The Commissioners seem to think, and we are disposed to agree with them, that the educational department of the Austrian army is the most perfect thing of its kind in Europe. Looking at the purpose which the Government seeks mainly to accomplish, it would be difficult to conceive a machine more skillfully put together, or better fitted to achieve its end. We find it working, always on the side of order, in companies, in battalions, in regiments, in divisions, and always working well. Indeed, it is not too much to say that a force of 400,000 men, raised by conscription out of many nations differing among themselves in language, in manners, and often in religion—is almost more completely welded into one by its school system than by anything else. And this admirable system seems to have been devised and perfected within a space of seven or eight years. We do not mean to say that, previously to the confusion of 1848, there was no such thing as special education in the Austrian army. Since the reign of Maria Theresa, Austria has never been with-

out her military schools, which received from time to time such modifications and additions as to successive monarchs appeared to be desirable. But the changes effected since 1848 amount wellnigh to a revolution, of which the results already show themselves in the practical improvement which is perceptible in every branch of the service.

Austria, like France, raises her army by conscription. Instead, however, of accepting substitutes provided by individuals, she permits individuals to purchase themselves off, and applies the smart-money, £150, to the exclusive use of the recruit whom she brings in for herself. She gives him the interest of this money, additional to his pay, so long as he serves, and hands over to him the principal, wherewith to set up in civil life when he claims his discharge. The Austrian, like the English soldier, used formerly to be taken for unlimited service; he is now drawn for eight years only, with two years more of liability in the reserve. But if there be no war, or any prospect of a war, he may apply for leave to return home at the end of six years, and the boon is seldom refused him.

Promotion from the ranks is not absolutely against the customs of the Austrian army, but it is of rare occurrence except in the artillery, and even in that arm it is much less common than it used to be. It is not, however, impracticable in any branch of the service, and arrangements are in progress with the view, as it would appear, of rendering the custom more frequent. As a general rule, about 19 out of 20 of the officers of infantry and cavalry make their way into the service as cadets. They are appointed on the nomination of the colonels or proprietors of regiments, though not till after an official inquiry into their previous character and circumstances, and an examination before a board of officers appointed by the general commanding the district within which they reside. So long as they remain in the grade of cadet, these young gentlemen live like private soldiers, and are required to attend a regimental school, into which the most promising of the non-commissioned

officers are also admitted. The subjects taught there are, during the first year—1. The language spoken in the regiment—2. Arithmetic—3. Calligraphy and writing from dictation—4. Composition on military subjects—5. Geography and history—6. Military drawing—7. Rules and regulations—8. Fencing, gymnastics, swimming. During the second year, which completes the course, are taught—1. The language of the regiment—2. Elementary geometry and practical surveying—3. Calligraphy—4. Military composition—5. Geography and history—6. Arms and ammunitions—7. Military law—8. Military drawing on the ground—9. Pioneering—10. General rules for campaigning—11. Fencing, gymnastics, swimming.

A youth must be at least sixteen years of age before he can become a cadet. He may be promoted to a lieutenantcy next day, should a vacancy occur; and he may never be promoted at all if there be anything about him which indisposes his brother officers to look upon him with favour. He is not, however, relieved from study when he becomes a lieutenant, but passes into another regimental school, which all subalterns are required to attend, and which holds its sittings for one hour and a half, three days in every week, from the beginning of November to the end of April. Instruction is communicated in this school chiefly by oral lectures, one of which, on language, may be taken by the regimental chaplain. It includes—1st, the duties of an officer in every situation, with his regiment and detached—such as the keeping of accounts, making reports, &c. &c.; 2d, the rules of drill, exercise, and manoeuvre; 3d, the details of arms; 4th, the language spoken in the regiment; 5th, fencing and practice with fire-arms. In cavalry regiments all this instruction goes forward in the School of Equitation; and, to test the proficiency of the pupils, themes are set, on which captains, equally with subalterns, are required to write. The subjects of these themes are strictly professional—such as the mode of handling detachments of troops, composed sometimes of one

arm, sometimes of two, and sometimes of more than two arms, under given circumstances, in a campaign. The papers, when completed, are examined by the commanding officer, and by him sent on, through the Brigadier and General of Division, to head-quarters; and the professional prospects of the writer are very much settled according as his essays command the approbation or the censure of his superiors.

We have dwelt somewhat at length on this feature in the Austrian plan, partly because it is peculiar, and partly because it helps us, in combination with the Division Schools of Prussia, to arrive at a possible issue even richer in promise than either can separately hold out. We must compress what remains to be said of the greater military schools of the Empire into the shortest possible compass. They are, as we have already stated, four in number—one in which candidates for commissions in the infantry and cavalry are educated together—one in which candidates for the artillery are educated—one in which candidates for the engineers are trained—and a staff or war school. We believe that the want of a separate cavalry school has been admitted, and that preparations are making to create one; and that a sort of senior department is in contemplation, where, after completing their separate courses, artillery and engineer officers may prosecute more advanced studies in common. But our present business is only with the establishments which exist; and the narrowing limits at our command warn us to render our account of these as concise as shall be consistent with any degree of perspicuity.

The School of Candidates for Commissions in the Infantry and Cavalry has its seat at Wiener-Neustadt, a small but famous town on the line of railway to Trieste, about thirty miles from Vienna. It accommodates four hundred lads, who enter one hundred every year, between the ages of fifteen and sixteen, either from the cadet-houses, of which there are four—at Hamburg, Marburg, Cracow, and Strass—or from civil life, after a pretty sharp examination, which is not, however, strictly speaking,

competitive. The subjects chiefly taught are—Analytical Geometry and Higher Analysis—Mechanics, Spherical Trigonometry—Mathematical Geography and Triangulation—Descriptive Geography and Surveying—Natural Philosophy and Chemistry—French, Italian, Hungarian and Bohemian languages—History and Geography—Logic and Psychology—Military Writing—Military Law and Procedure—International Law—Fortification—Architecture—Arms and Munitions—Knowledge of Ground and Position, and Military Drawing. There are the usual accompaniments of drill, equitation, fencing, gymnastics, swimming, &c.; and to the honour of Austria be it added, that religious instruction is not overlooked, from the beginning to the end of the course.

The course itself comprehends four years, during the two first of which theoretical instruction, such as pure mathematics, is completed. The two last years are devoted entirely to professional study, and there are periodical examinations. The staff of instructors of government, and of attendance, is enormous—amounting to not fewer than three hundred and eight persons; and sixty-four horses are kept for the use of the students. Of the munificence of the Government we have elsewhere spoken, which, not content to defray, wholly or in part, the cost of maintaining and educating the larger portion of these young men, supplies every officer when he goes to join an infantry regiment, with a complete outfit. Service in the cavalry appears to be reserved for the sons of men of wealth; they are accordingly supplied only with their horses, and their relatives are required to guarantee to them a certain annual allowance over and above their pay.

The Artillery Academy, situated at Olmutz, is fed partly from the cadet-houses and partly from school companies, of which four belong exclusively to this arm. It is in the school companies, of which, over and above these four, the Austrian army can boast of not fewer than sixteen, that meritorious soldiers receive such an education as fits them for becoming non-commissioned officers. And

it is the cream of the artillery school companies which send as many as forty pupils into the academy, where, with a hundred and sixty passed on from the cadet-houses, they are trained to become officers. The course of study at Olmutz, like that at Wiener-Neustadt, extends over four years, and the staff is very large. Not fewer than a hundred and ninety-two persons are engaged in the government, and care, and instruction of two hundred students, who receive in consequence, such an education as is probably not bestowed on any other similar body of young men in the world. We are old enough to remember the time when the Austrian artillery was considered the worst in Europe. It is said now to be making extraordinary strides upwards, and will doubtless, when the new system has had time to develop its energies, take its place in the foremost rank of excellence.

The Engineer Academy at Gmünd is recruited from the same sources, which send their annual shoals of aspirants to Olmutz. Forty young men come from the school companies of engineers and pioneers, and a hundred and sixty from civil life. There is a preliminary examination for the latter class of candidates, similar, in all respects, to that adopted at Olmutz; and the course extends, as elsewhere, over four years. Examinations seem to be very frequent, and the curriculum is wisely managed—term after term rendering the instruction more practical, till in the end, it becomes exactly such as seems best calculated to supply the army with an accomplished body of engineers.

Though the Staff School at Vienna dates no further back than four years ago, staff employment has, for more than a century, been the prize in the Austrian army of superior attainments, tested by a severe if not exactly a competitive, examination. The custom was this: Any officer desirous of serving on the staff, applied for a recommendation to the colonel of his regiment, and was sent, when so recommended, to some large garrisoned town, where, in company with other candidates, he began a course of staff-study. For two years he was employed in drawing, survey-

ing, writing military memoirs, mapping the country, &c.; and for two years more he served with troops of the several arms on active staff-duty. An examination then took place of all the candidates within the district, before the chief of the staff, and a board of officers nominated to assist him. There is nothing to show that a very accurate record of the results of these examinations was kept, but public opinion justifies the conclusion that the best of the candidates, in almost every instance, carried off the prize.

There is a distinct Staff Corps in Austria as in France, consisting of a chief, twelve colonels, twelve lieutenant-colonels, twenty-four majors, eighty captains. Besides these, it is settled that there shall be eighty attachés, who shall serve with their respective regiments till vacancies in the staff corps occur. The attachés may be subalterns, but, immediately on acceding to the staff corps, they receive the rank of captain; and if second-lieutenants when taken into the class of attachés, they are at once promoted to be first-lieutenants.

The staff corps discharges in the Austrian army all the duties which with us devolve on what is called the general staff, and a great many more, which we, very unfairly, expect our officers of engineers to perform. There is a separate corps of adjutants, or aides-de-camp, who are charged with administrative duties only, for admission into which no examination is required. It consists of eleven generals, eighteen lieutenant-colonels, eighteen majors, ten second-captains, ten first-lieutenants. Generals commanding army corps and divisions are, it appears, allowed to appoint their own adjutants; but if some loophole be left open by this arrangement for the entrance of patronage, nepotism is at all events excluded, for the only restriction placed upon the general is that he shall not on any account select a relative to be his adjutant or aide-de-camp.

Attached to the staff corps, and in some measure growing out of it, is the corps of geographical engineers—a small band of officers charged with the special duty of reducing maps and plans which staff officers

may have drawn. The members of this corps are usually employed on the great surveys of the empire; and having had the opportunity of inspecting many of the maps which owe to them their existence, we can vouch for the accuracy as well as for the extreme beauty, of their execution.

Preliminary to joining the staff corps, either as an officer or as an attaché, the candidate must pass two years in the staff school, to which he is admitted after two years' service with his regiment, provided he be unmarried, and between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-six. The school is small, containing not more than thirty students, of whom fifteen pass out every year. The studies are directed by seven professors, of whom all, except the teacher of French, are military men. The subjects taught do not appear to be numerous; but they are such as it behoves a staff officer thoroughly to understand. In the first year candidates study—1. Military drawing and the study of ground; 2. Higher tactics; 3. Staff duties; 4. French language and literature; 5. Riding. The second year is devoted to—1. Military drawing and the study of ground; 2. Military geography; 3. Principles of strategy as taught by reviews of campaigns; 4. French language and literature; 5. Riding. The entrance examination is strictly competitive, and the place of the officer in the corps is assigned to him on quitting the school according to the estimate which has been formed of his fitness in all respects to serve the State usefully. "We try," said the correspondent of the *Commissioners*, "to estimate the whole man, whether he will make a good 'Colonnen Führer' (or leader of a column);" a wise method, which, when our own staff school is formed, cannot be too strongly recommended for imitation to its managers.

It is with extreme regret that we find ourselves compelled to omit all notice of the admirable machinery wherewith the Austrian Government seeks not only to awaken and cultivate the intellects of that large body of men whom it employs as non-commissioned officers in its army,

but to connect the classes of officers and non-commissioned officers together by a chain of sympathy which cannot be broken. We wish that we could even transcribe the chart of Austrian military schools which the commissioners have appended to their report. It would then be seen at a single glance how, from twelve lower houses of education, in each of which two hundred boys are maintained, four cadet-houses, with their two hundred youths respectively, are fed, and how these four cadet-houses feed in part, though not entirely, four higher academies, of one of which we have taken no notice, because it trains young men for the service of the navy. It would further appear how subordinate to these schools for officers, and by various threads interlaced with them, is established one upper house of education, containing two thousand four hundred aspirant non-commissioned officers, who go off, as circumstances direct, to school companies of the infantry, of the cavalry of the frontier regiments, of the artillery, of the engineers, of the pioneers of the flotilla, and of the marine. Nor must we forget to particularise the normal school which trains at Wiener-Neustadt sixty non-commissioned officers to become teachers in these minor schools. But it would be hopeless to think of approaching the subject. It is too large to be handled in detail. It is by far too important to bear abridgment. We can only recommend it to the careful study of such of our readers as take any interest in the investigation of a problem, of all that have in modern times occupied the attention of thoughtful men certainly not the least important.

The last Continental country visited by the Commissioners was Piedmont, or, as it is called in the report, Sardinia. They appear to have devoted less time to this part of their subject than to others, and to have been less favoured by circumstances. Indeed it would seem, from their account of the matter, that the military institutions of Piedmont are still in a transition state, for which reason, as well as because of the limited scale on which they are framed, they demand but brief notice at our hands.

There is at Turin a general military college, into which lads are admitted from fourteen years of age and upwards, and of which the common course comprehends four years, with one additional year for young men selected for the service of the artillery and engineers. Admission to this, the *Regia Accademia Militare*, is by nomination from the Crown; and the establishment, which appears never to be full, is fixed at two hundred students. About half of these are partially supported by the State, on the principle of the semi-bourses in France, with this marked difference between the two systems, that whereas in France bourses and semi-bourses are thrown open to competition, in Piedmont they are the free gift of the Crown to the sons of men who have served the State faithfully in civil or military life.

Besides the *Accademia Militare*, Piedmont has its practical school of artillery and engineers, to which officers, after receiving their commissions, repair, and in which they are supposed to spend two years. The subjects taught are—1. Mineralogy and metallurgy; 2. Introduction to applied mechanics; 3. Theory of the combustion of gunpowder and projectiles; 4. Use of artillery, construction of batteries; service in the field; 5. Permanent fortifications; 6. Military bridges; 7. Artillery material; 8. Manufacture of arms and pyrotechnics. All these are studied in common by officers of artillery and engineers. The latter are specially instructed over and above in—1. Civil and military architecture; 2. Topography; 3. Geology. The artillery and engineer services appear to be great favourites with the Piedmontese, and are officered chiefly by the more aristocratic classes of society. They are both admirable of their kind. The staff seems to be less sought after; and the education given to candidates for the corps is in consequence less perfect. Indeed, the whole course of the staff school extends over little more than eleven months, of which six are devoted to theoretical study, and five to practical. Topography and plan-drawing, preceded by the necessary lectures in arithmetic, geometry, and

trigonometry, occupy the former of these periods. The latter is devoted to the laws and customs which guide the administration of the army, and to riding.

But the point which most distinguishes the military system of Piedmont from that of other nations is this, that she requires the whole of her officers, except those of the special arms, to spend a year in one or other of the military schools at Ivrea and Pinerol before they can attain the rank of captain. The school of Ivrea is for infantry, that of Pinerol for cavalry; and a mixed class, for the benefit of officers raised from the ranks, has recently been added to the former. Practical subjects are chiefly studied in these schools, as, for example, drill, fencing, exercise, with different arms, musketry, regulations and accounts of the army; but topography, field-fortification, and the secondary operations of war, are added, in each of which the subaltern, before he is considered eligible for promotion, must pass an examination.

To maintain and render effective the several establishments here enumerated, the four countries visited by the Commissioners submit to a very large outlay. Austria, as we have shown, expends about £400,000 a-year in this manner; of which the enormous sum of £127,000 appears to be devoted to the education of officers exclusively. In France the annual expenditure amounts to £72,000, of which £42,000 is absorbed by the education of officers alone; while in Prussia, a much poorer country than France, the training of officers requires the outlay of £26,000. In England we have our two depart-

ments at Sandhurst—the junior for cadets, the senior for officers—with Woolwich, and Addiscombe, and Chatham, wherein young men are trained for the artillery and engineer services by the Crown, and by the East India Company. Yet the total annual outlay incurred by the nation (we put out of view the arrangements made by the Company) falls something short of £5000. Is it to be wondered at, if, in the Crimea and elsewhere, our armies, victorious in the field, break down for lack of skill and resources in military administration?

We hope and believe that better days are coming. After a good deal of hesitation and controversy, the inevitable result of our mixed system at headquarters, a Military Commission has been appointed, under the presidency of His Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-Chief, with instructions by the Crown to prepare a plan for the better education of officers of all arms, and especially of the Staff. The Commission is to report in detail; and we notice that one section of the promised results of its labours is already in the printer's hands. The task which we have set ourselves would be very incomplete did we not pause before taking further steps in advance till the document on Education had reached us. We must therefore crave the indulgence of our readers for a month, at the end of which we hope to lay before them, not only an outline of the measures which may be suggested by others, but our own views of what this country can and ought to do towards the accomplishment of so important a purpose.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART IV.

BY FINESTRATUS GAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER XIII.

He who sees his heir in his own child, carries his eye over hopes and possessions lying far beyond his gravestone, viewing his life, even here, as a period but closed with a comma. He who sees his heir in another man's child, sees the full stop at the end of the sentence.

LIONEL's departure was indefinitely postponed; nothing more was said of it. Meanwhile Darrell's manner towards him underwent a marked change. The previous indifference the rich kinsman had hitherto shown as to the boy's past life, and the peculiarities of his intellect and character, wholly vanished. He sought now, on the contrary, to plumb thoroughly the more hidden depths which lurk in the nature of every human being, and which, in Lionel, were the more difficult to discern from the vivacity and candour which covered with so smooth and charming a surface a pride tremulously sensitive, and an ambition that startled himself in the hours when solitude and reverie reflect upon the visions of Youth the giant outline of its own hopes.

Darrell was not dissatisfied with the results of his survey; yet often, when perhaps most pleased, a shade would pass over his countenance; and, had a woman who loved him been by to listen, she would have heard the short slight sigh which came and went too quickly for the duller sense of man's friendship to recognise it as the sound of sorrow.

In Darrell himself, thus insensibly altered, Lionel daily discovered more to charm his interest and deepen his affection. In this man's nature there were, indeed, such wondrous under-currents of sweetness, so suddenly gushing forth, so suddenly vanishing again! And exquisite in him were the traits of that sympathetic tact which the world calls fine breeding, but which comes only from a heart at once chivalrous and tender, the more bewitching in Darrell from their contrast with a manner unusually cold,

and a bearing so stamped with masculine, self-walled, haughty power. Thus days went on as if Lionel had become a very child of the house. But his sojourn was in truth drawing near to a close not less abrupt and unexpected than the turn in his host's humour to which he owed the delay of his departure.

One bright afternoon, as Darrell was standing at the window of his private study, Fairthorn, who had crept in on some matter of business, looked at his countenance long and wistfully, and then, shambling up to his side, put one hand on his shoulder with a light timid touch, and, pointing with the other to Lionel, who was lying on the grass in front of the casement reading the *Faerie Queen*, said, "Why do you take him to your heart if he does not comfort it?"

Darrell winced, and answered gently, "I did not know you were in the room. Poor Fairthorn; thank you!"

"Thank me!—what for?"

"For a kind thought. So, then, you like the boy?"

"Mayn't I like him?" asked Fairthorn, looking rather frightened; "surely you do!"

"Yes, I like him much; I am trying my best to love him. But, but!"—Darrell turned quickly, and the portrait of his father over the mantelpiece came full upon his sight—an impressive, a haunting face—sweet and gentle, yet with the high narrow brow and arched nostril of pride, with restless melancholy eyes, and an expression that revealed the delicacy of intellect, but not its power. There was something forlorn, yet imposing, in the whole effigy. As you continued to look at the countenance, the mourn-

ful attraction grew upon you. Truly a touching and most lovable aspect. Darrell's eyes moistened.

"Yes, my father, it is so!" he said softly. "All my sacrifices were in vain. The race is not to be rebuilt! No grandchild of yours will succeed me—me, the last of the old line! Fairthorn, how *can* I love that boy? He may be my heir, and in his veins not a drop of my father's blood!"

"But he has the blood of your father's ancestors; and why must you think of him as your heir?—you, who, if you would but go again into the world, might yet find a fair wi——"

With such a stamp came Darrell's foot upon the floor that the holy and conjugal monosyllable dropping from Fairthorn's lips was as much cut in two as if a shark had snapt it. Un-speakably frightened, the poor man sidled away, thrust himself behind a tall reading-desk, and, peering aslant from that covert, whimpered out, "Don't, don't now, don't be so awful; I did not mean to offend, but I'm always saying something I did not mean; and really you look so young—still (coaxingly), and, and——"

Darrell, the burst of rage over, had sunk upon a chair, his face bowed over his hands, and his breast heaving as if with suppressed sobs.

The musician forgot his fear; he sprang forward, almost upsetting the tall desk; he flung himself on his knees at Darrell's feet, and exclaimed

in broken words, "Master, master, forgive me! Beast that I was! Do look up—do smile, or else beat me—kick me."

Darrell's right hand slid gently from his face, and fell into Fairthorn's clasp.

"Hush, hush," muttered the man of granite; "one moment and it will be over."

One moment? That might be but a figure of speech; yet before Lionel had finished half the canto that was plunging him into fairyland, Darrell was standing by him with his ordinary tranquil mien; and Fairthorn's flute from behind the boughs of a neighbouring lime-tree was breathing out an air as dulcet as if careless Fauns still piped in Arcady, and Grief were a far dweller on the other side of the mountains, of whom shepherds, reclining under summer leaves, speak as we speak of hydras and unicorns, and things in fable.

On, on swelled the mellow, mellow, witching music; and now the worn man with his secret sorrow, and the boy with his frank glad laugh, are passing away, side by side, over the turf, with its starry and golden wild-flowers, under the boughs in yon Druid copse, from which they start the ringdove—farther and farther, still side by side, now out of sight, as if the dense green of the summer had closed around them like waves. But still the flute sounds on, and still they hear it, softer and softer as they go. Hark! do you not hear it—you?

CHAPTER XIV.

There are certain events which to each man's life are as comets to the earth, seemingly strange and erratic portents; distinct from the ordinary lights which guide our course and mark our seasons, yet true to their own laws, potent in their own influences. Philosophy speculates on their effects, and disputes upon their uses; men who do not philosophise, regard them as special messengers and bodes of evil.

They came out of the little park into a by-lane; a vast tract of common land, yellow with furze, and undulated with swell and hollow spreading in front; to their right the dark beechwoods, still beneath the weight of the July noon. Lionel had been talking about the *Fairie Queen*, knight-errantry, the sweet impossible dream-life that, safe from Time, glides by bower and hall,

through magic forests and by witching caves, in the world of poet-books. And Darrell listened, and the flute-notes mingled with the atmosphere faint and far off, like voices from that world itself.

Out then they came, this broad waste land before them; and Lionel said merrily,

"But this is the very scene! Here the young knight, leaving his father's

hall, would have checked his *deestrier*, glancing wistfully now over that green wild which seems so boundless, now to the 'umbrageous horror' of those breathless woodlands, and questioned himself which way to take for adventure."

"Yes," said Darrell, coming out from his long reserve on all that concerned his past life—"Yes, and the gold of the gorse-blossoms tempted me; and I took the waste land." He paused a moment, and renewed: "And then, when I had known cities and men, and snatched romance from dull matter-of-fact, then I would have done as civilisation does with romance itself—I would have enclosed the waste land for my own aggrandisement. Look," he continued, with a sweep of the hand round the width of prospect, "All that you see to the verge of the horizon, some fourteen years ago, was to have been thrown into the petty paddock we have just quitted, and serve as park round the house I was then building. Vanity of human wishes! What but the several proportions of their common folly distinguishes the baffled squire from the arrested conqueror? Man's characteristic cerebral organ must certainly be acquisitiveness."

"Was it his organ of acquisitiveness that moved Themistocles to boast that 'he could make a small state great?'"

"Well remembered—ingeniously quoted," returned Darrell, with the polite bend of his stately head. "Yes, I suspect that the coveting organ had much to do with the boast. To build a name was the earliest dream of Themistocles, if we are to accept the anecdote that makes him say, 'The trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep.' To build a name, or to create a fortune, are but varying applications of one human passion. The desire of something we have not is the first of our childish remembrances; it matters not what form it takes, what object it longs for; still it is to acquire; it never deserts us while we live."

"And yet, if I might, I should like to ask, what you now desire that you do not possess."

"I—nothing; but I spoke of the living! I am dead. Only," added

Darrell, with his silvery laugh, "I say, as poor Chesterfield said before me, 'it is a secret—keep it.'"

Lionel made no reply; the melancholy of the words saddened him; but Darrell's manner repelled the expression of sympathy or of interest; and the boy fell into conjecture—what had killed to the world this man's intellectual life?

And thus silently they continued to wander on till the sound of the flute had long been lost in their ears. Was the musician playing still?

At length they came round to the other end of Fawley village, and Darrell again became animated.

"Perhaps," said he, returning to the subject of talk that had been abruptly suspended—"perhaps the love of power is at the head of each restless courtship of Fortune; yet, after all, who has the power with less alloy than the village thane? With so little effort, so little thought, the man in the manor house can make men in the cottage happier here below, and more fit for a hereafter yonder. In leaving the world I come from contest and pilgrimage, like our sires the Crusaders, to reign at home."

As he spoke, he entered one of the cottages. An old paralytic man was seated by the fire, hot though the July sun was out of doors; and his wife of the same age and almost as helpless, was reading to him a chapter in the Old Testament—the fifth chapter in Genesis, containing the genealogy, age, and death of the patriarchs before the Flood. How the faces of the couple brightened when Darrell entered. "Master Guy!" said the old man tremulously rising. The world-weary orator and lawyer was still Master Guy to him.

"Sit down, Matthew, and let me read you a chapter." Darrell took the Holy Book, and read the Sermon on the Mount. Never had Lionel heard anything like that reading; the feeling which brought out the depth of the sense, the tones, sweeter than the flute, which clothed the divine words in music. As Darrell ceased, some beauty seemed gone from the day. He lingered a few minutes, talking kind and familiarly, and then, turned into another cot-

tage, where lay a sick woman. He listened to her ailments, promised to send her something to do her good from his own stores, cheered up her spirits, and, leaving her happy, turned to Lionel with a glorious smile, that seemed to ask, "And is there not power in this?"

But it was the sad peculiarity of this remarkable man, that all his moods were subject to rapid and seemingly unaccountable variations. It was as if some great blow had fallen on the mainspring of his organization, and left its original harmony broken up into fragments, each impressive in itself, but running one into the other with an abrupt discord, as a harp played upon by the winds. For, after this evident effort at self-consolation or self-support, in soothing or strengthening others, suddenly Darrell's head fell again upon his breast, and he walked on, up the village lane, heeding no longer either the open doors of expectant cottagers, or the salutations of humble passers-by. "And I could have been so happy here!" he said suddenly. "Can I not be so yet? Ay, perhaps, when I am thoroughly old—tied to the world but by the thread of an hour. Old men do seem happy; behind them all memories faint, save those of childhood and sprightly youth; before them, the narrow ford, and the sun dawning up the clouds on the other shore. 'Tis the critical descent into age in which man is surely most troubled; griefs gone, still rankling; nor, strength yet in his limbs, passion yet in his heart, reconciled to what loom nearest in the prospect—the arm-chair and the palsied head. Well! life is a quaint puzzle. Bits the most incongruous join into each other, and the scheme thus gradually becomes symmetrical and clear; when lo! as the infant claps his hands, and cries, 'See, see! the puzzle is made out!' all the pieces are swept back into the box—black box with gilded nails. Ho! Lionel, look up; there is our village Church, and here, close at my right, the Churchyard!"

Now while Darrell and his young companion were directing their gaze to the right of the village lane, towards the small grey church—

towards the sacred burial-ground in which, here and there amongst humbler graves, stood the monumental stone inscribed to the memory of some former Darrell, for whose remains the living sod had been preferred to the family vault; while both slowly neared the funeral spot, and leant, silent and musing, over the rail that fenced it from the animals turned to graze on the sward of the surrounding green,—a foot-traveller, a stranger in the place, loitered on the threshold of the small wayside inn, about fifty yards off to the left of the lane, and looked hard at the still figures of the two kinsmen.

Turning then to the hostess, who was standing somewhat within the threshold, a glass of brandy-and-water in her hand (the third glass that stranger had called for during his half-hour's rest in the hostelry), quoth the man—

"The taller gentleman yonder is surely your squire, is it not? but who is the shorter and younger person?"

The landlady put forth her head.

"Oh! that is a relation of the squire's down on a visit, sir. I heard coachman say that the squire's taken to him hugely; and they do think at the hall that the young gentleman will be his heir."

"Aha!—indeed—his heir? What is the lad's name? What relation can he be to Mr. Darrell?"

"I don't know what relation exactly, sir; but he is one of the Haughtons, and they've been kin to the Fawley folks time out of mind."

"Haughton!—aha! Thank you, ma'am. Change, if you please."

The stranger tossed off his dram, and stretched his hand for his change.

"Beg pardon, sir, but this must be forring money," said the landlady, turning a five franc piece on her palm with suspicious curiosity.

"Foreign! is it possible?" The stranger dived again into his pocket, and apparently with some difficulty hunted out half-a-crown.

"Sixpence more, if you please, sir; three brandies, and bread and cheese, and the ale too, sir."

"How stupid I am! I thought that French coin was a five shilling piece. I fear I have no English money about me but this half-crown; and I

can't ask you to trust me, as you don't know me."

"Oh, sir, 'tis all one if you know the squire. You may be passing this way again."

"I shall not forget my debt when I do, you may be sure," said the stranger; and, with a nod, he walked away in the same direction as Darrell and Lionel had already taken—through a turnstile by a public path that, skirting the churchyard and the neighbouring parsonage, led along a cornfield to the demesnes of Fawley.

The path was narrow, the corn rising on either side, so that two persons could not well walk abreast. Lionel was some paces in advance, Darrell walking slow. The stranger followed at a distance; once or twice he quickened his pace, as if resolved to overtake Darrell; then, apparently, his mind misgave him, and he again fell back.

There was something furtive and sinister about the man. Little could be seen of his face, for he wore a large hat of foreign make, slouched deep over his brow, and his lips and jaw were concealed by a dark and full mustache and beard. As much of the general outline of the countenance as remained distinguishable was, nevertheless, decidedly handsome; but a complexion naturally rich in colour, seemed to have gained the heated look which comes with the earlier habits of intemperance, before it fades into the leaden hues of the later.

His dress bespoke pretension to a certain rank; but its component parts were strangely ill-assorted, out of date, and out of repair: pearl-coloured trousers, with silk braids down their sides; brodequins to match—Parisian fashion three years back, but the trousers shabby, the braiding discoloured, the brodequins in holes. The coat—once a black evening-dress coat—of a cut a year or two anterior to that of the trousers; satin facings—cloth napless, satin stained. Over all, a sort of summer travelling-cloak, or rather large cape of a waterproof silk, once the extreme mode with the Lions of the *Chaussée d'Antin* whenever they ventured to rove to Swiss cantons or

German spas; but which, from a certain dainty effeminacy in its shape and texture, required the minutest elegance in the general costume of its wearer, as well as the cleanliest purity in itself. Worn by this traveller, and well nigh worn out too, the cape became a finery, mournful as a tattered pennon over a wreck.

Yet in spite of this dress, however unbecoming, shabby, obsolete, a second glance could scarcely fail to note the wearer as a man wonderfully well shaped—tall, slender in the waist, long of limb, but with a girth of chest that showed immense power—one of those rare figures that a female eye would admire for grace—a recruiting sergeant for athletic strength.

But still the man's whole bearing and aspect, even apart from the dismal incongruities of his attire, which gave him the air of a beggared spendthrift, marred the favourable effect that physical comeliness in itself produces. Difficult to describe how—difficult to say why—but there is a look which a man gets, and a gait which he contracts, when the rest of mankind cut him; and this man had that look and that gait.

"So, so," muttered the stranger. "That boy his heir!—so, so. How can I get to speak to him? In his own house he would not see me: it must be as now, in the open air; but how catch him alone? and to lurk in the inn, in his own village—perhaps for a day—to watch an occasion; impossible! Besides, where is the money for it? Courage, courage!" He quickened his pace, pushed back his hat. "Courage! Why not now? Now or never!"

While the man thus mutteringly soliloquised, Lionel had reached the gate which opened into the grounds of Fawley, just in the rear of the little lake. Over the gate he swung himself lightly, and, turning back to Darrell, cried, "Here is the doe waiting to welcome you."

Just as Darrell, scarcely heeding the exclamation, and with his musing eyes on the ground, approached the gate, a respectful hand opened it wide, a submissive head bowed low, a voice artificially soft faltered forth words, broken and indistinct, but of

which those most audible were,—
“Pardon me—something to communicate—important—bear me.”

Darrell started—just as the traveller almost touched him—started—recoiled, as one on whose path rises a wild beast. His bended head became erect, haughty, indignant, defying; but his cheek was pale, and his lip quivered. “You here! You in England—at Fawley! You presume to accost me! You, sir, you—”

Lionel just caught the sound of the voice as the doe had come timidly up to him. He turned round sharply, and beheld Darrell’s stern, imperious countenance, on which, stern and imperious though it was, a hasty glance could discover, at once, a surprise, that almost bordered upon fear. Of the stranger still holding the gate he saw but the back, and his voice he did not hear, though by the man’s gesture he was evidently replying. Lionel paused a moment, irresolute; but as the man continued to speak, he saw Darrell’s face grow paler and paler, and in the impulse of a vague alarm he hastened towards him; but just within three feet of the spot, Darrell arrested his steps.

“Go home, Lionel; this person would speak to me in private.” Then, in a lower tone, he said to the stranger, “Close the gate, sir; you are standing upon the land of my fathers. If you would speak with me, this way;” and brushing through the corn, Darrell strode towards a patch of waste land that adjoined the field: the man followed him, and both passed from Lionel’s eyes. The doe had come to the gate to greet her master; she now rested her nostrils on the bar, with a look disappointed and plaintive.

“Come,” said Lionel, “come.”
The doe would not stir.

So the boy walked on alone, not much occupied with what had just passed. “Doubtless,” thought he, “some person in the neighbourhood upon country business.”

He skirted the lake, and seated himself on a garden bench near the house. What did he there think of—who knows? Perhaps of the Great World; perhaps of little Sophy! Time fled on: the sun was receding in the west, when Darrell hurried past him without speaking, and entered the house.

The host did not appear at dinner, nor all that evening. Mr. Mills made an excuse—Mr. Darrell did not feel very well.

Fairthorn had Lionel all to himself, and having within the last few days reindulged in open cordiality to the young guest, he was especially communicative that evening. He talked much on Darrell, and with all the affection that, in spite of his fear, the poor flute-player felt for his ungracious patron. He told many anecdotes of the stern man’s tender kindness to all that came within its sphere. He told also anecdotes more striking of the kind man’s sternness where some obstinate prejudice, some ruling passion, made him “granite.”

“Lord, my dear young sir,” said Fairthorn, “be his most bitter open enemy, and fall down in the mire, the first hand to help you would be Guy Darrell’s; but be his professed friend, and betray him to the worth of a straw, and never try to see his face again if you are wise—the most forgiving and the least forgiving of human beings. But—

The study door noiselessly opened, and Darrell’s voice called out,

“Fairthorn, let me speak with you.”

CHAPTER XV.

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.

The next morning, neither Darrell nor Fairthorn appeared at breakfast; but as soon as Lionel had concluded that meal, Mr. Mills informed him, with customary politeness, that Mr.

Darrell wished to speak with him in the study. Study, across the threshold of which Lionel had never yet set footstep! He entered it now with a sentiment of mingled curiosity and

awe. Nothing in it remarkable, save the portrait of the host's father over the mantelpiece. Books strewed tables, chairs, and floors in the disorder loved by habitual students. Near the window was a glass bowl containing gold fish, and close by, in its cage, a singing-bird. Darrell might exist without companionship in the human species, but not without something which he protected and cherished—a bird—even a fish.

Darrell looked really ill; his keen eye was almost dim, and the lines in his face seemed deeper. But he spoke with his usual calm passionless melody of voice.

"Yes," he said, in answer to Lionel's really anxious inquiry; "I am ill. Idle persons like me give way to illness. When I was a busy man, I never did; and then illness gave way to me. My general plans are thus, if not actually altered, at least hurried to their consummation sooner than I expected. Before you came here, I told you to come soon, or you might not find me. I meant to go abroad this summer; I shall now start at once. I need the change of scene and air. You will return to London to-day."

"To-day! You are not angry with me."

"Angry! boy, and cousin—no!" resumed Darrell in a tone of unusual tenderness. "Angry—fie! But since the parting must be, 'tis well to abridge the pain of long farewells. You must wish, too, to see your mother, and thank her for rearing you up so that you may step from poverty into ease with a head erect. You will give to Mrs. Haughton this letter; for yourself, your inclinations seem to tend towards the army. But before you decide on that career, I should like you to see something more of the world. Call to-morrow on Colonel Morley, in Curzon Street; this is his address. He will receive by to-day's post a note from me, requesting him to advise you. Follow his counsels in what belongs to the world. He is a man of the world—a distant connection of mine—who will be kind to you for my sake. Is there more to say? Yes. It seems an ungracious speech; but I should speak it. Consider yourself sure from

me of an independent income. Never let idle sycophants lead you into extravagance, by telling you that you will have more. But indulge not the expectation, however plausible, that you will be my heir."

"Mr. Darrell—oh, sir—"

"Hush—the expectation would be reasonable; but I am a strange being. I might marry again—have heirs of my own. Eh, sir—why not?" Darrell spoke these last words almost fiercely, and fixed his eyes on Lionel as he repeated—"why not?" But seeing that the boy's face evinced no surprise, the expression of his own relaxed, and he continued calmly—"Eno'; what I have thus rudely said was kindly meant. It is a treason to a young man to let him count on a fortune which at last is left away from him. Now, Lionel, go; enjoy your spring of life! Go, hopeful and light-hearted. If sorrow reach you, battle with it; if error mislead you, come fearlessly to me for counsel. Why, boy—what is this—tears? Tut, tut."

"It is your goodness," faltered Lionel. "I cannot help it. And is there nothing I can do for you in return?"

"Yes, much. Keep your name free from stain, and your heart open to such noble emotions as awaken tears like those. Ah, by the by, I heard from my lawyer to-day about your poor little *protégés*. Not found yet, but he seems sanguine of quick success. You shall know the moment I hear more."

"You will write to me then, sir, and I may write to you?"

"As often as you please. Always direct to me here."

"Shall you be long abroad?"

Darrell's brows met. "I don't know," said he curtly. "Adieu."

He opened the door as he spoke.

Lionel looked at him with wistful, yearning, filial affection, through his swimming eyes. "God bless you, sir," he murmured simply, and passed away.

"That blessing should have come from me!" said Darrell to himself as he turned back, and stood on his solitary hearth. "But they on whose heads I once poured a blessing, where are they—where? And that man's

tale, reviving the audacious fable which the other, and I verily believe the less guilty knave of the two, sought to palm on me years ago! Stop; let me weigh well what he said. If it were true! if it were true! Oh, shame, shame!"

Folding his arms tightly on his breast, Darrell paced the room with slow measured strides, pondering deeply. He was, indeed, seeking

to suppress feeling, and to exercise only judgment, and his reasoning process seemed at length fully to satisfy him, for his countenance gradually cleared, and a triumphant smile passed across it. "A lie—certainly a palpable and gross lie; lie it must and shall be. Never will I accept it as truth. Father (looking full at the portrait over the mantel-shelf), father, fear not—never—never!"

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

Certes, the lizard is a shy and timorous creature. He runs into chinks and crannies if you come too near him, and sheds his very tail for fear, if you catch it by the tip. He has not his being in good society—no one cages him, no one pets. He is an idle vagrant. But when he steals through the green herbage, and basks unmolested in the sun, he crowds perhaps as much enjoyment into one summer hour as a parrot, however pampered and erudite, spreads over a whole drawing-room life spent in saying, "How d'ye do!" and "Pretty Poll."

On that dull and sombre summer morning in which the grandfather and grandchild departed from the friendly roof of Mr. Merle, very dull and very sombre were the thoughts of little Sophy. She walked slowly behind the grey cripple who had need to lean so heavily on his staff, and her eye had not even a smile for the golden buttercups that glittered on dewy meads alongside the barren road.

Thus had they proceeded apart and silent till they had passed the second milestone. There, Waife, rousing from his own reveries, which were perhaps yet more dreary than those of the dejected child, halted abruptly, passed his hand once or twice rapidly over his forehead, and turning round to Sophy, looked into her face with great kindness as she came slowly to his side.

"You are sad, little one?" said he.

"Very sad, Grandy."

"And displeased with me? Yes, displeased that I have taken you suddenly away from the pretty young gentleman who was so kind to you, without encouraging the chance that you were to meet with him again."

"It was not like you, Grandy," answered Sophy; and her under-lip slightly pouted, while the big tear swelled to her eye.

"True," said the vagabond; "anything resembling common sense is

not like me. But don't you think that I did what I felt was best for you? Must I not have some good cause for it, whenever I have the heart deliberately to vex you?"

Sophy took his hand and pressed it, but she could not trust herself to speak, for she felt that at such effort she would have burst out into hearty crying. Then Waife proceeded to utter many of those wise sayings, old as the hills, and as high above our sorrows as hills are from the valley in which we walk. He said how foolish it was to unsettle the mind by preposterous fancies and impossible hopes. The pretty young gentleman could never be anything to her, nor she to the pretty young gentleman. It might be very well for the pretty young gentleman to promise to correspond with her, but as soon as he returned to his friends he would have other things to think of, and she would soon be forgotten; while she, on the contrary, would be thinking of him, and the Thames, and the butterflies, and find hard life still more irksome. Of all this, and much more, in the general way of consolers who set out on the principle that grief is a matter of logic, did Gentleman Waife deliver himself with a vigour of ratiocination which admitted of no reply, and conveyed not a particle of comfort. And feeling this, that great Actor—not that he was acting then—suddenly stopped, clasped the

child in his arms, and murmured in broken accents—"But if I see you thus cast down, I shall have no strength left to hobble on through the world; and the sooner I lie down, and the dust is shovelled over me, why, the better for you; for it seems that Heaven sends you friends, and I tear you from them."

And then Sophy fairly gave way to her sobs: she twined her little arms round the old man's neck convulsively, kissed his rough face with imploring pathetic fondness, and forced out through her tears, "Don't talk so! I've been ungrateful and wicked. I don't care for any one but my own dear, dear Grandy."

After this little scene, they both composed themselves, and felt much lighter of heart. They pursued their journey—no longer apart, but side by side, and the old man leaning, though very lightly, on the child's arm. But there was no immediate reaction from gloom to gaiety. Waife began talking in softened under-tones, and vaguely, of his own past afflictions; and partial as was the reference, how vast did the old man's sorrows seem beside the child's regrets; and yet he commented on them as if rather in pitying her state than grieving for his own.

"Ah, at your age, my darling, I had not your troubles and hardships. I had not to trudge these dusty roads on foot with a broken-down good-for-nothing scattering. I trod rich carpets, and slept under silken curtains. I took the air in gay carriages—I such a scapegrace—and you little child—you so good! All gone, all melted away from me, and not able now to be sure that you will have a crust of bread this day week."

"Oh, yes! I shall have bread and you too, Grandy," cried Sophy with cheerful voice. "It was you who taught me to pray to God, and said that in all your troubles God had been good to you; and He has been so good to me since I prayed to Him; for I have no dreadful Mrs. Crane to beat me now, and say things more hard to bear than beating—and you have taken me to yourself. How I prayed for that. And I take care of you too, Grandy—don't I? I prayed for *that* too; and as to carriages,"

added Sophy with superb air, "I don't care if I am never in a carriage as long as I live; and you know I *have* been in a van, which is bigger than a carriage, and I didn't like that at all. But how came people to behave so ill to you, Grandy?"

"I never said people behaved ill to me, Sophy."

"Did not they take away the carpets and silk curtains, and all the fine things you had as a little boy?"

"I don't know exactly," replied Waife, with a puzzled look, "that people actually took them away—but they melted away. However, I had much still to be thankful for—I was so strong, and had such high spirits, Sophy, and found people not behaving ill to me—quite the contrary—so kind. I found no Crane (she monster) as you did, my little angel. Such prospects before me, if I had walked straight towards them. But I followed my own fancy, which led me zigzag; and now that I would stray back into the high-road, you see before you a man whom a Justice of the Peace could send to the treadmill for presuming to live without a livelihood."

SOPHY.—"Not without a livelihood!—the what did you call it?—independent income—that is, the Three Pounds, Grandy?"

WAIFE (admiringly).—"Sensible child. That is true. Yes, Heaven is very good to me still. Ah! what signifies fortune? How happy I was with my dear Lizzy, and yet no two persons could live more from hand to mouth."

SOPHY (rather jealously).—"Lizzy?"

WAIFE (with moistened eyes, and looking down).—"My wife. She was only spared to me two years—such sunny years! And how grateful I ought to be that she did not live longer. She was saved—such—such—such shame and misery!" A long pause.

Waife resumed, with a rush from memory, as if plucking himself from the claws of a harpy.—"What's the good of looking back! A man's gone self is a dead thing. It is not I—now tramping this road, with you t

lean upon—whom I see, when I would turn to look behind on that which I once was—it is another being, defunct and buried; and when I say to myself, 'that being did so and so,' it is like reading an epitaph on a tombstone. So, at last, solitary and hopeless, I came back to my own land; and I found you—a blessing greater than I had ever dared to count on. And how was I to maintain you, and take you from that long-nosed alligator called Orane, and put you in womanly gentle hands?—for I never thought then of subjecting you to all you have since undergone with me. I who did not know one useful thing in life by which a man can turn a penny. And then, as I was all alone in a village alehouse, on my way back from—it does not signify from what, or from whence, but I was disappointed and despairing—Providence mercifully threw in my way—Mr. Rugge—and ordained me to be of great service to that ruffian—and that ruffian of great use to me."

SOPHY—"Ah, how was that?"

WAIFE—"It was fair-time in the village wherein I stopped, and Rugge's principal actor was taken off by *delirium tremens*, which is Latin for a disease common to men who eat little and drink much. Rugge came into the alehouse, bemoaning his loss. A bright thought struck me. Once in my day I had been used to acting. I offered to try my chance on Mr. Rugge's stage; he caught at me—I at him. I succeeded; we came to terms, and my little Sophy was thus taken from that ringleted crocodile, and placed with Christian females who wore caps and read their Bible. Is not Heaven good to

us, Sophy—and to me too—me, such a scamp!"

"And you did all that—suffered all that for me?"

"Suffered—but I liked it. And, besides, I must have done something; and there were reasons—in short, I was quite happy—no, not actually happy, but comfortable and merry. Providence gives thick hides to animals that must exist in cold climates; and to the man whom it reserves for sorrow, Providence gives a coarse, jovial temper. Then, when by a mercy I was saved from what I most disliked and dreaded, and never would have thought of but that I fancied it might be a help to you—I mean the London stage—and had that bad accident on the railway, how did it end? Oh! in saving you (and Waife closed his eyes and shuddered)—in saving your destiny from what might be much worse for you, body and soul, than the worst that has happened to you with me. And so we have been thrown together; and so you have supported me; and so, when we could exist without Mr. Rugge, Providence got rid of him for us. And so we are now walking along the high-road; and through yonder trees you can catch a peep of the roof under which we are about to rest for a while; and there you will learn what I have done with the Three Pounds!"

"It is not the Spotted Boy, Grandy?"

"No," said Waife, sighing; "the Spotted Boy is a handsome income; but let us only trust in Providence, and I should not wonder if our new acquisition proved a monstrous—"

"Monstrous!"

"Piece of good fortune."

CHAPTER II.

The Investment revealed.

Gentleman Waife passed through a turnstile, down a narrow lane, and reached a solitary cottage. He knocked at the door; an old peasant woman opened it, and dropped him a civil curtsy. "Indeed, sir, I am glad you are come. I've most afeared he be dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Waife. "Oh, Sophy, if he should be dead!"

"Who?"

Waife did not heed the question. "What makes you think him dead?" said he, fumbling in his pockets, from which he at last produced a key. "You have not been disobeying my

strict orders, and tampering with the door?"

"Lor' love ye, no, sir. But he made such a noise a fust—awful! And now he's as still as a corpse. And I did peep through the keyhole, and he was stretched stark."

"Hunger, perhaps," said the Comedian; "'tis his way when he has been kept fasting much over his usual hours. Follow me Sophy." He put aside the woman, entered the sanded kitchen, ascended a stair that led from it; and Sophy following, stopped at a door and listened: not a sound. Timidly he unlocked the portals and crept in, when, suddenly, such a rush—such a spring, and a mass of something vehement yet soft, dingy yet whitish,

whirled past the actor, and came pounce against Sophy, who there-with uttered a shriek. "Stop him, stop him, for heaven's sake," cried Waife. "Shut the door below—seize him." Down stairs, however, went the mass, and down stairs after it hobbled Waife, returning in a few moments with the recaptured and mysterious fugitive. "There," he cried triumphantly to Sophy, who, standing against the wall with her face buried in her frock, long refused to look up—"there—tame as a lamb, and knows me. See"—he seated himself on the floor, and Sophy, hesitatingly opening her eyes, beheld gravely gazing at her from under a profusion of shaggy locks an enormous—

CHAPTER III.

Denouement.

Poodle!

CHAPTER IV.

'Zoology in connection with History.

"Walk to that young lady, sir—walk, I say." The poodle slowly rose on his hind-legs, and, with an aspect inexpressibly solemn, advanced towards Sophy, who hastily receded into the room in which the creature had been confined.

"Make a bow—*no—a bow*, sir; that is right: you can shake hands another time. Run down, Sophy, and ask for his dinner."

"Yes—that I will," and Sophy flew down the stairs.

The dog, still on his hind-legs, stood in the centre of the floor, dignified, but evidently expectant.

"That will do; lie down and die. Die this moment, sir." The dog stretched himself out, closed his eyes, and to all appearance gave up the ghost. "A most splendid investment," said Waife with enthusiasm; "and, upon the whole, dog-cheap. Ho! *you* are not to bring up his dinner; it is not *you* who are to make friends with the dog; it is my little girl; send her up; Sophy, Sophy."

"She be fritted, sir," said the woman, holding a plate of canine comestibles; "but lauk, sir; ben't he really dead?"

"Sophy, Sophy."

"Please let me stay here, Grandy," said Sophy's voice from the foot of the stairs.

"Nonsense! it is sixteen hours since he has had a morsel to eat. And he will never bite the hand that feeds him now. Come up, I say."

Sophy slowly reascended, and Waife, summoning the poodle to life, insisted upon the child's feeding him. And indeed, when that act of charity was performed, the dog evinced his gratitude by a series of unsophisticated bounds and waggings of the tail, which gradually removed Sophy's apprehensions, and laid the foundations for that intimate friendship, which is the natural relation between child and dog.

"And how did you come by him?" asked Sophy; "and is this really the—the INVESTMENT?"

"Shut the door carefully, but see

first that the woman is not listening. Lie down, sir, there, at the feet of the young lady. Good dog. How did I come by him? I will tell you. The first day we arrived at the village which we have just left, I went into the tobacconist's. While I was buying my ounce of canaster, that dog entered the shop. In his mouth was a sixpence wrapped in paper. He lifted himself on his hind-legs, and laid his missive on the counter. The shopwoman—you know her, Mrs. Traill—unfolded the paper and read the order. 'Clever dog that, sir,' said she. 'To fetch and carry?' said I indifferently. 'More than that, sir; you shall see. The order is for two-penn'orth of snuff. The dog knows he is to take back fourpence. I will give him a penny short. So she took the sixpence and gave the dog three-pence out of it. The dog shook his head and looked gravely into her face. 'That's all you'll get,' said she. The dog shook his head again, and tapped his paw once on the counter, as much as to say, 'I am not to be done—a penny more, if you please.' 'If you won't take that, you shall have nothing,' said Mrs. Traill, and she took back the three-pence."

"Dear! and what did the dog do then—snarl or bite?"

"Not so; he knew he was in his rights, and did not lower himself by showing bad temper. The dog looked quietly round, saw a basket which contained two or three pounds of candles lying in a corner for the shopboy to take to some customer; took up the basket in his mouth, and turned tail, as much as to say, 'Tit for tat then.' He understood, you see, what is called the 'law of reprisals.' 'Come back this moment,' cried Mrs. Traill. The dog walked out of the shop; then she ran after him, and counted the fourpence before him, on which he dropped the basket, picked up the right change, and went off demurely. 'To whom does that poodle belong?' said I. 'To a poor drunken man,' said Mrs. Traill; 'I wish it was in better hands.' 'So do I, ma'am,' answered I;—did he teach it? 'No, it was taught by his brother, who was an old soldier, and died in

his house two weeks ago. It knows a great many tricks, and is quite young. It might make a fortune as a show, sir.' So I was thinking. I inquired the owner's address, called on him, and found him disposed to sell the dog. But he asked £3, a sum that seemed out of the question then. Still I kept the dog in my eye; called every day to make friends with it, and ascertain its capacities. And at last, thanks to you, Sophy, I bought the dog; and what is more, as soon as I had two golden sovereigns to show, I got him for that sum, and we have still £1 left (besides small savings from our lost salaries) to go to the completion of his education, and the advertisement of his merits. I kept this a secret from Merle—from all. I would not even let the drunken owner know where I took the dog to yesterday. I brought it here, where, I learned in the village, there were two rooms to let—locked it up—and my story is told."

"But why keep it such a secret?"

"Because I don't want Ragge to trace us. He might do one mischief; because I have a grand project of genteel position and high prices for the exhibition of that dog. And why should it be known where we come from, or what we were? And because, if the owner knew where to find the dog, he might decoy it back from us. Luckily he had not made the dog so fond of him, but what, unless it be decoyed, it will accustom itself to us. And now I propose that we should stay a week or so here, and devote ourselves exclusively to developing the native powers of this gifted creature. Get out the dominoes."

"What is his name?"

"Ha! that is the first consideration. What shall be his name?"

"Has not he one already?"

"Yes—trivial and unattractive—Mop! In private life it might pass. But in public life—give a dog a bad name, and hang him. Mop, indeed!"

Therewith Mop, considering himself appealed to, rose and stretched himself.

"Right," said Gentleman Waife; "stretch yourself; you decidedly require it."

CHAPTER V.

Mop becomes a Personage. Much thought is bestowed on the verbal dignities, without which a Personage would become a Mop. The importance of names is apparent in all history. If Augustus had called himself king, Rome would have risen against him as a Tarquin; so he remained a simple equestrian, and modestly called himself Imperator. Mop chooses his own title in a most mysterious manner, and ceases to be Mop.

"The first noticeable defect in your name of Mop," said Gentleman Waife, "is, as you yourself denote, the want of elongation. Monosyllables are not imposing, and in striking compositions their meaning is elevated by periphrasis; that is to say, Sophy, that what before was a short truth, an elegant author elaborates into a long stretch."

"Certainly," said Sophy, thoughtfully; "I don't think the name of Mop would draw! Still he is very like a Mop."

"For that reason the name degrades him the more, and lowers him from an intellectual phenomenon to a physical attribute, which is vulgar. I hope that that dog will enable us to rise in the Scale of Being. For whereas we in acting could only command a threepenny audience—reserved seats a shilling—he may aspire to half-crowns and dress-boxes, that is, if we can hit on a name which inspires respect. Now, although the dog is big, it is not by his size that he is to become famous, or we might call him Hercules or Goliath; neither is it by his beauty, or Adonis would not be unsuitable. It is by his superior sagacity and wisdom. And there I am puzzled to find his prototype among mortals; for, perhaps, it may be my ignorance of history—"

"You ignorant, indeed, grandfather!"

"But considering the innumerable millions who have lived on the earth, it is astonishing how few I can call to mind who have left behind them a proverbial crown for wisdom. There is, indeed, Solomon, but he fell off at the last; and as he belongs to sacred history, we must not take a liberty with his name. Who is there very, very, very wise besides Solomon? Think, Sophy—profane history."

SOPHY (after a musing pause).—"Pass in Boots."

"Well, he *was* wise; but then he was not human; he was a cat. Ha! Socrates. Shall we call him Socrates, Socrates, Socrates?"

SOPHY.—"Socrates, Socrates."

Mop yawned.

WAIFE.—"He don't take to Socrates—prosy!"

SOPHY.—"Ah, Mr. Merle's book about the Brazen Head, *Friar Bacon*! He must have been very wise."

WAIFE.—"Not bad; mysterious, but not recondite; historical, yet familiar. What does Mop say to it? Friar, Friar, Briar Bacon, sir—Friar."

SOPHY (coaxingly).—"Friar."

Mop, evidently conceiving that appeal is made to some other personage, canine or human, not present, rouses up, walks to the door, smells at the chink, returns, shakes his head, and rests on his haunches, eyeing his two friends superciliously.

SOPHY.—"He does not take to that name."

WAIFE.—"He has his reasons for it; and indeed there are many worthy persons who disapprove of anything that savours of magical practices. Mop intimates that, on entering public life, one should beware of offending the respectable prejudices of a class."

Mr. Waife then, once more resorting to the recesses of scholastic memory, plucked therefrom, somewhat by the head and shoulders, sundry names revered in a bygone age. He thought of the seven wise men of Greece, but could only recall the nomenclature of two out of the seven—a sad proof of the distinction between collegiate fame and popular renown. He called Thales; he called Bion. Mop made no response. "Wonderful intelligence!" said Waife; "he knows that Thales and Bion would not draw!—obsolete."

Mop was equally mute to Aristotle. He pricked up his ears at Plato, perhaps because the sound was not wholly dissimilar from that of Ponto—a name of which he might have had vague reminiscences. The Romans not having cultivated an original philosophy, though they contrived to produce great men without it, Waife passed by that cherished people. He crossed to China, and tried Confucius. Mop had evidently never heard of him. "I am at the end of my list, so far as the wise men are concerned," said Waife, wiping his forehead. "If Mop were to distinguish himself by valour, one would find heroes by the dozen—Achilles and Hector, and Julius Cæsar, and Pompey, and Buonaparte, and Alexander the Great, and the Duke of Marlborough. Or, if he wrote poetry, we could fit him to a hair. But wise men certainly are scarce, and when one has hit on a wise man's name, it is so little known to the vulgar that it would carry no more weight with it than Spot or Toby. But necessarily some name the dog must have, and take to sympathetically."

Sophy meanwhile had extracted the dominoes from Waife's bundle, and with the dominoes an alphabet and a multiplication-table in printed capitals. As the Comedian's one eye rested upon the last, he exclaimed, "But after all, Mop's great strength will probably be in arithmetic, and the science of numbers is the root of all wisdom. Besides, every man, high and low, wants to make a fortune, and associations connected with addition and multiplication are always pleasing. Who, then, is the sage at computation most universally known? Unquestionably *Cocker*! He must take to that—Cocker, Cocker" (commandingly)—"C-o-c-k-e-r" (with persuasive sweetness.)

Mop looked puzzled: he put his head first on one side, then the other.

SOPHY (with mellifluous endearment).—"Cocker, good Cocker; Cocker, dear."

BOTH.—"Cocker, Cocker, Cocker!"

Excited and bewildered, Mop put up his head, and gave vent to his perplexities in a long and lugubrious howl, to which certainly none who

heard it could have desired addition or multiplication.

"Stop this instant, sir—stop; I shoot you! You are dead—down!" Waife adjusted his staff to his shoulder gun-wise; and at the word of command, Down, Mop was on his side, stiff and lifeless. "Still," said Waife, "a name connected with profound calculation would be the most appropriate; for instance, Sir Isaac."

Before the Comedian could get out the word Newton, Mop had sprung to his four feet, and, with wagging tail and wriggling back, evinced a sense of beatified recognition.

"Astounding!" said Waife, rather awed. "Can it be the name?—Impossible. Sir Isaac, Sir Isaac!"

"Bow wow!" answered Mop joyously.

"If there be any truth in the doctrine of metempsychosis!" faltered Gentleman Waife, "if the great Newton could have transmigrated into that incomparable animal. Newton, Newton." To that name Mop made no obeisance, but, evidently still restless, walked round the room, smelling at every corner, and turning to look back with inquisitive earnestness at his new master.

"He does not seem to catch at the name of Newton," said Waife, trying it thrice again, and vainly, "and yet he seems extremely well versed in the principle of gravity. Sir Isaac!" The dog bounded towards him, put his paws on his shoulder, and licked his face. "Just cut out those figures carefully, my dear, and see if we can get him to tell us how much twice ten are—I mean by addressing him as Sir Isaac."

Sophy cut the figures from the multiplication-table, and arranged them, at Waife's instruction, in a circle on the floor. "Now, Sir Isaac." Mop lifted a paw, and walked deliberately round the letters. "Now, Sir Isaac, how much are ten times two?" Mop deliberately made his survey and calculation, and, pausing at twenty, stooped, and took the letters in his mouth.

"It is not natural," cried Sophy, much alarmed. "It must be wicked, and I'd rather have nothing to do with it, please."

"Silly child. He was but obeying

my sign. He had been taught that trick already under the name of Mop. The only strange thing is, that he should do it also under the name of Sir Isaac, and much more cheerfully too. However, whether he has been the great Newton or not, a live dog is better than a dead lion. But it is clear that, in acknowledging the name of Sir Isaac, he does not encourage us to take that of Newton—and he is right; for it might be thought unbecoming to apply to an animal, however extraordinary, who by the severity of fortune is compelled to exhibit his talents for a small pecuniary reward, the family name of so great a Philosopher. Sir Isaac, after all, is a vague appellation—any dog has a right to be Sir Isaac—Newton may be left conjectural. Let us see if we can add to our arithmetical information. Look at me, Sir Isaac." Sir Isaac looked, and grinned affectionately; and under that title learned a new combination with a facility that might have relieved Sophy's mind of all superstitious belief that the philosopher was resuscitated in the dog, had she known that in life that great master of calculations the most abstruse could not accurately cast up a simple sum in addition. Nothing brought him to the end of his majestic tether like dot and carry one. Notable type of our human incompleteness, where men might deem our studies had made us most complete! Notable type, too, of that grandest order of all human genius which seems to arrive at results by intuition, which a child might pose by a row of figures on a slate—while it is solving the laws that link the stars to infinity! But *revenons à nos moutons*, what the astral attraction that uncontestably bound the reminiscences of Mop to the cognominal distinction of Sir Isaac? I had prepared a very erudite and subtle treatise upon this query, enlivened by quotations from the ancient Mystics—such as Iamblichus and Proclus, as well as by a copious reference to the doctrine of the more modern Spiritualists, from Sir Kenelm Digby and Swedenborg, to Monsieur Cahagnet and Judge Edwards: it was to be called Inquiry into the Law of Affinities, by Philomopsos: when,

unluckily for my treatise, I arrived at the knowledge of a fact which, though it did not render the treatise less curious, knocked on the head the theory upon which it was based. The baptismal name of the old soldier, Mop's first proprietor and earliest preceptor, was Isaac; and his master being called in the homely household by that Christian name, the sound had entered into Mop's youngest and most endeared associations. His canine affections had done much towards ripening his scholastic education. "Where is Isaac?" "Call Isaac!" "Fetch Isaac his hat," &c. &c. Stilled was that name when the old soldier died; but when heard again, Mop's heart was moved, and in missing the old master, he felt more at home with the new. As for the title, "Sir," it was a mere expletive in his ears. Such was the fact, and such the deduction to be drawn from it. Not that it will satisfy every one. I know that philosophers who deny all that they have not witnessed, and refuse to witness what they resolve to deny, will reject the story *in toto*; and will prove, by reference to their own dogs, that a dog never recognises the name of his master—never yet could be taught arithmetic. I know also that there are Mystics who will prefer to believe that Mop was in direct spiritual communication with unseen Isaacs, or in a state of clairvoyance, or under the influence of the odic fluid. But did we ever yet find in human reason a question with only one side to it? Is not truth a polygon? Have not sages arisen in our day to deny even the principle of gravity, for which we had been so long contentedly taking the word of the great Sir Isaac? It is that blessed spirit of controversy which keeps the world going; and it is that which, perhaps, explains why Mr. Waife, when his memory was fairly put to it, could remember, out of the history of the myriads who have occupied our planet from the date of Adam to that in which I now write, so very few men whom the world will agree to call wise, and out of that very few so scant a percentage with names sufficiently known to make them more popularly significant of pre-eminent sagacity than if they had been called—Mops.

CHAPTER VI.

The Vagrant having got his dog, proceeds to hunt Fortune with it, leaving behind him a trap to catch rats. What the trap does catch is "just like his luck!"

Sir Isaac, to designate him by his new name, improved much upon acquaintance. He was still in the ductile season of youth, and took to learning as an amusement to himself. His last master, a stupid sot, had not gained his affections—and perhaps even the old soldier, though gratefully remembered and mourned, had not stolen into his innermost heart, as Waife and Sophy gently contrived to do. In short, in a very few days he became perfectly accustomed and extremely attached to them. When Waife had ascertained the extent of his accomplishments, and added somewhat to their range in matters which cost no great trouble, he applied himself to the task of composing a little drama, which might bring them all into more interesting play, and in which, though Sophy and himself were performers, the dog had the *premier rôle*. And as soon as this was done, and the dog's performances thus ranged into methodical order and sequence, he resolved to set off to a considerable town at some distance, and to which Mr. Rugge was no visitor.

His bill at the cottage made but slight inroad into his pecuniary resources; for in the intervals of leisure from his instructions to Sir Isaac, Waife had performed various little services to the lone widow with whom they lodged, which Mrs. Saunders (such was her name) insisted upon regarding as money's worth. He had repaired and regulated to a minute an old clock which had taken no note of time for the last three years; he had mended all the broken crockery by some cement of his own invention, and for which she got him the materials. And here his ingenuity was remarkable, for when there was only a fragment to be found of a cup, and a fragment or two of a saucer, he united them both into some pretty form, which, if not useful, at all events looked well on a shelf. He bound, in smart showy papers, sundry

tattered old books which had belonged to his landlady's defunct husband, a Scotch gardener, and which she displayed on a side-table, under the japan tea-tray. More than all, he was of service to her in her vocation; for Mrs. Saunders eked out a small pension—which she derived from the affectionate providence of her Scotch husband, in insuring his life in her favour—by the rearing and sale of poultry; and Waife saved her the expense of a carpenter by the construction of a new coop, elevated above the reach of the rat, who had hitherto made sad ravage amongst the chickens; while he confided to her certain secrets in the improvement of breed and the cheaper processes of fattening, which excited her gratitude no less than her wonder. "The fact is," said Gentleman Waife, "that my life has known makeshifts. Once, in a foreign country, I kept poultry upon the principle that the poultry should keep me."

Strange it was to notice such versatility of invention, such readiness of resource, such familiarity with divers nooks and crannies in the practical experience of life, in a man now so hard put to it for a livelihood. There are persons, however, who might have a good stock of talent, if they did not turn it all into small change. And you, reader, know as well as I do, that when a sovereign or a shilling is once broken into, the change scatters and dispends itself in a way quite unaccountable. Still, coppers are useful in household bills; and when Waife was really at a pinch, somehow or other, by hook or by crook, he scraped together intellectual halfpence enough to pay his way.

Mrs. Saunders grew quite fond of her lodgers. Waife she regarded as a prodigy of genius; Sophy was the prettiest and best of children; Sir Isaac, she took for granted, was worthy of his owners. But the

Comedian did not confide to her his dog's learning, nor the use to which he designed to put it. And in still greater precaution, when he took his leave, he extracted from Mrs. Saunders a solemn promise that she would set no one on his track, in case of impertinent inquiries.

"You see before you," said he, "a man who has enemies—such as rats are to your chickens; chickens despise rats when raised, as yours are now, above the reach of claws and teeth. Some day or other I may so raise a coop for that little one—I am too old for coops. Meanwhile, if a rat comes sneaking here after us, send it off the wrong way with a flea in its ear."

Mrs. Saunders promised, between tears and laughter; blessed Waife, kissed Sophy, patted Sir Isaac, and stood long at her threshold watching the three, as the early sun lit their forms receding in the green narrow lane—dewdrops sparkling on the hedgerows, and the skylark springing upward from the young corn.

Then she slowly turned in-doors, and her home seemed very solitary. We can accustom ourselves to loneliness, but we should beware of infringing the custom. Once admit two or three faces seated at your hearthside, or gazing out from your windows on the laughing sun, and when they are gone they carry off the glow from your grate and the sunbeam from your panes. Poor Mrs. Saunders! in vain she sought to rouse herself, to put the rooms to rights, to attend to the chickens, to distract her thoughts. The one-eyed cripple, the little girl, the shaggy-faced dog, still haunted her; and when at noon she dined all alone off the remnants of the last night's social supper, the very click of the renovated clock seemed to say, "Gone, gone;" and muttering, "Ah! gone," she reclined back on her chair, and indulged herself in a good womanlike cry. From this luxury she was startled by a knock at the door. "Could they have come back?" No; the door opened, and a genteel young man, in a black coat and white neckcloth, stepped in.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am—your name's Saunders—sell poultry?"

"At your service, sir. Spring chickens!" Poor people, whatever their grief, must sell their chickens, if they have any to sell.

"Thank you, ma'am; not at this moment. The fact is, that I call to make some inquiries. Have not you lodgers here?"

Lodgers! at that word the expanding soul of Mrs. Saunders reclosed hermetically; the last warning of Waife revibrated in her ears: this white-neckclothed gentleman, was he not a rat?

"No, sir, I haven't no lodgers."

"But you have had some lately, eh? a crippled elderly man and a little girl?"

"Don't know anything about them; leastways," said Mrs. Saunders, suddenly remembering that she was told less to deny facts than to send inquirers upon wrong directions—"leastways, at this blessed time. Pray, sir, what makes you ask?"

"Why I was instructed to come down to—, and find out where this person, one William Waife, had gone. Arrived yesterday, ma'am. All I could hear is, that a person answering to his description left the place several days ago, and had been seen by a boy, who was tending sheep, to come down the lane to your house, and you were supposed to have lodgers—you take lodgers sometimes, I think, ma'am)—because you have been buying some trifling articles of food not in your usual way of custom. Circumstantial evidence, ma'am—you can have no motive to conceal the truth."

"I should think not indeed, sir," retorted Mrs. Saunders, whom the ominous words "circumstantial evidence" set doubly on her guard. "I did see a gentleman such as you mention, and a pretty young lady, about ten days ago, or so, and they did lodge here a night or two, but they are gone to—"

"Yes, ma'am—gone where?"

"Lunnon."

"Really—very likely. By the train or on foot?"

"On foot, I s'pose."

"Thank you, ma'am. If you should see them again, or hear where they are, oblige me by conveying this card to Mr. Waife. My employer, ma'am, Mr. Gotobed, Craven Street,

Strand—eminent solicitor. He has something of importance to communicate to Mr. Waife."

"Yes, sir—a lawyer; I understand." And as of all rat-like animals in the world Mrs. Saunders had the ignorance to deem a lawyer was the most emphatically devouring, she congratulated herself with her whole heart on the white lies she had told in favour of the intended victims.

The black-coated gentleman having thus obeyed his instructions, and attained his object, nodded, went his way, and regained the fly which he had left at the turnstile. "Back to the inn," cried he—"quick—I must be in time for the three-o'clock train to London."

And thus terminated the result of

the great barrister's first instructions to his eminent solicitor to discover a lame man and a little girl. No inquiry, on the whole, could have been more skillfully conducted. Mr. Gotobed sends his head clerk—the head clerk employs the policeman of the village—gets upon the right track—comes to the right house—and is altogether in the wrong—in a manner highly creditable to his researches.

"In London, of course—all people of that kind come back to London," said Mr. Gotobed. "Give me the heads in writing, that I may report to my distinguished client. Most satisfactory. That young man will push his way—business-like and methodical."

CHAPTER VII.

The cloud has its silver lining.

Thus turning his back on the good fortune which he had so carefully cautioned Mrs. Saunders against favouring on his behalf, the vagrant was now on his way to the ancient municipal town of Gatesborough, which being the nearest place of fitting opulence and population, Mr. Waife had resolved to honour with the *début* of Sir Isaac as soon as he had appropriated to himself the services of that promising quadruped. He had consulted a map of the country before quitting Mr. Merle's roof, and ascertained that he could reach Gatesborough by a short cut for foot-travellers along fields and lanes. He was always glad to avoid the high-road: doubtless for such avoidance he had good reasons. But prudential reasons were in this instance supported by vagrant inclinations. High-roads are for the prosperous. Bypaths and ill-luck go together. But bypaths have their charm, and ill-luck its pleasant moments.

They passed, then, from the high-road into a long succession of green pastures, through which a straight public path conducted them into one of those charming lanes never seen out of this bowery England—a lane deep sunk amidst high banks, with

overhanging oaks, and quivering ash, gnarled witch-elm, vivid holly, and shaggy brambles, with wild convolvulus and creeping woodbine forcing sweet life through all. Sometimes the banks opened abruptly, leaving patches of greensward, and peeps through still sequestered gates, or over moss-grown pales, into the park or paddock of some rural thane. New villas or old manor-houses or lawny uplands, knitting, as it were, together, England's feudal memories with England's free-born hopes—the old land with its young people; for England is so old, and the English are so young! And the grey cripple and the bright-haired child often paused, and gazed upon the demesnes and homes of owners whose lots were cast in such pleasant places. But there was no grudging envy in their gaze, perhaps because their life was too remote from those grand belongings. And therefore they could enjoy and possess every banquet of the eye. For at least the beauty of what we see is ours for the moment, on the simple condition that we do not covet the thing which gives to our eyes that beauty. As the measureless sky and the unnumbered stars are equally granted to king and to beggar—and in our

wildest ambition we do not sigh for a monopoly of the empyrean, or the fee-simple of the planets—so the earth too, with all its fenced gardens and embattled walls—all its landmarks of stern property and churlish ownership—is ours too by right of eye. Ours to gaze on the fair possessions with such delight as the gaze can give; grudging to the unseen owner his other, and it may be more troubled rights, as little as we grudge an astral proprietor his acres of light in Capricorn. Benignant is the law that saith, "*Thou shalt not covet.*"

When the sun was at the highest, our wayfarers found a shadowy nook for their rest and repast. Before them ran a shallow limpid trout-stream; on the other side its margin, low grassy meadows, a farmhouse at the distance, backed by a still grove, from which rose a still church-tower and its still spire. Behind them a close-shaven sloping lawn terminated the hedgerow of the lane; seen clearly above it, with parterres of flowers on the sward—drooping lilacs and laburnums farther back, and a pervading fragrance from the brief-lived and rich syringas. The cripple that climbed over a wooden rail that separated the lane from the rill, and seated himself under the shade of a fantastic hollow thorn-tree. Sophy, reclined beside him, was gathering some pale scentless violets from a mound which the brambles had guarded from the sun. The dog had descended to the waters to quench his thirst; but still stood knee-deep in the shallow stream, and appeared lost in philosophical contemplation of a swarm of minnows which his immersion had disturbed; but which now made itself again visible on the farther side of the glassy brook, undulating round and round a tiny rocklet which interrupted the glide of the waves, and caused them to break into a low melodious murmur. "For these and all thy mercies, O Lord, make us thankful," said the Victim of Ill-luck, in the tritest words of a pious custom. But never, perhaps, at aldermanic feasts, was the grace more sincerely said.

And then he untied the bundle,

which the dog, who had hitherto carried it by the way, had now carefully deposited at his side. "As I live," ejaculated Waife, "Mrs. Saunders is a woman in ten thousand. See, Sophy, not contented with the bread and cheese to which I bade her stint her beneficence, a whole chicken—a little cake too for you, Sophy; she has not even forgotten the salt. Sophy, that woman deserves the handsomest token of our gratitude; and we will present her with a silver teapot the first moment we can afford it."

His spirits exhilarated by the unexpected good cheer, the Comedian gave way to his naturally blithe humour; and between every mouthful he rattled or rather drolled on, now infant-like, now sage-like. He cast out the rays of his liberal humour, careless where they fell—on the child—on the dog—on the fishes that played beneath the wave—on the cricket that chirped amidst the grass: the woodpecker tapped the tree, and the cripple's merry voice answered it in bird-like mimicry. To this riot of genial babble there was a listener, of whom neither grandfather nor grandchild was aware. Concealed by thick brushwood a few paces farther on, a young angler, who might be five or six and twenty, had seated himself, just before the arrival of our vagrant to those banks and waters, for the purpose of changing an unsuccessful fly. At the sound of voices, perhaps suspecting an unlicensed rival—for that part of the stream was preserved—he had suspended his task, and noiselessly put aside the clustering leaves to reconnoitre. The piety of Waife's simple grace seemed to surprise him pleasingly, for a sweet approving smile crossed his lips. He continued to look and to listen. He forgot the fly, and a trout sailed him by unheeded. But Sir Isaac, having probably satisfied his speculative mind as to the natural attributes of minnows, now slowly reascended the bank, and after a brief halt and a sniff, walked majestically towards the hidden observer, looked at him with great solemnity, and uttered an inquisitive bark—a bark not hostile, not menacing; purely and dryly interrogative. Thus detected, the

angler rose; and Waife, whose attention was attracted that way by the bark, saw him, called to Sir Isaac, and said politely, "There is no harm in my dog, sir."

The young man muttered some inaudible reply, and, lifting up his rod, as in sign of his occupation or excuse for his vicinity, put aside the intervening foliage, and stepped quietly to Waife's side. Sir Isaac followed him—sniffed again—seemed satisfied; and, seating himself on his

haunches, fixed his attention upon the remains of the chicken which lay defenceless on the grass. The newcomer was evidently of the rank of gentleman; his figure was slim and graceful, his face pale, meditative, refined. He would have impressed you at once with the idea of what he really was—an Oxford scholar; and you would, perhaps, have guessed him designed for the ministry of the Church, if not actually in orders.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Waife excites the admiration, and benignly pities the infirmity of an Oxford scholar.

"You are str—str—strangers?" said the Oxonian, after a violent exertion to express himself, caused by an impediment in his speech.

WAIFE.—"Yes, sir, travellers. I trust we are not trespassing: this is not private ground, I think?"

OXONIAN.—"And if—f—f it were, my f—f—father, would not war—n—n you off—ff—f."

"It is your father's ground then? Sir, I beg you a thousand pardons."

The apology was made in the Comedian's grandest style—it imposed greatly on the young scholar. Waife might have been a duke in disguise; but I will do the angler the justice to say that such discovery of rank would have impressed him little more in the vagrant's favour. It had been that impromptu "grace,"—that thanksgiving which the scholar felt was for something more than the carnal food—which had first commanded his respect and wakened his interest. Then that innocent careless talk, part uttered to dog and child—part soliloquised—part thrown out to the ears of the lively teeming Nature, had touched a somewhat kindred chord in the angler's soul, for he was somewhat of a poet and much of a soliloquist, and could confer with Nature, nor feel that impediment in speech which obstructed his intercourse with men. Having thus far indicated that oral defect in our new acquaintance,

the reader will cheerfully excuse me for not enforcing it overmuch. Let it be among the things *subaudita*, as the sense of it gave to a gifted and aspiring nature, thwarted in the sublime career of preacher, an exquisite mournful pain. And I no more like to raise a laugh at his infirmity behind his back, than I should before his pale, powerful, melancholy face—therefore I suppress the infirmity, in giving the reply.

OXONIAN.—"On the other side the lane where the garden slopes downward is my father's house. This ground is his property certainly, but he puts it to its best use, in lending it to those who so piously acknowledge that Father from whom all good comes. Your child, I presume, sir?"

"My grandchild."

"She seems delicate; I hope you have not far to go?"

"Not very far, thank you, sir. But my little girl looks more delicate than she is. You are not tired, darling?"

"Oh, not at all!" There was no mistaking the looks of real love interchanged between the old man and the child: the scholar felt much interested and somewhat puzzled. "Who and what could they be! so unlike foot wayfarers!" On the other hand, too, Waife took a liking to the courteous young man, and conceived a sincere pity for his physi-

cal affliction. But he did not for those reasons depart from the discreet caution he had prescribed to himself in seeking new fortunes and shunning old perils, so he turned the subject.

"You are an angler, sir? I suppose the trout in this stream run small."

"Not very—a little higher up I have caught them at four pounds weight."

WAIFF.—"There goes a fine fish yonder—see! balancing himself between those weeds."

OXONIAN.—"Poor fellow, let him be safe to-day. After all, it is a cruel sport, and I should break myself of it. But it is strange that whatever our love for Nature, we always seek some excuse for trusting ourselves alone to her. A gun—a rod—a sketch-book—a geologist's hammer—an entomologist's net—something."

WAIFF.—"Is it not because all our ideas would run wild if not concentrated on a definite pursuit? Fortune and Nature are earnest females, though popular beauties; and they do not look upon coquettish triflers in the light of genuine wooers."

The Oxonian, who, in venting his previous remark, had thought it likely he should be above his listener's comprehension, looked surprised. What pursuits, too, had this one-eyed philosopher!

"You have a definite pursuit, sir?"

"I—alas—when a man moralises, it is a sign that he has known error; it is because I have been a trifier that I rail against triflers. And talking of that, time flies, and we must be off and away."

Sophy retied the bundle. Sir Isaac, on whom, meanwhile, she had bestowed the remains of the chicken, jumped up and described a circle.

"I wish you success in your pursuit, whatever it be," stuttered out the angler.

"And I no less heartily, sir, wish you success in yours."

"Mine! Success there is beyond my power."

"How, sir? Does it rest so much with others?"

"No, my failure is in myself. My career should be the Church, my pursuit the cure of souls, and—and—this pitiful infirmity! How can I speak the Divine Word—I—I—a stutterer!"

The young man did not pause for an answer, but plunged through the brushwood that bespread the banks of the rill, and his hurried path could be traced by the wave of the foliage through which he forced his way.

"We all have our burdens," said Gentleman Waife; as Sir Isaac took up the bundle, and stalked on, placid and refreshed.

THE BOOK AND THE ROCKS.

GENESIS and GEOLOGY!—the Word and the Works!—the oldest of religious records, and the youngest of physical sciences!—the few brief enigmatical—possibly hieroglyphic—sentences which inaugurate the Holy Bible, collated with researches begun, as it were, but yesterday—limited as yet to a few patches of soil (comparatively about as extensive as half-a-dozen scratches with a pin on the rind of an orange), and daily receiving additions which compel a continual re-stating of the very theory! Is it probable or possible that any agreement should be traced between conclusions arrived at from such opposite sources? If it be, the *record* is in very truth divine: the *science* must be already little short of infallibility! But dare we venture on the collation, when, if contradiction instead of agreement should ensue, we must either abandon the Revelation which sustains the religion of civilised man, or submit to have some of the best-ascertained facts of nature dismissed as delusive and inexplicable?

We cannot wonder if the friends both of Revelation and of Science have in general recoiled from so terrible a test. Dreading more than hoping from each other, it was but natural that some inclination should have been exhibited on both sides to have recourse to their time-honoured weapons,—persecution and infidelity. Finding neither possible in the present state of knowledge, it then became the fashion for each to repudiate all connection with the other's field of inquiry. The advocates of Revelation were content to allow that their sacred books altogether *pass by* the numerous and interesting phenomena which constitute the geological science: and the geologist—equally willing to escape an inconvenient partnership—gladly admitted the authority and inspiration of Moses on a condition which removed them from the possibility of controlling either the discoveries or the speculations of the new-born science.

Yet as Genesis and Geology narrate the creation of one and the same globe, this "barring out" process makes, it must be confessed, but a sorry theory, and, like many other compromises, is scarcely less easy in practice than an open battle. The truce is but an armed neutrality at best: in giving up the notion of a genuine reconciliation, each seems obliged to regard the other with a suspicion always smouldering, and not unfrequently bursting into flame.

These are very unworthy and even dangerous relations to subsist between religion and science; they cannot continue without proving fatal in many minds to one or the other, and in not a few perhaps to both. It is a particularly undesirable state of things, at a period when, along with increased facilities for the diffusion of information, a large proportion of our most inquisitive minds are being made practically acquainted with the geological *data*. A wonderful impulse has been given to this study by railway operations, which are continually laying bare before the eyes of the masses the proofs on which geologists affirm that this globe existed, and was peopled with a number of distinct creations, for ages before the date at which, according to the common interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, it is there stated to have been called out of chaos. Hardly a museum in the country is without a specimen of some ancient monster that no longer lives among created beings; and every mechanic's institute can furnish lectures to prove that such creatures neither did nor could have inhabited the earth which now is. At the Crystal Palace, the science and ingenuity of Professor Owen and Mr Waterhouse Hawkins are bringing thousands of visitors, from all parts of the kingdom, daily into the very presence of monsters who seem to laugh at our notions of chronology, and calmly appropriate earth and water to themselves, with a grim disdain of the human mushrooms that intrude upon their soli-

tude. What are these visitors to think of their Bible if, professing to describe the creation of "heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is," it affords *no* place for these resuscitated tenants of the Rocks? The *Works* will then seem to be arrayed in opposition to the *Word* of God. Assuredly it behoves the friends of Revelation to find some better way of meeting the facts than by venting puny and puling diatribes against the "unscriptural conclusions of geology." The clergy of our great towns, if they could look into the minds of the neglected masses where these and kindred questions are seething and bubbling as in a caldron, whose pitchy smoke darkens the atmosphere, would find this subject well worthy of their attention. A few judicious lectures really reconciling the indisputable facts of nature with the statements of holy writ, would go further to recover the alienated masses to the influence of religion than the most passionate declamations, even "in the open air," against Infidelity or Puseyism.

The attempt indeed has been often made; but usually on the timid, deprecatory hypothesis to which we have alluded. Luther is said (we know not on what authority) to have drawn a broad black line between the first and second verses of the first chapter of Genesis, alleging that the first is a chapter by itself. Whatever may have been the object of the German Reformer, a similar expedient has been eagerly resorted to in order to reconcile Geology with Genesis; only the division is made in the middle of the second verse, instead of at the end of the first. The opening chapter then stands thus: "*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.*" Here is nothing which is not entirely in accordance with the researches of geology. Nay, it is a primary position in that science, that its diversified *phenomena* reveal such proofs of unity of design, as decisively establish a single creative mind; while its further evidences of convulsion and destruction establish the prevalence (probably on more than one occasion) of a universal chaos.

Here, then, it is urged, is a "beginning," old enough for all that geology can require. These opening sentences, separated off from the rest of Genesis, imply no date whatever. Between them and the subsequent narrative there is "ample room and verge enough" for the discoveries of geology to intervene. All the pre-Adamite formations may be allowed to follow after this first opening statement. The earth may have been brought into shape, replenished with living creatures, and again reduced into chaos, as often as the needs of science demand. Periods, of whatever duration it pleases, may have elapsed in these successive creations, *before* that at which the inspired historian takes up the narrative to relate how, at a time when the earth was once again "without form and void," the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, to inaugurate the Creation, of which MAN is the distinguishing feature. The Book of Genesis, it is argued, being designed only for mankind, naturally omits all allusion to worlds in which man had no existence; and the researches of geology so far confirm the hypothesis, that in none of the geologic strata have any traces of the human being been brought to light. Revelation, in short, has had *no interest* in the pre-Adamite formations, while geology is concerned in nothing else. The two streams of knowledge are as independent in their course as in their fountain-head; each flows through its own domain—exhibiting, it is true, but little of concert, but at the same time preserved from all possibility of contradiction.

This scheme of "reconciliation," or, as we have more properly denominated it, this "armed neutrality," between inspiration and science, originated, we believe, with Dr. Chalmers, and is fully stated in his "Review of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth." It has since been generally adopted by the *Christian* school of geologists in both hemispheres. Its advantages are thus recounted by the greatest of American authorities—Dr. Hitchcock.

"This interpretation of Genesis is entirely sufficient to remove all apparent collision between geology and revelation. It gives the geologist full scope for his

largest speculations concerning the age of the world. It permits him to maintain that its first condition was as unlike to the present as possible, and allows him time enough for all the changes of mineral constitution and organic life which its strata reveal. It supposes that all these are passed over in silence by the sacred writers, because irrelevant to the object of revelation, but full of interest and instruction to the men of science, who should afterwards take pleasure in exploring the works of God. It supposes the six-days' work of creation to have been confined entirely to the fitting up the world in its present condition, and furnishing it with its present inhabitants. Thus, while it gives the widest scope to the geologist, it does not encroach upon the literalities of the Bible; and hence it is not strange that it should be almost universally adopted by geologists, as well as by many eminent divines."^a

Supported by such a *consensus of authority* on either side of the Atlantic, this interpretation has, nevertheless, been unable to secure universal agreement. The Hebrew critics demur to the proposed disjoining of the sacred text, affirming that the particle which opens the second division of the new arrangement implies an inseparable continuity with the former portion. Without pretending to decide this knotty question, we must all be conscious of no little shock to our idea of the Bible, when we are told that in its brief history of a world which the longest computations make to be but little better than seven thousand years old, several previous creations of incalculably greater duration, are pretermitted *without notice*, in an imaginary interval, in the middle of an apparently continuous sentence! Nor is this the most formidable difficulty. Geology itself being, as we have observed, a very youthful science, is naturally endowed with a growing appetite, and now refuses to digest the interpretation which divinity had always some difficulty in swallowing. Dr. Chalmers supposed the whole existing creation, animal and vegetable, to be contemporary with the formation of man; assuming that formation to have been preceded by a universal

state of chaos, out of which, in the course of six natural days, the earth was re-created in the form and with the inhabitants which it still possesses. Thus, while putting back the first creation of the world's matter to an antiquity which allowed of the geologic periods—the bold and eloquent Doctor was conscious of no danger in confining its *present disposition* to a duration of six or seven thousand years. But alas for scientific foresight! this period was quickly found scarcely more sufficient for the surface than for the bowels of the earth we live on. The men of science could not be restrained from calculating the periods through which certain well-known processes, *still in existence*, must have been in progress. The falls of Niagara—through the friction of the huge volume of water on the rocks over which it passes—are gradually receding towards Lake Erie, at the rate of little more than a yard a-year. This fact affords, indeed, but slender *data* for calculating the period during which the upper Lake may have been emptying its waters through the channel of the St. Lawrence; since the rock is probably of a different friability in different parts, and the water may have been immeasurably more voluminous in earlier times than at present. Still the attempt was made. Currier chose to think that five or six thousand years would be time enough, and with his *dictum* Dr. Chalmers appears to have been satisfied. But Sir Charles Lyell, after careful inquiries on the spot in 1841–42, though still speaking doubtfully, is not afraid to conjecture that three hundred and fifty centuries is no exaggerated period for the process to have continued!—and accordingly, that the Falls were thirty-five thousand years ago at Queenstown, which is seven miles from Niagara. Professor Phillips wisely gets rid of both calculations, as “extremely precarious,” and warns us that no prudent geologist should commit himself to *dates*. It is a warning, however, almost impossible to be observed. Not to insist on the deposit at the mouth of the Mississippi, the relics dug up in Egypt, and under

^a *Religion of Geology, and its Connected Sciences.*

examination by Professor Owen at the present moment, will assuredly demand an antiquity vastly exceeding the Adamic era. If it be granted, however, that the world, as it now exists, may have been originated within the period assigned to the creation of man—which is more than later geologists are prepared to concede—they do not hesitate to deny that it is separated from former periods by any such universal chaos as is required by Dr. Chalmers's scheme of reconciliation. The existing coast-line of our own island, for instance, judging from the caves which have been slowly wrought in the hard rock by the action of the waves, is accounted to be some two or three thousand years old. A more ancient line is traceable, in many parts, behind the present one, which, reckoned by the same *criteria*, is half as old again; and in both of these sea-lines the same description of shells is found; not a single species appears to have become extinct in the six or seven thousand years assigned to their joint duration. But within the more ancient of our coast-lines, beds of shell have been found of vastly older date than either; and many of these are no longer found in the living condition. Still, though extinct in Britain, shell-fish of the same description continue to live in the more northern latitudes of Iceland and Spitzbergen. Again, the extinct mammoth, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, hyena, bear, and tiger, were contemporary with smaller animals which are still in existence. These and many other similar facts, abundantly disprove the hypothesis of a universal chaos immediately preceding the existing state of things. There was no such entire destruction of all previous existences—no such new creation of vegetable and animal life contemporaneously with the formation of man—as was assumed, rather than proved, in Dr. Chalmers's day.

So strong are the present evidences to the contrary, that Dr. Pye Smith, in adopting the hypothesis of Chalmers, found it necessary to introduce an important modification. He supposes the chaos, with (of course) the succeeding creation, to extend not to *all* the earth's surface, but only to a

part of it; so that, while that portion which God was minded to adapt for the dwelling-place of man and the animals connected with man, "was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of its deep," *other* portions, forming part of our present lands and seas, were in the enjoyment of the sun's light, and tenanted by forms of animal and vegetable life, of which we see the descendants at this day.

According to this theory, the six-days' work in Genesis indicates a series of operations carried on within the region bounded by the Caucasus, the Caspian Lake, Tartary, and the Persian and Indian Seas. This region was first brought into a condition of *superficial* ruin by atmospheric and geological causes (probably by volcanic agency); it was submerged perhaps beneath the ocean, then elevated, and, after being cooled for some time with cloud and fog, the atmosphere by the fourth day became pellucid. Such is the modification propounded in a work professing to reconcile holy Scripture and geological science; and which Dr. Hitchcock, without himself fully adopting the hypothesis, is pleased to think an "extension" of Dr. Chalmers's interpretation, well calculated to remove some "difficulties" which embarrassed the original scheme.

One of these "difficulties" relates to the distribution of the inferior animals over the globe; which, on Dr. Chalmers's plan, must have been effected from a single centre of creation like that of mankind, *and in the same period of time*. The modified theory of Pye Smith admits of their being *created* within the districts wherein they are now found. A more insurmountable difficulty, however, is the fact, *discovered since Chalmers wrote*, that some hundreds of species, still surviving, were in existence (as proved by their remains in the tertiary strata), long before the creation of man; and it was probably this advanced state of geological knowledge that Dr. Pye Smith was desirous of meeting. Still it is a marvel how any one can fail to perceive that the modification, instead of being an "extension," involves, in fact, the demolition of the original

scheme. While Chalmers professed to reconcile the discoveries of geology with the Mosaic narrative, understanding that narrative entirely of the creation of this world in six days, by the single expedient of interpolating the geologic periods before the first of them—the emendation limits the sacred narrative to a small portion only of the existing creation, carrying back the rest to an undefined, uncertain original. Still the advanced state of geological knowledge, in the five-and-twenty years that elapsed between the publications of Chalmers and Pye Smith, imperatively demanded some modification of the views of the former; and on the theory adopted by both, that the Mosaic creation was wholly posterior to the periods of geology, nothing more satisfactory has been, or perhaps can be excogitated.

When we consider, however, all that is involved in reducing the sacred narrative which *seems* to relate the creation of the world, to an account of the reconstruction of an inconsiderable plateau in Central Asia, we are not surprised that the friends of revelation—temporarily silenced by the devout eloquence of Chalmers—should consider the truce as broken, and begin again to stigmatise the theory of geologists as *anti-scriptural*. If the idea of a *partial* deluge in place of a universal one, is still regarded by many with suspicion, how much more a *partial* chaos? and a *partial* creation? Hence we have divines, and even geologists, who labour against the whole theory of the pre-Adamite formations. Some are bold enough to revive the exploded notion of the sixteenth century, that the fossil remains found in the earth were *never living creatures at all!* but “formed stones,” created in the condition in which they are now found; for as they gravely observe, God can create stones in one shape as well as another! Nay, the mammoth found under the ice in the Arctic regions, which was never petrified at all, but retained at the beginning of the present century flesh

which bears, and dogs devoured, with bones and long red hair, still preserved in the Museum at St. Petersburg, is conjectured by a recent writer never to have been an animated structure, but simply a “*created carcass!*” *

Others, with less of the hardihood of ignorance, strive to reproduce the hypothesis, once generally and justifiably entertained, that the various geological strata may be all accounted for by the agencies of fire and water at the *flood*; and consequently the extinct creatures are not *pre-Adamite*, but simply *antediluvian*. This was the task undertaken by the Dean of York at the meeting of the British Association in that city in September 1844. But the researches of geology had been travelling too fast for the very reverend dignitary. The evidences of *duration* and *succession*, indelibly stamped on the different strata, make it impossible to ascribe their formation to any one catastrophe; still more to a catastrophe which so little changed the structure or even the surface of the earth, that the men and animals born before the Flood returned to live upon it afterwards, and found not even the vegetation destroyed.

It is easy enough to laugh out of court all such well-meant but impossible attempts to bolster up the assumed authority of Holy Writ. The latest and not the least humorous refutation will be found in Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*—the newest and most authentic exposition of geologic science, and alas! that we must add, the final effort of an intellect that, having raised and glorified human nature, in its sudden collapse and fall has left the sons of science and of Scotland to lamentation and awe. Still, while it is so easy to refute what Miller calls the “geology of the anti-geologists,” the very recurrence of these hopeless struggles surely proves that geologists have not yet satisfied the religious cravings of Christendom. The frequent endeavour, with the amount of patience, industry, and

* See *A Brief and Complete Refutation of the Anti-scriptural Theory of Geologists*. By a Clergyman of the Church of England. London: Wertheim and Mackintosh. 1853.

learning employed in weaving and re-weaving these successive schemes, show that theology and geology almost equally demand the reconciliation. No disciple of either "ology" seems content to go on long in utter heedlessness of the path of the other. *It would be ruinous if they did.* This were to scatter the seeds of infidelity broadcast over our mining and excavating population. We agree rather with President Hitchcock, that "if the geological interpretation of Genesis be true, it should be taught to all classes of the community; to do otherwise were to excite the suspicion that we dread to have the light of science fall upon the Bible. Nor let it be forgotten," he adds, "how disastrous has ever been the influence of the opinion that theologians teach one thing and men of science another." The popularity of the study is of itself a sufficient index of its utility. Dr. Hitchcock's work, reprinted in Glasgow, is bought at our railway stations for eighteenpence; and the *Testimony of the Rocks*, by far the most absorbing and delightful book we have lately perused,—will, no doubt, be received with equal favour. There is something in the very idea of illustrating the oldest truths of God's Word by the newest discoveries in His works, which is sure to arrest the attention of a people by no means willing to part with their religion, while increasingly bent on the acquisition of knowledge. The writer of this article being asked to give a lecture last year in one of the coal districts of the North, ventured to make an attempt of this kind, and was astonished at its success. Thrice was he asked to repeat it; and the rough but intelligent features of the men who crowded from the manufactories, the collieries, and the railway cuttings, to listen,—filling boxes, pit, and galleries of a *theatre* secured for their use—formed a most encouraging contrast to the usual aspects of a lecture-room.

The hypothesis which we supported on that occasion is one which has not in general received the approval of geological harmonists. Being manifestly the most captivating of all, we could never account for its discouragement, save on the principle ex-

pressed in the proverb, "Too good to be true." It is with proportionate satisfaction, therefore, that we now find our favourite scheme of reconciliation elaborated and sustained in a work of such indisputable scientific authority as the *Testimony of the Rocks*. This interpretation concurs in Dr. Chalmers's celebrated *dictum*, "that the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe." It further agrees with him in prefixing the opening sentence of Genesis to the geologic periods; but, instead of imagining those periods to be omitted from the subsequent narrative, it supposes them to be successively indicated in the work of the SEVERAL days recorded by Moses. All the liberty it takes with the sacred text is to suppose the Mosaic days to be periods of indefinite duration, in place of natural days of four-and-twenty hours each. For this interpretation, it is able to quote the authority of Scripture itself, which, in texts innumerable, uses the word "day" to indicate some appointed period appropriate to a particular purpose: hence "the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2); the "day of Jerusalem" (Ps. cxxxvii. 7; Luke, xix. 42); the day of Christ (John, viii. 56; Phil. i. 6); the day of retribution (Ps. xxxvii. 13); and many others. This use of the word is, in fact, so well established, that we find St. Peter guarding his disciples against the unbelief of their times, by the consideration that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" a proverb, so directly connected with the received opinion of his nation concerning the first chapter of Genesis, that we are told the Rabbis considered each of the six days there mentioned to be (at least) emblematic of a thousand years. On this notion was grounded the doctrine of the millennium, so extensively believed among the Jewish converts to Christianity: as the first Adam was created on the sixth day, and God rested on the seventh, so it was argued the second Adam was to appear in the sixth millennium, and the kingdom of heaven to be finally established in the seventh. No one who has looked into the Fathers will think of charging this interpretation of the

word "day" with novelty; if the facts of geology admit of being ranged under six such periods, there is nothing in theology but what favours the view; and the reconciliation with the Mosaic narrative is made at once simple and complete.

The hypothesis is manifestly countenanced by two leading phenomena; the geologic periods agree with the Mosaic days in *order* and in *number*.

Genesis and geology both exhibit the world as first covered with water, which could only be tenanted by fish and *algæ*. Then the land was elevated, covered with vegetation, and, presumably moist and reeking, became a fit habitation for amphibious creatures and birds. The cattle and other *mammalia* follow at a later period, when the land had acquired firmness, and the atmosphere was improved; and the latest creature is man, after whose formation the Creator "rested from all His works which He had made." Here is one great line of agreement indicated on the very surface of the question; we are not aware of any ground for supposing that this particular order could have been elicited by guess-work; yet there was nothing in the state of science when Moses wrote to guide him to it. Before the study of comparative anatomy, one might have as readily supposed the *mammalia* to precede the reptiles and fish as to follow them.

Again, it is surely most remarkable, that, while the geological system in England alone has been subdivided by Smith into as many as thirty-four strata, *six* large divisions are almost universally recognised, separated each by a "disturbance" more marked and extensive than others. These are described in general terms as the *older* and *later Primary*, the *older* and *later Secondary*, the *Tertiary*, with the *present* surface of the globe: the five general disturbances, which seem to mark some universal convulsion of nature, occurring respectively at the close of the *Silurian*, the *Carboniferous*, the *Oolite*, the *Cretaceous*, and the *Tertiary* formations. When, therefore, it was further suggested that each of these divisions might be, at least probably, contemporaneous with a different race of plants and animals, and be in fact

referred to in the "days" of Genesis, the suggestion opened at once a path of marvellous attraction for all who desire to harmonise the testimony of Revelation and of science. The obstacles are as nothing compared with what we have to surmount on every other hypothesis. Miller, indeed, does not scruple to declare that only one alternative is left. The progress of geology has put "the explanation of Chalmers entirely out of the question," and we must be content to acquiesce in Dr. Pye Smith's modification, or allow the interpretation we contend for.

"Between the scheme of lengthened periods and the scheme of a merely local chaos, which existed no one knows how, and a merely local creation, which had its scene no one knows where, *geological science leaves us now no choice whatever.*" — *Testimony*, p. 152.

One of the objections to our view, on which much stress has been laid, always appeared to us to result in a decisive argument in its favour. We allude to the reason given in the book of Genesis and repeated in Exodus (xx. 11), for the institution of the Sabbath. We are commanded to work for six days, and rest on the seventh, because in six days God created the universe, and rested on the seventh. The days of the first part of the commandment are obviously those which compose the natural week. Then similar, it is argued, must be the days in the latter part, otherwise the same word is used in two different significations in one passage of Scripture. But setting aside the logomachy, is there any real "difficulty" in conceiving that the smaller divisions of human time are to be ordered after the model of larger ones employed by the Creator? Work for six days, and rest on the seventh, is the law which God prescribed to Himself and to us. But must His days and ours necessarily be of the same duration? Must He be held to have crowded all the diversified phenomena of nature, past, present, and to come, into one hundred and forty-four hours, because that is the measure of a man's weekly labour? The prophets are allowed in Holy Scripture "a week of years" to measure out the history of a single people.

May not the march of creation well demand a DAY of centuries?—a week not of seven, but of seventy times seven?

Follow the argument of the Sabbath a little farther, and you will find this interpretation indispensable. If the six days of creation are to be limited to four and twenty hours each, so of course must the *seventh*. But to imagine that God "rested" only for such a day, is to infer that, at its expiry, He resumed again the creative process; whereas it is plain that the Divine rest, in other words, the ceasing from the act of *Creation*—for in respect of upholding and governing, our Saviour reminds us that his Father "worketh hitherto"—continues to the present time. God's Sabbath, then, was a period, and not a natural day. It has lasted already through six or seven thousand of our years, and may last as many more, before the true "*eighth day*" (of which our Lord's resurrection is the type), shall usher in "a new heavens and a new earth," fitted for the spiritual progeny of the second Man. But if the day of the Creator's *rest* be a long period of time, so must also be the six days of His *work*. The retort is complete and unanswerable—the objector is judged out of his own mouth, and the mind may be freely allowed to ascend to an interpretation of Genesis, consistent not only with geology, but with the Book and its sublime epic.

Before we proceed, however, let us very briefly put the non-scientific reader in possession of the chief facts of the case, omitting all conjectures, and note the amount of agreement already established between the Book and the Rocks.

The earth's crust having been penetrated to a depth of about six miles, is found to consist in great part of *stratified* rocks; that is, rocks whose component parts are laid in level *strata*, showing that they were deposited at different intervals out of water, and afterwards hardened into stone. The number of these strata proves a succession of inundations, and the thickness of them argues a long continuance of the flood during their deposit. The strata have, each in its turn, been at the surface of the earth, and being

there submerged under the waters of the ocean, have gradually received the materials which they held in suspension; so that, on the retiring of the sea, or the elevation of the land, these have in turn been hardened into a new surface superimposed upon the former. Below all the strata are found rocks *not stratified*, the materials of which show no trace of having been ever suspended in water, and which are consequently assumed to have formed the original crust before the first of the inundations by which the several strata were deposited.

While such, however, is the normal arrangement, the strata are by no means universally found in the levels on which they were originally deposited. "Disturbances," more or less extensive, have occurred in various places, effected apparently by volcanic agency, which, breaking through the strata with prodigious force, has thrown large masses into a perpendicular in place of their original horizontal position, and upheaving the unstratified granite from below, forced it through the superincumbent rocks to exhibit its peaked eminences above the present surface. These disturbances have been as evidently produced by the action of fire as the strata themselves by that of water. The results, therefore, attest (1.) a succession of inundations, continuing for vast periods of time; and (2.) a variety of fiery convulsions powerful enough to rend and shatter the rocks from their foundations, and change the whole face of nature where they prevailed.

On examining more closely the composition of the rocks, stratified and unstratified, the latter are found to contain *no fossils*—no remains of plants, fishes, or animals of any kind—nothing which bears the semblance of ever having been anything else but stone, with the exception of the *metals* fused and run into their crannies and chinks. The *stratified* rocks, on the contrary, are almost wholly composed of materials which have once formed portions of other organisations. Plants, fishes, shells, reptiles, birds and animals, are found in them in profusion; converted into stone, but so little altered as to demonstrate that these forms were once endued with vegetable and animal life. They flourished

when the strata on which they now rest formed the surface of the earth; were destroyed in the inundation which ensued, and deposited, along with the other materials held in suspension by the superincumbent waters, to form in their turn the floor of another set of inhabitants.

Further, these fossil remains prove to be of creatures of which the whole species have now become extinct; and again, the species in the lower strata are different from those in the higher. Hence, not only has the globe undergone several successive changes of its material surface, but the plants and animals have changed also. Each time the surface was renewed, a new system of vegetable and animal life was called into existence suited to the new condition of the soil. In one period the fossils are all of marine plants and fishes, indicating that the dry land had not as yet emerged from the all-embracing ocean. At another, we have huge monsters of the lizard or saurian tribe, suggestive of vast marshes and low banks suited to their amphibious formation. At another, the scaly lizard is found lifted into an unwieldy quadruped, roaming the earth now hard enough for its tread, and eating down the vegetation that grew thick and rank in the reeking atmosphere. Then we find birds vast as dragons and hideous as harpies; all apparently belonging to their several dates or periods, and all anterior to the existing creation.

The last fact we need to mention is, that among all the fossils of extinct plants or animals, no remains have ever yet been found of *man*. He was absent, therefore, from all the several creations anterior to the present. This most perfect of organised beings was not produced till the earth had been replenished with the plants and animals which now flourish on its surface, and seem to be generally necessary to human existence.

Such are, very briefly, some of the well-ascertained facts of geology. It were as idle for any one to contend against the necessary inference, as to dispute the law of gravitation, or the solar system. If, on digging in some uninhabited island, we found the remains of seven generations buried one

under the other, in the different stages of decomposition, we should of course believe that those individuals had successively lived their appointed space upon the island, and each in his turn gone down to the grave. What should we say to the person who should try to persuade us that our own was in fact the first human foot that ever trod those shores, and when we pointed to the skulls and bones and pieces of coffin we had unearthed, should gravely reply that these were perhaps no human remains after all, but something very like them, created in that shape from the first? Should we not answer, without disputing what *might* have been, that in those relics of mortality we saw indisputable evidence of what *had* been the case; that men had certainly inhabited the country, and lived and died there for generations, though no record might remain of their origin or extinction? In like manner, then, we say of the geological discoveries, that without denying that God *could* have created the globe out of nothing in 144 hours—or in *one*—here is evidence that, in point of fact, He *did* not. It is not a theory or speculation, but matter of *historical record*, "written and graven on stones," proved by ocular demonstration, that these successive races *did* inhabit this earth before ourselves. Come or go as they might, here they lie buried under our feet; and no cosmogony can be other than ridiculous which does not allow time for their succession. To specify the number of years or centuries is neither possible nor necessary. Vast periods, as compared with our own, were certainly consumed in the rise and decay of the systems before us; but whether thousands or tens of thousands of years, as *we* count years, no one can even surmise. Nor let it disturb us that Geology should demand such gigantic portions of *time* for the history of the globe, when it is remembered how glibly her elder sister, Astronomy, counts her millions of miles in assigning its *place* among other planets.

To proceed, then, with the agreement between these ascertained facts of science and the statements of Revelation.

1. In the first place, they go to the root of the notion in which atheism has always originated, and to which it is continually recurring—the *eternity of the world*. That “all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation,” was the stronghold of infidelity in St. Peter’s time; and the apostle perceived that to refute this idea and establish a creation “by the Word of God” at some definite period, was essential to a belief in future judgment. St. Paul, in like manner, lays the foundations of faith in “understanding that the worlds were framed by the Word of God,” “so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear;” herein exactly meeting the old axiom of heathen philosophy, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Once allow that something was produced out of nothing, and you stand immediately in the presence of a Creator who sustains what He has called into being, and claims the homage and obedience of His creatures. To allow this, however, was the great difficulty, not only with Epicurus and Lucretius, but, strange as it may sound after eighteen centuries of Christianity, with Descartes. Stranger still, this is yet the difficulty with hundreds of neglected or ill-instructed minds in Protestant England.

Natural philosophy has assailed this difficulty by arguing for a creating mind from the proofs of *design* impressed upon all creation. Geology more directly meets it by producing evidence of the pre-existing state of things. “A stone,” says Paley, “may be conceived to have lain on the heath from all eternity, but not a *watch*; if I find one there, I am sure some one made it and put it there.” “True, (adds the geologist), and I can tell you when it was put there; at all events, I can show a period when the heath was without a watch, and when watches, indeed, were not in existence.”

It is not, however, a single piece of mechanism that geology presents us with, but a succession of creations occupying each its distinct period of time, and for that time possessing the whole earth. This evidence is no longer moral, but physical and complete. The theory of “development”

is here wholly inapplicable; inasmuch as the successive races were manifestly *not* developed out of their predecessors, but brought to a violent end, and their habitations prepared for successors of another species. Now, if it could be granted that matter itself were eternal, and, further, eternally endued with necessary forms of organisation, it would still be impossible to conceive an eternally inherent quality of destroying its necessary order, and producing another! Such revolutions can only be ascribed to the hand of a superior Being, existing before and after the formations He effects, and moulding the subject matter with the power of the potter over the clay—“of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour.” This is the first and decisive testimony which geological science bears to the truths of Revelation.

2. The next is, that man is found in geology as he is exhibited in Genesis—the latest in time, but the highest in order, of all the creatures that have as yet appeared upon this earth. It cannot be denied that there is a tendency in some scientific pursuits to reduce the human race to an insignificance, as compared with other parts of creation, which is hard to be reconciled with the great truths of revelation. The study of astronomy, for example, exhibiting our planet as one out of several that revolve about the sun;—suggesting that the fixed stars are also suns whose planets are lost to sight in the immensity of their distance; further, that in the realms of space, other systems exist beyond the furthest star, the light of whose very suns does not reach the human eye; and lastly, that all these systems possibly revolve about a common centre—their suns the planets of some grander fountain of light, and their planets, in fact, the satellites of a subject and secondary luminary,—these conceptions, while they build up a noble idea of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the *Creator*, reduce the human *creature* to such an atom in the magnificent array, that we experience a struggle in believing in his heavenly destiny. The exclamation, “What is man?” presses on the mind,

till from the devout awe of the Psalmist it is often ready to sink into despair. Is it easy, for instance, to connect with the ephemeral tenants of one shining speck out of millions, the high-reaching faith of the *incarnation of the Son of God*?

The infidels of science have not failed to make the most of this argument, while its poets ridicule the presumption of man supposing himself to be the final end of creation. The conclusion which Pope drew from his really beautiful survey of the universe is, that its Maker—

"Sees with equal eye as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurld,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

Nothing seems to move his scorn more than the doctrine of Genesis, that man was created to have dominion over the lower creatures,—

"Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy
good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy
food?
Know, Nature's children shall divide her
care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a
bear.

While man exclaims, See all things for my
use!
See man for mine, replies a pamp'rd
goose!"

The Essay on Man, in fact, amid all its richness of versification, and apparently devout contemplation of nature, breathes a spirit wholly irreconcilable with some of the fundamental positions of the Bible. It is no little service, then, which Geology renders to Revelation, when she demonstrates that the Scriptural account of man's position upon earth is the true one. This service she discharges in showing that, while among the extinct species of the pre-Adamite periods, there can be traced the *idea* of the human organisation, rudely stamped on the first living creatures, preserved amid the destruction of races, and reproduced upon a higher scale in their successors,—man himself was wanting, till, after several successive creations, the earth was again reorganised for his use.

Beautifully and religiously is this gradual unfolding of the archetypal

idea stated and illustrated by Hugh Miller—

"In a passage," he says, "quoted from Herder, by Dr. M'Cosh, in his very masterly work on typical forms, I find the profound German remarking of the strange resemblances which pervade all nature, and impart a general unity to its forms, that it would seem, 'as if, on all our earth, the form-abounding mother had proposed to herself but one type,—one *proto-plasma*—according to which, and for which, she formed them all. Know, then,' he continues, 'what this form is. It is the identical one which man also wears.' And the remark of Coleridge in his *Aids to Reflection*, is still more definite. 'Let us carry us back in spirit,' he says, 'to the mysterious week, the teeming work-days of the Creator (as they rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian), of the operations of the heavens and of the earth in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens. And who that watched their ways with an understanding heart could, as the vision evolved still advanced towards him, contemplate the filial and loyal bee, the home-building, wedded, and divorceless swallow, and, above all, the manifoldly intelligent ant tribes, with their commonwealths and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband folk that fold in their tiny flocks on the honey-leaf, and the virgin sister with the holy instincts of maternal love detached and in selfless purity—and not say in himself, Behold the shadow of approaching humanity, the sun rising from behind, in the kindling morn of creation?' There is fancy here; but it is that sagacious fancy vouchsafed to only the true poet, which has so often proved the *pioneer of scientific discovery*, and which is in reality more sober and truthful in the midst of its apparent extravagance, than the gravest cogitations of ordinary men. It is surely no incredible thing that He who, in the dispensations of the human period, spake by type and symbol, and who, when He walked the earth in the flesh, taught in parable and allegory, should have also spoken in the geologic ages by prophetic figures embodied in the form and structure of animals? Nay, what the poet imagined, though in a somewhat extreme form, the philosophers seem to be on the very eve of confirming. The foreknown 'archetypal idea' of Owen,—'the immaterial link of connection' of all the past with all the present, which Agassiz resolves into the fore-ordained design of the Creator, will be yet found, I cannot doubt, to trans-

late themselves into one great general truth—namely, that the Palæozoic, Secondary, and Tertiary dispensations of creation were charged, like the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations of grace, with the ‘shadows of better things to come.’ The advent of man, simply as such, was the great event prefigured during the old geologic ages. The advent of that divine Man, ‘who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light,’ was the great event prefigured during the historic ages. It is these two grand events, equally portions of one sublime scheme, originated when God took counsel with Himself in the depths of eternity, that bind together past, present, and future—the geologic with the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian ages, and all together with that new heavens and new earth, the last of many creations, in which there shall be ‘no more death nor curse, but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him.’”—*Testimony*, 214, 216.

Glorious and glowing language this! Yet it is the language not of poetry alone, but of science concurring with theology and the moral yearnings of man's inner being, to sustain the pre-eminence with which the Mosaic record has invested him. It is the testimony of science, in all her branches, that the highly sensitive vertebral structure which constitutes the human frame, is the *only* material organism capable of being united to a rational mind or soul. *Approximations* towards this organism are found throughout the geologic periods, even as approximations to reason may be traced in the instincts of lower animals. Still a distinct line of demarcation separates the head and capital of creation from the lower members. And this line is drawn in geology (and we may observe also in anatomy) precisely where it is in Genesis,—with the creation of Adam. No human remains are mixed with the fossil specimens. The geologic periods exhibit no single trace of reason through all their vast extent: no relics of manufactures, art, or invention are found; nothing to suggest the possibility that any of the extinct creatures were equal to any higher ends than the bare necessities of animal nature. It was *after* all these preliminary, and, so to speak, *tentative*, periods of creation—*after*

the formation of the present surface of the earth, and its being stocked with all other existing creatures, that this one superior rational species was introduced as the crown and perfection of the whole. This testimony not only sustains the very letter of the Mosaic record, but leads directly to the conclusion that the being so exceptionally endowed may well be reserved for the exalted destiny there assigned to him. The voice of Science is attuned to that of Revelation,—

“Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason ending full in man.”

Such, then, is the highly encouraging concurrence of testimony already arrived at between the records of geology and Genesis. We may compare them to two travellers starting from opposite coasts of an unknown island to explore its interior; the one furnished with a map in the stars, the other tracking his way by the nature of the soil, the vegetation, and here and there the footprints of wild animals. They advance unconscious of each other's existence, the former gazing ever on the mystic orbs of heaven, the latter never removing his downward eyes from earth. That each should occasionally mistake his instructions, and so wander from his path, we should reasonably anticipate; but if, after many such deviations, corrected by renewed application to their appointed signs, we saw our travellers returning again and again into one direction, and that a direction which promised eventually to bring them face to face in the centre, should we not recognise in the instructions of each the Hand which formed the “stars in their courses,” and the flowers in their order, and gave His children the wisdom to read what He has inscribed upon either?

The amount of agreement already established beyond dispute, justifies the belief that the time has passed in which it was possible to *oppose* the testimony of the Rocks to that of The Book. If now the good service can be carried a step farther, and the *details* as well as the conclusions of the Mosaic record be harmonised with those of geology, the finishing-

stroke would be put to one of the noblest and most delightful of the investigations open to mankind. It is this which, after many a timid recoil, geology appears to be now on the verge of accomplishing, by establishing the hypothesis that the "days" of the Book correspond with the "periods" of the Rocks. Let us briefly sketch the arrangement.

The first of the Mosaic days is occupied with the creation of light, and its separation from the darkness. Taking this to mark the first epoch of the material creation—as light and life are invariable co-relatives—it will coincide with the period of the unstratified rocks, when, according to geological evidences, the earth glowed with heat, amounting perhaps to a state of fusion, incompatible with the presence of either animal or vegetable life. The incandescent mass being suffused with water, the whole would be wrapped in volumes of steam, thick enough to shut out every ray of light, till God said, Let there be light, and there was light—the vapours, however, still continuing dense enough to obscure the shape of the sun. On the second day, the atmosphere is created, which may well be coincident with the earliest period of fossil remains—the silurian formation. The characteristics of this period are, that the rocks exhibit a generally level aspect, and the fossils are all of fish, or *marine* plants: consequently the surface was still submerged, probably at no great depth, under the ocean. It is further worthy of notice, that, whereas the Babylonian Cosmogony which for a moment attracted the attention of Niebuhr, represents the original earth as encompassed with waters in which the fish swam about in *darkness*; the oldest of our ichthyic fossils is endowed with an *eye*, furnished with the necessary process for dilating and contracting the pupil as the creature rose towards, or receded from, the light. With the third day, the dry land is elevated, and the waters gathered into the corresponding hollows; the immediate result of which is, that the earth is clothed with vegetation. This day, then, corresponds with the old red sandstone, still bearing the traces of the

rippling sea which broke upon it, with the footmarks of the first walking or crawling creatures. This formation was originally clothed with the forests, afterwards superimposed upon it in the shape of the coal strata. These represent a vegetation so profuse, that Miller thinks the earth must have shone to other planets with a kind of pale-green lustre. The fourth day is assigned by Moses to the heavenly bodies, now probably rendered visible by the dissipation of the vapours in the atmosphere, as the heat of the globe abated. To this point geology, therefore, is not called to witness: but the period is that of the formation of the coal strata, while the waters in which those ancient forests had been submerged, were sapping, uprooting, and, after innumerable years of suspension, depositing trunk, and leaf, and fruit in a thick carbonaceous mass, whose use was reserved for a future creation.

With the fifth day creation is again in operation below. The waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, not great whales, as our translators improperly render it—for the whale is one of the warm-blooded *mammalia* not yet produced,—but these are the spawn of ocean, whose mighty shapes have been reconstructed in the gardens at Sydenham. Those great toads or frogs, called (from their teeth) *Dicynodon*, and *Labyrinthodon*, together with the *Cheirotherium*, are specimens of the older creatures that climbed out of the teeming womb of ocean on the third day, and left their footprints upon the old red sandstone. The remaining reconstructions—the *Ichthyosaurus*, with his flabby paddles floundering in the mud—the *Plesiosaurus* and *Teleosaurus* fighting and devouring one another a little farther up the bank (with another still fiercer member of the Saurian tribe, furnished with a neck like the swan's, and rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of *Plesiosaurus Dolichodermion*), struggled and screamed on the blue clay, where they now lie entombed in the *lias* formation. The grisly *Megalosaurus* trod the harder soil of the freestone or Oolite strata, and over his head the *Pterodactyle* spread his leathern wings like a

Harpy. Next the grim-looking *Hy-læosaurus* and milder *Iguanodon* fed together on the forests of the Wealden strata; while the *Protosaurus* trampled down the chalk, and overhead flew the great Pterodactyle, some forlorn specimens of whose race Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins pleasantly conjectures may have outlived the night that fell upon his family, and surviving to the next "day," impressed the *memory* of man with the dragons which have been generally attributed to his *imagination*.

All these, and others discovered—and still in process of discovery—in great abundance in the formations we have named, are conceived to have been the productions of the "fifth day." This day, like its predecessor, had an "evening and a morning,"—an initial and a declining era as well as a middle or noonday portion, wherein the several types attained their fullest development. And then was ushered in the sixth day, when "the earth (not the waters) brought forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth;" in a word, all the existing animal kingdom, with some further species now extinct (as the fossil elephant, rhinoceros, &c.), but which geology attests to have lived in the opening stages of the human period. It was *late* in this period—in the *evening*, as Milton rightly places it, of the sixth day—that man was created; yet no evening closes this day in Genesis, for the evening there *precedes* the morning, and man's day is not yet enveloped in the initial shadows of another period. The seventh day succeeds continuously without a night between.

"— The great Creator from His work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd.

The heavens and all the constellations
rung,

The planets in their stations list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung;
Open, ye heavens, your living doors —
let in

The great Creator from His work return'd
Magnificent! His six days' work a world!
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will
design

To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted; and, with frequent intercourse,

Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace."

If the reader wishes to see the outline we have now sketched filled in with all the warmth of a poet and the accuracy of the man of science, he must consult the *Testimony of the Rocks*. We have preferred to have our say in our own words rather than attempt an analysis which might in some degree diminish the pleasure of perusing that charming little work. We must not, however, omit the satisfactory answer which it makes to the objection—now the only one of importance—that on the hypothesis here stated Moses is made to record the creation of the *extinct* fishes, plants, reptiles, and birds, but not of the species, *still extant*. The sixth day, which is the period assigned to the existing creation, is, on this hypothesis, the era only of the *mammalia*; and as it cannot be maintained that the other tribes survived from former periods—because the fossils are mostly of a distinct species from any of the creatures now living—we are left without any account at all of the creation of the whole *vegetable* kingdom with two-thirds of the animal. The objection has been described as insuperable, but it is disposed of by the very simple and easy hypothesis that the sacred history records the *points in which each day differed from its predecessor*, and is silent on those in which it agreed with them. There was, indeed, an entire new creation in each, but that creation consisted partly of new species in the *genera* already existing, and partly in the addition of new *genera*; and it is the latter, not the former, that finds place in the sacred memoir. Fishes created on the first day, and vegetation first appearing on the third, continued also throughout every succeeding day—not in the same species, but in others more suited to the relations into which they were now brought with other creatures. The sixth day likewise received its proper creation of plants and lower animals, filling both land and sea; but as these, under other forms, had entered also into the earlier creations, the brief record of Genesis is silent upon them, and mentions only the higher orders of *mammalia* and of man which were now

brought into being. It is a record, of *creation* in the highest sense of the word, passing over all new modifications of previously existing races to note those which were then for the first time introduced into being. This suggestion seems at once simple and complete, and the advance of the science having removed other difficulties formerly objected to, we may venture to think the geological interpretation of the Mosaic "day" the true one.

It will be observed that in this, and indeed in all other schemes of reconciliation, the language of the sacred book is taken to describe the appearance rather than the actual nature of objects; in other words, it expresses the *optical* not the *scientific* truth. When it is said that God "made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night," it is obvious that this describes the appearance, not the true nature, of the sun and moon. No one, speaking scientifically, would conjoin the largest and the smallest of the orbs of heaven—the centre of our system, and the satellite of a single planet—under the description of "two great lights." Nor would the astronomer be satisfied to account for the object of their creation by the accident of their giving light upon earth by day and by night. This is optical not astronomical truth.

In like manner the work of other days also is described, not philosophically but optically, according to the appearances that would be presented to a spectator. Such a vision must have been in the mind of the sightless poet when he sang of the fifth day—

"The earth obey'd, and straight,
Opening her fertile womb team'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limbs'd and full grown: Out of the ground
uprose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he
wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they
walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds up-
sprung.
The grassy clods now calved; now half ap-
pear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke
from bonds,

And rampant shakes his brinded mane;
the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Kissing, the crumbled earth above them
threw
In hillocks: The swift stag from under
ground
Bore up his branching head: Scarce from
his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness: Fleeced the flocks and
bleating rose,
As plants: Ambiguous between sea and
land,
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile."

It is asked, however, *why* the sacred narrative should assume the optical aspect, when there was assuredly no human spectator to receive or record the impression. Had Moses been an eyewitness, or had he collected the records of one who stood by when God "commanded the morning, and caused the dayspring to know its place," the pen would naturally have recorded the impressions received by the eye. But as the whole was subsequently revealed by Him who made the secrets of nature, why give a pictorial representation of truths which may well be supposed to have been communicated in another way?

To answer this query we must first settle the mode in which the facts were actually communicated to the inspired writer. Several ways are conceivable: they may have been told in a *dream*, as many of the prophets were visited; or by *oral* and *audible* communication, as when Moses himself talked with God in the Mount; or by *written characters*, as he received the two tables of stone graven by the finger of God. The view, however, which has found most acceptance is that the history of the natural creation was communicated to Moses, as that of the spiritual was to St. John, in a *vision*—i. e., by a succession of pictures, presented possibly to the bodily organ, at all events exhibited to the mind's eye, by the divine agency. "We treat the history of creation," says Dr. Kurtz (quoted by Miller), "with its six days' work, as a connected series of so many prophetic visions. The appearance and vanishing of each such vision seem to the seer as a morning and an evening, apparently because these were presented to him as an increase and decrease of light, like morning and evening twi-

light." Miller himself, adopting this view, supposes "a diorama, over whose shifting pictures the curtain rose and fell six times in succession, once during the Azoic period, once during the earlier or middle Palæozoic period, once during the Carboniferous period, once during the Permian or Triassic period, once during the Oolitic or Cretaceous period, and finally, once during the Tertiary period;" and he declares himself "greatly mistaken if we have not in the six geologic periods all the elements without misplacement or exaggeration of the Mosaic drama of Creation."—*Testimony*, p. 184.

We would venture to suggest, for our own part, the probability of a succession of *hieroglyphs*, descending perhaps from high antiquity, and by Moses deciphered and recorded in the opening verse of Genesis. It is no new or unauthorised opinion that the earlier chapters of that inspired book were compiled from the family records of the children of Abraham. This is not inconsistent with the true inspiration of Moses any more than his acknowledged compilation of the testimony of many eyewitnesses is inconsistent with that of St. Luke. The songs of Zacharias and the Virgin, with the letter of Claudius Felix to the governor, were obviously inserted by the evangelist from copies which he had collected among the materials for his work. Why then may not Moses have found among the documents of his family one inscribed with hieroglyphic characters, which he was taught, either supernaturally, or by the aid of his great natural learning controlled and guided by inspiration, to decipher and put into words as the history of Creation? In any such inscription one or two characters would stand for each day's work, and be naturally expressive of the feature which distinguished it from the others. A confused blank, with an appearance of light flashing upon it at the word of God, might stand for the first day; an expanse of water with clouds above for the second; a picture of earth and sea, with trees on the former, for the third; a drawing of the sun, moon, and stars for the fourth; the sea producing great saurians, with birds on the wing, for the fifth; and one or two figures of

beasts, with a man at the close, might indicate the sixth and final period.

Without further pressing our suggestion, however, let us conclude with the more elaborate and glowing illustration of Hugh Miller:—

"Let us suppose that the creative vision took place far from man, in an untrodden recess of the Midian desert, ere yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed; and that, as in the vision of St. John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A "great darkness" first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the 'horror;' and, as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly-troubled waters, as a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard, 'Let there be light,' and straightway a grey diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of steaming vaporous sea, journeys through the heavens towards the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads: the faint light waxes fainter,—it sinks beneath the dim undefined horizon; the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer; and he sits awhile on his hill-top in darkness, solitary but not sad, in what seems to be a calm and starless night.

The light again brightens,—it is day; and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea,—invertebrate, mayhap also ichthyic, life; but from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens occupied in the previous vision by seething steam, or grey, smoke-like fog, is clear and transparent; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapour of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, they lie, thick and manifold,—an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and like them

too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A mighty advance has taken place in creation: but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere,—of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

"Yet again the light rises under a canopy of cloud; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef, formed mayhap by the Silurian or Old Red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday: and beats in long lines of foam, nearer at hand, against a low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely-spread country. For at the divine command the land has arisen from the deep,—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though flat and marshy continents, little raised over the sea-level; and a yet farther flat has covered them with the great carboniferous flora. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees,—of palms, and tree-ferns, and gigantic club-mosses, on the open slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark rolling rivers. There is deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky over-head; as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it wears on, and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines

amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east,—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens,—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

"Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine-woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas, or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters: great '*tannim*' tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a 'seething pot or caldron.' Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life; and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends,—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

"Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the field, graze on the plains; the thick skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature,—the lion, the leopard, and the bear,—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect.*

* Homer nods; no darkness intervenes, in Genesis, between the sixth day and the seventh, and none, we submit, can be interpolated by inference, not only because such interpolations are always unjustifiable, but because, for reasons already suggested, it would be here highly inconsistent

and there dawns yet another morrow,—the morrow of God's rest,—that divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which 'blessed and sanctified' beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over it no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

'The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos;'

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details."

And now, gentle reader, away from our sultry town to our seaside holiday, and whether or no the comet, whose miscalculated advent has brought to light, in this our day, so deplorable an amount of ignorance and superstition, shall add his eccentric witness to the starry maze which looks down upon us, as we saunter by

the many-voiced ocean, or lie rocking on her heaving bosom, be thou well advised, that neither in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, was there ever creature dearer to the great Maker of all than the mystic being who walks in the double light of revelation and science. None was in sober earnestness ever *worthier* of an angel's tears, an angel's joy; and no end can be predicted of these slowly evolving periods, and these successive worlds which geology beholds rising each higher than the other—so glorious in itself, or so consistent with all that is traced in them of their Maker, as that He who is the *capital* of the natural, and the *base* of the spiritual, creation, should one day glow along the whole line of his race, with a true conception of the essential, indivisible unity between the Word and the Works of the Creator!—in other and sublimer language, that we should "SEE HIM AS HE IS!"

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. III.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

PART III.—CHAPTER X.

HISTORY, we know, is apt to repeat herself, and to foist very old incidents upon us with only a slight change of costume. From the time of Xerxes downwards, we have seen generals playing the braggadocio at the outset of their campaigns, and conquering the enemy with the greatest ease in after-dinner speeches. But events are apt to be in disgusting discrepancy with the anticipations of the most ingenious tacticians; the difficulties of the expedition are ridiculously at variance with able calculations; the enemy has the impudence not to fall into confusion as had been reasonably expected of him; the mind of the gallant general begins to be distracted by news of intrigues against him at home, and, notwithstanding the handsome compliments he paid to Providence as his undoubted patron before setting out, there seems

every probability that the *Te Deums* will be all on the other side.

So it fell out with Mr. Dempster in his memorable campaign against the Anti-Tryanites. After all the premature triumph of the return from Elmstoke, the battle of the Evening Lecture had been lost; the enemy was in possession of the field; and the utmost hope remaining was that by a harassing guerilla warfare he might be driven to evacuate the country.

For some time this sort of warfare was kept up with considerable spirit. The shafts of Millby ridicule were made more formidable by being poisoned with calumny; and very ugly stories, narrated with circumstantial minuteness, were soon in circulation concerning Mr. Tryan and his hearers, from which stories it was plainly deducible that Evangelicalism led by a

necessary consequence to hypocritical indulgence in vice. Some old friendships were broken asunder, and there were near relations who felt that religious differences, unmitigated by any prospect of a legacy, were a sufficient ground for exhibiting their family antipathy. Mr. Budd harangued his workmen, and threatened them with dismissal if they or their families were known to attend the evening lecture; and Mr. Tomlinson, on discovering that his foreman was a rank Tryanite, blustered to a great extent, and would have cashiered that valuable functionary on the spot, if such a retributive procedure had not been inconvenient.

On the whole, however, at the end of a few months the balance of substantial loss was on the side of the Anti-Tryanites. Mr. Pratt, indeed, had lost a patient or two besides Mr. Dempster's family; but as it was evident that Evangelicalism had not dried up the stream of his anecdote, or in the least altered his view of any lady's constitution, it is probable that a change accompanied by so few outward and visible signs, was rather the pretext than the ground of his dismissal in those additional cases. Mr. Dunn was threatened with the loss of several good customers, Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Lowme having set the example of ordering him to send in his bill; and the draper began to look forward to his next stock-taking with an anxiety which was but slightly mitigated by the parallel his wife suggested between his own case and that of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, who were thrust into a burning fiery furnace. For, as he observed to her the next morning, with that perspicacity which belongs to the period of shaving, whereas their deliverance consisted in the fact that their linen and woollen goods were not consumed, his own deliverance lay in precisely the opposite result. But convenience, that admirable branch system from the main line of self-interest, makes us all fellow helpers in spite of adverse resolutions. It is probable that no speculative or theological hatred would be ultimately strong enough to resist the persuasive power of convenience; that a latitudinarian baker, whose bread was

honourably free from alum, would command the custom of any dyspeptic Puseyite; that an Arminian with the toothache would prefer a skilful Calvinistic dentist to a bungler staunch against the doctrines of Election and Final Perseverance, who would be likely to break the tooth in his head; and that a Plymouth Brother, who had a well-furnished grocery shop in a favourable vicinage, would occasionally have the pleasure of furnishing sugar or vinegar to orthodox families that found themselves unexpectedly "out of" those indispensable commodities. In this persuasive power of convenience lay Mr. Dunn's ultimate security from martyrdom. His drapery was the best in Millby; the comfortable use and wont of procuring satisfactory articles at a moment's notice proved too strong for Anti-Tryanite zeal; and the draper could soon look forward to his next stock-taking without the support of a Scriptural parallel.

On the other hand, Mr. Dempster had lost his excellent client, Mr. Jerome—a loss which galled him out of proportion to the mere monetary deficit it represented. The attorney loved money, but he loved power still better. He had always been proud of having early won the confidence of a conventicle-goer, and of being able to "turn the prop of Salem round his thumb." Like most other men, too, he had a certain kindness towards those who had employed him when he was only starting in life; and just as we do not like to part with an old weather-glass from our study, or a two-foot ruler that we have carried in our pocket ever since we began business, so Mr. Dempster did not like having to erase his old client's name from the accustomed drawer in the bureau. Our habitual life is like a wall hung with pictures, which has been shone on by the suns of many years: take one of the pictures away, and it leaves a definite blank space, to which our eyes can never turn without a sensation of discomfort. Nay, the involuntary loss of any familiar object almost always brings a chill as from an evil omen; it seems to be the first finger-shadow of advancing death.

From all these causes combined,

Mr. Dempster could never think of his lost client without strong irritation, and the very sight of Mr. Jerome passing in the street was wormwood to him.

One day, when the old gentleman was coming up Orchard Street on his roan mare, shaking the bridle, and tickling her flank with the whip as usual, though there was a perfect mutual understanding that she was not to quicken her pace, Janet happened to be on her own door-step, and he could not resist the temptation of stopping to speak to that "nice little woman," as he always called her, though she was taller than all the rest of his feminine acquaintances. Janet, in spite of her disposition to take her husband's part in all public matters, could bear no malice against her old friend; so they shook hands.

"Well, Mrs. Dempster, I'm surry to my heart not to see you sometimes, that I am," said Mr. Jerome, in a plaintive tone. "But if you've got any poor people as wants help, and you know's deservin', send 'em to me, send 'em to me, just the same."

"Thank you, Mr. Jerome, that I will. Goodbye."

Janet made the interview as short as she could, but it was not short enough to escape the observation of her husband, who, as she feared, was on his mid-day return from his office at the other end of the street; and this offence of hers, in speaking to Mr. Jerome, was the frequently recurring theme of Mr. Dempster's objurgatory domestic eloquence.

Associating the loss of his old client with Mr. Tryan's influence, Dempster began to know more distinctly why he hated the obnoxious curate. But a passionate hate, as well as a passionate love, demands some leisure and mental freedom. Persecution and revenge, like courtship and toadyism, will not prosper without a considerable expenditure of time and ingenuity, and these are not to spare, with a man whose law-business and liver are both beginning to show unpleasant symptoms. Such was the disagreeable turn affairs were taking with Mr. Dempster, and, like the general distracted by home intrigues, he was too much harassed himself to

lay ingenious plans for harassing the enemy.

Meanwhile, the evening lecture drew larger and larger congregations; not, perhaps, attracting many from that select aristocratic circle in which the Lowmes and Pittmans were predominant, but winning the larger proportion of Mr. Crewe's morning and afternoon hearers, and thioning Mr. Stickney's evening audiences at Salem. Evangelicalism was making its way in Milby, and gradually diffusing its subtle odour into chambers that were bolted and barred against it. The movement, like all other religious "revivals," had a mixed effect. Religious ideas have the fate of melodies, which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them woefully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out that the melody itself is detestable. It may be that some of Mr. Tryan's hearers had gained a religious vocabulary rather than religious experience; that here and there a weaver's wife, who, a few months before, had been simply a silly slattern, was converted into that more complex nuisance, a silly and sanctimonious slattern; that the old Adam, with the pertinacity of middle age, continued to tell fibs behind the counter, notwithstanding the new Adam's addiction to Bible-reading and family prayer; that the children in the Paddiford Sunday-school had their memories crammed with phrases about the blood of cleansing, imputed righteousness, and justification by faith alone which an experience, lying principally in chuck-farthing, hop-scotch, parental slappings, and longings after unattainable lolly-pop, served rather to darken than to illustrate; and that at Milby, in those distant days, as in all other times and places where the mental atmosphere is changing, and men are inhaling the stimulus of new ideas, folly often mistook itself for wisdom, ignorance gave itself airs of knowledge, and selfishness, turning its eyes upward, called itself religion.

Nevertheless, Evangelicalism had brought into palpable existence and operation in Milby society that idea of duty, that recognition of some-

thing to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, which is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life. No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an idea without rising to a higher order of experience: a principle of subordination, of self-mastery, has been introduced into his nature; he is no longer a mere bundle of impressions, desires, and impulses. Whatever might be the weaknesses of the ladies who pruned the luxuriance of their lace and ribbons, cut out garments for the poor, distributed tracts, quoted Scripture, and defined the true Gospel, they had learned this—that there was a divine work to be done in life, a rule of goodness higher than the opinion of their neighbours; and if the notion of a heaven in reserve for themselves was a little too prominent, yet the theory of fitness for that heaven consisted in purity of heart, in Christ-like compassion, in the subduing of selfish desires. They might give the name of piety to much that was only puritanic egoism; they might call many things sin that were not sin; but they had at least the feeling that sin was to be avoided and resisted, and colour-blindness, which may mistake drab for scarlet, is better than total blindness which sees no distinction of colour at all. Miss Rebecca Linnet, in quiet attire, with a somewhat excessive solemnity of countenance, teaching at the Sunday School, visiting the poor, and striving after a standard of purity and goodness, had surely more moral loveliness than in those flaunting peony-days, when she had no other model than the costumes of the heroines in the circulating library. Miss Eliza Pratt, listening in rapt attention to Mr. Tryan's evening lecture, no doubt found evangelical channels for vanity and egoism; but she was clearly in moral advance of Miss Phipps giggling under her feathers at old Mr. Crewe's peculiarities of enunciation. And even elderly fathers and mothers with minds like Mrs. Linnet's, too tough to imbibe much doctrine, were the better for having their hearts inclined towards

the new preacher as a messenger from God. They became ashamed, perhaps, of their evil tempers, ashamed of their worldliness, ashamed of their trivial, futile past. The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second, something to reverence. And this latter precious gift was brought to Millby by Mr. Tryan and Evangelicalism.

Yes, the movement was good, though it had that mixture of folly and evil which often makes what is good an offence to feeble and fastidious minds, who want human actions and characters riddled through the sieve of their own ideas, before they can accord their sympathy or admiration. Such minds, I dare say, would have found Mr. Tryan's character very much in need of that riddling process. The blessed work of helping the world forward, happily does not wait to be done by perfect men; and I should imagine that neither Luther nor John Bunyan, for example, would have satisfied the modern demand for an ideal hero, who believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful. The real heroes, of God's making, are quite different: they have their natural heritage of love and conscience which they drew in with their mother's milk; they know one or two of those deep spiritual truths which are only to be won by long wrestling with their own sins and their own sorrows; they have earned faith and strength so far as they have done genuine work: but the rest is dry barren theory, blank prejudice, vague hearsay. Their insight is blended with mere opinion; their sympathy is perhaps confined in narrow conduits of doctrine, instead of flowing forth with the freedom of a stream that blesses every weed in its course; obstinacy or self-assertion will often interfere itself with their grandest impulses; and their very deeds of self-sacrifice are sometimes only the rebound of a passionate egoism. So it was with Mr. Tryan: and any one looking at him with the bird's-eye glance of a critic might perhaps say that he made the mistake of identifying Christianity with a too narrow doc-

trinal system; that he saw God's work too exclusively in antagonism to the world, the flesh, and the devil; that his intellectual culture was too limited—and so on; making Mr. Tryan the text for a wise discourse on the characteristics of the evangelical school in his day.

But I am not poised at that lofty height. I am on the level and in the press within him, as he struggles his way along the stony road, through the crowd of unloving fellowmen. He is stumbling, perhaps; his heart now beats fast with dread, now heavily with anguish; his eyes are sometimes dim with tears, which he makes haste to dash away; he pushes manfully on, with fluctuating faith and courage, with a sensitive failing body; at last he falls, the struggle is ended, and

the crowd closes over the space he has left.

"One of the evangelical clergy, a disciple of Venn," says the critic from his bird's-eye station. "Not a remarkable specimen; the anatomy and habits of his species have been determined long ago."

Yet surely, surely the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him—which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and work, the life and death struggles of separate human beings.

CHAPTER XL

Mr. Tryan's most unfriendly observers were obliged to admit, that he gave himself no rest. Three sermons on Sunday, a night school for young men on Tuesday, a cottage-lecture on Thursday, addresses to school-teachers, and catechising of school-children, with pastoral visits, multiplying as his influence extended beyond his own district of Paddiford Common, would have been enough to tax severely the powers of a much stronger man. Mr. Pratt remonstrated with him on his imprudence, but could not prevail on him so far to economise time and strength as to keep a horse. On some ground or other, which his friends found difficult to explain to themselves, Mr. Tryan seemed bent on wearing himself out. His enemies were at no loss to account for such a course. The evangelical curate's selfishness was clearly of too bad a kind to exhibit itself after the ordinary manner of a sound, respectable selfishness. "He wants to get the reputation of a saint," said one; "He's eaten up with spiritual pride," said another; "He's got his eye on some fine living, and wants to creep up the bishop's sleeve," said a third.

Mr. Stickney, of Salem, who considered all voluntary discomfort as a remnant of the legal spirit, pro-

nounced a severe condemnation on this self-neglect, and expressed his fear that Mr. Tryan was still far from having attained true Christian liberty. Good Mr. Jerome eagerly seized this doctrinal view of the subject as a means of enforcing the suggestions of his own benevolence; and one cloudy afternoon, in the end of November, he mounted his roan mare with the determination of riding to Paddiford and "arguing" the point with Mr. Tryan.

The old gentleman's face looked very mournful as he rode along the dismal Paddiford lanes, between rows of grimy houses, darkened with handlooms, while the black dust was whirled about him by the cold November wind. He was thinking of the object which had brought him on this afternoon ride, and his thoughts, according to his habit when alone, found vent every now and then in audible speech. It seemed to him, as his eyes rested on this scene of Mr. Tryan's labours, that he could understand the clergyman's self-privation without resorting to Mr. Stickney's theory of defective spiritual enlightenment. Do not philosophic doctors tell us that we are unable to discern so much as a tree, except by an unconscious cunning which combines many past and

separate sensations; that no one sense is independent of another, so that we can hardly taste a fricassee, or tell whether our pipe is alight, or not, in the dark, and the most intelligent boy, if accommodated with claws or hoofs instead of fingers, would be likely to remain on the lowest form? If so, it is easy to understand that our discernment of men's motives must depend on the completeness of the elements we can bring from our own susceptibility and our own experience. See to it, friend, before you pronounce a too hasty judgment, that your own moral sensibilities are not of a hoofed or clawed character. The keenest eye will not serve unless you have the delicate fingers, with their subtle nerve filaments, which elude scientific lenses, and lose themselves in the invisible world of human sensations.

As for Mr. Jerome, he drew the elements of his moral vision from the depth of his veneration and pity. If he himself felt so much for these poor things to whom life was so dim and meagre, what must the clergyman feel who had undertaken before God to be their shepherd?

"Ah!" he whispered interruptedly, "it's too big a load for his conscience, poor man! He wants to mek himself their brother, like; can't abide to preach to the fastin' on a full stomach. Ah! he's better nor we are, that's it—he's a deal better nor we are."

Here Mr. Jerome shook his bridle violently, and looked up with an air of moral courage, as if Mr. Stickney had been present, and liable to take offence at this conclusion. A few minutes more brought him in front of Mrs. Wagstaff's, where Mr. Tryan lodged. He had often been here before, so that the contrast between this ugly square brick house, with its shabby bit of grass plot, stared at all round by cottage windows, and his own pretty white home, set in a paradise of orchard, and garden, and pasture, was not new to him; but he felt it with fresh force to-day, as he slowly fastened his roan by the bridle to the wooden paling, and knocked at the door. Mr. Tryan was at home, and sent to request that Mr. Jerome would walk up into his

study, as the fire was out in the parlour below.

At the mention of a clergyman's study, perhaps, your too active imagination conjures up a perfect snugger, where the general air of comfort is rescued from a secular character by strong ecclesiastical suggestions in the shape of the furniture, the pattern of the carpet, and the prints on the walls; where, if a nap is taken, it is in an easy-chair with a Gothic back, and the very feet rest on a warm and velvety simulation of church windows; where the pure art of rigorous English Protestantism smiles above the mantel-piece in the portrait of an eminent bishop, or a refined Anglican taste is indicated by a German print from Overbeck; where the walls are lined with choice divinity, in sombre binding, and the light is softened by a screen of boughs with a grey church in the background.

But I must beg you to dismiss all such scenic prettiness, suitable as they may be to a clergyman's character and complexion; for I have to confess that Mr. Tryan's study was a very ugly little room indeed, with an ugly slap-dash pattern on the walls, an ugly carpet on the floor, and an ugly view of cottage-roofs and cabbage-gardens from the window. His own person, his writing-table, and his book-case, were the only objects in the room that had the slightest air of refinement; and the sole provision for comfort was a clumsy straight-backed arm-chair, covered with faded chintz. The man who could live in such a room, unconstrained by poverty, must either have his vision fed from within by an intense passion, or he must have chosen that least attractive form of self-mortification which wears no hair-cloth and has no meagre days, but accepts the vulgar, the commonplace and the ugly whenever the highest duty seems to lie among them.

"Mr. Tryan, I hope you'll excuse me disturbin' on you," said Mr. Jerome. "But I'd sommat partickler to say."

"You don't disturb me at all, Mr. Jerome; I'm very glad to have a visit from you," said Mr. Tryan, shaking

him heartily by the hand, and offering him the chintz-covered "easy" chair; "it is some time since I've had an opportunity of seeing you, except on a Sunday."

"Ah! sir! your time's so tecken up, I'm well aweare o' that; it's not only what you hev to do, but it's goin' about from place to place; an' you don't keep a hoss, Mr. Tryan. You don't tek care enough o' yourself—you don't indeed, an' that's what I come to talk to y' about."

"That's very good of you, Mr. Jerome; but I assure you I think walking does me no harm. It is rather a relief to me after speaking or writing. You know I have no great circuit to make. The farthest distance I have to walk is to Millby church, and if ever I want a horse on a Sunday, I hire Radley's, who lives not many hundred yards from me."

"Well, but now! the winter's comin' on, an' you'll get wet i' your feet, an' Pratt tells me as your constitution's dillicate, as anybody may see, for the matter o' that, wi'out bein' a doctor. An' this is the light I look at it in, Mr. Tryan: who's to fill up your place, if you was to be disabled, as I may say? Consider what a valyable life you'n is. You've begun a great work i' Millby, an' so you might carry 't on if you'd your health and strength. The more care you tek o' yourself, the longer you'll live, belike, God willing, to do good to your fellow-creatura."

"Why, my dear Mr. Jerome, I think I should not be a long-lived man in any case; and if I were to take care of myself under the pretext of doing more good, I should very likely die and leave nothing done after all."

"Well! but keepin' a hoss wouldn't hinder you from workin'. It 'ud help you to do more, though Pratt says as it's usin' your voice so constant as does you the most harm. Now, isn't it—I'm no scholar, Mr. Tryan, an' I'm not a-goin' to dictate to you—but isn't it a'most a-killin' o' yourself, to go on a' that way beyond your strength? We musn't fling wer lives away."

"No, not fling them away lightly, but we are permitted to lay down our lives in a right cause. There are

many duties, as you know, Mr. Jerome, which stand before taking care of our own lives."

"Ah! I can't arguy wi' you, Mr. Tryan; but what I wanted to say's this—There's my little chacenut hoss: I should tek it quite a kindness if you'd hev him through the winter an' ride him. Iv'e thought o' sellin' him a maeny times, for Mrs. Jerome can't abide him; and what do I want wi' two nags? But I'm fond o' the little chacenut, an' I shouldn't like to sell him. So if you'll only ride him for me, you'll do me a kindness—you will indeed, Mr. Tryan."

"Thank you, Mr. Jerome. I promise you to ask for him, when I feel that I want a nag. There is no man I would more gladly be indebted to than you; but at present I would rather not have a horse. I should ride him very little, and it would be an inconvenience to me to keep him rather than otherwise."

Mr. Jerome looked troubled and hesitating, as if he had something on his mind that would not readily shape itself into words. At last he said, "You'll excuse me, Mr. Tryan, I wouldn't be teekin' a liberty, but I know what great claims you hev on you as a clergyman. Is it th' expense, Mr. Tryan? is it the money?"

"No, my dear sir. I have much more than a single man needs. My way of living is quite of my own choosing, and I am doing nothing but what I feel bound to do, quite apart from money considerations. We cannot judge for one another, you know; we have each our peculiar weaknesses and temptations. I quite admit that it might be right for another man to allow himself more luxuries, and I assure you I think it no superiority in myself to do without them. On the contrary, 'if my heart were less rebellious, and if I were less liable to temptation, I should not need that sort of self-denial. But," added Mr. Tryan, holding out his hand to Mr. Jerome, "I understand your kindness, and bless you for it. If I want a horse, I shall ask for the chesnutt."

Mr. Jerome was obliged to rest contented with this promise, and rode home sorrowfully, reproaching himself with not having said one

thing he meant to say when setting out, and with having "clean forgot" the arguments he had intended to quote from Mr. Stickney.

Mr. Jerome's was not the only mind that was seriously disturbed by the idea that the curate was overworking himself. There were tender women's hearts in which anxiety about the state of his affections was beginning to be merged in anxiety about the state of his health. Miss Eliza Pratt had at one time passed through much sleepless cogitation on the possibility of Mr. Tryan's being attached to some lady at a distance—at Laxeter, perhaps, where he had formerly held a curacy; and her fine eyes kept close watch lest any symptom of engaged affections on his part should escape her. It seemed an alarming fact that his handkerchiefs were beautifully marked with hair, until she reflected that he had an unmarried sister of whom he spoke with much affection as his father's companion and comforter. Besides, Mr. Tryan had never paid any distant visit, except one for a few days to his father, and no hint escaped him of his intending to take a house, or change his mode of living. No! he could not be engaged, though he might have been disappointed. But this latter misfortune is one from which a devoted clergyman has been known to recover, by the aid of a fine pair of grey eyes that beam on him with affectionate reverence. Before Christmas, however, her cogitations began to take another turn. She heard her father say very confidently that "Tryan was consumptive, and if he didn't take more care of himself, his life would not be worth a year's purchase;" and shame at having speculated on suppositions that were likely to prove so false, sent poor Miss Eliza's feelings with all the stronger impetus into the one channel of sorrowful alarm at the prospect of losing the pastor who had opened to her a new life of piety and self-subjection. It is a sad weakness in us after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who

has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

The Miss Linnets too were beginning to take a new view of the future, entirely uncoloured by jealousy of Miss Eliza Pratt.

"Did you notice," said Mary, one afternoon when Mrs. Pettifer was taking tea with them; "did you notice that short dry cough of Mr. Tryan's yesterday? I think he looks worse and worse every week, and I only wish I knew his sister; I would write to her about him. I'm sure something should be done to make him give up part of his work, and he will listen to no one here."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Pettifer, "it's a thousand pities his father and sister can't come and live with him, if he isn't to marry. But I wish with all my heart he could have taken to some nice woman as would have made a comfortable home for him. I used to think he might take to Eliza Pratt; she's a good girl, and very pretty; but I see no likelihood of it now."

"No, indeed," said Rebecca, with some emphasis; "Mr. Tryan's heart is not for any woman to win; it is all given to his work; and I could never wish to see him with a young inexperienced wife who would be a drag on him instead of a helpmate."

"He'd need have somebody, young or old," observed Mrs. Linnet, "to see as he wears a flannel waistcoat, an' changes his stockings when he comes in. It's my opinion he's got that cough wi' sittin' i' wet shoes an' stockings; an' that Mrs. Wagstaff's a poor addle-headed thing; she doesn't half tek care on him."

"O, mother!" said Rebecca, "she's a very pious woman. And I'm sure she thinks is too great a privilege to have Mr. Tryan with her, not to do the best she can to make him comfortable. She can't help her rooms being shabby."

"I've nothing to say again her piety, my dear; but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victual. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety won't feed him, I reckon. Hard carrots 'ull lie heavy on his stomach, piety or no piety."

I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Tryan's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes was as watery as watery. It's right enough to be speritual.—I'm no enemy to that; but I like my potatoes mealy. I don't see as any body 'ull go to heaven the sooner for not digestin' their dinner—providin' they don't die sooner, as mayhap Mr. Tryan will, poor dear man!"

"It will be a heavy day for us all when that comes to pass," said Mrs. Pettifer. "We shall never get anybody to fill up *that* gap. There's the new clergyman that's just come to Shepperton—Mr. Parry; I saw him the other day at Mrs. Bond's. He may be a very good man, and a fine

preacher; they say he is; but I thought to myself, what a difference between him and Mr. Tryan! He's a sharp-sort-of-looking man, and hasn't that feeling way with him that Mr. Tryan has. What is so wonderful to me in Mr. Tryan is the way he puts himself on a level with one, and talks to one like a brother. I'm never afraid of telling him anything. He never seems to look down on anybody. He knows how to lift up those that are cast down, if ever man did."

"Yes," said Mary. "And when I see all the faces turned up to him in Paddiford church, I often think how hard it would be for any clergyman who had to come after him; he has made the people love him so."

CHAPTER XII.

In her occasional visits to her near neighbour Mrs. Pettifer, too old a friend to be shunned because she was a Tryanite, Janet was obliged sometimes to hear allusions to Mr. Tryan, and even to listen to his praises, which she usually met with playful ineredulity.

"Ah, well," she answered one day, "I like dear old Mr. Crewe and his pipes a great deal better than your Mr. Tryan and his Gospel. When I was a little toddle, Mr. and Mrs. Crewe used to let me play about in their garden, and have a swing between the great elm trees, because mother had no garden. I like people who are kind; kindness is my religion; and that's the reason I like you, dear Mrs. Pettifer, though you are a Tryanite."

"But that's Mr. Tryan's religion too—at least partly. There's nobody can give himself up more to doing good amongst the poor; and he thinks of their bodies too as well as their souls."

"O yes, yes; but then he talks about faith and grace, and all that, making people believe they are better than others, and that God loves them more than He does the rest of the world. I know he has put a great deal of that into Sally Martin's head, and it has done her no good at all. She was as nice, honest, patient a girl as need be before; and now she

fancies she has new light and new wisdom. I don't like these notions."

"You mistake him, indeed you do, my dear Mrs. Dempster; I wish you'd go and hear him preach."

"Hear him preach! Why you wicked woman, you would persuade me to disobey my husband, would you? O, shocking! I shall run away from you. Good-bye."

A few days after this conversation, however, Janet went to Sally Martin's about three o'clock in the afternoon. The pudding that had been sent in for herself and "Mammy," struck her as just the sort of delicate morsel the poor consumptive girl would be likely to fancy, and in her usual impulsive way she had started up from the dinner-table at once, put on her bonnet, and set off with a covered plateful to the neighbouring street. When she entered the house there was no one to be seen; but in the little side-room where Sally lay, Janet heard a voice. It was one she had not heard before, but she immediately guessed it to be Mr. Tryan's. Her first impulse was to set down her plate and go away, but Mrs. Martin might not be in, and then there would be no one to give Sally that delicious bit of pudding. So she stood still, and was obliged to hear what Mr. Tryan was saying. He was interrupted by one of the invalid's violent fits of coughing.

"It is very hard to bear, is it not?" he said, when she was still again. "Yet God seems to support you under it wonderfully. Pray for me, Sally, that I may have strength too when the hour of great suffering comes. It is one of my worst weaknesses to shrink from bodily pain, and I think the time is perhaps not far off when I shall have to bear what you are bearing. But now I have tired you. We have talked enough. Good-bye."

Janet was surprised, and forgot her wish not to encounter Mr. Tryan; the tone and the words were so unlike what she had expected to hear. There was none of the self-satisfied unction of the teacher, quoting, or exhorting, or expounding, for the benefit of the hearer, but a simple appeal for help, a confession of weakness. Mr. Tryan had his deeply-felt troubles, then? Mr. Tryan, too, like herself, knew what it was to tremble at a foreseen trial—to shudder at an impending burthen, heavier than he felt able to bear?

The most brilliant deed of virtue could not have inclined Janet's goodwill towards Mr. Tryan so much as this fellowship in suffering, and, the softening thought was in her eyes when he appeared in the doorway, pale, weary, and depressed. The sight of Janet standing there with the entire absence of self-consciousness which belongs to a new and vivid impression, made him start and

pause a little. Their eyes met, and they looked at each other gravely for a few moments. Then they bowed, and Mr. Tryan passed out.

There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments. The fullest exposition of Mr. Tryan's doctrine might not have sufficed to convince Janet that he had not an odious self-complacency in believing himself a peculiar child of God; but one direct, pathetic look of his had dissociated him with that conception for ever.

This happened late in the autumn, not long before Sally Martin died. Janet mentioned her new impression to no one, for she was afraid of arriving at a still more complete contradiction of her former ideas. We have all of us considerable regard for our past self, and are not fond of casting reflections on that respected individual by a total negation of his opinions. Janet could no longer think of Mr. Tryan without sympathy, but she still shrank from the idea of becoming his hearer and admirer. That was a reversal of the past which was as little accordant with her inclination as her circumstances.

And indeed this interview with Mr. Tryan was soon thrust into the background of poor Janet's memory by the daily thickening miseries of her life.

CHAPTER XIII.

The loss of Mr. Jerome as a client proved only the beginning of annoyances to Dempster. That old gentleman had in him the vigorous remnant of an energy and perseverance which had created his own fortune; and being, as I have hinted, given to chewing the cud of a righteous indignation with considerable relish, he was determined to carry on his retributive war against the persecuting attorney. Having some influence with Mr. Pryme, who was one of the most substantial rate-payers in the neighbouring parish of Dingley, and who had himself a complex and long-standing private account with Demp-

ster, Mr. Jerome stirred up this gentleman to an investigation of some suspicious points in the attorney's conduct of the parish affairs. The natural consequence was a personal quarrel between Dempster and Mr. Pryme; the client demanded his account, and then followed the old story of an exorbitant lawyer's bill, with the unpleasant anti-climax of taxing.

These disagreeables, extending over many months, ran along side by side with the pressing business of Mr. Armstrong's lawsuit, which was threatening to take a turn rather depreciatory of Dempster's profes-

sional prevision ; and it is not surprising that, being thus kept in a constant state of irritated excitement about his own affairs, he had little time for the further exhibition of his public spirit, or for rallying the forlorn-hope of sound churchmanship against cant and hypocrisy. Not a few persons who had a grudge against him, began to remark, with satisfaction, that "Dempster's luck was forsaking him ;" particularly Mrs. Linnet, who thought she saw distinctly the gradual ripening of a providential scheme, whereby a just retribution would be wrought on the man who had deprived her of Pye's Croft. On the other hand, Dempster's well-satisfied clients, who were of opinion that the punishment of his wickedness might conveniently be deferred to another world, noticed with some concern that he was drinking more than ever, and that both his temper and his driving were becoming more furious. Unhappily those additional glasses of brandy, that exasperation of loud-tongued abuse, had other effects than any that entered into the contemplation of anxious clients : they were the little superadded symbols that were perpetually raising the sum of home misery.

Poor Janet ! how heavily the months rolled on for her, laden with fresh sorrows as the summer passed into autumn, the autumn into winter, and the winter into spring again. Every feverish morning, with its blank listlessness and despair, seemed more hateful than the last ; every coming night more impossible to brave without arming herself in leaden stupor. The morning light brought no gladness to her : it seemed only to throw its glare on what had happened in the dim candlelight—on the cruel man seated immovable in drunken obstinacy by the dead fire and dying lights in the dining-room, rating her in harsh tones, reiterating old reproaches—or on a hideous blank of something unremembered, something that must have made that dark bruise on her shoulder, which aches as she dresses herself.

Do you wonder how it was that things had come to this pass—what offence Janet had committed in the

early years of marriage to rouse the brutal hatred of this man ? The seeds of things are very small ; the hours that lie between sunrise and the gloom of midnight are travelled through by tiniest markings of the clock : and Janet, looking back along the fifteen years of her married life, hardly knew how or where this total misery began ; hardly knew when the sweet wedded love and hope that had set for ever had ceased to make a twilight of memory and relenting, before the on-coming of the utter dark.

Old Mrs. Dempster thought she saw the true beginning of it all in Janet's want of housekeeping skill and exactness. "Janet," she said to herself, "was always running about doing things for other people, and neglecting her own house. That provokes a man : what use is it for a woman to be loving and making a fuss with her husband, if she doesn't take care and keep his home just as he likes it ; if she isn't at hand when he wants anything done ; if she doesn't attend to all his wishes, let them be as small as they may ? That was what I did when I was a wife, though I didn't make half so much fuss about loving my husband. Then, Janet had no children." . . . Ah ! there Mammy Dempster had touched a true spring, not perhaps of her son's cruelty, but of half Janet's misery. If she had had babes to rock to sleep—little ones to kneel in their night-dress and say their prayers at her knees—sweet boys and girls to put their young arms round her neck and kiss away her tears, her poor hungry heart would have been fed with strong love, and might never have needed that fiery poison to still its cravings. Mighty is the force of motherhood ! says the great tragic poet to us across the ages, finding, as usual, the simplest words for the sublimest fact—*θεῖον τὸ τέκνειν ἑστίν*. It transforms all things by its vital heat : it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission ; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet stills all anxiety into calm content ; it makes selfishness become self-denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love. Yes ; if Janet had

been a mother, she might have been saved from much sin, and therefore from much of her sorrow.

But do not believe that it was anything either present or wanting in poor Janet that formed the motive of her husband's cruelty. Cruelty, like every other vice, requires no motive outside itself—it only requires opportunity. You do not suppose Dempster had any motive for drinking beyond the craving for drink; the presence of brandy was the only necessary condition. And an unloving, tyrannous, brutal man needs no motive to prompt his cruelty; he needs only the perpetual presence of a woman he can call his own. A whole park full of tame or timid-eyed animals to torment at his will would not serve him so well to glut his lust of torture; they could not feel as one woman does; they could not throw out the keen retort which whets the edge of hatred.

Janet's bitterness would overflow in ready words; she was not to be made meek by cruelty; she would repent of nothing in the face of injustice, though she was subdued in a moment by a word or a look that recalled the old days of fondness; and in times of comparative calm would often recover her sweet woman's habit of caressing playful affection. But such days were become rare, and poor Janet's soul was kept like a vexed sea, tossed by a new storm before the old waves have fallen. Proud, angry resistance and sullen endurance were now almost the only alternations she knew. She would bear it all proudly to the world, but proudly towards him too; her woman's weakness might shriek a cry for pity under a heavy blow, but voluntarily she would do nothing to mollify him, unless he first relented. What had she ever done to him but love him too well—but believe in him too foolishly? He had no pity on her tender flesh; he could strike the soft neck he had once asked to kiss. Yet she would not admit her wretchedness; she had married him blindly, and she would bear it out to the terrible end, whatever that might be. Better this misery than the blank that lay for her outside her married home.

But there was one person who

heard all the complaints and all the outbursts of bitterness and despair which Janet was never tempted to pour into any other ear; and alas! in her worst moments, Janet would throw out wild reproaches against that patient listener. For the wrong that rouses our angry passions finds only a medium in us; it passes through us like a vibration, and we inflict what we have suffered.

Mrs. Raynor saw too clearly all through the winter that things were getting worse in Orchard Street. She had evidence enough of it in Janet's visits to her; and, though her own visits to her daughter were so timed that she saw little of Dempster personally, she noticed many indications not only that he was drinking to greater excess, but that he was beginning to lose that physical power of supporting excess which had long been the admiration of such fine spirits as Mr. Tomlinson. It seemed as if Dempster had some consciousness of this—some new distrust of himself; for, before winter was over, it was observed that he had renounced his habit of driving out alone, and was never seen in his gig without a servant by his side.

Nemesis is lame, but she is of colossal stature, like the gods; and sometimes while her sword is not yet unsheathed, she stretches out her huge left arm and grasps her victim. The mighty hand is invisible, but the victim totters under the dire clutch.

The various symptoms that things were getting worse with the Dempsters afforded Milby gossip something new to say on an old subject. Mrs. Dempster, every one remarked, looked more miserable than ever, though she kept up the old pretence of being happy and satisfied. She was scarcely ever seen, as she used to be, going about on her good-natured errands; and even old Mrs. Crewe, who had always been wilfully blind to anything wrong in her favourite Janet, was obliged to admit that she had not seemed like herself lately. "The poor thing's out of health," said the kind little old lady, in answer to all gossip about Janet; "her headaches always were bad, and I know what headaches are; why, they make one quite delirious sometimes." Mrs. Phipps,

for her part, declared she would never accept an invitation to Dempster's again; it was getting so very disagreeable to go there, Mrs. Dempster was often "so strange." To be sure there were dreadful stories about the way Dempster used his wife; but in Mrs. Phipps's opinion, it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Mrs. Dempster had never been like other women; she had always a flighty way with her, carrying parcels of snuff to old Mrs. Tooke, and going to drink tea with Mrs. Brinley, the carpenter's wife; and then never taking care of her clothes, always wearing the same things week-day or Sunday. A man has a poor look-out with a wife of that sort. Mr. Phipps, amiable and laconic, wondered how it was women were so fond of running each other down.

Mr. Pratt, having been called in provisionally to a patient of Mr. Pillgrim's in a case of compound fracture, observed in a friendly colloquy with his brother surgeon the next day,

"So Dempster has left off driving himself, I see; he won't end with a broken neck after all. You'll have a case of meningitis and delirium tremens instead."

"Ah," said Mr. Pillgrim, "he can hardly stand it much longer at the rate he's going on, one would think. He's been confoundedly cut up about that business of Armstrong's, I fancy. It may do him some harm, perhaps, but Dempster must have feathered his nest pretty well; he can afford to lose a little business."

"His business will outlast him, that's pretty clear," said Pratt; "he'll run down like a watch with a broken spring one of these days."

Another prognostic of evil to Dempster came at the beginning of March. For then "little Mamsey" died—died suddenly. The housemaid found her seated motionless in her arm-chair, her knitting fallen down, and the tortoise-shell cat reposing on it unreprieved. The little white old woman had ended her wintry age of patient sorrow, believing to the last that "Robert might have been a good husband as he had been a good son."

When the earth was thrown on Mamsey's coffin, and the son, in crape scarf and hatband, turned away homeward, his good angel, lingering with outstretched wing on the edge of the grave, cast one despairing look after him, and took flight for ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

The last week in March—three weeks after old Mrs. Dempster died—occurred the unpleasant winding-up of affairs between Dempster and Mr. Pryme, and under this additional source of irritation the attorney's diurnal drunkenness had taken on its most ill-tempered and brutal phase. On the Friday morning, before setting out for Rotherby, he told his wife that he had invited "four men" to dinner at half-past six that evening. The previous night had been a terrible one for Janet, and when her husband broke his grim morning silence to say these few words, she was looking so blank and listless, that he added in a loud sharp key, "Do you hear what I say? or must I tell the cook?" She started, and said "Yes, I hear."

"Then mind and have a dinner

provided, and don't go mooning about like crazy Jane."

Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Raynor, quietly busy in her kitchen with her household labours—for she had only a little twelve-year-old girl as a servant—heard with trembling the rattling of the garden-gate and the opening of the outer door. She knew the step, and in one short moment she lived beforehand through the coming scene. She hurried out of the kitchen, and there in the passage, as she had felt, stood Janet, her eyes worn as if by night-long watching, her dress careless, her step languid. No cheerful morning greeting to her mother—no kiss. She turned into the parlour, and, seating herself on the sofa opposite her mother's chair, looked vacantly at the walls and furniture until the cor-

ners of her mouth began to tremble, and her dark eyes filled with tears that fell unwiped down her cheeks. The mother sat silently opposite to her, afraid to speak. She felt sure there was nothing new the matter—sure that the torrent of words would come sooner or later.

"Mother! why don't you speak to me?" Janet burst out at last; "you don't care about my suffering; you are blaming me because I feel—because I am miserable."

"My child, I am not blaming you—my heart is bleeding for you. Your head is bad this morning—you have had a bad night. Let me make you a cup of tea now. Perhaps you didn't like your breakfast."

"Yes, that is what you always think, mother. It is the old story, you think. You don't ask me what it is I have had to bear. You are tired of hearing me. You are cruel, like the rest; every one is cruel in this world. Nothing but blame—blame—blame; never any pity. God is cruel to have sent me into the world to bear all this misery."

"Janet, Janet, don't say so. It is not for us to judge; we must submit; we must be thankful for the gift of life."

"Thankful for life? Why should I be thankful? God has made me with a heart to feel, and He has sent me nothing but misery. How could I help it? How could I know what would come? Why didn't you tell me, mother?—why did you let me marry? You knew what brutes men could be; and there's no help for me—no hope. I can't kill myself; I've tried; but I can't leave this world and go to another. There may be no pity for me there, as there is none here."

"Janet, my child, there is pity. Have I ever done anything but love you? And there is pity in God. Hasn't He put pity into your heart for many a poor sufferer? Where did it come from, if not from Him?"

Janet's nervous irritation now broke out into sobs instead of complainings; and her mother was thankful, for after that crisis there would very likely come relenting, and tenderness, and comparative calm. She went out to

make some tea, and when she returned with the tray in her hands, Janet had dried her eyes and now turned them towards her mother with a faint attempt to smile; but the poor face, in its sad blurred beauty, looked all the more piteous.

"Mother will insist upon her tea," she said, "and I really think I can drink a cup. But I must go home directly, for there are people coming to dinner. Could you go with me and help me, mother?"

Mrs. Raynor was always ready to do that. She went to Orchard Street with Janet, and remained with her through the day—comforted, as evening approached, to see her become more cheerful and willing to attend to her toilette. At half-past five everything was in order; Janet was dressed; and when the mother had kissed her and said good-by, she could not help pausing a moment in sorrowful admiration at the tall rich figure, looking all the grander for the plainness of the deep mourning dress, and the noble face with its massy folds of black hair, made matronly by a simple white cap. Janet had that enduring beauty which belongs to pure majestic outline and depth of tint. Sorrow and neglect leave their traces on such beauty, but it thrills us to the last, like a glorious Greek temple, which, for all the loss it has suffered from time and barbarous hands, has gained a solemn history, and fills our imagination the more because it is incomplete to the sense.

It was six o'clock before Dempster returned from Rotherby. He had evidently drunk a great deal, and was in an angry humour; but Janet, who had gathered some little courage and forbearance from the consciousness that she had done her best to-day, was determined to speak pleasantly to him.

"Robert," she said gently, as she saw him seat himself in the dining-room in his dusty snuffy clothes, and take some documents out of his pocket, "will you not wash and change your dress? It will refresh you."

"Leave me alone, will you?" said Dempster, in his most brutal tone.

"Do change your coat and waist-

coat, they are so dusty. I've laid all your things out ready."

"O, you have, have you?" After a few minutes he rose very deliberately and walked up stairs into his bedroom. Janet had often been scolded before for not laying out his clothes, and she thought now, not without some wonder, that this attention of hers had brought him to compliance.

Presently he called out, "Janet!" and she went up stairs.

"Here! Take that!" he said, as soon as she reached the door, flinging at her the coat she had laid out. "Another time, leave me to do as I please, will you?"

The coat, flung with great force, only brushed her shoulder, and fell some distance within the drawing-room, the door of which stood open just opposite. She hastily retreated as she saw the waistcoat coming, and one by one the clothes she had laid out were all flung into the drawing-room.

Janet's face flushed with anger, and for the first time in her life her resentment overcame the long-cherished pride that made her hide her griefs from the world. There are moments when by some strange impulse we contradict our past selves—fatal moments, when a fit of passion, like a lava stream, lays low the work of half our lives. Janet thought, "I will not pick up the clothes; they shall lie there until the visitors come, and he shall be ashamed of himself."

There was a knock at the door, and she made haste to seat herself in the drawing-room, lest the servant should enter and remove the clothes, which were lying half on the table and half on the ground. Mr. Lowme entered with a less familiar visitor, a client of Dempster's, and the next moment Dempster himself came in.

His eye fell at once on the clothes, and then turned for an instant with a devilish glance of concentrated hatred on Janet, who, still flushed and excited, affected unconsciousness. After shaking hands with his visitors he immediately rang the bell.

"Take those clothes away," he said

to the servant, not looking at Janet again.

During dinner, she kept up her assumed air of indifference, and tried to seem in high spirits, laughing and talking more than usual. In reality, she felt as if she had defied a wild beast within the four walls of his den, and he was crouching backward in preparation for his deadly spring. Dempster affected to take no notice of her, talked obstreperously, and drank steadily.

About eleven the party dispersed, with the exception of Mr. Budd, who had joined them after dinner, and appeared disposed to stay drinking a little longer. Janet began to hope that he would stay long enough for Dempster to become heavy and stupid, and so to fall asleep down stairs, which was a rare, but occasional ending of his nights. She told the servants to sit up no longer, and she herself undressed and went to bed, trying to cheat her imagination into the belief that the day was ended for her. But when she lay down, she became more intensely awake than ever. Everything she had taken this evening seemed only to stimulate her senses and her apprehensions to new vividness. Her heart beat violently, and she heard every sound in the house.

At last when it was twelve, she heard Mr. Budd go out; she heard the door slam. Dempster had not moved. Was he asleep? Would he forget? The minute seemed long, while, with a quickening pulse, she was on the stretch to catch every sound.

"Janet!" The loud jarring voice seemed to strike her like a hurled weapon.

"Janet!" he called again, moving out of the dining-room to the foot of the stairs.

There was a pause of a minute.

"If you don't come, I'll kill you." Another pause, and she heard him turn back into the dining-room. He was gone for a light—perhaps for a weapon. Perhaps he *would* kill her. Let him. Life was as hideous as death. For years she had been rushing on to some unknown but certain horror; and now she was close upon it. She was almost glad. She was

in a state of flushed feverish defiance that neutralised her woman's terrors.

She heard his heavy step on the stairs; she saw the slowly advancing light. Then she saw the tall massive figure, and the heavy face, now fierce with drunken rage. He had nothing but the candle in his hand. He set it down on the table, and advanced close to the bed.

"So you think you'll defy me, do you? We'll see how long that will last. Get up, madam; out of bed this instant!"

In the close presence of the dreadful man—of this huge crushing force, armed with savage will—poor Janet's desperate defiance all forsook her, and her terrors came back. Trembling she got up, and stood helpless in her night-dress before her husband.

He seized her with his heavy grasp by the shoulder, and pushed her before him.

"I'll cool your hot spirit for you! I'll teach you to brave me!"

Slowly he pushed her along before him, down stairs and through the passage, where a small oil lamp was still flickering. What was he going to do to her? She thought every moment he was going to dash her before him on the ground. But she gave no scream—she only trembled.

He pushed her on to the entrance, and held her firmly in his grasp, while he lifted the latch of the door. Then he opened the door a little way,

thrust her out, and slammed it behind her.

For a short space, it seemed like a deliverance to Janet. The harsh north-east wind, that blew through her thin night-dress, and sent her long heavy black hair streaming, seemed like the breath of pity after the grasp of that threatening monster. But soon the sense of release from an overpowering terror gave way before the sense of the fate that had really come upon her.

This, then, was what she had been travelling towards through her long years of misery! Not yet death. O! if she had been brave enough for it, death would have been better. The servants slept at the back of the house; it was impossible to make them hear, so that they might let her in again quietly, without her husband's knowledge. And she would not have tried. He had thrust her out, and it should be for ever.

There would have been dead silence in Orchard Street but for the whistling of the wind and the swirling of the March dust on the pavement. Thick clouds covered the sky; every door was closed; every window was dark. No ray of light fell on the tall white figure that stood in lonely misery on the door-step; no eye rested on Janet as she sank down on the cold stone, and looked into the dismal night. She seemed to be looking into her own blank future.

NEW SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

NO. IV.—JERSEY.

THERE are perspiring individuals who love not summer in its sultry splendour. With bubbles on their upper lips, they languidly declare the heat is unsupportable. It is not often that our English summers swelter with intolerable heat; and when the blazing sun *does* pour fierce radiance on the land, who have true right to murmur? Only those unhappy victims of civilisation doomed to move along stifling streets, with souls yearning for the far-off woodlands and the breezy seaboard; or those victims of agricultural necessities who toil amid the shadeless corn. Nobody else. The heat is hot, undoubtedly; but it is beneficent. Nature ripens; life culminates; let no one murmur. I am in a permanent vapour-bath while writing this, yet the temporary discomfort cannot quell my invincible delight in summer: it only gives a more exquisite sense of the evening coolness and the breezy shade. To walk out under this August sun demands a touch of heroism; yet if we venture out, there is always the refuge of a shady nook behind the rocks, where, sheltered amid the ferns and purple health, we may recline, and watch the gentle sea lapping the pebbles at our feet. In dreamy mood we "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the Golden Age." A pleasant book beguiles the lazy hour. Murmurous insects sing and labour all around; birds chirp and twitter in their busy joy. These are the psalms of Nature, in which the soul finds perennial delight. They sink into our minds with the gentle fall of raindrops in a silent pool, creating many circles. They speak to us of happy days, and chide with their serenity the feverish impatience of our lives.

Then delicious are our evening rambles, when the birds are ceasing from melodious labour. The lazy toad crawls ungainly from his hole (not despised of us, although the victim of popular prejudice); the timid bat wings its purblind way

through the dim air, holding her young one fastened to her breast, and moving with her dear burden less gracefully than her mate; and the numerous goats, browsing on the rocks, are being milked, while their kids are tenderly led home. The sands or the lanes invite us to a meditative stroll, and we ramble on, revolving the various hints, glimpses, hypothetical suggestions, which gather round the facts observed in the morning's labour. Or, it may be, we step into a boat and glide softly over the water, skimming its surface with the Medusa net, to gain fresh material for study. The muslin net, after skimming the surface for two or three minutes, is examined. To the unlearned eye it contains nothing beyond foam-bubbles and stray bits of weed; but we know better. Those bubbles are not all of foam; some of them are exquisite creatures of living crystal; and on reversing the net into the glass jar of sea-water, behold! they swim before our delighted eyes as *Cydippes*, *Noctiluæ*, and *Naked-eyed Medusæ*. The *Cydippe* is melon-shaped, with longitudinal bands, on which are transverse rows of very active cilia, not unlike tiny treadmills, and with two long streamers, which follow like the tail of a comet. The *Noctiluæ* are pin-heads of crystal, which in the dark are brilliantly phosphorescent, as you will see on reaching home, and shaking the jar, or agitating the water, in a darkened room. As we capture these beauties, our boatmen are lost in astonishment. They never see'd such things afore—that they never did—never in all their lives, long as they've been at sea. Nor can they understand how we distinguish them from the foam-bubbles. Indeed, I cannot myself precisely indicate the characters by which they are recognised; and yet no sooner was there one in the net than it was detected. If the reader desire to learn a simple plan by which he will infallibly detect them, when they escape his

rapid eye, let him place his hand underneath the net, where the bubbles are, and the greater opacity of the animals will at once betray them. Then without loss of time, let him reverse the net into a jar or bucket, and the creatures will float off.

On bringing them home, the Cydippes should be removed to the *tallest* jars, because while the Medusæ keep at the surface, where they swim with successive pants, the Cydippes constantly let themselves drop to the bottom, and rise the next moment in graceful buoyancy, drawing their elegant streamers after them, these streamers elongating as the ascend, until from shrivelled threads they unfold into long and graceful forms, which, on coming into contact with any object, shrink rapidly again into their former shrivelled condition. All this while the locomotive paddles of cilia sway the animal with restless grace—a charming spectacle! After admiring it abundantly, you may commence a closer inspection of the creature's structure, which is sufficiently curious, but need not detain us here, because you may see in any text-book what is known, and I know nothing more than what is there recorded. One remark only need be made: the notion of the streamers (or tentacles) being locomotive organs, as some suppose, is easily disproved; you have only to snip them off, and you will observe the animal moving with the same vigour and grace as before. Nay, if you cut it in pieces, each section, provided it has a portion of the ciliated bands, will for days swim about with unabated energy.

The reader who is of course a lover of animals, and consequently of a sympathetic compassionate nature, will probably feel some repulsion at the quiet way in which he is recommended to snip off the Cydippe's tentacles, and will energetically protest against the cruelty of physiologists who employ vivisection as a means of experiment. It is very true that a grave question has to be answered by the physiologist when, for the sake of science, he inflicts pain. I confess that my susceptibility altogether disqualifies me from
— much more from perform-

ing, experiments accompanied with pain. It was a long while before I was able to justify the French and Germans in their wholesale slaughter of puppies, cats, rabbits, and guinea-pigs. Nor can they be justified except by the austere necessities of science. When this is their object we are wrong to accuse them of cruelty, because cruelty is the indulgence of tyrannous love of power, and their purpose is the grave investigation of truth. Ornel they are not, unless surgery be also cruelty. And in any case the reproach comes with an ill grace from men who torture animals in the way of mere sport, as in hunting, fishing, and the like. I have said thus much in extenuation of vivisections, although, as before intimated, my own organisation renders it impossible for me to witness them in the case of the higher animals. With lower animals the case is altogether different. They feel no pain. If we know anything about them, we know that. You are sceptical? You want to know how it can be *proved* that these animals feel no pain. It is of course impossible for us to say accurately *what* any animal feels; we cannot even know what our fellow-beings feel; we can only approximately guess, interpreting their gestures and cries according to our own experience. Admitting to the full this initial difficulty, we may nevertheless assert that, if it is allowable to make any statement on this point, there are certain capital facts which force the conclusion upon us, that so far from Pain being common to all animals, it is, on the contrary, the consequence of a very high degree of specialisation, and is only met with in animals of complex organisation. It is probable that reptiles have only a very slight capacity for pain, and animals lower than fish none at all.

When we see an animal shrink, struggle, or bite, when we hear it cry or hiss, we naturally interpret these actions as the expressions of pain, because pain calls forth similar actions in us. But there is a fallacy in this interpretation. The movements which in us accompany or succeed the pain, are not produced by the organs which feel the pain,

even when pain is actually present; they are not produced by pain, but incited by the stimulus pain gives to other organs. Grief incites the lachrymal organs, but tears flow from vexation, from affliction, from physical pain, or from the effect of an onion on the eyes. Pain incites the vocal organ to a shriek; but we hear persons, unhurt, shriek, when they see others in danger. These illustrations suffice to make clear the difference between movements which follow the sensation of pain, and the movements which in themselves indicate it; and enable us to apply the Method of Exclusion, and show that inasmuch as the very same movements are produced by other stimuli besides pain, we are not entitled to assume that these movements necessarily indicate pain in all cases. And there is abundant evidence that even human beings may exhibit all the phenomena of pain, when, by their own confession, they feel none. I allude to those numerous cases where paralysis of the nerves of sensation is unaccompanied by paralysis of the nerve of motion. A man in such a state will retract his leg if pricked, or have his limbs thrown into convulsions such as would accompany violent agony, yet he will tell us that, so far from feeling any uneasiness, he was totally unconscious of having been touched. A decapitated frog manifests the same movements of self-preservation as it manifested when its head was on. When engaged in certain functions, his leg may be cut off without causing him to desist. An insect will sometimes continue eating if pinned to the table, and will only struggle to fly away, when the food is devoured. "Soft, lubricated, and irritable as is the skin of the naked mollusc," says Professor Owen, "there are not wanting reasons for supposing it to be possessed of a very low degree of true sensibility. Baron Férussac, for example, states that he has seen the terrestrial gasteropodes, or slugs, allow their skins to be eaten by others, and, in spite of the large wounds

thus produced, show no sign of pain."* But even if they showed "signs" of pain, we might legitimately question whether those signs really signified what they seem to us to indicate. Nothing can be concluded from struggles, shrinkings, and cries. A decapitated man, in whom all consciousness is necessarily obliterated, struggles to free his hands, attempts to stand upright, and stamps with his feet. A headless fly, fish, or worm, writhes and twists about if touched, although entirely deprived of sensation; a fly makes the movement of brushing its eyes by reflex action, although its head may be off. Animals that fight with their hind-legs use them vigorously when decapitated, at every irritation applied to the nerves. Headless insects deposit their eggs with as much care as others.† Such facts might easily be multiplied. Looking at these, however, we are forced to conclude, with Unzer, that "it cannot be inferred from the occurrence of those movements which usually accompany an external impression, particularly tickling or smarting, that the latter are felt, but only that there is that present in the external impression which can cause tickling or smarting. If an acephalous fœtus, or the headless trunk of a worm or insect, be irritated, the same movements result as would have been considered the direct and incidental sentient actions of the irritation if it had been felt. If it be so irritated that pain, under ordinary circumstances, would have been caused, then those movements result which are the ordinary direct and indirect sentient actions of pain. The injured part contracts, is congested with blood, swells and inflames, and the animal writhes, tries to escape, leaps, flies, defends itself, and exhibits all the signs of suffering although it is incapable of sensation."‡

It thus becomes evident that shrinking, struggling, crying, &c., are no certain indications of pain. Nay, if we were to accept the shrinking as evidence, we should be forced to admit that the flower feels pain when

* OWEN: *Lect. on Comparative Anatomy*, p. 551.

† UNZER: *Principles of Physiology* (trans. by the Ray Society), p. 213.

‡ Ibid. p. 233.

it shrinks on being touched. The other day I was dissecting a *Solen*, which had already been dead eight-and-forty hours, and was beginning to decompose, yet no sooner did the scalpel touch the muscular foot, than that foot shrank, as it would have shrunk in the living animal. Was this pain? Clearly not. It was due to the irritability of the muscular tissue.

Up to this point, we have done little more than destroy the value of the positive evidence which can be adduced in support of the proposition that all animals feel pain. As regards mere shrinking and struggling, fighting and crying, we see that the evidence is null. If it should be said that all animals possessing a nervous system must feel pain, because pain belongs to the nervous system, I ask, to what part of that system? We are certain that it does not belong to every part. We have endless nerve-actions incessantly going forward, without a vestige of pain accompanying them. There is no pain in seeing, hearing, thinking, breathing, digesting, &c. If not *every* part of the nervous mechanism, then only some *special* part, or parts, must be credited with sensibility under the form of Pain; and the mere fact of an animal's possessing a nervous system, will aid the argument only when proof is afforded that this system also includes the special part or parts endowed with sensibility to Pain.

As far as I can see into this obscure question, Pain is not only a *specialisation of that Sensibility which is common to all animals*, but it is a specialisation resulting from a high degree of differentiation of the nervous system, consequently found only in the more complex animals, and in them increasing as we ascend the scale. Out of a primordial basis of Sensibility (one of the vital properties, an ultimate fact, therefore), various special forms are developed. We have first reflex action, we have next the organic sensations, then the special sensations of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching; we have, further, the sensations of shivering, tickling, fatigue, hunger, thirst, which, although not painful in themselves, may easily pass into pain. Finally,

we have a specific form of Sensibility capable of being excited by a great variety of stimuli in great variety of degrees; and this is Pain, which appears to exist in all the higher animals, though in a lower degree than in man. Even among men the difference of susceptibility is very remarkable. It is much less in savages than in highly-civilised men, as it seems also to be less in wild animals than in domesticated, especially petted, animals; less in those leading an active out-of-door life than in those leading a sedentary intellectual life; less in women than in men; less in persons of lymphatic than in persons of nervous temperaments. To one man the scratch which is a trifle scarcely noticed, is to another an obtrusive pain; the one will not even tie his handkerchief over the wound, so little does it press upon his sensibility; the other is pale, and must have the wound dressed.

Although anatomy has not yet detected the special Centre wherein stimuli are transformed into sensations of pain, there can be little doubt that such a Centre exists, and none at all, in my mind, that the lower animals have it not; and this conviction keeps me perfectly calm in performing experiments on marine animals: a very desirable result, seeing that, without experiment, our observations would carry us but little way.

In describing the various methods of search for animals, it has been assumed that a tolerable conception exists as to the appearance of the thing sought. We may also count on "chance-seeking." We never know all that we have captured until some days afterwards. Repeated examinations of our vases and bottles with a lens, enable us to detect many a curious novelty which was unsuspected among the weed, and has now emerged. It is, therefore, a good plan always to bring home some "chance-weed," especially if it have a root, the red weeds being the most advantageous. This is placed in seawater for a day or two, and carefully examined from time to time; something is tolerably certain to be found thereon. One day, going over the contents of a bottle with a lens, I

was struck by the curious appearance of some Sertularian Polype, round which minute grains of sand seemed to be clustered, but all equidistant from the Polype, and not visibly attached to it. On removing it to the stage of the microscope, these supposed grains of sand proved to be the cups of a tiny Polype, in aspect closely resembling *Tubularia indivisa*, growing parasitically on the Sertularia. Proceeding to identify it, I found the species to be one hitherto undescribed; and I propose to name it *Tubularia parasitica*, if no one has been before me. On another occasion I saw, with the naked eye, a polype-like creature attached to the side of the glass, with its tentacles expanded; the lens showed it to be a Polyzoon, much resembling the *Acyonidium hirsutum*. It was single, however; and on other parts of the glass were eight other specimens, all solitary. This was in itself noticeable, because, as the name imports, these animals live in colonies. Under the microscope, a new fact presented itself: the animal was enclosed in an oblong bivalve-shell, which seemed permanently open on one side, and open at the summit to give passage to the crown of tentacles. Imagine the shell of a mussel gaping open, within which is a quinine bottle, the broad neck protruding, and you will form a tolerable idea of the general aspect of this animal when the tentacles are withdrawn. I believe this to be a new genus, and also to have an interest beyond novelty, because furnishing another decisive argument in favour of the molluscan nature of the Polyzoa—a point still disputed among naturalists.* The existence of a bivalve-shell is very important; and I took pains to convince myself that it was really a shell, and not a membranous envelope having the aspect of a shell: submitting the animal to decomposition, I found the shell remain behind intact.

Apropos of Molluscs, their powers of endurance are very remarkable. Having noticed that they live out of

their native element, the water, for a considerable time, being often left bare on the rocks by receding tides, I thought of testing their powers in this way. Accordingly, a Cockle was placed on my work-table, out of all reach of damp, in a room where a fire was constantly burning. This was on the 10th of April; not until the 21st was the cockle dead. A small fish (*Ophidium*) under similar circumstances died in seven hours. Whence this remarkable difference in two gill-breathing animals? A question easily asked, but not easily answered. It has puzzled me a long while, and the only approach to an answer I can venture on is, that the fish, having a more complex organisation, requires a more continuous and rapid molecular change of its substance, than is required by the simpler organism of the lethargic mollusc; and as oxygen is the incitor of such molecular change, the fish soon succumbs when a due supply is absent. The ten days of my Cockle, however, sink into insignificance beside the astonishing facts on record. In Mr. Woodward's valuable *Manual of the Mollusca* we read:—

"The fresh-water molluscs of cold climates bury themselves during winter in the mud of their ponds and rivers; and the land-snails hide themselves in the ground, or beneath the moss and dead leaves. In warm climates they become torpid during the hottest and driest part of the year. Those genera and species which are most subject to this summer sleep are remarkable for their tenacity of life, and numerous instances have been recorded of their importation from distant countries in a living state. In June 1850, a living pond mussel was sent to Mr. Gray from Australia, which had been more than a year out of water. The pond-snails have been found alive in logs of mahogany from Honduras; and M. Cailland carried some from Egypt to Paris packed in sawdust. Indeed, it is not easy to ascertain the limit of their endurance; for Mr. Laidlay having placed a number in a drawer for this purpose, found them alive after five years, although in the warm climate of Calcutta. Mr. Wollaston has told us that specimens of two Madeira snails survived a

* The recent publication, by the Ray Society, of Professor Allman's splendid monograph on *Freshwater Polyzoa* must for ever settle this dispute.

fast imprisonment in pill-boxes of two years and a half. But the most interesting example of resuscitation occurred to a specimen of the desert snail from Egypt, chronicled by Dr. Baird. This individual was fixed to a tablet in the British Museum on the 25th March 1846; and on the 7th March 1850, it was observed that he must have come out of his shell in the interval (as the paper had been discoloured, apparently in his attempt to get away); but, finding escape impossible, had again retired, closing his aperture with the usual glistening film; this led to his immersion in tepid water and marvellous recovery. He is now (March 13, 1850) alive and flourishing, and has sat for his portrait."

The Molluscs, like the heathen idols, have eyes for the most part, yet see not; organs of hearing, yet hear not; nevertheless, unlike the heathen idols, they are endowed with these organs for no "make believe," but for specific purposes. A function there must be, and doubtless a good one; but we speak with large latitude of anthropomorphism when we speak of the "vision" of these animals. Molluscan vision is not human vision; nor, in accurate language, is it vision at all: it is not *seeing*, but *feeling*; it is not a perception of objects, but a sensation of light and darkness. This does not apply to the Cephalopoda, in whom vision seems to be as perfect as in Fishes; nor, on the other hand, does it apply to those Bivalves which have no eyes at all, not even "eye-specs." The word mollusc embraces a vast variety; and, by way of limitation, the reader must understand that the following remarks are confined to those genera which I have directly studied for the purpose—*Doris*, *Eolis*, *Pleurobranchus*, and *Aplysia*. In the three first genera the eyes are *underneath* the skin and muscles, and rest on the brain (œsophageal ganglia), attached thereto by a microscopic nerve. There is no aperture in the skin, as there is in ours, through which the rays of light may fall directly on the eye; so that in spite of pigment, lens, and nerve

—the essential parts of a visual organ—vision is utterly impossible; as you may convince yourself even with your own admirable eyes, if the lids are obstinately closed over them. I am aware that clairvoyants, of the strictly unvarnished species, profess to see with their eyes closed; but our simpler molluscs have no such pretensions; they have not yet given in to the clairvoyant mania, and are content to submit to those laws of physics which regulate phenomena with the same unerring consistency in the world of Naked-gills as in that of Clothed Noodles. A first requisite in vision is surely the formation of an image; and how can this image be formed when the rays pass through the skin and muscles covering the eyes? A second requisite is a special ganglion, or centre of sensation; and even this is wanting in many cases. In *Pleurobranchus* and *Aplysia* I find the optic nerve arising from the ganglion which supplies the antennæ; and Leydig says the *Doris lugubris* has its small eyes resting immediately on the brain.* Nevertheless, although these eyes are incompetent to vision, they represent the early stages of that marvellous and complex function; they are special organs for the reception of luminous influence, enabling the animal to distinguish light from darkness, not only in the general way of a blind man conscious of a change of temperature in passing from sunlight into shade, but also in the special way of minute local variations, such as are caused by the shadows of near objects.

I remember once being seated with a philosophic friend, and much bored by the presence of a morning caller—a large white-waistcoated man, "such an ass, and so respectable!" stiff with ignorance and haughtiness: the kind of a man who seems afraid of lowering his eyebrow lest it should crease his cravat. He droned away about "the house" and Lady Jane, about his tenants, and what he had said on several occasions, till my

* LEYDIG: *Histologie d. Mensch. u. Thiere*, 1857, p. 249. I have also observed this in a species of *Doris* of which the name is unknown to me. In general the *Doridæ* have minute optic ganglia.

patience was exhausted; and thinking nothing more likely to hasten his departure than a touch of Transcendental Anatomy, I turned to my friend, and, as if resuming the thread of our conversation, remarked, "Yes, it is singular to think of the eye being nothing more than a tactile organ." Whereupon White-waistcoat precipitately retreated. He would not wait to hear the development of that mad proposition; yet, had he waited, he might have learned that the eye is a tactile organ, and that vision is a combination of the sensations of touch, and of temperature of a specific kind.

The common notion is, that objects are reflected as images on the retina, and thence, as images, transmitted to the brain. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. I have serious doubts whether an "image" is formed on the retina at all; and the strongest conviction that no "image" is transmitted to the brain; on the contrary, the thing transmitted is a *sensation*, or group of sensations, *excited* by what is called the "image." The wave of light is translated into a nerve-stimulus, the impression excites a sensation; but the sensation is due to the specific centre, not to the specific stimulus of light; as we know by the fact that any other stimulus, such as pressure or electricity, is translated into a precisely similar sensation. So that even if we suppose an image to be formed on the retina, as it is formed in a camera-obscura, it will not be transmitted to the brain, but it will excite the specific sensations of which the optic centre is alone capable, and *these* will be transmitted.* When, a little while ago, I said that the formation of an image was a primary requisite in vision, I meant that unless the rays from an object converged into an image on a proper surface, no distinct perception of that object could result. The reader will not, therefore, suppose that, in throwing doubt on the notion

of images being formed on the retina, as they are formed on the camera-obscura, any attempt will be made to overthrow the optical principles so minutely established by philosophers. A brief description of the retina and its connections will enable us to argue this point at our ease.

The retina is not, as commonly supposed, an expansion of the optic nerve—if by that be meant a purely fibrous layer. After entering the eye, the nerve expands, and lines the inner surface with a layer of fibres; but beneath this layer is one of cells, not distinguishable from those of the brain, and beneath that, one of granules; beneath this layer, again, is another of perpendicular rods and cones, known as the "membrane of Jacob." So that we have four distinct layers, very dissimilar in structure, and of course very different from the optic nerve, which is simply fibrous. Instead of regarding the retina as composed of layers, however, modern investigators are generally agreed in considering that the fibres of the optic nerve pass *radially* through the retina: thus from the fibres a thread passes downwards till it meets a cell of the vesicular layer, which in turn is in connection with a granule of the granular layer, which terminates in a cone and rod; these latter forming the *real termination of the optic fibre in the pigment layer of the choroid coat*. It is now universally held that the rods and cones are the percipients of light, which they communicate to the cells of the vesicular layer, thence to the optic fibres, and thence to the optic ganglion. The point to be borne in mind in this description is, that the *sensitive part of the retina is not the surface on which the light immediately falls, but the surface which is in contact with the black pigment*.

In a parenthesis I may add, that one of the Dorpat school† has considerably disturbed the harmony

* "Light and colour are actions of the retina, and of its nervous prolongations to the brain."—MUELLER: *Physiology*, Eng. Trans., p. 1162.

† BLESSIG: *De Retinae Structura*: 1855. See an abstract in Canstatt's *Jahresbericht*: 1855. If surprise be felt at the possibility of all the great anatomists having mistaken connective tissue for nervous tissue in so delicate a structure as the retina, what will be thought of the grey matter of the spinal chord turning out to be

which existed on the subject of the retina, by the publication of a series of researches, which led him to the conviction that only the optic fibres of the retina are of nervous structure, the rest being formed of "connective" tissue. Whatever may be the issue of the quarrel thus raised, it will not affect the points to which our argument will be directed; indeed, Funke* already suggests that, inasmuch as the function of the rods and cones is one to which nervous tissue is confessedly incompetent—namely, the transformation of the wave of light into that molecular process which takes place in the conduction of the impression—we may readily admit that their structure is different.

From what has been already said, it will be easy to prove that no images can be formed on the surface of the retina. In the first place, the retina, during life, is as transparent as glass. The rays of light must therefore pass *through* it, and enter the pigment layer, which, being perfectly black, absorbs all rays. Further, it has been proved that the optic fibres are *totally insensible* to light. There is a blind spot in each eye. Would you know the peculiarity of that spot? It is where the optic nerve enters, and where, consequently, nothing but nerve-fibres exist. There is also a spot in each eye where the sensitiveness to light is at its maximum. Would you know the peculiarity of that spot? It is a mass of cells, without a continuous surface-layer of fibres. After proving that the fibres are insensible to light, and that no image is formed where the fibres alone exist, we are called upon to show that some apparatus exists for the reception of these rays of light out of which the necessary images are formed; and to Professor Draper we must turn for the best hypothesis to aid us.

Franklin, he reminds us, placed variously-coloured pieces of cloth in the sunlight on the snow. They were so arranged that the rays should

fall on them equally. After a certain period he examined them, and found that the black cloth had melted its way deeply into the snow, the yellow to a less depth, and the white scarcely at all. The conclusion which he drew has since been abundantly confirmed; namely, that surfaces become warm in exact proportion to the depth of their tint, because the darker the surface the greater the amount of rays absorbed. A black surface, absorbing all rays, becomes the hottest. This principle Professor Draper invokes in his examination of the eye. The pigment layer is, he maintains, the real optical screen on which the images are formed:—

"The arguments against the retina, both optical and anatomical, are perfectly unanswerable. During life it is a transparent medium, as incapable of receiving an image as a sheet of clear glass, or the atmospheric air itself; and, as will be presently found, its sensory surface is its exterior one—that is, the one nearest the choroid coat. But the black pigment, from its perfect opacity, not only completely absorbs the rays of light, turning them, if such a phrase may be used, into heat, no matter how faint they may be, but also discharges the well-known duty of darkening the interior of the eye. Perfection of vision requires that the images should form on a mathematical superficies, and not in the midst of a transparent medium. The black pigment satisfies that condition, the retina does not."[†]

Now comes the difficulty. If the retina is insensible to the light which passes *through* it, it will be equally insensible to the light which, according to some physiologists, is reflected from the pigment layer. On the other hand, although the pigment layer is capable of absorbing light, we cannot suppose it also sensitive to light. How, then, is the luminous sensation produced? Professor Draper shall again furnish us with an answer:—

"The primary effect of rays of light upon the black pigment is to raise its temperature, and this to a degree which is in relation to their intensity and in-

almost entirely formed of connective tissue, with only a very slight admixture of nerve-cells? Yet this is the conclusion of two independent inquirers, KUPFER and OWSJANNIKOW. See LEYDIG, FUNKE, or CANSTATT.

* *Lehrbuch der Physiologie*, 711.

† *Human Physiology*, p. 387.

trinsic colour; light which is of a yellow tint exerting, as has been said, the most energetic action, and rays which correspond to the extreme red and extreme violet, the feeblest. The varied images of external objects which are thus painted upon the black pigment, raise its temperature in becoming extinguished, and that in the order of their brilliancy and colour. . . . *In this local disturbance of temperature the act of vision commences*; this doctrine being in perfect harmony with the anatomical structure of the retina, the posterior surface of which is its sensory surface, and not the anterior, as it ought to be, if the explanation usually given of the nature of vision is correct; and, therefore, as when we pass the tip of the finger over the surfaces of bodies, and recognise cold and warm spaces thereupon, the same process occurs with infinitely more delicacy in the eye. The club-shaped particles of Jacob's membrane are truly tactile organs, which communicate to the sensory surface of the retina the condition of temperature of the black pigment."

It is worth remarking that the analogy in structure between the retina and the recently discovered organs of touch is very close.* Professor Draper further insists on the fact that all photographic effects result from high temperature:—

"The impinging of a ray of light on a point raises the temperature of that point to the same degree as that possessed by the source from which the ray comes, but an immediate descent takes place through conduction to the neighbouring particles. This conducted heat, by reason of its indefinitely lower intensity, ceases to have any chemical effect, and hence photographic images are perfectly sharp on their edges. It may be demonstrated that the same thing takes place in vision, and in this respect it might almost be said that vision is a photographic effect, the receiving surface being a mathematical superficies, acting under the preceding condition. All objects will therefore be definite and sharply defined upon it, nor can there be anything like lateral spreading. If vision took place in the retina as a receiving medium, all objects would be nebulous on the edges."

To explain the process by which the change of temperature in the pigment becomes a luminous sensation will not be difficult, if, remembering

that the luminous sensation is one not depending on the specific stimulus of light, but on the specific nature of the optic centre, we follow this change in its passage from the pigment to the rods and cones of Jacob's membrane, which it first affects; these are in direct connection with the ganglionic nerve-cells, in which we may suppose the nervous impression to be excited; this impression is thence transmitted by means of the optic fibres to the optic ganglion, and there it becomes a sensation. This is hypothetical, I admit; but it is the only hypothesis which can agree with the present condition of our anatomical knowledge. Funke has a good illustration. The wave of light, he says, can no more excite the optic nerve *directly* than the pressure of a finger on the air, or the walls of the organ-pipes can excite musical notes. The finger produces a tone by pressing on the keys; each particular key that is pressed brings forth a corresponding tone as the air enters the pipe. In this illustration the optic fibres are as the organ-pipes, the rods and cones of Jacob's membrane as the keys, and the wave of light as the wave of air.

The most convincing argument against the retina as the receiving screen of images, and in favour of the pigment layer, is, in my opinion, to be found in the eyes of the Invertebrata, where the pigment is in front of the retina, instead of behind it, as in the Vertebrata. I have examined this point with great care, and the result is, that, although in crabs and insects, for instance, radial fibres in connection with the retina pass through the pigment, and are consequently exposed to the light, yet in every case the vesicular and granular layers and the optic fibres are beneath the pigment. In the eye of the Cephalopoda this position of the pigment has long been a puzzle, and Professor Owen says that it must doubtless be "perforated by the retinal papillæ, or otherwise a perception of light must take place, in a manner incompatible with our knowledge of the ordinary mode in which the retina is affected by luminous

* See LETDIG, *Histologie*; and FUNKE, *Physiologie*, where diagrams are given.

rays."* True, but the ordinary mode of conceiving the process we have just seen to be untenable. When Von Siebold says that the "mysterious phenomenon rests only on an imperfect knowledge of the structure of the organ,"† he seems to me to forget that the phenomenon is by no means peculiar to the Cephalopoda, but is characteristic of the Invertebrata generally. What, for instance, is the simplest form of an eye, dis-regarding those hypothetical "eye-specs" which have been noticed in Infusoria? It is that of a pigment spot on a ganglion, or a nervous expansion. Ascending higher in the scale, and reaching even the complex structure of the crab's eye, what do we find but a pigment layer covering the retina? If certain processes do pass through the pigment from the retina, it is very questionable whether these are nervous in structure, and, if nervous, they are still only conducting-threads insensible to the direct influence of light. They are held to be analogous to the rods and cones of the Vertebrata, which, as we have seen, receive their stimulus from changes in the pigment, not directly from the light. It is thus, as Leydig says, "in the Vertebrata the rods form the outermost layer of the retina; in the Invertebrata they form the innermost. Herewith is connected the fact, which at first seems so surprising, that the choroidal pigment lies in front of the retina, therefore the contrary of what occurs in Vertebrata."‡ In the blind Crustacea no pigment is present; and in Albinos, in whom the pigment is of lighter colour, vision is imperfect. If we remember that, according to the hypothesis, light only affects the retina after changing the temperature of the pigment, which change is communicated to the rods and cones, and

thence to the vesicular layer, there will be nothing paradoxical in this inverse arrangement of the retina in Invertebrata; in both the process is essentially the same, and the mere difference of position is not more than the difference of the chain of ganglia, which in the Vertebrata is dorsal, and in the Invertebrata ventral.§

Returning from this digression, and its surprises, to the eyes of our Nudi-branchs, we can have little doubt that their vision is simply the perception of light and darkness. The changes of temperature produced by the absorption of the rays in their pigment cannot be elevated into the perception of an image, because the optical conditions for the formation of an image are absent: an indefinite sensation, resulting from change of temperature, is all that they can perceive. Nay, even were their eyes constructed so as to form optical images, there is little doubt that vision, in our human sense, would still fail them, owing to the absence of the necessary combination of tactile sensations with sensations of light. We see very much by the aid of our fingers.

Apropos of tactile sensations, are those anatomists who assume the existence of invisible nerves in parts of the skin which, although revealing no nerve to the eye, seem to reveal it to the mind by the manifestation of sensibility, warranted in such an assumption? K  lliker has shown that there is no portion of the skin, however minute, which is not sensitive. But does this prove that every point must be supplied with a nerve? Admitting that sensibility resides only in nerve-tissue (which for my part I doubt, and next month will furnish my reasons), I think another explanation will do away with such an assumption.

* OWEN: *Lectures on Comp. Anatomy*, p. 585. But he confesses not to have seen such perforations.

† VON SIEBOLD: *Comp. Anatomy*, p. 284. Very imperfect our knowledge is: although on what authority Professor Rymer Jones (*Animal Kingdom*, p. 591) denies the existence of the choroid, I know not. I have not only seen it repeatedly, but have made a preparation which exhibits it very clearly.

‡ LEYDIG: *Histologie*, p. 253.

§ Lest it should be supposed I have overlooked it, I will notice one serious difficulty in the way of the hypothesis just expounded, namely, the existence in some animals of a strongly reflecting membrane—the *tapetum* between the retina and pigment layer. I do not at all understand the way in which this affects vision, either on the old or new hypothesis.

It is unnecessary that a nerve-fibre should be directly pressed upon at the immediate point of contact of the needle and the skin. The sensation will equally result if the pressure be communicated at some distance from the point of contact. Strictly speaking, this is always the case when the cuticle is not pierced. The needle presses on the cuticle, and the pressure is communicated from the cuticle to the nerve; and it is evident that this pressure may be lateral as well as perpendicular. If a nerve be within the range of this lateral pressure, it will be affected; and although those parts which are liberally supplied with nerves are necessarily more sensitive than others, because more filaments come within the range of lateral pressure, yet no part of the skin is insensible, because no part is without the range of a nerve.

Having proved that our Molluscs cannot see, we are now to inquire whether they can hear. As in the former case, the answer must depend on what is meant by "hearing." If every sensation of light and darkness is to be called sight, and every sensation of sound is to be called hearing, our friends certainly both see and hear—as blind men see, and deaf men hear. Let us examine the organ in a *Doris* or *Pleurobranchus*: instead of the complex structure found in higher animals, we find a microscopic vesicle containing pebbles suspended in liquid. In the *Doris* this vesicle has no nerve, but lies upon the cerebroid ganglion, immediately behind the optic ganglion. Nor have I, in a dozen dissections, been able to detect a nerve in the *Pleurobranchus*, although Krohn describes one in the sub-genus, *Pleurobranchæa*. At any rate, embryology proves the nerve to be a subsequent addition, since in the embryos of all the Nudibranchs the ear is a simple vesicle containing a single otolithe, with neither nerve nor ganglionic attachment. The mention of embryological indications reminds me that Von Siebold has

shown the close analogy which exists between the permanent organ of hearing in the gasteropod molluscs, and the transitory form of that organ in the embryo of the fish.

With such an organ, a mere bag of pebbles in liquid, what degree of that exquisite sense, known by us as Hearing, can be claimed by the interesting animal which naturalists are fond of styling "the humble mollusc?" I never detected any humility in my molluscs; and if they seem humble in the eyes of haughty ignorance, a little knowledge of their structure will soon remove that misconception. It is true, they give no dinners, and are perfectly regardless of the higher circles; they trouble themselves very little about any of the "great movements;" they do nothing for the "Progress of the Species;" leave the Jews unconverted; have no views on the "Ballot;" and are utterly insensible to the advantages of "Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister." But they have their little world, and are as perfectly constructed for it as we are, who condescend to notice and patronisingly admire them.* In that world they do not need what we need. They hear nothing of the marvellous inflections of speech, the tremulous tenderness of affection, the harsh trumpet-tones of strife, the musical intonations of mirth. They cannot hear the prattle of children's voices, which send such thrills along our nerves; nor can they hear the untiring eloquence of a vexed virago, which also sends thrills not of so pleasant a nature. Deafest than the deafest adder will they remain, charm we never so wisely. Equally insensible must they be to music. Beethoven's melodious thunder, Handel's choral might, Mozart's tender grace, Bellini's langorous sweetness, are even more lost on them than on the lymphatic dowagers in the grand tier, who chatter audibly of guipure and the last drawing-room, while Grisi's impassioned expression, and Mario's *cantabile* are entrancing the rest of

* "Les mollusques sont les pauvres et les affligés parmi les êtres de la création," says Virey, who originated Cuvier's classification, but who was talking at random when he thus spoke. In creation there is neither high nor low; there are only complex and simple organisations, one as perfect as the other.

the audience. The Mollusc can only perceive noises. Sounds are by us separately recognisable in their intensity, their pitch (or note), and their quality. The Mollusc only recognises intensity—loudness. A wave of sound agitates the otoliths in his ear, and their agitation communicates to the ganglion a sensation of sound, loud in proportion to the agitation.

Had we no other evidence, this would suffice to show the error of the vulgar conception of hearing. Sound is not produced by waves of air striking the drum, these waves being thence transmitted along the auditory nerve to the brain; but the waves agitate the sensory apparatus, which in its turn acts upon the Sensational Centre. That is why sounds are heard with painful distinctness when the sensory apparatus is affected by other stimuli besides the pulsating of waves of air. Few subjects are of greater interest to the philosophic mind than the gradual complication of the organ of hearing, with, of course, its proportional complication of function, in the animal series. Even in human beings we see differences only less considerable than those which exist between man and animals. The ear of one man is utterly incapable of appreciating those delicate intervals and harmonic combinations which give to music its exquisite delight. The bird,

"Singing of summer in full-throated ease,"

is insensible to music, and probably distinguishes nothing in speech except the loudness of the tone. And this fact may lead us to question whether the general notion, so often insisted on, of the superiority in the senses of animals over those of man is not a fallacy. It is quite true that a bird sees distinctly at greater distances than a man; but can it see such delicate *nuances* of colour? A dog perceives some odours to which we are insensible; but in the immense variety of odours we are capable of perceiving, our superiority is manifest. In hearing, animals are demonstrably inferior. Some of them may be as susceptible to certain sounds, but none are susceptible to the immense variety of sounds distinguishable by

our ears. Indeed, when from Comparative Anatomy we learn how much more complex are the Sensational Centres in man, we may be certain that the sensations will be more various.

Before quitting our Molluscs, let us for a moment consider the shells with which the vast majority are furnished, and with which all are furnished in their embryonic stage. I do not mean that we should lose ourselves in the varieties of a conchologist's collection, nor that we should inquire minutely into the structure of the shell and its mode of growth; but that we should pause to consider its relation to the great forces of the universe. You may possibly look upon that phrase as mere rhetoric; but it is of strictly scientific sobriety; and you will admit it to be so, on learning that the mighty ocean-currents mainly depend on this said mollusc-shell. Strange, yet true. Were there no secreting animals in the sea capable of removing from the water its surplus lime, the stormy winds might agitate its surface, and rouse its waves like troops of roaring lions shaking back their manes of spray; but there would be no strong currents with beneficent effect; and in a little while the ocean would become a huge salt lake. Let us rest from our hot hammering and painful stooping under ledges, and let us enjoy a few minutes' repose on this reef, solitary amid the waves, and distant from the shore. Pleasant the breeze, pleasant the gentle cadence of the water at our feet, pleasant the sight of that snowy mass of cloud which lazily rolls landwards. It rose from the surface of this brilliant, buoyant, volitant sea in airy bubbles of vapour, and is now travelling towards those green cornfields over which the lark is poised in melody. If the cloud should there meet a current of cold air, it will drop gently down as rain. This rain will make its way through the earth to rivulets and rivers, till it finally returns once more to the parent-bed of ocean; but on its way it will have washed with its various salts, which it will dissolve and carry to the sea, thus adding to the already saturated sea-water, an amount of solid matter such as

would impede its flow, were there no provision ready to restore the equilibrium. For observe, the rain-cloud, as it rose by evaporation from the sea, left behind it all the salts which it contained, and these would make the rest of the water denser; but now the rain-cloud returns laden with as much salt as it originally had, and the very fluidity of the sea is in peril, since evaporation is incessantly going on, and rivers are incessantly returning laden with lime. What becomes of this excess of lime? Polypes and Molluscs, Crustacea and Fish, but mainly the two former, clutch hold of it, wring it from the water, and mould it into habitations for themselves. It is thus vast coral islands and oyster-beds are formed. The sea is a great lime-quarry; but the lime is arranged in beautiful forms, and subserves a great organic end. Not only are animals thus furnished with houses and solid structures, but the water, thus relieved of its excess, is enabled to flow in mighty currents. This is the theory propounded by Lieutenant Maury, in his fascinating book.* Assuming the waters of the sea to be in a state of perfect equilibrium, the animals would, by their secretion of salts from it, produce currents:—

"The Mollusc abstracting the solid matters has by that act destroyed the equilibrium of the whole ocean, for the specific gravity of that portion of water from which this solid matter has been abstracted is altered. Having lost a portion of its solid contents, it has become specifically lighter than it was before; it must, therefore, give place to the pressure which the heavier water exerts to push it aside, and occupy its place; and it must consequently travel

about, and mingle with the waters of the other parts of the ocean, until its proportion of solid matter is returned to it. . . . The sea-breeze plays upon the surface; it converts only fresh water into vapour, and leaves the solid matter behind. The surface thus becomes specifically heavier, and sinks. On the other hand, the little marine architect below, as he works upon his coral edifice at the bottom abstracts from the water there a portion of its solid contents; it therefore becomes specifically lighter, and up it goes, ascending to the top with increased velocity to take the place of the descending column, which, by the action of the winds, has been sent down loaded with fresh food and materials for the busy little mason in the depths below."

Was I not justified in saying that the Mollusc was deeply interesting in its relations to the great forces of the universe? Does not this one example show how the great Whole is indissolubly connected with its minutest parts? The simple germination of a lichen is, if we apprehend it rightly, directly linked with the grandest astronomical phenomena; nor could even an infusory animalcule be annihilated without altering the equilibrium of the universe.

"Nothing in this world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle."

Plato had some dim forecast of this when he taught that the world was a huge animal;† and others, since Plato, when they conceived the universe to be the manifestation of some transcendent Life, with which each separate individual life was related as parts are to the whole.

* MAURY: *Physical Geography of the Sea*, p. 167.

† PLATO: *Philebus*, p. 170, ed. Bekker.

MEMORANDA FROM THE MANZANARES.

How many Englishmen would visit Madrid within a year after the opening of a railroad between that capital and Bayonne? We have heard a very competent judge of English roving propensities and love of new tracks, fix the probable total at ten thousand. Allowing for round numbers and a rough estimate, this perhaps would prove not much beyond the mark. For what European capital is there, half so accessible as Madrid then would be, that is known to so few Englishmen? The railway made, you steam in fifty hours from London Bridge to the Puerta del Sol. Twenty-five years ago, you were nearly as long getting to Paris. What now deters foreigners from visiting Madrid is apprehension of the latter half of the journey; of bad roads, uneasy vehicles, filthy inns, odious insects, and an option between starvation and viands floating in oil and fragrant with garlic. Some of these inconveniences must be encountered, but others are exaggerated, and the distance itself is inconsiderable. Guide-books make it somewhat less than one hundred leagues; but the leagues are short for Spain; and, notwithstanding stoppages for food, great loss of time in changing horses, and three lines of mountains to crawl over, the mail does it in forty-eight hours when the weather is fine. In winter, when the snow-drifts are deep on the lofty ridges and passes of Salinas, Descarga, and Somosierra, the time of travel is very uncertain—often between sixty and seventy hours. As regards distances, however, in Spain it is difficult to ascertain them exactly, there being nothing exact in Spain, just as nobody is punctual. Exactness and punctuality are for busy and industrious countries—not for this one, where few persons have anything to do, few do it who have, and time is valueless. The English and French talk of *killing* time, but the Spaniard has a different name for idleness. When you find him, as you may any day and all day, rolling his paper cigar and gazing vacantly on vacancy, he tells you he is mak-

ing time—*hacer tiempo*. To return, however, to the Madrid road. It is not much better than its reputation—at least after you leave the Basque provinces behind you—and we may doubt whether tourists will venture upon it in considerable numbers until such time as the rail be installed. There is no saying how long that will take; for, to say nothing of natural difficulties, such works go slowly on in Spain. The rail completed, however, Madrid will doubtless, for a time, be much resorted to by English. And to speak without prejudice, there are capitals less worth seeing. Lovers of art would think little of a fifty hours' pilgrimage, when at its terminus their eyes were to be regaled by the wealth and gems enshrined in the Madrid picture-gallery, including nearly all the works of Velasquez, that prince of Spanish painters, including, too, a prodigal collection of the pictures of Murillo, Raphael, Rubens, Titian, Teniers, and of a host of other names, of all schools and nations, whose sound alone is fame. Although some of the great Italian artists are represented scantily or not at all, the collection is generally admitted to be the finest and most copious in the world. To see it properly is the work, not of days, but of weeks, and for a *fanatico per la pittura* there are months of enjoyment in its spacious galleries and well-filled saloons. The eye is at first bewildered by the riches that on all sides present themselves, and it is not until after two or three visits spent in desultory wandering and wondering, that one settles down to a methodical examination. Few galleries can be seen with greater comfort and satisfaction, for the lights are generally good and the visitors not numerous. Modern Spaniards are by no means enthusiasts for art: and a few artist making copies, and a stray foreigner or two, are generally all that one encounters there. For the foreigner the Museo is the great marvel and attraction of Madrid. The next thing worth seeing here is a bull-fight, a national sport to which

all English who visit Madrid go once, although not all go a second time. But even those who detest its cruelty, and avert their eyes from the agonies of bull and horse, cannot but be struck and interested by the crowd of spectators, the vast circus around which twelve thousand persons sit at ease, the picturesque dresses of the bull-fighters, the excitement and enthusiasm of all classes, the glare and glitter and fever-heat on a Monday in July in the Plaza de Toros of Madrid—the nearest place to England where a really good bull-fight can be seen. To the tourist, then, bulls and pictures, pictures and bulls, are the two great attractions of Madrid; but there are also other things worthy of note, which will not escape an observant eye, nor fail to amuse and interest those visitors who have a taste for the study of national customs and peculiarities.

Built on a cluster of hillocks, in the midst of an arid and undulating plateau, composed, for the most part, of houses of mean aspect, with few handsome mansions or stately public edifices to relieve their monotonous insignificance, possessing few trees large enough to afford shade, and water barely sufficient to quench the incessant thirst of its parched inhabitants, alternately swept by piercing blasts and scorched by an African sun, whilst clouds of searching dust whirl through its ill-kept streets,—Madrid certainly does not take by storm the heart of the traveller who for the first time enters its gates. Nor do the qualities of the people go far to redeem the disagreeables of the place. The Spaniard was once a courteous and high-bred gentleman, hospitable, generous, and urbane, punctilious on the point of honour, scrupulously just in his dealings, setting his good name above self; faithful to his mistress, and leal to his friend. But now, alas! how changed! With the decline of his country the decline of his character has kept pace. Revolutions have done their work upon him—if, indeed, the word revolution may be applied to the squabbles and skirmishes that have kept Spain in hot water for the last forty years, and that have been of continual recurrence during the last

twenty—impotent street-fights, military treasons, braggadocio insurrections, paltry *pronunciamientos* resulting in the installation of new sets of plundering place-holders, but in no real advantage to the nation, to whose pecuniary burthen, on the contrary, they have constantly and heavily added. All these convulsions, rebellions and civil wars, have had a marked effect upon the Spanish character, although less perhaps upon the lower orders than upon the high and middle classes. Spaniards have preserved a grave courtesy of manner, what we call a gentlemanly bearing, and a scrupulous regard for certain etiquettes and forms of speech; but this is merely skin-deep, the very thinnest varnish; they can be both rude and brutal upon occasion, and, as a general rule, to which, of course, there are most honourable exceptions, they are neither hospitable nor serviceable. They excel in a profusion of polite phrases and generous offers, but if you look to them for performance, they are sadly wanting. Everything they have is yours, verbally, and as long as you do not take it; the Spaniard whom you are introduced to for the first time, begs you, on parting, to know him for your friend, to bear in mind that his house and his horse, and everything that is his, are not his but yours, and conjures you not to fail to have recourse to him *si se ofrece algo*—if in any earthly way he can be of use to you. He tells you all this with an earnestness and vivacity very apt to carry conviction of his sincerity, and it is amusing to witness the embarrassment of an uninitiated foreigner, who thus finds himself overwhelmed, by a perfect stranger, with long-winded professions of the warmest friendship, and of the most ardent desire to endow him with all his worldly goods, and render him any possible service. The foreigner, however, if not very dull, soon finds out that all this verbal liberality and love are only an unmeaning ceremony, and he learns to take them for what they are, mere palaver, and for what they are worth, which is exactly nothing at all. If he be so simple, after either short or long acquaintance, as to take his Castilian *au pied de la*

lettre, and to ask him to take trouble for him, or to do him a service of any kind, it is ten to one that the other will refuse, or shuffle out of it. As to hospitality, Ford, to whom, although an unsparing critic, a keen insight into Spanish character and feelings cannot be denied, says that a Spaniard's idea of it is to dine with every one who asks him. This is true enough, and is to be accounted for only by a complete blindness to the advantages of reciprocity, or else by a conviction, which a Spaniard is likely enough to entertain, that when he dines with a foreigner the whole of the honour and advantage is for the host. If you go into the room where he is feeding, he points to his dish of beef and beans, and asks you if you will be pleased to eat. In reply, you wish him *buen provecho* (that it may profit him), and, if you are wise, you decline: in the first place, because a Spanish dinner is usually a bad dinner; and, secondly, because, in reality, he neither wishes or expects you to accept, and would be rather annoyed than otherwise if you did. But although there is little dinner giving in Madrid, there is an abundance of evening parties or *tertulias*, varying from the large assemblage where dining is the chief amusement, down to the small habitual meeting of a few friends. The former are very much like similar parties in other capitals; in the latter, where the chief resource is conversation, or rather chat, the foreigner, even though he understand the language well, will find little to interest him, unless he choose to devote himself to the particular service of some one pair of bright eyes. The talk at such meetings has generally a local and personal character, wearisome to the stranger, who finds himself thus introduced into a circle of intimates, whose allusions and jokes are to him for the most part unintelligible. It is not very often that he will stumble on a Spaniard whose conversation is remarkable for either originality or instruction. This is to be perhaps accounted for by the fact that Spaniards, usually imperfectly educated, read very little beyond newspapers, the demand for which may be estimated by the fact that, at this

time of writing, there are twenty-three daily papers published in Madrid, a capital of barely 280,000 inhabitants. It is true that their average circulation is not large, for a small sale will support a Spanish newspaper, and some are kept up for political objects, and perhaps yield a loss rather than a profit. At the same time, the number is great in a country of only fourteen or fifteen millions of inhabitants, and whose provinces are abundantly supplied with local periodicals. Generally speaking, Spanish newspapers do not exhibit much ability or extensive information on the part of their writers, and are not likely to add materially to the mental stores of their readers. Their leading columns are filled with controversial articles on domestic politics; foreign politics are rarely meddled with, and when they are, it is usually that they may be grievously mishandled and blundered over; foreign intelligence is compressed into the smallest possible space, whilst a large one is frequently allotted to what is called the *Gaceta*, a collection of anecdotes, accidents, offences, small jokes, comments on the Countess Montijo's last ball, or on a foreign minister's last dinner, doggerel verses, and other trivialities, often of the silliest and most inane description, but well suited to a considerable proportion of the paper's readers. The *feuilleton* is generally a translation of a bad French novel, although now and then one sees Walter Scott or Balzac drawn upon in that way, and the *Talisman* and *Ernest Maltravers* are at this present time coming out in daily fragments at the bottom of two Madrid papers—cheek-by-jowl with ardent remonstrances and diatribes against the new law on the Press now being forced through the Chambers by the unscrupulous government of Narvaez, and with vehement denunciations against the people and government of Mexico, who have had the misfortune to offend their European cousins, and are accordingly menaced with a bombardment of Vera Cruz, the extermination of their armies, and the capture of their capital.

Those few Spaniards whose hunger

of literature and knowledge is not to be satisfied by such very indifferent pabulum as their periodical press affords, will hardly be able to appease their appetite with modern Spanish books. It is rare indeed that a work of any merit is published in this country. Such a publication is quite an event. The Spanish writers of this period deal chiefly in poetry and plays—the latter often more or less borrowed from French sources, but also not unfrequently original, and occasionally of some merit. But in the other departments of literature, whether grave or important, or useful, instructive, and interesting, in art, science, and history, or in biography, memoirs, and travels, nothing ever appears, or, if anything does, it is generally found that it might as well not have done so. Good writers would perhaps make diligent readers, and possibly it is the consciousness that the latter are hard to obtain that dulls the pen and damps the wit of men who might prove the former. When, at long intervals, a book is announced by an author whose name inspires hope, disappointment usually waits on its perusal. Thus, the other day, a volume on Italy appeared, written by Pacheco, who has been a cabinet minister here, and has represented Spain at various foreign courts, at Rome amongst others. He had not lacked opportunities of observation, and something good was expected. The interest excited was put an end to by the book itself. Pacheco is a man of good education, refined tastes, general information, and agreeable conversation, but the most ordinary tourist could hardly have produced a more commonplace book than his. Yet, poor though it be, it is probably the best of its class that has appeared here for many years, for, in fact, such books are never published here. If one spoke to a Spaniard of the fallen state of his country's literature, he would probably point, with justifiable pride, to Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, and other worthies who, in former days, did so much for the glory of Spain. None will deny their claims of merit, but their works cannot serve to fill the great void felt here—that of a sound, intelligent, and varied modern litera-

ture, such as is found in England and in some other European countries, and which serves at once to stimulate the taste for reading to continue individual education, and to swell the sum of a nation's accomplishments and knowledge. As such a literature does not exist in Spain, or seem likely soon to start into life, the most natural resource of Spaniards desirous of improving themselves would be foreign books. But Spaniards are poor linguists. Many of them have a smattering of French, and some have acquired a little English, but few are well acquainted with any language but their own; and that they do not care to read books in any other—unless they be the cheap reprints of French novels—is proved by a glance at the contents of the Madrid bookshops.

A foreigner, however, coming to Madrid for a short visit, will not be dependent, in order to pass his time agreeably, on Spanish conversation or society, especially if, as is probable, he arrives in the fine season, and limits his stay to two or three weeks,—quite enough, unless he be a great lover of art, and determined to examine the Museo picture by picture—departing then for lovely Andalusia, or for the verdant valleys and picturesque mountains of that Spanish Switzerland, the Basque provinces. He will probably get himself taken to a tertulia, to see the sort of thing; and will rub elbows with grandees, generals, and ministers that are or have been, at a formal dinner at his ambassador's. We take for granted that he has a friend or (better still) two friends with him, *Ford's Handbook* (of which, by the by, a revised edition will soon be wanted, for Spain is outgrowing it) in his pocket, and, with these and—if he and his companions be totally ignorant of the language—a valet-de-place, he will have every requisite for enjoying Madrid thoroughly. His eyes will have more occupation than his ears; although, if familiar with Spanish, he will do well to keep the latter open, especially when within earshot of the lower orders, who have a good deal of quaint humour peculiar to themselves and country. If he has not been to the South of Spain,

he will be struck by the Spanish characteristics of the capital, greater than they are sometimes said to be. The costumes will probably particularly attract his notice. The men of the upper classes have become completely *afrancesados* in that respect, and are bad imitations of boulevard exquisites; but the women, although not innocent of crinoline, preserve the graceful mantilla, which gives a peculiarly Spanish aspect to the streets and promenades. At one time there seemed danger that this most becoming and coquettish head-dress would be discarded in favour of the tawdry French bonnet, but since then there has been a reaction, and bonnets are very few, the mantilla being recognised as both prettier and more convenient. Amongst the lower orders there are still some remains of a national dress, even amongst the people of Madrid—the Spanish town into which foreign fashions most quickly find their way—were it only the brown cloak with red velvet facings, and the *gacho* hat of black velvet, with a low peaked crown and a brim turned up all round. And in Madrid, as the capital and centre of Spain, there is always a sprinkling of natives of all parts of the kingdom, Valencians, Andalusians, Basques, &c., more or less in the costumes of their respective provinces. Then there are the Maragotos, in their loose knee-breeches, coloured garters, peculiar coats, and broad-brimmed hats; and the bull-fighters, who in the season are to be seen in great numbers lounging about the Puerta del Sol, or at the corners of the Four Streets (*Cuatro Calles*) in the Carrera San Geronimo, distinguishable by their short jackets, gaudy sashes, swaggering gait, and devil-may-care mien, and by the single long platted lock of hair left at the back of their closely-cropped heads—not as a scalp-lock, or to lift them into paradise by, but whereto to fasten the *mono* or ribbon ornament which forms a part of their costume when in the arena. Allowing for the difference of national character, the bull-fighters correspond with the now nearly extinct class of prize-fighters in England; fellows of infinite pluck and daring, strength and agility, whose conversa-

tion is composed of slang and low wit, and whose habits, generally dissolute and extravagant, quickly rid them of the gold they earn by the daily risk of their lives. To these reckless courses, however, there are exceptions, and Guillen, better known as Ouchares or El Curro, now, in the opinion of many, the first bull-fighter living, is a man of property and a landed proprietor, whose strawberry gardens supply all Seville, and who, if a bull's horn do not terminate his career, will doubtless soon retire, after very many years' practice and innumerable triumphs, to repose, under the shade of his tauromachian laurels, in the ease and dignity of a country gentleman. If his admirers, whose name is legion, had their way, he would be created, at the very least, a *título de Castilla*, or Castilian nobleman, and perhaps would be returned to the Cortes, where he would doubtless cut as good a figure as many who now have seats there.

Generally speaking, in Madrid, as throughout Spain, the lower orders are better worth observation than the higher ones. The latter much resemble the same classes in other countries, at least upon the surface. If you go below that, you find them deficient in education and general information; and it is to be hoped that in few European countries have political and moral corruption taken such deep root as in the upper layers of Spanish society. It is amongst the people that the national character and qualities are to be sought, and that the foreigner finds abundant materials for curious observation. The higher classes offer an uninteresting and monotonous level by no means of attractive aspect. The two objects of their existence seem to be to kill time and to extract money from the country. Place-hunting is the curse of Spain, and the origin of half the evils that afflict her. It is a regular profession—the profession, indeed, to which all others are held subordinate. Political life is not here entered upon by a few, who feel or believe it to be their vocation, but by a multitude, whose only qualifications are self-confidence and audacity, their only aims idleness and mere. Political honour and consistency are

things almost unknown. One might count upon ten fingers the public men in Spain who have never turned their coat or betrayed their party—often in the most barefaced and open manner. For by nearly all, in this country, the meanest personal interest is set above the greatest public good. Public spirit is unknown; patriotism is in every man's mouth but in nobody's heart. In this respect no distinction is to be made of parties or of professions. The most vehement *Liberales*, whose lips, when they are in opposition, overflow with professions of disinterestedness, and their eyes with tears of sympathy with their country's woes, no sooner get on the upper side of the wheel than they show themselves as greedy and selfish as those whom they have been wont to tax with covetousness and corruption. Thus, in 1854, *Espartero*, nearly the only man in Spain whose honesty and disinterestedness have never been denied even by his greatest enemies, and are proved by the fact of his remaining poor after opportunities of which a tithe has sufficed to others to amass enormous fortunes, was unable, when he came to power, to stem the tide of greedy place-hunters, and was driven nearly distracted by the pressure put upon him. The *Progresistas* had been eleven years out of office; their appetite was keen, and they held themselves entitled to both compensation and reward. This is invariably the case when one party goes out and another comes in. To content the new applicants, a number of government servants must be removed; most of these are entitled to a retiring allowance, and so the charge on the treasury continually increases. Much the same system is observed with the army. Officers do not strive for promotion by diligent attention to the theory and practice of their profession; they study the dirty intricacies of Spanish politics, and live in hopes of an opportunity to "pronounce," a slang word which means to mutiny and rebel. They upset the government they are pledged to obey and defend, welcome the new one with cheers, and are duly rewarded by promotion to the brevet or even to the full rank above that they hold. It

were easy to establish a regular tariff of the rewards thus given for the greatest military crime—for which, however, the regimental officers are to a certain extent to be excused, since it is invariably their generals who set them the bad example. An ordinary pronunciamiento, after the revolution has already been begun by civilians, is worth one step; if the military commence the movement, and come to blows with their comrades, they are heroes, and well deserve double promotion. Major-General *Domingo Dulce*, who, being then inspector-general of cavalry, took out two thousand horsemen under circumstances of peculiar treachery, and defied the government of the day, was made lieutenant-general and grand cross. For the same thing, in another country, he would have been broken, and rewarded with a rope instead of a ribbon. A foreign officer, on half-pay in Madrid, who went out and met a regiment marching upon the capital, and succeeded in seducing it from from its allegiance, was actually thrice promoted within a few months. Officers who resist temptation, and remain faithful and obedient to the government of the day, whatever that may be, have the satisfaction of seeing their inferiors cantering in troops over their heads. The system adopted is a premium to insurrection.

All this, however, is a trite tale, and moreover politics were not contemplated when we sat down to scribble for the benefit of future rambles on the banks of the *Manzanares*, these slight sketches of life and manners in Madrid. To return to the lower orders, as affording curious studies. Some of the very lowest do this, as, for instance, the beggars and ballad-singers. That poverty and oysters walk hand-in-hand in London town was justly remarked, but if our memory serve us, never explained, by that philosopher *Jehu*, Mr. *Weller*, senior. Here mendicancy and melody do the same thing; and it is hard to say why a beggar should think the sight of a cracked guitar, upon which he often cannot or does not play, a necessary accompaniment to a petition for a copper. To talk of melody, however,

is basely to sacrifice truth to an alliteration, for nothing can be more discordant than the senseless twanging that greets one's passage through the thoroughfares of Madrid, proceeding from wretched objects, for the most part blind, maimed, or deformed, squatted in the gutter, with their back against the wall, or on the stairs and in the halls of clubs and public buildings, or at the foot of the trees that line the roads to the Retiro gardens. They change their station according to the season and to the time of day. If it be a fine afternoon, and the crowd streams towards the Retiro, every tree, from the artillery barracks at its gate to the Prado, has a beggar in its shadow, whilst others sit and crouch against the wall of the gardens, on the side of the Calle Alcalá. They often hunt in couples, a man and a woman together, and this is particularly the case with the blind. Nearly all the blind beggars have blind wives, probably because they require less looking after. There is nothing picturesque in their general appearance, although one sometimes sees amongst them excellent studies for blind heads. Their dress is squalid and commonplace, and might be that of their class in many other countries, except that the men usually wear the *calanés* hat. The women are dressed as English beggarwomen, in draggled gowns, but instead of those horrible, filthy and dilapidated bonnets which so shock foreigners amongst our pauper population, they cover their heads with a handkerchief of the commonest Glasgow print. The man is usually the musician. His guitar lies across his knees, and he occasionally lazily tortures its strings and the ears of the passers-by. "By the blessed Virgin of the Song!" he is apt to implore you, just as a mendicant of old might have appealed to you in the name of St. Cecilia. He has various forms of address, and some of them, translated into English, appear very familiar, but here the beggar uses them to the Duke. "*Hermanitos! por el amor de la santísima Virgen!*" cries a stalwart blind man, with bare legs and feet, not over clean, and a face hideously seamed with the small-pox, to a party

of grandees as they step from their carriage to enter the gardens: "My little brothers; for the love of the most holy Virgin!" And this is not moaned out, but spoken boldly, and contrasts with the shivering melancholy appeal of a London street beggar, or the unctuous "*Monsieur bon Monsieur*" of the regular Parisian mendicant. This is the country of practical equality, and, moreover, the religious element still predominates in certain ways, and we are all brothers in Christ. A little further on you come to another "dodge." A girl or woman holds a strip of paper, an eighth of a lottery-ticket, worth at the office from three to ten francs. "Number 24,395!" she shrieks out. "See, gentlemen, what a beautiful number—what a lovely number! It is thirty thousand dollars that I hold in my hand." She will be delighted, however, to part with the winning ticket for a few pence above the office price, or rather she gives it to you, and trusts to your generosity. As night comes on, and promenaders return into town, there is a general change of position amongst the begging fraternity, who then resort to the most frequented streets, and hang in numbers about the doors of clubs and cafés. The musical mendicants, those who do something more than twang, and have the pretension to give you value for your money, establish themselves in their favourite stations. Some of these play duets on guitars and *bandurrias*, a sort of mandoline, which is played with a horn peg instead of with the fingers, and others sing. Celebrated amongst these is Perico el Ciego, the blind Perico, a fellow of infinite fun, a tolerable voice, and considerable skill on the guitar. Attended by his blind wife, who sometimes accompanies him with voice or instrument, he is often to be heard in the Calle de Sevilla, a flagged and much-frequented street, inaccessible to vehicles, which connects the Alcalá and the San Geronimo. His repertory and his popularity are alike prodigious, and he commands a crowd, consisting by no means exclusively of the lower classes. Scarcely a person passes without pausing for a moment or two to hear at least a

couplet. Grinning countenances always abound in his vicinity. It is impossible to ask him for a song that he does not know, and numerous are the novelties with which he astonishes his habitual auditors. In the intervals of his chants he holds a conversation with his wife or a facetious monologue. He appeals with perfect confidence—a confidence rarely disappointed—and infinite *bonhomie*, for the reward of his performance. “Now then,” he says, “I will sing a song you have never heard before, and which it will do your heart good to hear.” Or he announces some popular favourite which he knows will detain his audience. “But first,” he adds, “let those who are able, and those who are willing, and those who have got it, and those who can spare it, find some coppers for Perico.” And he runs on in a comical strain whilst turning about in the crowd with an extended palm, which he never withdraws empty. His ditties—as will be easily imagined, if we remember how much is tolerated in Spain for the sake of wit—are not always of the most decorous description; and although one may now and then see couples, returning from theatre or tertulia, linger for a moment within earshot, attracted by the contagious gaiety and vivacity of Perico’s strains, they are for the most part utterly routed and put to precipitate flight before they have heard half a song. On the other hand, at yonder street corner you shall see three or four Madrid grisettes, whose ears are less squeamish, capering a fandango or bolero, having been put into what promises to be perpetual motion by the irresistible notes of the cunning blind man.

After the theatres, from eleven till one, when the cafés are at the fullest, beggars of a certain class are in their glory, and reap their harvest. These are the thoroughly professional mendicants with children. The toleration extended to beggars, and especially to the juveniles amongst them, is very great, and rather astonishes a foreigner. Match-sellers, lottery-ticket vendors, dealers in toys and soap, all enter the cafés, and are seldom ejected. At the door of

the Café Suizo, at the corner of the streets of Alcalá and Sevilla, a woman nightly stations herself, attended by a troop of children. These, acting under her direction, make raids into the café, and show extraordinary adroitness in ducking under tables and concealing themselves behind burly individuals in cloaks, when they see a waiter approaching. Now and then he detects them, and flaps them out of the place with his napkin, like flies; but, like that persevering insect, he no sooner turns his back than they are in again, with one eye, vigilant, on him, with the other, imploring, on the guests. One great object of the desires of these incipient guerillas is the cigar-ends that lie about the floor, and in the pursuit of which they display a suppleness that seems to argue a complete absence of bones, or at the least, a double allowance of joints. Some of them carry bags, wherein they collect the coveted fragments of moist tobacco, which are afterwards dried, chopped up, and converted into *cigaritos* (paper cigars) of the best quality. One small urchin, about three feet high, and apparently not much more than six years old, is a most active and valuable member of this mediant association. To see him darting under benches and tables, and into impossible corners, and between people’s legs, and collecting his spoil under the very nose of the waiters, and doubling like a hare, and scouring out at the door when they make a move in his direction, is quite wonderful. He wears a scrap of brown cloth over his shoulders in imitation of a cloak; his features are pretty, although sickly; his complexion pallid, as may be expected in a youth of his years who frequents cafés until one in the morning; and it is to be feared that his diminutive size and tender age earn him so many coppers that he will finally make a fortune by beggary, and bring up his children and grandchildren to the same trade.

The circulation of beggars in cafés does not strike one in Madrid so much as it would in most large towns, since here it is common for people scarcely better dressed than beggars freely to enter such establishments, where they are served quite

as promptly as if they were blue-blooded grandees. Basque peasants in round jackets, and red or white flat caps (the Biscayan boina, which was the Carlist uniform cap during the civil war, and was worn by Zumalacarreui and Oabrera), muleteers, and men who, from their appearance, might be of any low rough occupation, walk in, accompanied by their females, establish themselves round the marble tables, contemplate their stubby and not always very clean countenances in the handsome mirrors, repose luxuriously against the padded velvet that backs the benches, and take their coffee as coolly, converse as unconcernedly, and seem in all respects to consider themselves quite as much in their right place as any of the *Excelemcias* and *Señorias* around them, and who show no more surprise at their intrusion than they manifest discomposure on finding themselves in such exalted society. But, as before said, Spain is the land of real equality—more so than France, where it is much more talked about.

Travellers to the south of Europe are apt to build on the magnificent processions of the Roman Catholic Church. In Madrid they will be disappointed in this respect. Processions are frequent there, and of some of them the *personnel* is numerous, and the pomp great; but their aspect is dingy and shabby; the rich vestments, canopies, banners, &c., are faded and tawdry; and upon the whole, better things are to be seen in other Spanish towns, even in some which are second-rate in point of size and population. The balconies, crowded with ladies, form in the capital a more attractive show than the procession. In the Holy Week and on *Corpus Christi* day—the latter a movable festival that occurs about the beginning of summer, and the promenade after which is a sort of Longchamps, where the ladies display the latest fashions and their newest dresses—are the most remarkable religious ceremonies of the year. On Easter Sunday the Host is sent round in one of the queen's coaches, preceded by bands of music, and escorted by a body of troops. It stops at the houses of sick persons, and is

taken in to them. Three priests alight from the carriage, the centre one wearing a gold and silver robe, and bearing the consecrated wafer, which, in common Spanish parlance, is called, with a familiarity that strikes Protestants as rather irreverent, *Dios* or God. Four assistants carry, by means of four sticks, a silken awning over the priests and their sacred charge. The centre of the awning sinks a little, and on it rest fresh flowers. The royal carriage is of an antique form, of a deep cherry-red, with burnished gildings. It is drawn by six greys, with postillion and coachman. The equipage might not excite much admiration in Long Acre, but nevertheless the effect of the whole turn-out is rich and royal. On the 19th April last, which was Easter Sunday, as we were observing the procession from our balcony in the Plaza Mayor, we took the liberty of seeking a little information from a mature and most respectable-looking Spanish dame whose station was close to ours. This, she told us, was *Dios grande*—the great *Dios*—in contradistinction to *Dios chico*—the little *Dios*—which had passed the day before. It was the same *Dios*, she kindly informed us, only the little one had no soldiers or music. The line of the procession had been indicated the previous evening in the usual manner, and indeed we remembered to have seen two dirty boys in red and yellow dressing-gowns, looking like victims intended for an *antq-da-fé*, marching through the streets, beating drums, and attended by a host of ragged urchins, with whom the ecclesiastical drummers apparently kept up an animated and jocose colloquy. When the Host descended from the carriage, the military band played the Royal March—played only on such occasions, and in the Queen's presence. The people at the windows threw out flowers and little squares of paper of various colours, with grotesque woodcuts and barbarous verses printed upon them. These *aleluias*, as they are called, are the invariable accompaniments of processions here, and are thrown out in great quantities, thickly strewing the ground, much to the delight of the street urchins, who make collections of them. They are sold for a penny,

in large sheets, each one containing several dozens of the small squares; they are then cut up, and tossed by handfuls from the windows under which the procession is passing. Their subjects are very various, comprising all manner of quaint fictions, often ludicrous enough; histories of famous robbers and criminals; occasionally the libretto of a comic opera abridged into some fifty hobbling Spanish couplets of two lines each, serving to explain the rude drawings above them. It is difficult to trace any connection between these pictures (which are got up something in the style of those that issue from Seven Dials' printing establishments) and religious processions. Probably their subjects originally had reference to the events commemorated on the day; but, in course of time, sketches of the life of the Virgin or of the saints, accompanied by texts of Scripture or pious distichs, have degenerated into the profanities now in vogue. In like manner, at the *verbenas*, or night-festivals, held in honour of St. John, St. Peter, and other saints, a vast number of plaster figures are exposed for sale. These were perhaps originally effigies of the saints of the day, the object of which was gradually lost sight of, and their nature changed.

We were rather surprised at the free-and-easy and almost flippant manner in which our intelligent and estimable neighbour, who was in aspect almost ascetic, and whom we happened to know was a scrupulous attendant on all manner of masses, spoke of *Dios chico* and *Dios grande*, and at the unceremonious tone of some of her remarks respecting the pomps of the day. But the truth is, that one not unfrequently finds in Spain this kind of irreverence co-existent with a great deal of bigotry and superstitious observance of outward forms. One of the most amusing instances of external piety we remember to have witnessed was in a Madrid club, where every night towards twelve o'clock, a *rouge-et-noir* table opens. Occasionally it has happened that, when the game was at the hottest, the table strewn with gold and notes, eagerness to be read on the flushed countenances that craned over the green

cloth, there was heard, in the street without, the tinkle of the bell that announces the passage of the Host. Instantly the game was suspended; the gamblers knelt upon their chairs or on the floor, and crossed themselves and mumbled prayers whilst the consecrated wafer passed on its way to some dying man's bedside. The sound of the bell, and of the steps of the priests, grew fainter, and, as it died away, the gamblers resumed their seats, again grasped their gold, and stretched their necks, and once more it was "*Rouge gagne et la couleur.*" The Queen when she meets the Host, invariably gives up her carriage to it, and proceeds on foot; and only the other day some of the Spanish newspapers overflowed with indignation because one of the mails, on entering Madrid, overtook the Host, and instead of following it at a snail's pace down a very long street, was so disrespectful as to pass it, and make the best of its way to the post-office.

An Englishman acquainted with Spanish, but not with Spaniards, and coming to Spain for the first time, must inevitably be struck by the diverting examples of eccentricity of thought and action observable amongst the indigenous population. Many of these spring from their dislike of innovation, and from their huge national self-conceit; it being the firm conviction of all but a minute minority of travelled and enlightened men (who can scarcely venture to express what they really think), that Spanish ways are better than any other ways. You show them a simple and obvious improvement to be made, and they listen to you with incredulity, if not with disdain, and rarely adopt it. If you go to a tradesman or artisan for some article he deals in or fabricates, and request him to prepare it for you in rather a different manner from that usual in Spain, it is ten to one that he refuses, says it cannot be done, or demands some exorbitant increase of price,—as much as to say, that if you will have caprices you must pay for them. Spaniards have no natural turn for trade; they are deficient in application and speculative enterprise, and have no idea of the miracles

that may be wrought by an energetic will. Frugal, temperate, and contented with little, they would rather live poorly than put themselves to extraordinary exertions, or deviate from established routine. Hence their slow progress in the arts of life, and hence it is that foreigners, notwithstanding the jealousy entertained of them, and the denial of fair play they frequently meet with, beat them at every turn on their own ground and in their own capital. In Madrid a large number of the best shops and most lucrative trades are carried on by foreigners—by French, Italians, and Germans. The milliners, the hair-dressers (not the barbers—the Spaniard has always been a first-rate shaver), many of the bakers, the best bootmakers, nearly all the dealers in toys, trinkets, porcelain, and foreign wares, are natives of other countries. The principal brewery (a vast deal of thin beer is consumed in Madrid, and, mingled with iced lemonade, forms an excellent beverage in hot weather) is in the hands of foreigners; the only dentists whom a prudent man would allow to look into his mouth are an American and an Italian. Gas and hackney-coaches were introduced here by Englishmen. There are a great number of Italian cooks here; the largest hotel, and the most noted eating-house, the best café, are kept by foreigners. This list is merely the result of casual observation; a little investigation would doubtless enable one greatly to prolong it. The scarcity of water (to be amended, it is hoped, in a few months, by the opening of the “Canal of Isabel II.,” by which water is to be brought from a distant stream) is probably the cause that there are no market-gardens round Madrid. The soil is arid, and the summer sun parching and unfavourable to vegetation; but still there can be scarcely a doubt that, if this were an English or French town (or in possession of the Spanish Moors, those adepts in gardening and hydraulic science), something would ere this have been made of the environs. The barren sandy earth might have been enriched by artificial means, at least to the extent of supplying the capital with choice fruits and vegetables. In

most places manure is a saleable article; here you pay for its removal, and it is in great measure wasted. Asparagus and strawberries (the small wood kind) come from Aranjuez, but nearly every thing else in the way of vegetables and fruit comes from very far, and consequently is extremely dear, and lacks freshness. Persons who expect to find in Spain, on the strength of its climate, fruit of delicious flavour, will be much disappointed; a great deal of that eaten in Madrid comes from Valencia, and is faded, watery, and tasteless. Climate is of little avail if skill in cultivation be not there to supply savour. This rule may not hold good in the tropics, but it certainly does in Spain.

Owing to the small temptation afforded by the environs, there is perhaps no place in the world whose inhabitants take so little exercise, equestrian or pedestrian, as those of Madrid. There is no great pleasure in riding over an expanse of treeless sand: the *Casa del Campo* is a poor apology for a park, and one must have permission to enter it; if you walk out of the town, no verdant plain or smiling landscape rewards your fatigue; and in some quiet hollow you may chance to be met with by ill-looking miscreants with knives as long as your arm, in which case you will feel thankful if you escape pureless, but without bloodletting. Madrid abounds in ruffians to whom robbery and murder are pleasant pastimes, and who occasionally stroll a few miles out in quest of prey. So nearly all the riding and walking are done within the limits of the town, the former chiefly in the promenades known as the Fuente Castellana and the Prado, where at summer eventide a few score equestrians may be seen, principally what are here called *pollos* (*Anglicè*, chicks), a cant term meaning semi-fledged diminutive dandies of the bantam breed, who give themselves all the airs and pretensions of old cocks. The horses are generally Spanish and of small mark, often trimmed and docked so as to give them *un faux air* of English or French hacks; like their riders, in short, they are bad counterfeits of foreign originals. As to walking, the best place is unquestionably the

Retiro, used by Spaniards as a summer lounge, but where an Englishman, desirous of good honest exercise, may obtain it at almost any season. Hardly any Spaniards walk for exercise. They idle and saunter about, stopping occasionally when the conversation gets earnest or fast, as if they could not move legs and tongue simultaneously; now sitting on a bench, now lingering to roll a paper cigar, and wait the arrival of some smoker whom they see approaching with a light. Then, from the lowest to the highest, and except in the great heats of summer, they are a cloak-wearing people, and the cloak is the lounge's garment *par excellence*. But whilst they dawdle by the pond and look at the gold fish, a foreigner, bent on opening his pores and appetite, may get a pleasant walk enough by striding two or three times completely round the Retiro. Not that this garden (for particulars of which Ford may be consulted) will appear otherwise than scrubby, stunted, and paltry, compared with Kensington or the Tuileries, amidst whose brilliant flower-beds and rich masses of foliage, one may fancy oneself remote from towns; but, nevertheless, when one's eyes have got parched and irritated by the dust and glare of Madrid streets, it is a relief to seek the shades of the Buen Retiro, which one is fain to admit is really a good retreat. In Spain, if one would be contented, one must not compare with other countries; and so we must not too severely criticise the dwarfish trees, artificially but imperfectly irrigated, the seedy flowers that tell of bad gardening, the want of that fresh, soft, emerald turf the eye delights to rest upon. There is a mixture of cultivation and wildness in the Retiro which is not disagreeable; to some portions a good deal of care is evidently given; elsewhere you come upon patches of waste ground serving as nurseries for young trees, and overgrown with poppies, yellow colts-foot, rank dog-daisy, scentless wild mignobette, and particularly with the rose-pink blossom of the marsh-mallow, which one might imagine nature had scattered there in such abundance that its emollient properties might serve

as a corrective of the scorching irritating climate. Here and there are cypress-grown bits, which, combined with the bright clear climate, remind one of Turkish cemetery scenery. For adopting the Retiro as an habitual walk, there is the additional reason that there is very little pleasure in walking in the streets of Madrid. When one has got accustomed to their aspect, and the charm of novelty has worn off, they offer little attraction; and in most of them, moreover, the footpath is too narrow, and the passeng-ers are too numerous, for rapid progress to be practicable. The stranger will be struck by one of their features: the immense number of second-hand shops, miscellaneous stores, a low description of what the French call *bric-a-brac* shops, in which are offered for sale ancient furniture and curiosities, brass chandeliers and ornaments, fantastical wearing apparel, oil-paintings without frames, and soiled engravings with frames—in short, a few things that are either useful or ornamental mixed up with an immensity of rubbish. Foreigners who come to Spain with a notion that they cannot fail to pick up precious and cheap specimens of the Spanish masters, will hardly find it worth while to rummage these shops, in which the works of art are generally of an extremely low class, most of them mere daubs from the brush of artists who have evidently mistaken their vocation. The engravings are rather better worth notice. The majority of them are of an uninteresting kind—old French engravings, portraits of Ferdinand VII., of Maria Christina, and of Isabel II., and of Spanish generals, many of whom are unknown to fame beyond their native land; engravings of naval battles at the end of the last century, and lithographs of actions during the War of Independence and the conflict with Don Carlos. The rising in Madrid on the 2d May 1808, and the defence of Saragossa, are very favourite subjects, although we regret to say that the heroic maid of Saragossa, she

"Who hung so fiercely on the flying foe,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a
batter'd wall,"

(and who died, by the by, the other

day, full of years, and much honoured, in the Spanish-African possessions), is not represented, by the artists of her own nation, as that graceful, gazelle-eyed, thorough-bred sort of beauty into which she has been exalted by the poets, painters, and gravers of England and France; but that, on the contrary, in sundry Spanish engravings we have seen, she appears as a strapping, coarse-featured, broad-shouldered, Aragonese wench, with big hands and brawny limbs—in short, not at all a bad cut of a gunner, if she were differently dressed. It perhaps says little for Spanish morality that the exploits of notorious robbers seem to be quite as often pictorially celebrated as the feats of patriots and heroes. Some of the knights of the road have had their adventurous lives chronicled in long series of illustrations, and prominent amongst these is the Maragato, a renowned brigand, the scene of whose achievements was the province of Murcia, where many a tale of his prowess and atrocities, and of his death at the hands of a bold priest, may still be gathered by those who choose to wander into that district, either to pluck oranges from the tree in the rich *huertas*, or to bathe their bodies in the hot medicinal springs of Archena. As regards portraits, the only interesting one we ever stumbled upon was an oval line-engraving, not badly executed, which bore beneath it, in Spanish, “The Most Excellent Lord Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo.” The inscription might not have struck us, but the features did; there was no mistaking the aquiline nose, and the falcon glance of the clear, well-opened eye. It was *the* Duke, with his Spanish title, which he so well earned, but by which he is least known—a very handsome pleasing likeness of him as a young man, in a plain uniform, with the collar and badge of the Golden Fleece round his neck and a couple of stars on his breast. No painter’s name was signed, but the engraver had taken care to inform all beholders that *Josef Rico lo grabó en Cadiz*. The shopkeeper did not seem to have any clear idea who this Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo was; he was a *grande de España*, of that there could be no

doubt, but whether a general, or a minister, or a great gun belonging to the palace, he declined deciding, kindly leaving us to choose. We are ashamed to say for how few reals we acquired this effigy of the hero of Salamanca, and that upon the very spot where, after that well-won and glorious fight, he was worshipped by an enthusiastic nation, borne on men’s hands, and contended for by the loveliest of the land. Now, he is thought of by Spaniards as the rather clever chief of a small auxiliary, force, which rendered them some assistance in driving the French out of the country. It would be too painful to their vanity to teach their children the truth; to own that it was he and his invincible army (which he and himself made) that fluttered the eagles of France from Vimiera to Vittoria, from Torres Vedras to Toulouse, and saved Spain, not with the aid of her generals and armies, but in spite of their ignorance, obstinacy, and cowardice. But gratitude, thought we, as we carefully and respectfully rolled up the portrait of a hero, is not to be sought in Spain, where it is a plant of scanty growth, and where all that is exotic is envied and disliked. As the thought crossed our minds, our attention was attracted by a show-board, on which were pasted a number of engravings, and amongst these some caricatures, one of which, of ancient date, greatly delighted us. It was entitled, *Marcha precipitada del Ejército Ingles, iendo a socorrer a sus aliados*—“Precipitate March of the English Army going to succour its Allies.” On a crawfish was seated an English general, with his hands in a muff; behind him came his second in command and his army, all in magnificent red coats, and arrayed on the back of a large tortoise. Up in the clouds, in the distance, Spain was typified by a soldier in Spanish uniform, with a vulture perched on his shoulders, and preying on his vitals. He calls out for help, and bids his allies hasten. “We shall get there in time,” the English commander replies. “*Ya llegaremos, así, así.*” As a caricature it was not bad, and it was also an exemplification of the habitual ingratitude of Spaniards to

all who render them services. It was the last copy, and the shopman could not part with it, for it was pasted tight on a window-shutter. He had had a number of them, he said, proceeding from an old stock, and had sold them rapidly.

Although the publisher's trade is a poor one in Madrid, there is perhaps no town of the size where one sees more *al fresco* bookstalls or *puestos*, arranged in a careful manner, generally in the portals of houses, or else, as before the Ministry of Public Works, long bookcases of numerous shelves, with doors that are closed and locked at night and in wet weather. As the Madrileños are decidedly not a reading people, it is difficult to conjecture how these open-air booksellers make a living, unless it be that their stock consists of the old libraries of illiterate grandees and hidalgos, sold as waste paper, so that if they sell a book a-day it supplies the *puchero*. Most of these books are bound in the rude Spanish manner—foreign-bound books being prohibited in Spain, and liable to have their covers torn off at the frontier. Their contents are excessively various, and the majority of them are old and utterly worthless, but we have heard instances of persevering bibliomaniacs picking up rare and curious works. Some patience and resolution is necessary for the hunt amongst the mass of trash; in winter and spring one risks a *pulmonia*, from the cold wind streaming through streets and corridors, and in summer the emanations from the portals of Madrid houses are anything but fragrant, seeing that it is the general custom with this not very clean or scrupulously decent people to put them to the same use as the columns on the Paris boulevards. The street-doors of all houses are left open here, but only a minority—still small, although increasing—can boast of porters, and the entrance-hall or passage of those that have no such guardians becomes a public property and convenience. So it is not unusual to let the doorway to a tailor or cobbler, or to some small dealer in fruit, phosphorus matches, fresh bread, or old books. Amongst the last-named commodity

our own investigations have been neither frequent nor successful, and indeed the only interesting volume we ever hit upon was one entitled "Collection of Refranes (proverbs), Adages and Proverbial Sayings, with their Explications and Interpretations," which may perhaps, at some future time, form the subject of an essay for Maga. Spaniards, it is well known, are great lovers of proverbs. In Spain it is not, as in England and France, a sign of inferior breeding to employ them in conversation. The Spaniard loves to sprinkle his discourse with them, and is pleased when a foreigner appositely introduces them. Many of them are rich in humour and point, and one class is particularly worth notice; that, namely, which artlessly satirises the most prominent defects and vices of the Spanish character, often embodying in a terse maxim principles diametrically opposed to Spanish practice. Others note abuses without applying censure. Thus, appropriate to the common usage of Spanish governments and public officers of all classes, we find the saying, *Quien el aceite misura, las manos se untan*—"He who measures oil greases his hands." At this moment, *Espartero* and the fallen, depreciated, and much vilipended *Progresistas*—to whose hands, it must be admitted, very little oil clung during their brief tenure of power—might quote the saying, *A muertos y aidos, no hay amigos*—"The dead and the departed have no friends;" and this one, *Del árbol caído, todos hacen leña*—"From the fallen tree all cut faggots." Had they made that use of their opportunities which their successors are actively doing, they might have consoled themselves for the scoffs and vituperation of their enemies; for, says the proverb, *Quien tiene argen, tiene todo bien*—"He who has money has everything;" but again, it is said, *No se hizo la miel por la boca del asno*—"Honey is not for the ass's mouth;" and people who could remain for two years at the head of affairs in Spain without filling their pockets, do not deserve another chance. But perhaps the happiest and truest proverb, as applied to Spain, that is to be found amongst the two thousand contained in this

amusing little book, is one that says, *Fray modesto nunca fue prior*—"The modest friar was never prior;" for there surely never was a country where diffident merit had so little chance, and where so many ignorant knaves attained to the highest places by dint of mere assurance, and in virtue of the ridiculously exorbitant value they set upon themselves.

But we are in Madrid, Ebony, and in the dogdays. The sun blazes pitilessly out of an indigo sky; there is no coolness in the feeble breeze which scarcely stirs the striped awnings of the balconies, or rustles the leaves of the rose-laurels in the window; the streets are deserted; at yonder corner a group of porters and lazzaroni lie sleeping on the pavement; on the other side of the plaza, the flower-

sellers have withdrawn themselves and their merchandise within the deep shadow of the arcades, and slumber on their chairs, insured against customers at this torrid hour; the puffy quail, which hangs, in what appears to us a cruelly small cage, at a neighbouring window, has ceased his monotonous call, and is taking the siesta; the last lingering streaks of snow have melted from the Guadarama summits, now dimly seen through the sultry mists that shroud them; it is fine weather for sleep—also for brain-fever and hydrophobia, but certainly not for any kind of exertion. And so we lay down our pen, retaining it only long enough to sign, now as ever, your faithful

VEDETTE.

Madrid, July 1857.

THE BENGAL MUTINY.

THE British public is notoriously slow to realise a great disaster. The national self-reliance seems impenetrable to the voice of warning: at the first note of evil tidings, the money-market—our only sensitive organ—is kept quiet by assurances that the accounts are exaggerated, and the worst is over. In Parliament, a Government which has no secrets from the enemy either evades inquiry, or answers with a misplaced vaunt. It is only by degrees that the truth creeps out. Private information appears in the papers; admissions are gradually extorted of all the red-tapists, denied before; and as the different statements get pieced together, the public wakes up with a roar, and incontinently plunges into a panic. Then a minister or a cabinet must be sacrificed; committees and commissions are voted to inquire whom we shall hang; millions are flung about in frantic profusion; reforms long talked of are adopted with bewildering precipitation—till, having put itself through all its paces, and beginning to suspect that its indignation is hardly more creditable than the original impossibility, the magnanimous public subsides into a calm, and finishes with the indis-

criminate decoration of accusers and accused.

Such is the routine; it has been faithfully followed, up to the time we write, in the matter of the Bengal mutiny; it may have completed its circle before what we write can appear in print. The disaffection which, long smouldering in the Bengal army, began to show itself in action as early as January last, attained to a crisis in the second week of May. An official narrative of its rise and progress was despatched from Calcutta on the 18th of that month. Lord Ellenborough, with his usual vigilance, adverted to the subject in the House of Lords on the 9th June, and was answered by Lord Granville, that he hoped the accounts were exaggerated! Two days after, Mr. Vernon Smith, in opposing the petition of some missionaries in Bengal, told the House "it could not be disguised that considerable disaffection prevailed among the troops, in consequence of a prevalent notion that a compulsory conversion of the natives was intended." He added, that "it was not his wish to alarm the House or the public—the agitation, he trusted, was limited to a few of the troops, and would speedily be

repressed!" The President of the Board of Control was at this time in possession of despatches announcing the disappearance of six regiments from the strength of the Bengal army, the commission of horrible atrocities by the Sepoys on their officers, and the seizure of Delhi with the proclamation of a Mussulman emperor! To Lord Ellenborough's suggestion that a proclamation should be issued to tranquillize the angry suspicions of the native soldiery, Lord Granville replied — for there must always be a reply — that the Indian Government had acted judiciously in not taking any such step. Yet, if his lordship had read his despatches, he would have found that a similar suggestion had proceeded from the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces; and the proclamation was actually issued by the Governor-General on the 16th May!

So unequal, too, was the *action* of the home authorities to the emergency reported, that, notwithstanding the loud cry from India for the immediate despatch of every English soldier that could be spared, it was thought enough, as late as the end of June, to have placed four regiments *under orders to embark* for India. Happily 10,000 men had returned to Bombay from the Persian expedition, and the force despatched from this country for China will have been diverted to a duty more consonant with justice and the security of the British Empire. For these reinforcements, however, the Indian Government is no way indebted to the foresight or judgment of the Cabinet at home. Their mouthpiece in the House of Lords again assured us, on the 29th June, that the disaffection in India was "exaggerated by the noble earl. There was no occasion for alarm, and it was quite unnecessary to call out the militia." On the same evening the President of the Board of Control told the other House that the additional forces were sent out simply as a measure of security, not at all as believing the empire of India to be in peril.

Very different, and much more sagacious was the language held by the leader of the Conservative Opposition.

"No one," said Mr. Disraeli, "could shut his eyes to the extreme peril to which, at this moment, our authority is subject in that country; but I cannot say—little as my confidence has ever been in the Government of India—that I take those despairing or desperate views with respect to our position which, in moments of danger or calamity, are too often prevalent. I would express my opinion, that the tenure by which we hold India is not a frail tenure; but when we consider that that great country is inhabited by twenty-five nations, different in race, different in religion, and different in language, I think it is not easy—perhaps it is not possible—for such heterogeneous elements to fuse into perfect combination. EVERYTHING, HOWEVER, IS POSSIBLE—EVERY DISASTER IS PRACTICABLE—IF THERE BE AN INEFFICIENT OR NEGLIGENT GOVERNMENT."

These are the sentiments which actuate, to a man, the persons now in England best acquainted with the condition of India. Of all dangers or disasters, there is none which more quickly sends the blood out of an old Anglo-Indian's face than the prospect of mutiny among the native troops on the ground of *caste* or religion. Yet this is the very danger of which the Home Government and the public generally were apprised with so little emotion. Anglo-Indians, however, are in sufficient numbers at home to impart their apprehension to a large portion of society. By the middle of July, Ministers had roused themselves to the determination of sending 20,000 troops to India. The President of the India Board—of whom Lord Ellenborough, with more candour than politeness, declared that "in his constant and extensive communications with gentlemen connected with India, he never met a man who had not the most thorough distrust of the right hon. gentleman,"—promised to lay "papers" on the table of Parliament; and on the 27th, the question attained the dignity of a field-day in the House of Commons. Mr. Vernon Smith was then content to maintain that it was a "mere military mutiny," not a national revolt, we had to deal with. Admitting the delicacy and importance

of the religious question, he coolly observed it was nothing new, having been agitated so long ago as the mutiny of Vellore! and to remove all remaining uneasiness, his Grace the Duke of Argyll was good enough to promise in the House of Lords, that "Government would put down the insurrection with a high hand, and spare no exertion to maintain our Indian empire!"

August comes, and with it the assurance that the troops to be despatched to India amount to 30,000. Now, too, Lord Ellenborough's suggestion—ridiculed by Lord Granville two months before—to embody the militia, is adopted with the entire approval of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief. Still, as late as the 11th, General Evans denounced, with reason, the tardy despatch of the troops, while many leading military members joined in his complaint that Government was not sufficiently alive to the danger.

Three months have now elapsed since the despatch of that mail, which Mr. Vernon Smith so pleasantly told us, came away a day or two too soon to bring the intelligence of the recapture of Delhi and the entire suppression of the revolt. Each succeeding mail has brought tidings only of its extension. The armies of the other Presidencies are happily still staunch; but it would be rashness, rather than wisdom, to predict for one week the fidelity of any native troops, while insurrection maintains itself in Bengal. We are far enough from despair, but we are more than ever impressed with the correctness of Mr. Disraeli's remark, that "*any disaster is practicable if there be a negligent or inefficient government.*"

We agree at once with the Government and the journals, that it is a military mutiny, not a national revolt, which threatens us: but we are unable to share the consolation which they derive from the distinction, when we remember that it is *exclusively on the military arm* that the possession of India depends. From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, the use of the term "national" is in India a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare." The great continent to which we assign that appellation, contains (exclu-

sively of its Mahommedan invaders) a good score of native populations, far more distinct from each other in language, customs, and religion than the nations of Europe. We lump them together in common parlance under the term "Hindu," just as, with much nearer approximation to correctness, the native accepts "European" for the distinctive appellation of his pale-faced rulers. But the populations of India not only never formed a nation, nor even a confederacy, but they have nothing "national" within themselves. The ancient peculiar polity of the land has been called, without much forcing of the term, *municipal*; every village has a government and a society strongly compacted within itself; but its connection with the neighbouring communities is feeble, and its relations to the Supreme Government are simply those of a tributary. The native cultivator, mechanic, or merchant, has little further concern with the ruling power, whether Hindu, Mahommedan, or British, but to contribute his share of the rent or taxes levied from the community to which he belongs. All that he desires in return,—and usually desires in vain,—is the protection of an efficient police, with the administration of justice in matters above the reach of the village conclave. For the rest, he only asks to be let alone—to tread the little round that his parents trod before him; to scratch the fields with the same crooked stick that served his father for a plough; to shave with the same razor the children of those whom his father shaved of old; to beat upon the same great stone, with the identical jerk and groan wherewith his father made the river's bank resound, the scant apparel of his dusky clan; to tell the same stories, eat the same food, share the same ceremonies, lead the same stolid life, and die the same apathetical death, which millions have done, are doing, and will continue to do, before, around, and after himself, in most supreme indifference whether Prospero or Stephano be king of the island.

To talk of national insurrection, national discontent, national education, or national *anything*, among

a population of this description, is to talk ignorantly. The utmost extent of their political cohesion is that of marbles in a bag; the sole questions open to debate are the colour and texture of the bag, or whether a marble more or less shall rattle in its interior. It is this condition which has made India, from the most ancient times, the easy, almost willing, prey of every adventurer, native or foreign, who had a mind to put the marbles in his bag. The means by which each successive change of government has been effected and perpetuated, was invariably military power. So that to be told this is no national insurrection—this is only a military mutiny—is, in other words, to be assured that we are not experiencing that which never was, nor can be, experienced in Hindustan; we are *only* threatened with the defection of that organisation upon which the possession of the country is entirely and exclusively dependent!

In endeavouring to estimate more correctly the nature and progress of the danger before us, we would glance back for a moment to the origin of the force from which it has arisen. The Bengal Native Army dates its birth from exactly one hundred years ago. It was in January 1757, when Calcutta had been recaptured from Surajah Dowla, and the British Government re-established by Olive after the disaster of the Black Hole, that the first battalion of Bengal Sepoys was raised and officered from a detachment which accompanied Olive from Madras. Its establishment was one European captain, lieutenant, and ensign, who acted as field-officers; a native commandant and adjutant, with one subadar (captain), and three jemadars (subalterns), to each of the ten companies. The company consisted of five havildars (sergeants), four naiks (corporals), two tom-toms (drummers), one trumpeter, and seventy Sepoys: each company had a colour (carried by a havildar), in the centre of which the subadar was allowed to bear his own device or

badge, such as a sabre, dagger, crescent, &c.*

Such was the rude organisation—such the feeble establishment of European officers—with which Olive was satisfied to lead his Sepoys against the native armies of Hindustan, fighting under their own chiefs, and in possession of a dominion which they deemed insuperable. The total force with which the great founder of this army undertook the subversion of the kingdom of Bengal consisted of 3100 men, of whom only 900 were Europeans! The army he encountered at Plassey numbered 50,000 foot, 18,000 horse, and a strong train of artillery. Such was the unequal match played on the 23d June 1757, directly for the fair provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, but ultimately for the imperial sceptre of India. Olive was aided, it is true, at Plassey, by treachery and defection within the ranks of the enemy. The nabob himself, no less cowardly than cruel, fled with a numerous army as soon as he learned the desertion of Jaffier. Many a bloodier field has since been fought in India, but it was Plassey that first witnessed that simple policy which established, and which alone can perpetuate, the British ascendancy—the unhesitating advance of the English soldier on every enemy that presents himself, be the disproportion in numbers or *materiel* what it may.

When Lord Olive returned to the supreme command in 1765, the Bengal army was but little increased in numerical strength. Yet the Great Mogul and his principal feudatory the Nabob of Oude, were soon after prisoners at one time in the British camp; while of the two pretenders to the kingdom of Bengal, one was a puppet appointed and governed by the Council at Calcutta, the other a hopeless fugitive on the banks of the Indus. Even at that early period, however, mutiny frequently agitated an army which was almost a stranger to defeat. Sometimes German or French adventurers, in the service of the Company, proposed to carve out an

* WILLIAMS'S *Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the Bengal Native Infantry*.

independent career for themselves. Occasionally the more vulgar deficiency of pay and provisions was the exciting cause; but the most frequent and formidable ground of discontent was that which now meets us again, a century later—the suspicion of encroachment on the native *caste*. The fear was then chiefly of being ordered to sea, which, though in itself no violation of caste, entails so many difficulties in the observance of the prescribed diet and ablutions as to be readily regarded in that light. It was not, indeed, till after the shipwreck of part of the third battalion *en route* from Madras to Bengal in the year 1769, that the sea became a prominent difficulty. The native, it may be remarked, habitually extends his “custom” beyond the strict requisites of caste, and some craft has been shown both in advancing the plea of religion against a disagreeable duty, and in modifying it to suit a secular convenience.* Four regiments were broken in 1782 for mutiny, originating in a mistaken suspicion that they were to be sent to sea. Seven years later, Lord Cornwallis called for *volunteers* from the regiments at the Presidency to proceed to Sumatra; and after some opposition from the native officers, this experiment was effected by a bounty of ten rupees to every Sepoy before embarkation, with a gratuity of a month's pay, and full *batta* on their return. Expeditions by sea have since been effected without difficulty; yet it was thought another triumph over the prejudices of caste, when in our own time the Bengal Sepoys were led without a murmur across the Indus, which forms the opposite boundary of their sacred soil. Brahminism is in truth as much an invader in India as Mahomedanism, but having, like all other invasions, entered from the north-west, and settled in the fertile plains which are watered by the Ganges, it had the wisdom to invest that mighty river with a religious character, and consecrate its new-found home as

the land of the gods. The provinces on either side of the sacred stream thus became the headquarters of Brahminism, as for similar reasons the strength of the Mussulman religion is still found in the upper portions of the same territory, where the Mogul invader established his throne. Neither religion ever pervaded the whole of India. In the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, the older worship of various aboriginal or immigrant populations subsist to this day.† Hence the native armies of those Presidencies are comparatively little affected by religious questions; while that of Bengal, recruited for the most part in the heart of Brahminism, and largely composed of its two superior castes, has demanded and obtained a consideration for religious scruples, which has at once impaired its own discipline, and largely excited the jealousy of the sister Presidencies.

Sprung from a class which regards the profession of a soldier as only second in honour to that of a priest; infinitely superior in pay and material comforts to the native cultivator or the mechanic; treated both in cantonments and in the field not simply on a par with, but in many points with more solicitous consideration than, the European soldier; indulged with regular furloughs to visit the home of his youth, his family, or the shrines of his religion; rising to commissions by seniority; decorated with an Order of Merit; and finally assured of a handsome pension on retirement,—no private soldier in the world enjoys the advantages of his profession to the same extent, or with so few of its burdens, as the Bengal Sepoy. His position was declared by Lord Dalhousie to be incapable of improvement. All his temptations, in short, arise from having his own way too much and too often; and of this the Government have latterly become so sensible, that orders have been issued to abstain from the old practice of recruiting exclusively or chiefly in

* *Ex. gr.* The natives have managed to except their European superiors from the pariah caste, with whom they could hold no communication without pollution. Infanticide and the rite of suttee were “custom,” but not *caste*.

† General Briggs estimates the Aboriginal sects still remaining in India at 16,000,000 in number.

the same districts, and to promote a due admixture of castes in the ranks. Every regiment ought to contain at least two hundred Sikhs—men who, maintaining a sufficient amount of *amour propre* on other grounds, regard the Brahminical pretensions with contempt. The Brahmin, however, is tall and well-formed, docile, polite, and gentlemanly in his demeanour. Six feet in height, and forty inches round the chest, are attractions irresistible to recruiting officers and commandants; and in spite of the orders, the two higher castes have continued to maintain their preponderance in the Bengal infantry.*

At the opening of the present year the native army of Bengal consisted of 11 regiments of light cavalry, and 74 of regular infantry, with 4 troops of horse-artillery and 2 battalions, of six companies each, of foot-artillery. Augmented by irregular troops to the extent of 23 regiments of cavalry, 7 battalions of Sikh infantry, and upwards of twenty other corps, it was further supported by the contingents of various native states, disciplined and commanded by officers from the regular regiments. The Company's European forces were 8 brigades of horse, and 6 battalions of foot, artillery, with 3 regiments of infantry. The Queen's troops were 2 regiments of cavalry and 18 of foot. This magnificent force was distributed, in nearly a hundred military stations, over a country stretching from the mouths of the Ganges to Afghanistan, and from the Himalayas to Nagpore—nearly equalling in extent, and considerably exceeding in population, the united possessions of France, Austria, and Prussia, in Europe.†

We have now to relate the occurrences which in a few weeks have dissipated this army like a summer cloud, and perhaps destroyed for ever the confidence so long reposed in Sepoy fidelity. An uneasy feeling, at times approaching to insubordination, had been visible among the Bengal native troops for some years past. Lord Hardinge is said to have been afraid to assemble them in force; and passages are quoted from Sir Charles Napier's writings which abundantly establish the dissatisfaction of that gallant, but not uncomplaining, general with their discipline, though we confess we search them in vain for any distinct apprehension of a *general mutiny*. In January last, a *classie* (or workman) attached to the magazine at Dum Dum (the artillery station near Calcutta), being refused a draught of water by a Sepoy of the 2d Native Infantry on the ground of caste, replied, "You will soon lose your caste, as you will have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows." At this place there is a depôt of musketry, where the native soldiers are instructed in the use of the Enfield rifle. The cartridge for this weapon is made of a thinner and tougher paper than the old one, and requires to be greased on the ball. The above remark having reached the ears of the commandant, he inquired, and found the new cartridge was regarded with general suspicion. The native commissioned officers stated, but in a manner perfectly respectful, that the mixture used in greasing the ball was open to objection, and suggested the employment of wax and oil. They were assured the grease was composed of mutton-fat and wax; but they replied, that

* The following was the distribution of castes in the 34th regiment at the time of its recent mutiny and disbandment:—Brahmins 335, Rajpoots 237, Hindus of inferior caste 231, Mussulmans 200, Sikhs 74, Christians (drummers, &c.), 12; total, 1089. The 19th contained 409 Brahmins and 150 Rajpoots.

	Square Miles.	Population.
† Bengal,	412,627	59,445,299
North-Western Provinces, . .	100,889	33,742,766
	518,016	93,188,065
France,	201,961	35,788,170
Austria and Prussia, . . .	364,470	52,081,808
	566,431	87,869,978

These figures are taken from a valuable little book just published by Gen. Briggs.

a report to the contrary had spread throughout India, and that if they touched it, their friends would not believe the explanation, and would refuse to eat with them. The matter was immediately reported to Government, General Hearsey remarking, that "though totally groundless, it would be most difficult to eradicate the impression from the minds of the native soldiers, who are always suspiciously disposed when any change of this sort affecting themselves is introduced." Orders were promptly issued to allow the Sepoys to obtain the ingredients from the bazaar, and grease the bullet themselves, as the native officers had suggested.

It must be observed that at this time, the practice at the dépôt had not reached the stage of loading; consequently none of the objectors had actually been called upon to bite, or even to handle, the new cartridges. *In fact, it is stated by Government that not a single one has been issued to any native soldier from first to last.** The objection was wholly speculative, put into the Sepoys' heads in anticipation of the occasion, and by persons who could know nothing of the fact. General Hearsey attributes the report, with great probability, to the agents of the *Dhurma Sodha* a Hindu association allowed to exist at Calcutta, with the avowed object of defending their religious customs against encroachments by the Government. This officer commands the Presidency Division, and has his headquarters at Barrackpore. He observes that all the disaffection is introduced from Calcutta; the detachments sent thither on duty constantly returning imbued with suspicions never exhibited before.

In a few days the ill-feeling had extended to all the regiments at Barrackpore, comprising the 2d, 84th, and 70th regiments, N.I.; but the objection to the grease on the ball having been so summarily got rid of, it was now transferred to

the paper, which was said to have the unclean mixture spread upon it, or mixed up with it in the making. The paper is, in fact, more highly glazed than the old, though not more so than is common in paper of native manufacture. The Enfield rifle being much smaller in the bore than the musket, it was not so easy to meet the scruple in this new form by reverting to the old cartridge-paper; but every effort was made to explain the truth: the cartridges were broken before the men on parade, and their manufacture explained. Still the objection was not removed, and though on parade the men answered in a respectful and soldierlike manner, several incendiary fires attested the presence of a mischievous spirit in the ranks.

On the 6th February information was given by a Sepoy of a plot to rise upon the officers and fire the cantonment. Two days after, this was confirmed by a jemadar of the 34th regiment. No names, however, were divulged by either, though they had attended a meeting of three hundred Sepoys, held, they stated, on the parade-ground after eight o'clock roll-call, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion on the part of any European officer. The General harangued the brigade on the absurdity of supposing that Government wished to make them Christians by a trick, when they would not be admitted to our religion without a full and intelligent conviction of the truths of the "Book." The address appeared to be well received; the ill-feeling, however, continued, and it was soon discovered that a messenger had been sent from one of the regiments to Berhampore and Dinapore. The former station was garrisoned by the 19th regiment, which up to the middle of February had exhibited no sort of uneasiness. On the 25th of that month, a havildar's guard from the 34th arrived at Berhampore, and was relieved by the 19th.† The very next day the 19th refused to receive their cartridges,

* Circular of Governor-General, enclosed in despatch 5th June, 1857, No. 19 in Parliamentary Papers, Appendix, p. 840. Nevertheless, it appears they were used at the three rifle dépôts. See p. 370.

† A guard of the 65th Native Infantry had communicated the story of the car-

though they were old ones made up by another native corps a year before. Expostulation and warnings of the severe punishment to which the men exposed themselves by their refusal to obey their officers were made in vain. The Sepoys tumultuously seized their arms. The artillery and cavalry were called out, but again withdrawn, and the affair terminated without bloodshed.

This regiment subsequently sent in a petition acknowledging that they had committed a great crime through the advice of wicked men, and offering to become a "general service" regiment if their first fault might be pardoned. But the Governor-General had determined that such an act of "open and defiant mutiny" should be punished by disbandment; and as there was no doubt the seeds of the insubordination were sown from Barrackpore, the sentence was ordered to be carried into execution at that station, in the presence of the regiments whom it was sought by this warning to restrain from revolt. Reasoning after the event, it would certainly appear to have been a sounder policy to have accepted the offer of the repentant regiment, and in place of reducing one thousand men of varying degrees of guilt to indiscriminate want, to have endeavoured to *execute* the ringleaders, and send the remainder to Burmah or China.

Two days before this lesson was read to the mutinous troops at Barrackpore, a Sepoy of the 84th, having intoxicated himself with bhang, fired upon the adjutant in front of the main-guard, the whole of whom, with a native officer at their head, looked quietly on. A European sergeant-major, who ran to the adjutant's assistance, was ill-treated by some of the guard; others, proposing to seize the mutineer, were kept back by the jemadar. The Sepoy and the jemadar were both executed, by sentence of native court-martials. These convictions occasioned a full investigation into the condition of the

84th regiment, when it was reported that the Sikhs and Mussulmans were trustworthy soldiers, but the Brahmins and other Hindus could not be relied upon; and this regiment, therefore, was also disbanded, with the exception of three companies detached at Chittagong.

Upon this investigation some particulars were elicited, which we hope are extraordinary. Colonel Wheeler, the commanding officer, had been in the habit of circulating tracts, and addressing the men, both of his own and other native corps (but not within the lines), with the declared object of converting them to the Christian religion. It is nowhere stated that any ill effect had ensued from his preaching; but assuredly neither the colonel nor his officers possessed that ordinary respect from the men which we should have thought impossible to be wanting in the worst disciplined corps. He was obliged to confess, that if his regiment were ordered on field service, he could not place himself at their head, in full reliance upon their loyalty and good conduct.* The same disgraceful fact was deposed to by four other European officers, including the adjutant and the quartermaster and interpreter. One captain and one lieutenant were bold enough to declare the feelings of the Sepoys, with the exception of a few instances, which they could not name, to be good, and their own confidence unbounded; and another says he would have as much confidence in them as in *any* native regiment. It was alleged that the discontent had commenced with the establishment of the rifle depôts; but we know not how to reconcile this statement with the repeated acts of insolence on the part of the *native officers* complained of by their European superiors, nor with Colonel Wheeler's confession, that if he noticed insubordinate expressions, he should have to put half the regiment in confinement! It appears also, that in October and November last, *before the first introduction of*

bridges on the 14th February, and another from the 84th on the 18th, yet no report was made to the colonel, and on the 16th all the native officers denied that any such report had reached them.

* *Parl. Papers*, App. p. 143.

the rifle practice, the regiment was coming down the river, and encountering a gale, in which three boats were wrecked, *not a single Sepoy came forward to assist the European officers!** It can surprise no one that the Governor-General in Council should have come to the conclusion that Colonel Wheler is unfit for regimental command, and directed the Commander-in-Chief to order a court-martial on his conduct.

During this first act of the tragedy, the proceedings were under the immediate direction of the Governor-General in Council, who exhibited no lack either of vigour or moderation. Every possible effort was made to remove the unfounded and unreasonable suspicion of the Sepoys. If there was some inadvertency at first in permitting cartridges to arrive from England, greased with a mixture of which the materials could not absolutely be defined, the mistake was arrested before a single native could be affected. The matter was carefully and clearly explained by General Hearsey and the commanding officers of the several regiments, and the general orders issued on the occasion of each disbandment, and read at the head of every regiment, troop, and company in the service, contained the most explicit assurances of protection to religious scruples. Such was the anxiety, indeed, to remove all ground for complaint, that a suggestion of Major Bontain to tear off the end of the cartridge with the hand, instead of biting it, was promptly sanctioned, and ordered to be introduced into the platoon exercise of the native troops.

The scene now suddenly shifts to the opposite side of the Presidency, where the controversy is conducted on both sides in a far more summary spirit. The pensioned descendants of the Great Mogul have been permitted to reside with a titular sovereignty, not in the ancient capital of their empire, which has long been in ruins, but in a new city of Delhi, fortified by British engineers and containing ordnance-stores and treasure to a considerable amount, the pro-

perty of our Government. To gratify the Mussulman feeling, the custody of this important fortress and station has of late years been confided wholly to a native garrison, which in May last consisted of the 88th, 54th, and 74th regiments, with a company of native foot-artillery. Forty miles north-east of Delhi, and therefore on the other side the Jumna, is the large military cantonment of Meerut, where were stationed H.M. 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), a battalion of the 60th Rifles, a light field-battery, and a party of European horse-artillery, with the following native corps—viz., 8d Light Cavalry, 11th and 20th regiments of infantry, and some Sappers and Miners. A depot of rifle instruction had been opened also in this station; and while the Governor-General was consoling himself with the hope that the cartridge question was finally disposed of by the proceedings we have narrated, it suddenly appeared in a more aggravated form at Meerut.

No account has been sent home of the initiatory stages of this dispute. The official narrative opens with the abrupt intimation that eighty-five troopers of the 8d Light Cavalry had been tried by court-martial for refusing to use their cartridges. This proceeding was ordered by the Commander-in-chief, General Anson, who appears to have been absent from the seat of government at Simla while disaffection and mutiny were spreading through the army he was sent out to command. The Commander-in-Chief is a Member of Council at Calcutta, and enjoys, we believe, an additional salary of some £6000 a-year in that capacity, yet his name nowhere appears in the proceedings up to this time. While the Governor-General was reviewing at length the condition of the native corps, and all the other members of Council, *including the lawyer*, discussing, resolving upon, and ordering the disbandment of two regiments, General Anson apparently never once favoured his colleagues with the benefit of the military judgment and experience which are supposed to belong to a

* There were four hundred men in the lines looking on when the attempt was made to assassinate the adjutant and sergeant-major at noonday!

commander-in-chief. It is whispered that differences prevailed between his Excellency and Lord Canning. Be that as it may, the Commander-in-Chief had little to value himself upon when the direction of affairs fell into his own hands. No account, we say, is given of the origin of the dispute at Meerut. The Government, relying, perhaps, on their order to discontinue the new cartridge, state that it was the *old ones* which the cavalry refused to accept. But this would appear to be an error, since a letter from the Adjutant-General, dated at Simla, 4th May, reports that at all three of the rifle depôts, "the men of all grades have unhesitatingly and cheerfully used the *new* cartridges."* And on the 14th May a general order of the Commander-in-Chief *withdraws* the objectionable cartridge. The *Friend of India* also distinctly asserts that it was the new cartridges which the troopers objected to. In the Meerut rifle depôt, then, at least, the concession ordered by Government to avoid "fighting with shadows" was apparently not carried out; and the offending troopers were probably the fifteen of each troop ordered to be supplied with carbines, in the use of which they were being instructed at the rifle depôt. This is the only way by which we can reconcile the contradictory statements which appear in the papers before us.

There is no account of any explanations being addressed to the Sepoys, such as were attempted at Dum Dum and Barrackpore. The date also of the mutinous act is wanting; it was probably, however, subsequent to the receipt of the general orders of the 27th March, issued on the disbandment of the 19th regiment, so that the objectors were in full possession of the renewed assurances then given, that Government would continue to observe its "unvarying rule to treat the religious feelings of all its servants of every creed with careful respect." It may be inferred also—though we could wish that this too had been distinctly stated—that the court-martial was composed of *native* officers. These remarks are

necessary, because the sentences were undoubtedly severe, and the consequences have been disastrous in the extreme.

The men were adjudged to imprisonment for ten years, *with hard labour in irons*, a sentence doubtless designed to vindicate discipline and kill rebellion in the bud; but from the weakness, we might say imbecility, with which it was carried out, producing exactly the opposite result. The proceedings of the court-martial were read before the whole force on the 9th May. The prisoners, stripped of their uniforms, were fettered, and marched from the ground to the *common jail*. With this proceeding, General Hewitt, who commanded, appears to have considered his duty at an end. A guard was indeed placed over the jail (which contained, it seems, some 2000 malefactors of various descriptions), but no precautions were taken for the safety of the cantonment, or the neighbouring fortress of Delhi. A squadron of the Carabineers patrolling the cantonment, a brigade of guns pointed on the native lines, or a wing of the Rifles encamped on the parade-ground, could hardly have been deemed any unnecessary display of force after what had occurred at the other stations, and with the knowledge of the disaffection that must have prevailed on the spot when eighty-five men in one regiment had been guilty of open mutiny. The Commander-in-Chief was clearly in ignorance of the facts when he ordered his Adjutant-General to report that the men of all grades were "unhesitatingly and cheerfully" using the new cartridge; but his eyes being opened on that point, he might have remembered the proximity of Delhi with its inflammable contents, and ordered over a wing of the Rifles with a troop of European artillery, before he determined on crushing the sparks of rebellion under his heel in the immediate vicinity. All was neglected, as if to prove the truth of the assertion "that every disaster is practicable with a negligent or insufficient Government."

The 10th May, which happened

to be Sunday, passed in apparent tranquillity. The Queen's troops marched to church, had their dinner, and were quietly sauntering in their lines. The officers and ladies (poor souls!) were preparing to go to the evening service, the chaplain was driving thither in his buggy—all was as it had been in every station in India for scores of years past—when *the mine exploded*. The men of the 8d Light Cavalry, having probably spent the day in drugging themselves with bhang for their intended revenge, suddenly rushed from their huts to the lines, and mounted their horses. A party galloped to the jail, overpowered the guard, and liberated the prisoners. The rest, calling aloud to the Sepoys of the 11th and 20th regiments, by whom they were immediately joined, commenced an indiscriminate attack on the European residents. Colonel Finnis, their commander, was shot down by the men of the 20th. The other officers were eagerly fired at and sabred. Their houses were set on fire, and those barbarities practised which have been read with horror throughout the empire, and to which we remember no parallel in the bloodiest scenes of storm or piracy upon record. While our countrymen and countrywomen were thus abandoned as a prey to atrocities more than fiendish, 1500 of the Queen's troops—nearly double the European force with which Clive won the battle of Plassey—were in the same cantonment. The tidings were long in reaching them; the Carabineers were badly mounted, and when they issued at last from their barracks, *lost their way* in reaching the other end of the cantonment! When they arrived it was dusk, and soon after dark; the Sepoys and their fellow-scoundrels from the jail having pretty well finished their butchery and rapine, declined to engage the Europeans, but took the road to Delhi: and, to the eternal disgrace of all who were guilty of the *laches*, were allowed to pursue it unmolested. British troops of every arm remained to guard the burning bungalow, the corpses of the slain, their own barracks, and the slumbers of the division headquarters; while three

regiments of natives, without leaders or guides, made good a march of forty miles to seize the native capital of the country! Why were they not followed and cut up to a man by the carabineers and horse-artillery? The road from Meerut to Delhi crosses the Hindun, a stream which falls into the Jumna by a narrow suspension-bridge, easily held by a few against a much larger force. The mutineers had the sense to post a hundred troopers at this bridge; why was it not seized by a troop of horse-artillery from Meerut? Why, in short, was *nothing* done or attempted before the insurgents could reach Delhi, to arrest their murderous progress, and protect the unfortunate residents in that city? Why, but that our leaders were unequal to their duty, and that General Anson had rushed into a menacing display of authority, without troubling himself to consider the means or the persons by whom it was to be sustained.

The Sepoys had a plan, if the generals had none. Pushing forward unmolested, they reached Delhi on the following day. Brigadier Graves, who commanded there, had notice of their approach, and was urged to occupy the Hindun bridge with some of his guns. This move would at once have arrested the mutineers, and, with the prompt co-operation of General Hewitt, might have suppressed the flame. But the fatality continued: he preferred to move his guns out on the road to Allyghur, hoping to cover the retreat of the ladies and children; but there the river was fordable, and the rebels being supplied with cavalry, it was judged imprudent to make a stand. Meantime a few troopers who headed the mutineers rode fearlessly in at the principal gate. The 88th native infantry were hastily ordered against them, but the troopers galloped straight at the regiment, calling on the Sepoys, and pointing to the place where their legs had been fettered. The regiment parted to the two sides of the road, leaving their officers in the midst, where they were cut down by the cavalry. The revolt was immediately joined by all the native corps in Delhi, the artillery alone exhibiting some reluctance, and protecting

their officers. Mr. Fraser, the civil commissioner, with all the European residents that could be found, were slaughtered without mercy. The Government treasure, to the amount of half-a-million, was seized; but a similar attempt made upon the magazine gave occasion for one act of heroism which illumines the dark story, and assures us that the spirit which conquered India is not extinct among its defenders. The Commissary of Ordnance, Lieutenant Willoughby, finding himself unable to protect his charge, fired it with his own hand, blowing up himself and some hundreds of the rebels who had come to seize it. We regret that it is not yet certain, though reported, that this gallant officer has escaped alive.

The mutineers now occupied themselves for a day or two in plunder. They then proclaimed the heir-apparent of the titular emperor, king, and began to organise a government. The new-made monarch and his father are said at first to have sent a message to the Lieutenant-Governor at Agra that he was in the power of the insurgent troops. He would seem, however, to have quickly come into the rebellion, for it is reported that the Rev. Mr. Jennings, an English clergyman, and his daughter, being brought before him for orders, he remitted them to the pleasure of the troops; in other words, to be stripped, tortured, and hewed to pieces in the streets!

The flame, now fairly kindled, leaped from station to station till it overspread the whole of the upper provinces. We have no intention of following the sickening tale of horror in all its details. Suffice it to record that the brutal atrocities of Meerut and Delhi were too faithfully copied at every station where the news arrived, and the native forces were not overawed by Europeans. Officers were murdered, and their dead bodies stripped and mutilated; ladies were violated in the presence of their husbands, parents, and children, and then cruelly mangled and slain; children were thrown up in the air, and received on the points of bayonets as they fell; others

had their limbs cut off, and scattered on the roads. Everywhere the determination was avowed to exterminate the hated Europeans, and after each successive outbreak the road was taken to Delhi. Many of these atrocities were no doubt committed by the thieves and camp-followers who rose in the wake of the Sepoys; but the native soldiery, both Mussulman and Hindu, were at the head of all; and though some regiments stood firm for a while, small indeed is the number of the permanently faithful. The 9th regiment, at Allyghur, seized one of the emissaries of treason, who had found his way into the fort, and handed him over to the commanding officer. A court-martial of native officers condemned him to death, and he was executed; but before the traitor was cut down from the gallows, a rifle company marched in from another station. One of these instantly threw himself on the ground, and casting up, dust, exclaimed, "They had destroyed a martyr to the cause of religion." The Sepoys began to debate, wavered, and finally broke up with a loud shout for Delhi; an intention immediately put in execution, though without injury to their officers. The 6th, again, at Allahabad, demanded to be led against the insurgents, and were publicly thanked in general orders for their fidelity; yet they afterwards murdered their officers with peculiar ferocity, and went to Delhi in another character. The 70th, whom Lord Canning thanked in person on the 28th of May for their offer to march against Delhi, and the three companies of the 34th, who were reported to have followed the honourable example, were disarmed on the 14th June, with all the native corps at Barrackpore, in order to prevent a rising, and were then found to have secreted a large supply of murderous weapons for the slaughter of the Europeans.

The prolonged stand of the mutineers at Delhi has given countenance to the prophecies circulated by the Brahmins, that destiny limits the British power to the exact duration of a century. The confidence once felt in the Company's good fortune

gives way, as the intelligence is received in every station that a rival authority is in arms in the capital of the Mogul Emperor, and can maintain its stand. The Sepoys hasten to inaugurate the new domination. The infection has extended to the Sikhs and Goorkas, no less than to Mussulmans and Hindus. The Irregular corps have followed the example of the Regulars, and the contingents of Scindia and Holkar, promptly ordered to our assistance, have exhibited symptoms scarcely less alarming. Mutinies have occurred both at Gwalior and Indore. In the former, circumstances have occurred which seem to call in question the good faith of the Maharajah, though he promptly offered his aid at the outset, and undoubtedly preserved the lives of the officers and women. Holkar continues steadfast, and bids fair both to restore order in his dominions and restrain the smaller states. The lately annexed kingdom of Oude, as might be expected, is all in a flame. Sir Henry Lawrence, after performing prodigies of valour with his handful of Europeans, and for a time arresting the rebellion, is now in a state of siege at Lucknow. Sir Hugh Wheeler just maintains himself at Cawnpore, with several thousands of rebels encompassing the station, and bold enough to sustain successive sorties from the garrison. General Reed, in the Punjab, has succeeded in disarming the Sepoys without mischief, and manages to keep those districts quiet. Mr. Colvin, the Lieut-Governor of the north-western provinces, supports some show of authority at Agra, while confidence is restored at Calcutta, and the lower provinces generally are in tranquillity.

The following is a chronological sketch of the progress of the revolt to the 14th July:—

April 3. *Barrackpore*.—19th Native Infantry *disbanded*.

May 5. *Barrackpore*.—34th N.I. (seven companies) *do*.

" 10. *Meerut*.—3d Light Cavalry, 11th N.I., and 20th N. I. *mutinied*.

" 12. *Delhi*.—38th, 54th, 74th N.I., and 3d comp. 7th batt. artillery, *mutinied*.

" 13. *Meerut*.—Sappers and Miners *mutinied*.

" 13. *Ferozepore*.—45th and 57th N.I. *mutinied*; attacked and dis-

Foot, and 10th L.C., which remained staunch.

May 14. *Meean Meer* (Punjab).—16th, 26th, 49th, N.I., and 8th L.C., *disarmed*.

" 18. *Roorkee*.—S. and M. (300) *mutinied*.

" 22. *Peshawar*.—21st, 24th, 27th, 51st, N.I., and 5th L.C., *disarmed*.

" 23. *Allyghur and Mynpoorie*.—9th N.I. *mutinied*, opened the jail, and went to Delhi.

" 23. *Umballah*.—5th N.I. *mutinied*.

" 25. *Murdaun*.—55th N.I. *mutinied*.

" 29. *Nusseerabad (Ajmeer)*.—15th and 30th N.I., with a company of Gwalior artillery, *mutinied*, and went to Delhi.

" 31. *Agra*.—44th and 67th N.I. *disarmed* (two companies having *mutinied*).

" 31. *Lucknow*.—Disturbances on the 29th; *enroute* on the 30th; 31st, 7th L.C. (two troops), 18th N.I. (part), 48th (half), and 71st (half), *mutinied*, and fled toward Seetapore, followed and dispersed by Sir H. Lawrence.

" 31. *Bareilly*.—18th and 68th N.I., 8th Irreg. Cav., 6th comp. of artillery, *mutinied*; 3000 prisoners liberated; officers and chaplain escaped by riding 70 miles in the sun.

" 31. *Moradabad*.—29th N.I., and detail of foot-artillery, *mutinied*; officers escaped while Sepoys were plundering.

June 3. *Neemuch* (Gwalior).—72d N.I., 7th Gwalior Inf., 1st Gwalior Cav., 4th comp. Gwalior Artil., *mutinied*.

" 3. *Azinghur*.—17th N.I. *mutinied*.

" 3. *Aboozaie*.—64th N.I. *disarmed*.

" 4. *Benares*.—37th N.I., Loodianah Regt., 13th L.C., and Hurreanah L.I., *mutinied*.

" 4. *Allahabad*.—8th N.I. *mutinied*.

" 4. *Hansi*.—4th L.C. and Hurreanah L.I. *mutinied*.

" 5. *Jhansi* (Bundelcund).—13th N.I. (left wing), and 14th L.C., *mutinied*, and killed officers; twelve massacred!

" 5. *Cawnpore*.—1st, 53d, 56th N.I., and 2d L.C., *mutinied*. Sir H. Wheeler holds out.

" 5. *Mooltan* (Punjab).—62d and 69th N.I. *disarmed* after mutiny.

" 7. *Tyznabad* (Oude).—22d N.I., 6th Oude L.I., and 5th comp. 7th batt. artil., *mutinied*; officers protected.

" 8. *Juilundur* (Punjab).—36th, 61st N.I., and 6th L.C., *mutinied*.

" 8. *Shahjehanpore* (Oude frontier).

- June 13. Before Delhi.—60th N.I. *mutinied*.
- " 14. Banda (Bundeelund). 50th N.I. and Nawaub's troops *mutinied*. Nawaub protected the officers.
- " 14. Gwalior, Augur, Seepree, Lul-luspoore. — Gwalior contingent all *mutinied*. Maharajah protected the ladies, &c.
- " 14. Calcutta and Barrackpoore.—2d (Grenadiers), 25th, 43d, 50th, 51st, and 70th N.I., *disarmed*.
- " 19. Jubbulpore.—52d N.I. threaten to mutiny if ordered to disarm; the adjutant's life attempted, and ladies removed.
- " 23. Nagpore.—I.C. *disarmed*.
- " 23. Jaunpore.—2d Regt. Irregulars *mutinied*.
- " 23. Seetapore.—41st N.I. and 9th Oude I.L. *mutinied*.
- " 23. Sangor.—81st and 42d N.I. and 3d I.C. *mutinied*.
- " 23. Nowgong.—12th, N.I. (right wing) and 14th I.C. *mutinied*.
- " 23. Futteghur.—10th N.I. *mutinied*; Europeans escaped to Banda.
- July 1. Indore.—Holkar's two regiments *mutinied*, and went to Delhi. Maharajah firm to the British cause.
- " 5. Mhow.—23d N.I. *mutinied* (officers killed).
- " 5. Nowshera (Peahawur).—10th I.C. *disarmed*.

From this melancholy calendar it would appear that not more than nineteen of the regular native infantry and six of light cavalry remain under arms in the Bengal army; and of these the *Friend of India* understands that not more than six or seven can be thoroughly depended upon.

If the reader will turn to the stations above enumerated, most of which are noted on the excellent map of India just published by Mr. Wyld, he will perceive the appalling extent of country over which the insurrection has rapidly spread itself.

The other Presidencies, we repeat, are hitherto undisturbed, though considerable agitation was experienced at Hyderabad, where the death of the Nizam has just occurred; and a rising at Seetabuldee, the new station at Nagpore, was prevented only by the timely action of Madras troops from Kamptee. To crown all, we are informed by the last mail that papers have fallen into the hands of Government, implying an extensive

conspiracy among the natives to overthrow the British dominion. A plan of Calcutta is said to have been found marked out for simultaneous attack, and the deposed King of Oude is in custody on suspicion of complicity in the plot.

Let us now consider what is doing in India to repel the danger which threatens it from so many quarters.

We are happy to sustain the assertion that Lord Canning has displayed at this crisis a vigour and promptitude possibly not anticipated from his previous character or services. On receiving by telegraph the disastrous intelligence from Meerut and Delhi, he hastened to empower every general, brigadier, and officer commanding, to hold court-martials on native soldiers, and execute their sentences without awaiting the orders of superior authority. Two days after a legislative enactment was passed, authorising such courts to be composed exclusively of European officers. Mr. Colvin having inconsiderately put out a proclamation which might be interpreted to promise immunity to all who would lay down their arms and submit, Lord Canning promptly rescinded it, declaring, with every desire to support the Lieutenant-Governor in his anxious position, that no mercy should be offered to soldiers who had murdered their officers and risen against the government. To remove, however, "the deep and general conviction which Mr. Colvin found had taken possession of all classes of natives," that an outrage on their religion was really contemplated, Lord Canning put out a proclamation, to be translated into the vernacular languages and circulated throughout the lower and north-western provinces, as well as in Oude and the Punjab. We give this paper entire:—

"The Governor-General of India in Council has warned the army of Bengal, that the tales by which the men of certain regiments have been led to suspect that offence to their religion, or injury to their caste, is meditated by the Government of India, are malicious falsehoods.

"The Governor-General in Council has learnt that this suspicion continues to be propagated by designing and evil-minded men, not only in the army, but amongst other classes of the people.

"He knows that endeavours are made to persuade Hindus and Mussulmans,

soldiers and civil subjects, that their religion is threatened secretly, as well as openly, by the acts of the Government, and that the Government is seeking in various ways to entrap them into a loss of caste for purposes of its own.

"Some have been already deceived and led astray by these tales.

"Once more, then, the Governor-General in Council warns all classes against the deceptions that are practised on them.

"The Government of India has invariably treated the religious feelings of all its subjects with careful respect. The Governor-General in Council has declared that it will never cease to do so. He now repeats that declaration, and he emphatically proclaims that the Government of India entertains no desire to interfere with their religion or caste, and that nothing has been or will be done by the Government to affect the free exercise of the observances of religion or caste by every class of the people.

"The Government of India has never deceived its subjects. Therefore the Governor-General in Council now calls upon them to refuse their belief to seditious lies.

"This notice is addressed to those who hitherto, by habitual loyalty and orderly conduct, have shown their attachment to the Government, and a well-founded faith in its protection and justice.

"The Governor-General in Council enjoins all such persons to pause before they listen to false guides and traitors, who would lead them into danger and disgrace.

"By order of the Governor-General of India in Council.

"C. BEADON,

"Secretary to the Government of India."

The Governor-General at the same time instituted inquiries into the state of the native regiments, which led to a general disarming, and the prevention of much mischief. Despatches were sent to England, and the other Presidencies, for European troops: a messenger was hurried off to intercept the China expedition at Ceylon, and two steamers despatched to the Cape for further assistance. Above all, the Commander-in-chief was urged to lose not a day in marching upon Delhi, and re-establishing the authority of Government over the adjacent country. More than this we see not how the Government at Calcutta could accomplish, and all

this was done within a week of the outbreak. We turn to the military arm on which it now devolved to execute justice, and restore the British supremacy.

On what day General Anson was informed at Simla that the army was fast relieving itself of the benefit of his command, or when he put himself in motion to arrest that unsatisfactory movement, we cannot discover. A second order withdrawing the new cartridges is dated at Umballah, the 16th May. He reached Kurnaul on the 25th, whence he telegraphed that the movement of the army being retarded by delay in getting up a battering-train, he did not expect to be before Delhi till the 8th. The next intelligence is that his Excellency died of cholera on the 27th. The distance from Simla to Umballah is on the map 55 miles in a straight line. Kurnaul is about as much further, and from thence to Delhi is under 80 miles. The march was hardly marked with the rapidity required for the occasion, but there was a want of transport (owing, as Lord Ellenborough affirms, to the rescinding of his arrangements from financial considerations), and a siege-train was judged indispensable.

On the death of General Anson, the chief command in India devolved on the senior Queen's officer, Sir Henry Somerset, commander-in-chief of Bombay. General Reed, the senior officer in Bengal, succeeded by the same system to the command of that army; but Lord Canning decided on appointing to that charge Sir Patrick Grant, commanding at Madras, and who for many years filled the post of Adjutant-General in Bengal. Meantime Sir Henry Barnard, commanding the Sirhind division, was directed to proceed with the field force against Delhi. These appointments were made with promptitude and judgment. Sir Patrick Grant has long been spoken of as a first-rate officer, and enjoys the further advantage of long and intimate acquaintance with the Bengal Sepoys. He arrived at Calcutta on the 18th June, but in the disturbed condition of the country was not expected to proceed to the upper provinces until the arrival

of European troops should enable him to take the field with a suitable army.

Sir Henry Barnard appeared before Delhi on the 8th June—and his force amounted, at the date of our last intelligence, to 7000 Europeans and 5000 natives. Finding the rebels strongly intrenched in two successive outposts, he attacked them both the same day, and drove the Sepoys within the walls. From that day sorties were made from the town almost daily; the rebels fought with determination, but were invariably repulsed with considerable loss. A great battle occurred on the 25th, when the mutineers fought desperately the whole day, but were finally driven again within the walls, in which a great breach was effected. The storm had not taken place on the 27th, the date of the last reliable advice—but on the first July a report was circulated in Calcutta with the sanction of the Government, that the place had fallen and 7000 natives slain. This report could hardly be authentic, yet we are disposed to hope that the insurgents cannot long hold out.

The capture of Delhi will crush at once the head and life of the mutiny. Yet a terrible wreck will remain to be repaired, in the restoration of civil order and the reign of law in provinces as large as all France, throughout which they have been both temporarily destroyed. It is hardly too much to say, that the work of half a century has been struck down by this insurrection, and Lord Canning will find, in the arduous task of restoring it, abundant employment for all the troops that can be sent to his assistance. He will have decided, and we trust with proper vigour, the question, idly and weakly argued in some of the English journals, of the retribution to be inflicted on the rebels. We are sick of the mandlin interference of humanitarians in the administration of criminal justice; and it is a great act of *justice* which England has now to perform in the sight of India and the world. Lord Canning, who saw his duty in the crisis of danger, when no less a man than Mr. Colvin seemed to waver for a moment, will

not sink under its dread responsibility in the day of doom. Treason, murder, highway robbery, and rape, are offences not lightly dealt with by any code of civil law: they are not to be more leniently regarded by military tribunals, when committed, with every unimaginable atrocity, by soldiers against the Government which they served, and upon the officers they were sworn to obey. *Death* is the certain penalty of every native who has imbrued his hands in British blood, or outraged British chastity. We only hope that no misplaced tenderness for a royalty always usurped, and long righteously abolished, will exempt the descendant of the Great Mogul from suffering on the same gallows with his vile confederates. If there be any reverence for his name and lineage yet lingering in the native mind, its extinction in the infamous but well-merited doom of treason and murder will be the best way of writing up in the sight of all the nations who attend the portals of British justice—"If thou do evil, be afraid, far he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

Proceeding now to examine into the moving causes of the revolt, of which we have thus sketched the progress and present state, we dismiss at the outset all idea of Russian instigation. Though suggested in some of the Indian journals, and insinuated in Parliament by no less an authority than the Chairman of the East India Company, we can find no warrant for this suspicion in any of the facts or papers before us. The natives who once thought *European* and *English* synonymous terms, have doubtless become more aware of the extent and resources of the *Shah-i-Roos*; and much as we pride ourselves at home on the victories of Alma, Inkermann, and Sebastopol, we doubt if the spectacle of Russia's prolonged resistance to the armies of Europe, with their final withdrawal from her territory, have tended in the native mind to exalt our reputation in comparison with the Northern power. To that quarter, then, every Asiatic schemer will doubtless

turn a hopeful eye on each disturbance; but there is no evidence of Russian agency, or of other interference from without, in the present troubles. Neither do we connect this outbreak with the independent labours of the missionaries; in support of which view it is almost enough to point to the fact, that the disaffection is limited to Bengal, where those labours are recent, and comparatively without result; while it is not experienced at Madras, where missionary efforts have been prosecuted for more than a century, and have already effected the evangelisation of large provinces. Yet in Madras also the mutiny of Vellore sufficiently indicates that an interference of Government with the customs of caste would not be received with the same toleration. It was well observed in the recent debate, both by Mr. Vernon Smith and the right honourable member for Bucks, that the Hindu (the Mahommedan is not always so forbearing) exhibits no animosity to missionary enterprise. He is rather fond, they thought, of theological inquiry; we should rather say he is perfectly indifferent on points of theology, and absolutely careless of the honour of his gods, but at the same time, passionately jealous for his own custom and caste. A great mistake is committed at home in considering the complex mass of usage popularly termed *caste*, as implying that attachment to theological tenets, which we should call a *creed*. In its origin *caste* is doubtless a religious distinction springing directly out of the Brahmin theology. But at this day it is practically far more of a social than a theological institution. It is everywhere safer to attack an article of the faith than a popular usage; and the Hindu, so unalterably wedded to "custom," is of all men the most tolerant in respect of creed. His creed was matter of speculation, which we were welcome to question; his caste was a tangible advantage, of which he would not be robbed with impunity.

It is "custom" (as we have already observed), more than the strict doctrines of religion, which consecrate the usages called *caste*. We knew a Hindu rajah, whose mother chose to

die of a cancer rather than expose her bosom to the English surgeon, who felt her pulse from behind a curtain; though it was urged by the rajah himself, that the seclusion of females is a practice only introduced since the Mussulman invasion, and never observed by the Brahmins. In the south of India, again, some of the Mahommedan festivals have been adopted by the Hindu population; while the Moslems, who are there comparatively few in number, permit the customs of idolatry to intermingle in their celebration. These hybrid ceremonies are equally, with others, entitled to the sanctions of "custom."

There is more to be said in respect to the system of education introduced by the Indian Government and the ameliorations of the law effected under the enlightened spirit which has lately prevailed in its councils. These have been censured by the more ardent missionaries as undermining the traditions of *caste*, without proposing the Christian creed in return. On the other hand, it is certain they have provoked a feeling among the more bigoted of the natives, which was not exhibited towards the missionaries. The acts of Government are naturally regarded with more suspicion than the efforts of private individuals. It was the spirit supposed to animate the Government which called the *Dhurma Sobha* into existence, and when its efforts proved ineffectual to revive the rite of Suttee, or prevent the remarriage of widows, that institution, we doubt not, was quite capable of tampering with the allegiance of the Sepoy.

Still we cannot attribute the insurrection to a premeditated conspiracy among the princes or people of India. The people have, indeed, but little interest in the princes, and scarcely more in the Sepoys, or the Sepoys in them. We write in ignorance of the late discoveries at Calcutta; but while every villany may be concocted by the *dabobs* of that enlightened metropolis, we doubt if the brains or the heart anywhere exist in India for a general conspiracy. Of the native princes, none are suspected but the deposed King of Oude

and the pensioned puppet at Delhi. The dominions of which the former was most righteously deprived are no doubt the very focus of the rebellion. The Brahmin Sepoys were drawn from them in considerable numbers, and from their position in the British army were allowed sundry unjust privileges by the native authorities, which British administration has abolished. It appears, moreover, that two-thirds of the king's army were disbanded on the annexation, and these would, of course, be ripe for revolt. Still we doubt the power of the deposed monarch to undermine the allegiance of our Sepoys. Annexation has uniformly been attended with so many blessings to the country annexed, through the increased protection of life and property, and the consequent development of internal resources, that it would be strange indeed if the natives just emancipated from his ex-majesty's reign were to conspire for his restoration. It is the fact, however, that the late king has been arrested by Lord Canning on evidence of his complicity in the treason. We nothing doubt the justice of the arrest, yet the presence of his wife and heir in England may be accepted as proof, on the other hand, that no such conspiracy were premeditated when they left India. He has only struck in with a movement which he could never have originated; "rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."

The case against the Mogul prince wears a feature of graver suspicion. The Hindostanee papers *Doorbin* and *Sultan ul Akbar* have published a proclamation in his name, stating that orders had been given by the Governor-General to serve out cartridges made of pig's fat and beef fat; that if there be 10,000 who refuse to use them, they are to be blown away from cannon; and that if there are 50,000, they are to be disbanded. It further states that hundreds of cannon and immense treasure have come to hand, and concludes with offering thirty rupees a-month to every mounted soldier, and ten to a foot-soldier. The date of this proclamation is not given; internal evidence proves it subsequent to the seizure of Delhi by the insurgent Sepoys; and it is nothing

but the old story put out *after* the rising. We would hang the Mogul high as Haman for his subsequent treason and murders, but we acquit him of a conspiracy to which he was wholly unequal. The rush to Delhi appears the sudden resolve of mutineers who had passed the rubicon at Meerut; the proclamation of a king was an after-thought suggested by their temporary success; and all that ensued was the natural result of the apparent impotence of the British Government to maintain its cause.

The revolt, in short, appears to us to have been really occasioned by the cartridge grievance. We nothing doubt the previous existence of disaffection through a large part of the army. The *Dhurma Sobha* and the native press have played an important part in exciting the jealousy of the Sepoys. The whole story of the cartridges was probably devised and circulated by their agency—as many similar falsehoods have doubtless been before. During the progress of this revolt the most seditious and exasperating statements appeared in the native journals; and though it may be said their circulation is but small, this is not to be judged of by the number of copies issued, since it is well known that agents are employed to read them to the native regiments in their lines. The devotees, Mussulman and Hindu, constantly passing up and down the country, furnish such agents in abundance.

On this account we entirely approve of Lord Canning's act in subjecting the Indian press to a censorship. This proceeding has, of course, given deadly offence to the editors, and in their eyes has tarnished all the glory which they attributed to the Governor-General for his previous measures. If the Emperor Louis Napoleon finds a free press incompatible with the preservation of order among a people so excitable as the French, when deprived of the traditions of legitimacy and inured to revolution, who can wonder that it has proved intolerable to a Government like the Anglo-Indian, contending with the prejudices of another race and creed? The result is what Sir Thomas Munro uniformly predicted. The

language held by native editors, and the half-educated East Indians who affect to form public opinion in Calcutta, would be innocuous in this country from its inflated absurdity. Among Sepoys it is proved to be full of danger. There are doubtless journals of a superior character, conducted by Europeans, in Calcutta; such ought not to feel aggrieved at the censorship established by Lord Canning: the conditions are eminently reasonable. Government requires only that nothing be published to excite disaffection among its native subjects—nothing to create suspicion of any interference by Government with the Mussulman or Hindu religions—finally nothing which tends to weaken its relations with the princes and states in alliance with the British Government.

Instead of complaining of these restrictions, we heartily wish that the same amount of restraint were imposed on the proceedings of the besotted society which calls itself the *Dhurma Sabha*. It is a caricature of constitutional government to allow a nest of ignorant and malicious traitors to slander its intentions under its very nose, and hamper every design for the improvement of the country by an incessant appeal to the darkest and wildest passions of human nature. These appeals, however untrue, find easy admission to the prejudices of natives who know no better. It is impossible to eradicate them, and the consequences are written under our eyes in letters of fire and blood. No scruples should be felt in putting down by force an association having such objects in view.

Reverting, however, to the position that we have a military mutiny, not a national revolt, to deal with, the first question after the restoration of order must be that of *Army Reform*. It may be taken for granted that Government will not again commit the fatal mistake of placing unlimited confidence in Sepoy regiments. There will be a much larger proportion of European troops in the armies of all three presidencies. At present

the European infantry in the army of Bombay is to the native as 1 to 9½, in that of Madras as 1 to 16½, while in the Bengal army it was as low as 1 to 24½. Lord Canning has already advised the raising of three European regiments for the Company's service, in place of the six native corps disbanded and revolted up to the 12th May; and we cannot doubt that this policy will be carried further after what has since occurred. The native regular cavalry might well be entirely abolished, being neither so efficient at the charge as the dragoons, nor equal in skirmishing to the irregular horse. The artillery will probably be augmented, and made exclusively European; while regiments of Sepoy infantry will be quartered in due proximity to more reliable forces. It would be idle to suppose that Sepoy regiments can be altogether dispensed with.* There is accordingly no lack of schemes for the reform of native discipline in future. We cannot now pretend to examine into their merits, but we will briefly note the principal suggestions.

First, make the Sepoy, it is said, more dependent on his commanding officer. It has long been complained by regimental officers that the power and patronage attached to the command of a native regiment in former days have been gradually withdrawn to headquarters. This is to some extent the inevitable consequence of the organisation of those regiments into a regular army. Each improvement of military system necessarily draws to the fountain of command much of the authority which in looser times was exercised by local commandants. Years of tranquillity increase the centralising tendency; nay, even tend to absorb the Commander-in-Chief in the civil government, as the regimental officer is absorbed at headquarters. This process is to some extent unavoidable in India; nor until we know how to insure regimental commandants who understand something more of their duty, than appears to have been a

* The whole expense of the Indian armies, mustering 315,520 men, is returned at £9,802,235, of which £5,668,100 is calculated to be the cost of the 51,316 European soldiers, leaving £4,134,135 as the sum total required for 263,204 natives.

frequent case in the Bengal army, will the suggestion to increase their influence obtain the consideration to which, in connection with other reforms, it would undoubtedly be entitled.

Another and more general complaint is the absence of regimental officers from their corps on staff employ. Nothing certainly could be more objectionable than the system, or want of system, observed in this respect in all three armies. There is no *staff corps* in either. Every officer in the Company's service is borne on the effective strength of some regiment, and is simply "absent" when appointed to other duty. Not only the army staff, properly so called, is thus supplied by regimental officers, but a variety of situations under Government, analogous to our civil departments of the army, are filled from the same quarter. Then there is the Commissariat, wholly officered from the line, as the Ordnance Commissariat is from the artillery. Lastly, political and civil appointments of power and emolument are the high prizes held out to military officers of tact and talent. The working of the system is this: Every cadet is posted, on landing, to a regiment, where he is drilled and polished for the first two years. If in this period he passes in the languages, and is possessed of talent or interest, the prize he is invited to aspire to is a "staff appointment." If successful, he quits his regiment to return to it no more, save under one of these exceptions—he may be remitted to his corps as the punishment of stupidity or misconduct; he may be obliged to rejoin from having risen to military rank too high for his staff situation (in which case he naturally expects ere long another appointment); or lastly, if the regiment be ordered into the field, all its officers are required to accompany it.

The regiment, then, is the *home* of the least capable, the disappointed, and the discontented portion of the service. The ambition of the talented and aspiring is to quit it. It holds out but two prizes for subaltern officers—the quartermastership and the adjutancy. The command is its only attraction to

older officers, and that is attained by seniority. If, under these discouraging circumstances, there be still with the regiment a senior captain or major acquainted with his duty, and anxious to do it—one who has won the confidence of the natives in cantonment, and might lead them with honour in the field—he finds himself superseded, in the moment of ambition, by the return of an old field-officer, who has been sitting at a desk in Calcutta for twenty years, but must now take his regiment into action. The regiment is, in short, a mere convenience. The staff-officer escapes its burdens, to return at pleasure when there is a chance of honour or emolument; and the effect is discouraging in the extreme to the due performance of regimental duty.

Undoubtedly the Commissariat and Government departments ought to constitute a staff corps by themselves, and not continue a drain on the effective strength of regiments. The army staff, properly so called, and the political prizes, might still be open to regimental officers. When it is urged that *every* such officer ought to be with his corps, it is forgotten how greatly their present number exceeds the establishment of a Sepoy regiment in the palmy days of old, and which is still judged sufficient for the irregular corps. One of the greatest evils under the present system is the *idleness* of Sepoy officers. After morning parade there is literally *nothing* to employ them, with the exception of the commanding officer, the regimental staff, and the officer of the day. The remainder, if not inclined to improve themselves, find little in their professional life to improve them. Simply to increase the number of such idlers would not be the way to improve discipline, or elevate the native ideas of European superiority.

Along, therefore, with the formation of a staff corps, the more thoughtful suggest some reduction in the number of regimental officers, together with an entire revision of the system of discipline. The command of a company should be attended with greater emolument and responsibility, and not be attainable without proof of proficiency in *regimental* duties. The

regimental staff should be paid more on a par with the general. And, finally, the command of the regiment must no longer be the perquisite of seniority, but be made the reward of regimental service and efficiency.*

In any such revision of regimental economy, the situation of the native officers cannot escape extensive alteration. These are at present promoted from the ranks by *seniority*. Many of them are stupid and incapable; others are excellent soldiers, upon whom the discipline of the regiment often greatly depends. These cannot but feel their influence with the men, and contrast it with the slight regard in which they are often held by the Europeans. Certain it is that, in the present mutiny, whether from incapacity or disappointed ambition, the native officers have been altogether useless to the side of duty. In no single instance do we find them restraining the disaffected. In some they have incited and headed the revolt.† The number of native commissions might be reduced, and means must be devised to perpetuate the confidence established between the European and the native officer, by the promotion of the latter on the recommendation of the other. Native officers also should be liable to exchange into other regiments, to guard against their falling under the influence of the men.

We forbear to enter on further details. One great and paramount reform must be effected, or nothing else can prosper. We allude to the bestowal of the highest offices in India as a matter of *patronage* between the Government, the Horse Guards, and the Court of Directors. The only defeat sustained in our time by the British arms in India was occasioned by the imbecile policy of an amiable nobleman, whom the Whigs, having

tried in high office at home and found wanting, thought fit to make Governor-General of India. The disasters in Afghanistan were precipitated by the Horse Guards choosing to convert a gentlemanly officer of high character and good family, but unfortunately no soldier, into the general of an Indian division. Twice in the last few years have we seen the Government go on its knees to a General, who had been passed over at the proper time, to go out and *save India*. The merits of Sir Charles Napier and of Sir Colin Campbell were as well known when the command which they were felt to deserve was given to others, as when the country was reduced to the humiliating necessity of imploring their forgiveness and aid. Unless the home authorities can be persuaded, or compelled, into virtue enough to allow India to be withdrawn from the field of patronage and favour, we see little hope for its armies or inhabitants. We are ourselves inclined to think that the offices of governor and commander-in-chief should be united at each Presidency, and that both seats in Council and Divisional commands throughout India should be in the responsible patronage of the Governor-General. All that should be done at home is to select for that high and commanding position—without regard to politics, interest, or court favour—the officer whom the voice of India and of the army at large pronounces the best qualified for its duties. We never remember the time when more than two or three competitors could have been found to fulfil this condition. ~~But~~ we ever see the day when the Constitutional Government which has already struggled out of the pecuniary phase of political corruption, will so purify itself from the secondary pollutions of patronage as to undertake the arbitration!

* Colonel Jacobs complains, with much justice, that the one test of efficiency required of military officers is the passing in the native languages—i. e. in ~~the~~ which often afford but a small insight into the current dialects, and less into the habits and ideas of the men.

† General Briggs affirms that this is the general character of the native officers throughout India.

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WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART V.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

BOOK III.—CHAPTER IX.

The Nomad, entering into civilized life, adopts its art, shaves his poodle, and puts on a black coat. Hints at the process by which a Cast-off exalts himself into a Take-in.

AT twilight they stopped at a quiet inn within eight miles of Gatesboro'. Sophy, much tired, was glad to creep to bed. Waife sate up long after her; and, in preparation for the eventful morrow, washed and shaved Sir Isaac. You would not have known the dog again; he was dazzling. Not Ulysses, rejuvenated by Pallas Athenè, could have been more changed for the better. His flanks revealed a skin most daintily mottled; his tail became leonine with an imperial tuft; his mane fell in long curls like the beard of a Ninevite king; his boots were those of a courtier in the reign of Charles II.; his eyes looked forth in dark splendour from locks white as the driven snow. This feat performed, Waife slept the peace of the righteous, and Sir Isaac, stretched on the floor beside the bed, licked his mottled flanks and shivered—"*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*" Much marvelling, Sophy the next morn beheld the dog; but before she was up, Waife had paid the bill and was waiting

for her on the road, impatient to start. He did not heed her exclamations, half compassionate, half admiring; he was absorbed in thought. Thus they proceeded slowly on till within two miles of the town, and then Waife turned aside, entered a wood, and there, with the aid of Sophy, put the dog upon a deliberate rehearsal of the anticipated drama. The dog was not in good spirits, but he went through his part with mechanical accuracy, though slight enthusiasm.

"He is to be relied upon, in spite of his French origin," said Waife. "All national prejudice fades before the sense of a common interest. And we shall always find more genuine solidity of character in a French poodle than in an English mastiff, whenever a poodle is of use to us, and a mastiff is not. But oh, waste of care! oh sacrifice of time to empty names! oh emblem of fashionable education! It never struck me before—does it not, child though thou art, strike thee now—by the

necessities of our drama, this animal must be a French dog?"

"Well, grandfather?"

"And we have given him an English name! Precious result of our own scholastic training; taught at preparatory academies; precisely that which avails us nought when we are to face the world! What is to be done? Unlearn him his own cognomen—teach him another name; too late, too late! We cannot afford the delay."

"I don't see why he should be called any name at all. He observes your signs just as well without."

"If I had but discovered that at the beginning. Pity! Such a fine name, too! Sir Isaac! *Vanitas vanitatum!* What desire chiefly kindles the ambitious? To create a name—perhaps bequeath a title—exalt into Sir Isaacs a progeny of Mops! And after all, it is possible (let us hope it in this instance) that a sensible young dog may learn his letters and shoulder his musket just as well though all the appellations by which humanity knows him be condensed into a pitiful monosyllable. Nevertheless (as you will find when you are older), people are obliged in practice to renounce for themselves the application of those rules which they philosophically prescribe for others. Thus, while I grant that a change of name for *that* dog is a question belonging to the policy of Ifs and Buts, commonly called the policy of Expediency, about which one may differ with others and one's own self every quarter of an hour—a change of name for me belongs to the policy of Must and Shall, viz.: the policy of Necessity, against which let no dog bark, though I have known dogs howl at it! William Waife is no more; he is dead—he is buried; and even Juliet Araminta is the baseless fabric of a vision."

Sophy raised inquiringly her blue guileless eyes:

"You see before you a man who has used up the name of Waife, and who, on entering the town of Gatesboro', becomes a sober, staid, and respectable personage, under the appellation of Chapman. You are Miss Chapman. Rugge and his exhibition 'leave not a wrack behind.'"

Sophy smiled and then sighed—the smile for her grandfather's gay spirits; wherefore the sigh? Was it that some instinct in that fresh, loyal nature revolted from the thought of these aliases, which, if requisite for safety, were still akin to imposture. If so, poor child, she had much yet to set right with her conscience! All I can say is, that after she had smiled she sighed. And more reasonably might a reader ask his author to subject a zephyr to the microscope than a female's sigh to analysis.

"Take the dog with you, my dear, back into the lane; I will join you in a few minutes. You are neatly dressed, and if not, would look so. I, in this old coat, have the air of a pedlar, so I will change it, and enter the town of Gatesboro' in the character of—a man whom you will soon see before you. Leave those things alone, de-Isaacised Sir Isaac! Follow your mistress—go."

Sophy left the wood, and walked on slowly towards the town, with her hand pensively resting on Sir Isaac's head. In less than ten minutes she was joined by Waife, attired in respectable black; his hat and shoes well brushed; a new green shade to his eye; and with his finest air of *Père Noble*. He was now in his favourite element. He was acting—call it not imposture. Was Lord Chatham an impostor when he draped his flannels into the folds of the toga, and arrayed the curls of his wig so as to add more sublime effect to the majesty of his brow and the terrors of its nod? And certainly, considering that Waife, after all, was but a professional vagabond—considering all the turns and shifts to which he has been put for bread and salt—the wonder is, not that he is full of stage tricks and small deceptions, but that he has contrived to retain at heart so much childish simplicity. When a man for a series of years has only had his wits to live by, I say not that he is necessarily a rogue—he may be a good fellow; but you can scarcely expect his code of honour to be precisely the same as Sir Philip Sidney's. Homer expresses, through the lips of Achilles, that sublime love of truth, which, even in those remote times, was the becoming cha-

racteristic of a gentleman and a soldier. But, then, Achilles is well off during his whole life, which, though distinguished, is short. On the other hand, Ulysses, who is sorely put to it, kept out of his property in Ithaca, and, in short, living on his wits, is not the less befriended by the immaculate Pallas, because his wisdom savours somewhat of stage trick and sharp practice. And as to convenient alines and white fibs, where would have been the use of his wits, if Ulysses had disdained such arts, and been magnanimously munchd up by Polyphemus? Having thus touched on the epic side of Mr. Waife's character with the clemency due to human nature, but with the caution required by the interests of society, permit him to resume a "duplex course," sanctioned by ancient precedent, but not commended to modern imitation. Just as our travellers neared the town, the screech of a railway whistle resounded towards their right—a long train rushed from the jaws of a tunnel, and shot into the neighbouring station.

"How lucky!" exclaimed Waife; "make haste, my dear!" Was he going to take the train? Pshaw! he was at his journey's end. He was going to mix with the throng that would soon stream through those white gates into the town; he was going to purloin the respectable appearance of a passenger by the train. And so well did he act the part of a bewildered stranger just vomited forth into unfamiliar places by one of those panting steam monsters, so artfully amidst the busy competition of nudging elbows, overbearing shoulders, and the *impedimenta* of carpet-bags, portmanteaus, babies in arms, and shin-assailing trucks, did he look round consequentially on the *qui vive*, turning his one eye now on Sophy, now on Sir Isaac, and griping his bundle to his breast as if he suspected all his neighbours to be Thugs, condottieri, and swell-mob, that in an instant fly-men, omnibus-drivers, cads, and porters marked him for their own. "Gatesboro' Arms," "Spread Eagle," "Royal Hotel," "Saracen's Head,—very comfortable, centre of High Street, opposite the Town Hall,"—were shouted, bawled,

whispered, or whined into his ear. "Is there an honest porter?" asked the Comedian piteously. An Irishman presented himself. "And is it meself can serve your honour!"—"Take this bundle, and walk on before me to the High Street."—"Could not I take the bundle, grandfather? The man will charge so much," said the prudent Sophy. "Hush! you indeed!" said the *Père Noble*, as if addressing an exiled *Altesse royale*—"you take a bundle—Miss—Chapman!"

They soon gained the High Street. Waife examined the fronts of the various inns which they passed by, with an eye accustomed to decipher the physiognomy of hostelryes. "The Saracen's Head" pleased him, though its imposing size daunted Sophy. He arrested the steps of the porter, "Follow me close," and stepped across the open threshold into the bar. The landlady herself was there, portly and imposing, with an auburn *toupet*, a silk gown, a cameo brooch, and an ample bosom.

"You have a private sitting-room, ma'am?" said the Comedian, lifting his hat. There are so many ways of lifting a hat—for instance, the way for which Louis XIV. was so renowned. But the Comedian's way on the present occasion rather resembled that of the late Duke of Beaufort—not quite royal, but as near to royalty as becomes a subject. He added, recovering his head—"And on the first floor?" The landlady did not curtsy, but she bowed, emerged from the bar, and set foot on the broad stairs; then, looking back graciously, her eyes rested on Sir Isaac, who had stalked forth in advance, and with expansive nostrils sniffed. She hesitated. "Your dog, sir! shall Boots take it round to the stables?"

"The stables, ma'am—the stables, my dear," turning to Sophy, with a smile more ducal than the previous bow; "what would they say at home if they heard that noble animal was consigned to—stables? Ma'am, my dog is my companion, and as much accustomed to drawing-rooms as I am myself." Still the landlady paused. The dog might be accustomed to drawing-rooms, but her drawing-

room was not accustomed to dogs. She had just laid down a new carpet. And such are the strange and erratic affinities in nature—such are the incongruous concatenations in the cross-stitch of ideas, that there are associations between dogs and carpets, which, if wrongful to the owners of dogs, beget no unreasonable apprehensions in the proprietors of carpets. So there stood the landlady, and there stood the dog! and there they might be standing to this day had not the Comedian dissolved the spell. "Take up my effects again," said he, turning to the porter; "doubtless they are more habituated to distinguish between dog and dog at the Royal Hotel."

The landlady was mollified in a moment. Nor was it only the rivalries that necessarily existed between the Saracen's Head and the Royal Hotel that had due weight with her. A gentleman who could not himself deign to carry even that small bundle, must be indeed a gentleman! Had he come with a portmanteau—even with a carpet-bag—the porter's service would have been no evidence of rank; but, accustomed as she was chiefly to gentlemen engaged in commercial pursuits, it was new to her experience,—a gentleman with effects so light, and hands so aristocratically helpless. Herein were equally betokened the two attributes of birth and wealth—viz., the habit of command, and the disdain of shillings. A vague remembrance of the well-known story how a man and his dog had arrived at the Granby Hotel, at Harrogate, and been sent away roomless to the other and less patrician establishment, because, while he had a dog, he had not a servant; when, five minutes after such dismissal, came carriages and lackeys, and an imperious valet, asking for his grace the Duke of A——, who had walked on before with his dog, and who, O everlasting thought of remorse! had been sent away to bring the other establishment into fashion;—a vague reminiscence of that story, I say, flashed upon the landlady's mind, and she exclaimed, "I only thought, sir, you might prefer the stables; of course, it is as you please—this way, sir. He

is a fine animal, indeed, and seems mild."

"You may bring up the bundle, porter," quoth the *Père Noble*. "Take my arm, my dear; these steps are very steep."

The landlady threw open the door of a handsome sitting-room—her best; she pulled down the blinds to shut out the glare of the sun, then, retreating to the threshold, awaited further orders.

"Rest yourself, my dear," said the Actor, placing Sophy on a couch with that tender respect for sex and childhood which so especially belongs to the high-bred. "The room will do, ma'am. I will let you know later whether we shall require beds. As to dinner, I am not particular—a cutlet—a chicken—what you please—at seven o'clock. Stay, I beg your pardon for detaining you; but where does the Mayor live?"

"His private residence is a mile out of the town; but his counting-house is just above the Town-Hall—to the right, sir!"

"Name?"

"Mr. Hartopp!"

"Hartopp! Ah! to be sure! Hartopp. His political opinions, I think are (ventures at a guess) enlightened!"

LANDLADY.—"Very much so, sir. Mr. Hartopp is highly respected."

WIFE.—"The chief municipal officer of a town so thriving—fine shops and much plate-glass—must march with the times. I think I have heard that Mr. Hartopp promotes the spread of intelligence and the propagation of knowledge."

LANDLADY (rather puzzled).—"I dare say, sir. The Mayor takes great interest in the Gatesboro' Athenæum and Literary Institute."

WIFE.—"Exactly what I should have presumed from his character and station. I will detain you no longer, ma'am" (Duke of Beaufort bow). The landlady descended the stairs. Was her guest a candidate for the representation of the town at the next election? March with the times—spread of intelligence? All candidates she ever knew had that way of expressing themselves—"March" and "Spread." Not an address had parliamentary aspirant put forth to

the freemen and electors of Gatesboro', but what "March" had been introduced by the candidate, and "Spread" been suggested by the committee. Still she thought that her guest, upon the whole, looked and bowed more like a member of the Upper House. Perhaps one of the amiable though occasionally prosy peers who devote the teeth of wisdom to the cracking of those very hard nuts—"How to educate the masses," "What to do with our criminals," and suchlike problems, upon which already have been broken so many jawbones tough as that with which Sampson slew the Philistines.

"Oh, grandfather," sighed Sophy, "what are you about? We shall be ruined—you, too, who are so careful not to get into debt. And what

have we left to pay the people here?"

"Sir Isaac! and this!" returned the Comedian, touching his forehead. "Do not alarm yourself—stay here and repose—and don't let Sir Isaac out of the room on any account!"

He took off his hat, brushed the nap carefully with his sleeve, replaced it on his head—not jauntily aside—not like a *jeune premier*, but with equilateral brims, and in composed fashion, like a *père noble*—then, making a sign to Sir Isaac to rest quiet, he passed to the door; there he halted, and turning towards Sophy, and meeting her wistful eyes his own eye moistened. "Ah!" he murmured, "heaven grant I may succeed now, for if I do, then you shall indeed be a little lady!"

He was gone.

CHAPTER X.

Showing with what success Gentleman Waife assumes the pleasing part of Friend to the Enlightenment of the Age and the Progress of the People.

On the landing-place, Waife encountered the Irish porter, who, having left the bundle in the drawing-room, was waiting patiently to be paid for his trouble.

The Comedian surveyed the good-humoured shrewd face, on every line of which was writ the golden maxim, "Take things asy." "I beg your pardon, my friend; I had almost forgotten you. Have you been long in this town?"

"Four years—and long life to your honour!"

"Do you know Mr. Hartopp, the Mayor?"

"Is it his worship the Mayor? Sure and it is the Mayor as has made a man o' Mike Callaghan."

The Comedian evinced urbane curiosity to learn the history of that process, and drew forth a grateful tale. Four summers ago Mike had resigned the "first gem of the sea" in order to assist in making hay for a Saxon taskmaster. Mr. Hartopp, who farmed largely, had employed him in that rural occupation. Seized by a malignant fever, Mr. Hartopp had helped him through it, and

naturally conceived a liking for the man he helped. Thus, as Mike became convalescent, instead of passing the poor man back to his own country, which at that time gave little employment to the surplus of its agrarian population beyond an occasional shot at a parson, an employment, though animated, not lucrative, he exercised Mike's returning strength upon a few light jobs in his warehouse; and finally, Mike marrying imprudently the daughter of a Gatesboro' operative, Mr. Hartopp set him up in life as a professional messenger and porter, patronised by the corporation. The narrative made it evident that Mr. Hartopp was a kind and worthy man, and the Comedian's heart warmed towards him.

"An honour to our species, this Mr. Hartopp!" said Waife, striking his staff upon the floor; "I covet his acquaintance. Would he see you if you called at his counting-house?"

Mike replied in the affirmative with eager pride, "Mr. Hartopp would see him at once. Sure, did not the Mayor know that time was

money? Mr. Hartopp was not a man to keep the poor waiting."

"Go down and stay outside the hall door; you shall take a note from me to the Mayor."

Waife then passed into the bar, and begged the favour of a sheet of note-paper. The landlady seated him at her own desk—and thus wrote the Comedian:—

"Mr. Chapman presents his compliments to the Mayor of Gatesboro', and requests the honour of a very short interview. Mr. Chapman's deep interest in the permanent success of those literary institutes which are so distinguished a feature of this enlightened age, and Mr. Mayor's well-known zeal in the promotion of those invaluable societies, must be Mr. Chapman's excuse for the liberty he ventures to take in this request. Mr. C. may add that of late he has earnestly directed his attention to the best means of extracting new uses from those noble but undeveloped institutions.—*Saracen's Head, &c.*"

This epistle, duly sealed and addressed, Waife delivered to the care of Mike Callaghan—and simultaneously he astounded that functionary with no less a gratuity than half-a-crown. Cuttingshort the fervent blessings which this generous donation naturally called forth, the Comedian said, with his happiest combination of suavity and loftiness, "And should the Mayor ask you what sort of person I am—for I have not the honour to be known to him, and there are so many adventurers about, that he might reasonably expect me to be one—perhaps you can say that I don't look like a person he need be afraid to admit. You know a gentleman by sight! Bring back an answer as soon as may be; perhaps I shan't stay long in the town. You will find me in the High Street, looking at the shops."

The porter took to his legs—impatient to vent his overflowing heart upon the praises of this munificent stranger. A gentleman, indeed—Mike should think so. If Mike's good word with the Mayor was worth money, Gentleman Waife had put his half-crown out upon famous interest.

The Comedian strolled along the

High Street, and stopped before a stationer's shop, at the window of which was displayed a bill, entitled—

GATESBORO' ATHENÆUM AND
LITERARY INSTITUTE.

LECTURE ON CONCHOLOGY,

By PROFESSOR LONG,

Author of "Researches into the Natural History of Limpets."

Waife entered the shop, and lifted his hat,—“Permit me, sir, to look at that hand-bill.”

“Certainly, sir; but the lecture is over—you can see by the date; it came off last week. We allow the bills of previous proceedings at our Athenæum to be exposed at the window till the new bills are prepared—keeps the whole thing alive, sir.”

“Conchology,” said the Comedian, “is a subject which requires deep research, and on which a learned man may say much without fear of contradiction. But how far is Gatesboro' from the British Ocean?”

“I don't know exactly, sir—a long way.”

“Then, as shells are not familiar to the youthful remembrances of your fellow-townsmen, possibly the lecturer may have found an audience rather select than numerous.”

“It was a very attentive audience, sir—and highly respectable—Miss Grieve's young ladies (the genteel seminary in the town) attended.”

WAIFE.—“Highly creditable to the young ladies. But, pardon me, is your Athenæum a *Mechanics* Institute?”

SHOPMAN.—“It was so called at first. But, somehow or other, the mere operatives fell off, and it was thought advisable to change the word ‘Mechanics’ into the word ‘Literary.’ Gatesboro' is not a manufacturing town, and the mechanics here do not realise the expectations of that taste for abstract science on which the originators of these societies founded their ———”

WAIFE (insinuatingly interrupting).—“Their calculations of intellectual progress and their tables of pecuniary return. Few of these societies, I am told, are really self-supporting—I suppose Professor Long is!—and if he resides in Gatesboro', and writes

on limpets, he is probably a man of independent fortune."

SHOPMAN.—"Why, sir, the professor was engaged from London—five guineas and his travelling expenses. The funds of the society could ill afford such outlay; but we have a most worthy Mayor, who, assisted by his foreman, Mr. Williams, our treasurer, is, I may say, the life and soul of the institute."

"A literary man himself, your Mayor?"

The shopman smiled. "Not much in that way, sir; but anything to enlighten the working classes. This is Professor Long's great work upon limpets, 2 vols., post octavo. The Mayor has just presented it to the library of the Institute. I was cutting the leaves when you came in."

"Very prudent in you, sir. If limpets were but able to read printed character in the English tongue, this work would have more interest for them than the ablest investigations upon the political and social history of man. But," added the Comedian, shaking his head mournfully, "the human species is not testaceous—and what the history of man might be to a limpet, the history of limpets is to a man." So saying, Mr. Waife bought a sheet of cardboard and some gilt foil, relifted his hat, and walked out.

The shopman scratched his head thoughtfully; he glanced from his window at the form of the receding stranger, and mechanically resumed the task of cutting those leaves, which, had the volumes reached the shelves of the library uncut, would have so remained to the crack of doom.

Mike Callaghan now came in sight, striding fast. "Mr. Mayor sends his love—bother-o'-me—his respect; and will be happy to see your honour."

In three minutes more the Comedian was seated in a little parlour that adjoined Mr. Hartopp's counting-house—Mr. Hartopp seated also *vis-à-vis*. The Mayor had one of those countenances upon which good-nature throws a sunshine softer than Claude ever shed upon canvas. Josiah Hartopp had risen in life by little other art than that of quiet kindness. As a boy at school, he had been ever ready to do a good turn to his school-

fellows; and his schoolfellows at last formed themselves into a kind of police, for the purpose of protecting Jos. Hartopp's pence and person from the fists and fingers of each other. He was evidently so anxious to please his master, not from fear of the rod, but the desire to spare that worthy man the pain of inflicting it, that he had more trouble taken with his education than was bestowed on the brightest intellect that school ever reared; and where other boys were roughly flogged, Jos. Hartopp was soothingly patted on the head, and told not to be cast down, but try again. The same even-handed justice returned the sugared chalice to his lips in his apprenticeship to an austere leather-seller, who, not bearing the thought to lose sight of so mild a face, raised him into partnership, and ultimately made him his son-in-law and residuary legatee. Then Mr. Hartopp yielded to the advice of friends who desired his exaltation, and from a leather-seller became a tanner. Hides themselves softened their asperity to that gentle dealer, and melted into golden fleeces. He became rich enough to hire a farm for health and recreation. He knew little of husbandry, but he won the heart of a bailiff who might have reared a turnip from a deal table. Gradually the farm became his fee-simple, and the farmhouse expanded into a villa. Wealth and honours flowed in from a brimmed horn. The surliest man in the town would have been ashamed of saying a rude thing to Jos. Hartopp. If he spoke in public, though he hummed and hawed lamentably, no one was so respectfully listened to. As for the parliamentary representation of the town, he could have returned himself for one seat and Mike Callaghan for the other, had he been so disposed. But he was too full of the milk of humanity to admit into his veins a drop from the gall of party. He suffered others to legislate for his native land, and (except on one occasion, when he had been persuaded to assist in canvassing, not indeed the electors of Gatesboro', but those of a distant town, in which he possessed some influence, on behalf of a certain eminent orator) Jos. Hartopp was

only visible in politics whenever Parliament was to be petitioned in favour of some humane measure, or against a tax that would have harassed the poor.

If anything went wrong with him in his business, the whole town combined to set it right for him. Was a child born to him, Gatesboro' rejoiced as a mother. Did measles or scarlatina afflict his neighbourhood, the first anxiety of Gatesboro' was for Mr. Hartopp's nursery. No one would have said Mrs. Hartopp's nursery; and when in such a department the man's name supersedes the woman's, can more be said in proof of the tenderness he excites? In short, Jos. Hartopp was a notable instance of a truth not commonly recognised, viz. that affection is power, and that, if you do make it thoroughly and unequivocally clear that you love your neighbours, though it may not be quite so well as you love yourself,—still, cordially and disinterestedly, you will find your neighbours much better fellows than Mrs. Grundy gives them credit for,—but always provided that your talents be not such as to excite their envy nor your opinions such as to offend their prejudices.

MR. HARTOPP.—“You take an interest, you say, in literary institutes, and have studied the subject?”

THE COMEDIAN.—“Of late, those institutes have occupied my thoughts as presenting the readiest means of collecting liberal ideas into a profitable focus.”

MR. HARTOPP.—“Certainly it is a great thing to bring classes together in friendly union.”

THE COMEDIAN.—“For laudable objects.”

MR. HARTOPP.—“To cultivate their understandings.”

THE COMEDIAN.—“To warm their hearts.”

MR. HARTOPP.—“To give them useful knowledge.”

THE COMEDIAN.—“And pleasurable sensations.”

MR. HARTOPP.—“In a word, to instruct them.”

THE COMEDIAN.—“And to amuse.”

“Eh!” said the Mayor—“amuse!”

Now, every one about the person of this amiable man was on the con-

stant guard to save him from the injurious effects of his own benevolence; and accordingly his foreman, hearing that he was closeted with a stranger, took alarm, and entered on pretence of asking instructions about an order for hides,—in reality, to glower upon the intruder, and keep his master's hands out of imprudent pockets.

Mr. Hartopp, who, though not brilliant, did not want for sense, and was a keener observer than was generally supposed, divined the kindly intentions of his assistant. “A gentleman interested in the Gatesboro' Athenæum. My foreman, sir—Mr. Williams, the treasurer of our Institute. Take a chair, Williams.”

“You said to amuse, Mr. Chapman, but—”

“You did not find Professor Long on conchology amusing?”

“Why,” said the Mayor, smiling blandly, “I myself am not a man of science, and therefore his lecture, though profound, was a little dry to me.”

“Must it not have been still more dry to your workmen, Mr. Mayor?”

“They did not attend,” said Williams. “Up-hill task we have to secure the Gatesboro' mechanics, when anything really solid is to be addressed to their understandings.”

“Poor things, they are so tired at night,” said the Mayor compassionately; “but they wish to improve themselves, and they take books from the library.”

“Novels,” quoth the stern Williams,—“it will be long before they take out that valuable ‘History of Limpets.’”

“If a lecture was as amusing as a novel, would not they attend it?” asked the Comedian.

“I suppose they would,” returned Mr. Williams. “But our object is to instruct; and instruction, sir—”

“Could be made amusing. If, for instance, the lecturer could produce a live shell-fish, and, by showing what kindness can do towards developing intellect and affection in beings without soul,—make man himself more kind to his fellow-man?”

Mr. Williams laughed grimly.—“Well, sir?”

"This is what I should propose to do."

"With a shell-fish!" cried the Mayor.

"No, sir; with a creature of nobler attributes—A dog!"

The listeners stared at each other like dumb animals as Waife continued—

"By winning interest for the individuality of a gifted quadruped, I should gradually create interest in the natural history of its species. I should lead the audience on to listen to comparisons with other members of the great family which once associated with Adam. I should lay the foundation for an instructive course of natural history, and from vertebrated mammiferes who knows but we might gradually arrive at the nervous system of the molluscos division, and produce a sensation by the production of a limpet!"

"Theoretical," said Mr. Williams.

"Practical, sir; since I take it for granted that the Athenæum, at present, is rather a tax upon the richer subscribers, including Mr. Mayor."

"Nothing to speak of," said the mild Hartopp. Williams looked towards his master with unspeakable love, and groaned. "Nothing indeed—oh!"

"These societies should be wholly self-supporting," said the Comedian, "and inflict no pecuniary loss upon Mr. Mayor."

"Certainly," said Williams, "that is the right principle. Mr. Mayor should be protected."

"And if I show you how to make these societies self-supporting"—

"We should be very much obliged to you."

"I propose, then, to give an exhibition at your rooms."

Mr. Williams nudged the Mayor, and coughed, the Comedian not appearing to remark cough or nudge.

"Of course gratuitously. I am not a professional lecturer, gentlemen."

Mr. Williams looked charmed to hear it.

"And when I have made my first effort successful, as I feel sure it will be, I will leave it to you, gentlemen, to continue my undertaking. But I cannot stay long here. If the day after to-morrow—"

"This is our ordinary *soirée* night," said the Mayor. "But you said a dog, sir—dogs not admitted—Eh, Williams?"

MR. WILLIAMS.—"A mere by-law, which the sub-committee can suspend if necessary. But would not the introduction of a live animal be less dignified than—"

"A dead failure," put in the Comedian gravely. The Mayor would have smiled, but he was afraid of doing so lest he might hurt the feelings of Mr. Williams, who did not seem to take the joke.

"We are a purely intellectual body," said the latter gentleman, "and a dog—"

"A learned dog, I presume?" observed the Mayor.

MR. WILLIAMS (nodding).—"Might form a dangerous precedent for the introduction of other quadrupeds. We might thus descend even to the level of a learned pig. We are not a menagerie, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Chapman," said the Mayor urbanely.

"Enough," said the Comedian, rising, with his grand air: "if I considered myself at liberty, gentlemen, to say who and what I am, you would be sure that I am not trifling with what I consider a very grave and important subject. As to suggesting anything derogatory to the dignity of science, and the eminent repute of the Gatesboro' Athenæum, it would be idle to vindicate myself. These grey hairs are—"

He did not conclude that sentence, save by a slight wave of the hand. The two burgesses bowed reverentially, and the Comedian went on—

"But when you speak of precedent, Mr. Williams, allow me to refer you to precedents in point. Aristotle wrote to Alexander the Great for animals to exhibit to the Literary Institute of Athens. At the college in Egypt lectures were delivered on a dog called Anubis, as inferior, I boldly assert, to that dog which I have referred to, as an Egyptian College to a British Institute. The ancient Etrurians, as is shown by the erudite Schweighäuser, in that passage—you understand Greek, I presume, Mr. Williams?"

Mr. Williams could not say he did.

THE COMEDIAN.—“Then I will not quote that passage in Schweighæuser upon the Molossian dogs in general, and the dog of Alcibiades in particular. But it proves beyond a doubt that, in every ancient literary institute, learned dogs were highly estimated; and there was even a philosophical academy called the Cynic—that is, Doggish, or Dog-school, of which Diogenes was the most eminent professor. He, you know, went about with a lantern looking for an honest man, and could not find one! Why? Because the Society of Dogs had raised his standard of human honesty to an impracticable height. But I weary you; otherwise I could lecture on in this way for the hour together, if you think the Gatesboro’ operatives prefer erudition to amusement.”

“A great scholar,” whispered Mr. Williams.—Aloud; “and I’ve nothing to say against your precedents, sir. I think you have made out that part of the case. But, after all, a learned dog is not so very uncommon as to be in itself the striking attraction which you appear to suppose.”

“It is not the mere learning of my dog of which I boast,” replied the Comedian. “Dogs may be learned, and men too; but it is the way that learning is imparted, whether by dog or man, for the edification of the masses, in order, as Pope expresses himself, ‘to raise the genius and to mend the heart,’ that alone adorns the possessor, exalts the species, interests the public, and commands the respect of such judges as I see before me.” The grand bow.

“Ah!” said Mr. Williams, hesitat-

ingly, “sentiments that do honour to your head and heart; and if we could, in the first instance, just see the dog privately.”

“Nothing easier!” said the Comedian. “Will you do me the honour to meet him at tea this evening?”

“Rather will you not come and take tea at my house?” said the Mayor, with a shy glance towards Mr. Williams.

THE COMEDIAN.—“You are very kind; but my time is so occupied that I have long since made it a rule to decline all private invitations out of my own home. At my years, Mr. Mayor, one may be excused for taking leave of society and its forms; but you are comparatively young men. I presume on the authority of these grey hairs, and I shall expect you this evening—say at nine o’clock.” The Actor waved his hand graciously and withdrew.

“A scholar and a gentleman,” said Williams, emphatically. And the Mayor, thus authorized to allow vent to his kindly heart, added, “A humourist, and a pleasant one. Perhaps he is right, and our poor operatives would thank us more for a little innocent amusement than for those lectures, which they may be excused for thinking rather dull, since even you fell asleep when Professor Long got into the multilocular shell of the very first class of cephalous mollusca; and it is my belief that harmless laughter has a moral effect upon the working class—only don’t spread it about that I said so, for we know excellent persons, of a serious turn of mind, whose opinions that sentiment might shock.”

CHAPTER XL

HISTORICAL PROBLEM: “Is the Gentleman Waife a swindler or a man of genius?”

ANSWER.—Certainly a swindler, if he don’t succeed.” Julius Cæsar owed two millions when he risked the experiment of being general in Gaul. If Julius Cæsar had not lived to cross the Rubicon and pay off his debts, what would his creditors have called Julius Cæsar?

I need not say that Mr. Hartopp and his foreman came duly to tea, but the Comedian exhibited Sir Isaac’s talents very sparingly—just enough to excite admiration without sating curiosity. Sophy, whose pretty face and well-bred air were not unappre-

ciated, was dismissed early to bed by a sign from her grandfather, and the Comedian then exerted his powers to entertain his visitors, so that even Sir Isaac was soon forgotten. Hard task, by writing, to convey a fair idea of this singular vagrant’s pleasant vein.

It was not so much what he said as the way of saying it, which gave to his desultory talk the charm of humour. He had certainly seen an immense deal of life somehow or other; and without appearing at the time to profit much by observation, without perhaps being himself conscious that he did profit, there was something in the very *enfantillage* of his loosest prattle, by which, with a glance of the one lustrous eye, and a twist of the mobile lip, he could convey the impression of an original genius playing with this round world of ours—tossing it up, catching it again—easily as a child plays with its particoloured ball. His mere book-knowledge was not much to boast of, though early in life he must have received a fair education. He had a smattering of the ancient classics, sufficient, perhaps, to startle the unlearned. If he had not read them, he had read about them; and at various odds and ends of his life he had picked up acquaintance with the popular standard modern writers. But literature with him was the smallest stripe in the particoloured ball. Still it was astonishing how far and wide the Comedian could spread the sands of lore that the winds had drifted round the door of his playful busy intellect. Where, for instance, could he ever have studied the nature and prospects of Mechanics' Institutes? and yet how well he seemed to understand them. Here, perhaps, his experience in one kind of audience helped him to the key to all miscellaneous assemblages. In fine, the man was an actor; and if he had thought fit to act the part of Professor Long himself, he would have done it to the life.

The two burghers had not spent so pleasant an evening for many years. As the clock struck twelve, the Mayor, whose gig had been in waiting a whole hour to take him to his villa, rose reluctantly to depart.

"And," said Williams, "the bills must be out to-morrow. What shall we advertise?"

"The simpler the better," said Waife; "only pray head the performance with the assurance that it is under the special patronage of his worship the Mayor."

The Mayor felt his breast swell as

if he had received some overwhelming personal obligation.

"Suppose it run thus," continued the Comedian—

"Illustrations from Domestic Life and Natural History, with LIVE examples, PART 1st—THE DOG!"

"It will take," said the Mayor; "dogs are such popular animals!"

"Yes," said Williams; "and though for that very reason some might think that by the 'live example of a dog' we compromised the dignity of the Institute—still the importance of Natural History—"

"And," added the Comedian, "the sanctifying influences of domestic life—"

"May," concluded Mr. Williams, "carry off whatever may seem to the higher order of minds a too familiar attraction in the—dog!"

"I do not fear the result," said Waife, "provided the audience be sufficiently numerous; for that (which is an indispensable condition to a fair experiment), I issue hand-bills—only where distributed by the Mayor."

"Don't be too sanguine. I distributed bills on behalf of Professor Long, and the audience was not numerous. However, I will do my best. Is there nothing more in which I can be of use to you, Mr. Chapman?"

"Yes, later." Williams took alarm and approached the Mayor's breast-pocket protectingly. The Comedian drew him aside and whispered, "I intend to give the Mayor a little outline of the exhibition, and bring him into it, in order that his fellow townsmen may signify their regard for him by a cheer; it will please his good heart and be touching, you'll see—mum!" Williams shook the Comedian by the hand, relieved, affected, and confiding.

The visitors departed; and the Comedian lighted his hand-candlestick, whistled to Sir Isaac, and went to bed without one compunctious thought upon the growth of his bill and the deficit in his pockets. And yet it was true, as Sophy implied, that the Comedian had an honest horror of incurring debt. He generally thought twice before he risked owing even the most trifling bill; and when the bill came in, if it left him penniless, it was paid. And

now, what reckless extravagance! The best apartments! dinners—tea—in the first hotel of the town! half-a-crown to a porter! That lavish mode of life renewed with the dawning sun!—not a care for the morrow; and I dare not conjecture how few the shillings in that purse. What aggravation, too, of guilt! Bills incurred without means under a borrowed name? I don't pretend to be a lawyer; but it looks to me very much like swindling. Yet the wretch sleeps. But are we sure that we are not shallow moralists? Do we carry into account the right of genius to draw bills upon the Future? Does not the most prudent general sometimes burn his ships? Does not the most upright merchant sometimes take credit on the chance of his ventures? May not that peaceful slumberer be morally sure that he has that argosy afloat in his own head, which amply justifies his use of "the Saracen's?" If his plan should fail? He will tell you that is impossible! But if it *should* fail, you say. Listen; there runs a story—(I don't vouch for its truth. I tell it as it was told to me)—there runs a story, that in the late Russian war a certain naval veteran, renowned for

professional daring and scientific invention, was examined before some great officials as to the chances of taking Cronstadt. "If you send me," said the admiral, "with so many ships of the line, and so many gunboats, Cronstadt, of course, will be taken." "But," said a prudent lord, "suppose it should not be taken?" "That is impossible—it must be taken!" "Yes," persisted my lord, "you think so, no doubt; but still, if it should not be taken—what then?" "What then!—why, there's an end of the British fleet!" The great men took alarm, and that admiral was not sent. But they misconstrued the meaning of his answer. He meant not to imply any considerable danger to the British fleet. He meant to prove that one hypothesis was impossible by the suggestion of a counter impossibility more self evident. "It is impossible but what I shall take Cronstadt!" "But if you don't take it?" "It is impossible but what I shall take it; for if I don't take it, there's an end of the British fleet; and as it is impossible that there should be an end of the British fleet, it is impossible that I should not take Cronstadt!"—Q.E.D.

CHAPTER XII.

In which everything depends on Sir Isaac's success in discovering the Law of Attraction.

On the appointed evening, at eight o'clock, the great room of the Gatesboro' Athenæum was unusually well filled. Not only had the Mayor exerted himself to the utmost for that object, but the hand-bill itself promised a rare relief from the prosiness of abstract enlightenment and elevated knowledge. Moreover, the stranger himself had begun to excite speculation and curiosity. He was an amateur, not a cut-and-dry professor. The Mayor and Mr. Williams had both spread the report that there was more in him than appeared on the surface: prodigiously learned, but extremely agreeable—fine manners too!—Who could he be? Was Chapman his real name? &c. &c.

The Comedian had obtained permission to arrange the room before-

hand. He had the raised portion of it for his stage, and he had been fortunate enough to find a green curtain to be drawn across it. From behind this screen he now emerged, and bowed. The bow redoubled the first conventional applause. He then began a very short address—extremely well delivered, as you may suppose, but rather in the conversational than the oratorical style. He said it was his object to exhibit the intelligence of that Universal friend of Man—the Dog, in some manner appropriate, not only to its sagacious instincts, but to its affectionate nature, and to convey thereby the moral that talents, however great, learning, however deep, were of no avail, unless rendered serviceable to Man. (Applause.) He must be pardoned then, if, in order

to effect this object, he was compelled to borrow some harmless effects from the stage. In a word, his Dog would represent to them the plot of a little drama. And he, though he could not say that he was altogether unaccustomed to public speaking (here a smile, modest, but august as that of some famous parliamentary orator who makes his first appearance at a vestry), still wholly new to its practice in the special part he had undertaken, would rely on their indulgence to efforts aspiring to no other merit than that of aiding the Hero of the piece in a familiar illustration of those qualities in which Dogs might give a lesson to Humanity. Again he bowed, and retired behind the curtain. A pause of three minutes;—the curtain drew up. Could that be the same Mr. Chapman whom the spectators beheld before them? Could three minutes suffice to change the sleek, respectable, prosperous-looking gentleman who had just addressed them, into that image of threadbare poverty and hunger-pinched dejection? Little aid from theatrical costume: the clothes seemed the same, only to have grown wondrous aged and rusty. The face, the figure, the man—*these* had undergone a transmutation beyond the art of the mere stage wardrobe, be it ever so amply stored, to effect. But for the patch over the eye you could not have recognised Mr. Chapman. There was, indeed, about him, still, an air of dignity; but it was the dignity of woe—a dignity, too, not of an affable civilian, but of some veteran soldier. You could not mistake. Though not in uniform, the melancholy man must have been a warrior! The way the coat was buttoned across the chest, the black stock tightened round the throat, the shoulders thrown back in the disciplined habit of a life, though the head bent forward in the despondency of an eventful crisis;—all spoke the decayed, but not ignoble, hero of a hundred fields.

There was something foreign, too, about the veteran's air. Mr. Chapman had looked so thoroughly English—that tragical and meagre personage, which had exfoliated an arid stem from Mr. Chapman's buxom leaves,

looked so unequivocally French. Not a word had the Comedian yet said; and yet all this had the first sight of him conveyed to the audience. There was an amazed murmur, then breathless stillness. The story rapidly unfolded itself, partly by words, much more by look and action. There sate a soldier who had fought under Napoleon at Marengo and Austerlitz, gone through the snows of Muscovy, escaped the fires of Waterloo—the soldier of the Empire! Wondrous ideal of a wondrous time! and nowhere winning more respect and awe than in that land of the old English foe, in which, with slight knowledge of the Beautiful in Art, there is so reverent a sympathy for all that is grand in Man! There sate the soldier, peniless and friendless—there, scarcely seen, reclined his grandchild, weak and slowly dying for the want of food; and all that the soldier possesses wherewith to buy bread for the day, is his cross of the Legion of Honour. It was given to him by the hand of the Emperor—must he pawn or sell it? Out on the pomp of decoration which we have substituted for the voice of passionate nature, on our fallen stage! Scenes so faithful to the shaft of a column—dresses by which an antiquary can define a date to a year! Is delusion there? Is it thus we are snatched from Thebes to Athens? No;—place a really fine actor on a deal board, and for Thebes and Athens you may hang up a blanket! Why, that very cross which the old soldier holds—away from his sight—in that tremulous hand, is but patched up from the foil and card-board bought at the stationer's shop. You might see it was nothing more, if you tried to see. Did a soul present think of such minute investigation? Not one. In the actor's hand that trumpery became at once the glorious thing by which Napoleon had planted the sentiment of knightly heroism in the men whom Danton would have launched upon earth ruthless and bestial, as galley-slaves that had burst their chain.

The badge, wrought from foil and card-board, took life and soul; it begot an interest, inspired a pathos, as much as if it had been made—oh! not of gold and gems, but of

flesh and blood. And the simple broken words that the old Man addressed to it! The scenes, the fields, the hopes, the glories it conjured up! And now to be wrenched away—sold to supply Man's humblest, meanest wants—sold—the last symbol of such a past! It was indeed "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*." He would have starved rather—but the Child? And then the child rose up and came into play. She would not suffer such a sacrifice—she was not hungry—she was not weak; and when voice failed her, she looked up into that iron face and smiled—nothing but a smile. Out came the pocket-handkerchiefs! The soldier seizes the cross, and turns away. It *shall* be sold! As he opens the door, a dog enters gravely—licks his hand, approaches the table, raises itself on its hind-legs, surveys the table dolefully, shakes its head, whines, comes to its master, pulls him by the skirt, looks into his face inquisitively.

What does all this mean? It soon comes out, and very naturally. The dog belonged to an old fellow-soldier, who had gone to the Isle of France to claim his share in the inheritance of a brother who had settled and died there, and who, meanwhile, had confided it to the care of our veteran, who was then in comparatively easy circumstances, since ruined by the failure and fraud of a banker to whom he had intrusted his all; and his small pension, including the yearly sum to which his cross entitled him, had been forestalled and mortgaged to pay the petty debts which, relying on his dividend from the banker, he had innocently incurred. The dog's owner had been gone for months; his return might be daily expected. Meanwhile the dog was at the hearth, but the wolf at the door. Now, this sagacious animal had been taught to perform the duties of messenger and major-domo. At stated intervals, he applied to his master for *sous*, and brought back the supplies which the *sous* purchased. He now, as usual, came to the table for the accustomed coin—the last *sou* was gone—the dog's occupation was at an end. But could not the dog be sold? Impossible—it was the property of another—a

sacred deposit; one would be as bad as the banker if one could apply to one's own necessities the property one held in trust. These little biographical particulars came out in that sort of bitter and pathetic humour which a study of Shakespeare, or the experience of actual life, had taught the Comedian to be a natural relief to an intense sorrow. The dog meanwhile aided the narrative by his by-play. Still intent upon the *sous*, he thrust his nose into his master's pocket—he appealed touchingly to the child, and finally put back his head and vented his emotion in a lugubrious and elegiacal howl. Suddenly there is heard without the sound of a showman's tin trumpet! Whether the actor had got some obliging person to perform on that instrument, or whether, as more likely, it was but a trick of ventriloquism, we leave to conjecture. At that note, an idea seemed to seize the dog. He ran first to his master, who was on the threshold about to depart; pulled him back into the centre of the room; next he ran to the child, dragging her towards the same spot, though with great tenderness, and then uttering a joyous bark, he raised himself on his hind-legs, and, with incomparable solemnity, performed a minuet step! The child catches the idea from the dog. "Was he not more worth seeing than the puppet-show in the streets? might not people give money to see him, and the old soldier still keep his cross? To-day there is a public fête in the gardens yonder; that showman must be going thither; why not go too?" What! he, the old soldier—he stoop to show off a dog! he! he! The dog looked at him deprecatingly, and stretched himself on the floor—lifeless!

Yes, that is the alternative—shall his child die too, and he be too proud to save her? Ah! and if the cross can be saved also! But pshaw! what did the dog know that people would care to see? Oh, much, much. When the child was alone and sad, it would come and play with her. See these old dominoes! She ranged them on the floor, and the dog leapt up and came to prove his skill. Artfully, then, the Comedian had planned that the dog should make some sad mis-

takes, attended by some marvellous surprises. No, he would not do; yes, he would do. The audience took it seriously, and became intensely interested in the dog's success; so sorry for his blunders, so triumphant in his lucky hits. And then the child calmed the hasty irritable old man so sweetly, and corrected the dog so gently, and talked to the animal; told it how much they relied on it, and produced her infant alphabet, and spelt out "Save us." The dog looked at the letters meditatively, and henceforth it was evident that he took more pains. Better and better; he will do, he will do! The child shall not starve, the cross shall not be sold! Down drops the curtain—end of Act I.

Act II. opens with a dialogue spoken off the stage. Invisible *dramatis personæ*, that subsist, with airy tongues, upon the mimetic art of the Comedian. You understand that there is a vehement dispute going on. The dog must not be admitted into a part of the gardens where a more refined and exclusive section of the company have hired seats in order to contemplate, without sharing, the rude dances or jostling promenade of the promiscuous merry-makers. Much hubbub, much humour; some persons for the dog, some against him; privilege and decorum here, equality and fraternity there. A Bonapartist colonel sees the cross on the soldier's breast, and, *mille tonnerres*, he settles the point. He pays for three reserved seats—one for the soldier, one for the child, and a third for the dog. The veteran enters; the child, not strong enough to have pushed through the crowd, raised on his shoulders, Rolla-like; the dog led by a string. He enters erect and warrior-like; his spirit has been roused by contest; his struggles have been crowned by victory. But (and here the art of the drama and the actor culminated towards the highest point)—but he now at once includes in the list of his *dramatis personæ* the whole of his Gatesboro' audience. They are that select company into which he has thus forced his way. As he sees them seated before him, so calm, orderly, and dignified, *mauvaise honte* steals over the breast more accustomed to front the cannon

than the battery of ladies' eyes. He places the child in a chair, abashed and humbled; he drops into a seat beside her shrinkingly; and the dog, with more self-possession and sense of his own consequence, brushes with his paw some imaginary dust from a third chair, as in the superciliousness of the well-dressed, and then seats himself, and looks round with serene audacity.

The chairs were skilfully placed on one side of the stage, as close as possible to the front row of the audience. The soldier ventures a furtive glance along the line, and then speaks to his grandchild in whispered, bated breath: "Now they are there, what are they come for? to beg? He can never have the boldness to exhibit an animal for *sous*—impossible; no, no, let them slink back again and sell the cross." And the child whispers courage; bids him look again along the rows; those faces seem very kind. He again lifts his eyes, glances round, and with an extemporaneous tact that completed the illusion to which the audience were already greatly lending themselves, made sundry complimentary comments on the different faces actually before him, selected most felicitously. The audience, taken by surprise, as some fair female, or kindly burgess, familiar to their associations, was thus pointed out to their applause, became heartily genial in their cheers and laughter. And the Comedian's face, unmoved by such demonstrations—so shy and sad—insinuated its pathos underneath cheer and laugh. You now learn through the child that a dance, on which the company had been supposed to be gazing, was concluded, and that they would not be displeased by an interval of some other diversion. Now was the time! The dog, as if to convey a sense of the prevalent ennui, yawned audibly, patted the child on the shoulder, and looked up in her face. "A game of dominoes," whispered the little girl. The dog gleefully grinned assent. Timidly she stole forth the old dominoes, and ranged them on the ground; on which she slipped from her chair; the dog slipped from his; they began to play. The experiment was launched; the soldier saw that the

curiosity of the company was excited—that the show would commence—the *sous* follow; and as if he at least would not openly shame his service and his Emperor, he turned aside, slid his hand to his breast, tore away his cross and hid it. Scarce a murmured word accompanied the action—the acting said all; and a noble thrill ran through the audience. Oh, sublime art of the mime!

The Mayor sat very near where the child and dog were at play. The Comedian had (as he before implied he would do) discreetly prepared that gentleman for direct and personal appeal. The little girl turned her blue eyes innocently towards Mr. Hartopp, and said, "The dog beats me, sir; will you try what you can do?"

A roar and universal clapping of hands, amidst which the worthy magistrate stepped on the stage. At the command of its young mistress, the dog made the magistrate a polite bow and straight to the game went magistrate and dog. From that time the interest became, as it were, personal to all present. "Will you come, sir?" said the child to a young gentleman, who was straining his neck to see how the dominoes were played; "and observe that it is all fair. You too, sir?" to Mr. Williams. The Comedian stood beside the dog, whose movements he directed with undetected skill, while appearing only to fix his eyes on the ground in conscious abasement. Those on the rows from behind now pressed forward; those in advance either came on the stage, or stood up intently contemplating. The Mayor was defeated, the crowd became too thick, and the caresses bestowed on the dog seemed to fatigue him. He rose and retreated to a corner haughtily. "Manners, sir," said the soldier; "it is not for the like of us to be proud; excuse him, ladies and gentlemen."—"He only wishes to please all," said the child deprecatingly. "Say how many would you have round us at a time, so that the rest may not be prevented seeing you?" She spread the multiplication figures before the dog; the dog put his paw on 10. "Astonishing!" said the Mayor.

"Will you choose them yourself, sir?"

The dog nodded, walked leisurely round, keeping one eye towards the one eye of his master, and selected ten persons, amongst whom were the Mayor, Mr. Williams, and three pretty young ladies, who had been induced to ascend the stage. The others were chosen no less judiciously.

The dog was then led artfully on from one accomplishment to another, much within the ordinary range which bounds the instruction of learned animals. He was asked to say how many ladies were on the stage; he spelt three. What were their names? "The Graces." Then he was asked who was the first magistrate in the town. The dog made a bow to the Mayor. "What had made that gentleman first magistrate?" The dog looked to the alphabet, and spelt "Worth." "Were there any persons present more powerful than the Mayor?" The dog bowed to the three young ladies. "What made them more powerful?" The dog spelt "Beauty." When ended the applause these answers received, the dog went through the musket exercise with the soldier's staff; and as soon as he had performed that, he came to the business part of the exhibition, seized the hat which his master had dropped on the ground, and carried it round to each person on the stage. They looked at one another. "He is a poor soldier's dog," said the child, hiding her face. "No, no; a soldier cannot beg," cried the Comedian. The Mayor dropped a coin in the hat; others did the same, or affected to do it. The dog took the hat to his master, who waved him aside. There was a pause. The dog laid the hat softly at the soldier's feet, and looked up to the child beseechingly.

"What," asked she, raising her head proudly—"what secures *WORTH* and defends *BEAUTY*?" The dog took up the staff and shouldered it. "And to what can the soldier look for aid when he starves, and will not beg?" The dog seemed puzzled—the suspense was awful. "Good heavens," thought the Comedian, "if the brute should break down after all!—and when I took such care that the

words should lie undisturbed—right before his nose!" With a deep sigh the veteran started from his despondent attitude, and crept along the floor as if for escape—so broken down, so crestfallen. Every eye was on that heartbroken face and receding figure; and the eye of that heartbroken face was on the dog, and the foot of that receding figure seemed to tremble, recoil, start, as it passed by the alphabetical letters which still lay on the ground as last arranged. "Ah! to what should he look for aid?" repeated the grandchild, clasping her little hands. The dog had now caught the cue, and put his paw first upon "WORTH," and then upon "BEAUTY." "Worth!" cried the ladies—"Beauty!" exclaimed the Mayor. "Wonderful, wonderful!" "Take up the hat," said the child, and turning to the Mayor—"Ah! tell him, sir, that what Worth and Beauty give to Valour in distress is not alms but tribute."

The words were little better than a hack claptrap; but the sweet voice glided through the assembly, and found its way into every heart.

"Is it so?" asked the old soldier, as his hand hoveringly passed above the coins. "Upon my honour, it is, sir," said the Mayor, with serious emphasis. The audience thought it the best speech he had ever made in his life, and cheered him till the roof rung again. "Oh! bread, bread, for you, darling!" cried the veteran, bowing his head over the child, and taking out his cross and kissing it with passion; "and the badge of honour still for me!"

While the audience was in the full depth of its emotion, and generous tears in many an eye, Waife seized

his moment, dropped the actor, and stepped forth to the front as the man—simple, quiet, earnest man—artless man!

"This is no mimic scene, ladies and gentlemen. It is a tale in real life that stands out before you. I am here to appeal to those hearts that are not vainly open to human sorrows. I plead for what I have represented: True, that the man who needs your aid is not one of that soldiery which devastated Europe. But he has fought in battles as severe, and been left by fortune to as stern a desolation. True, he is not a Frenchman: he is one of a land you will not love less than France,—it is your own. He, too, has a child whom he would save from famine. He, too, has nothing left to sell or to pawn for bread—except—oh, not this gilded badge, see, this is only foil and cardboard—except, I say, the thing itself, of which you respect even so poor a symbol—nothing left to sell or to pawn but Honour! For these I have pleaded this night as a showman; for these, less haughty than the Frenchman, I stretch my hands towards you without shame; for these I am a beggar."

He was silent. The dog quietly took up the hat and approached the Mayor again. The Mayor extracted the half-crown he had previously deposited, and dropped into the hat two golden sovereigns. Who does not guess the rest? All crowded forward—youth and age, man and woman. And most ardent of all were those whose life stands most close to vicissitude—most exposed to beggary—most sorely tried in the alternative between bread and honour. Not an operative there but spared his mite.

NEW SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

NO. V.—JERSEY.

THE juvenile naturalist is often instructed in the facile art of catching birds by first dropping a pinch of salt upon their tails. Excellent as this plan seems, it has never proved perfectly successful, owing to a trifling initial difficulty. If, in your halcyon days, you have ever made the attempt, what will your thoughts be on hearing that an intense philosopher, like the present writer, did actually imitate that attempt in capturing the Razor-fish (*Solen*); positively carrying a paper of salt, in the firm confidence of dropping some grains on the tail of that retiring mollusc? Nay, what will you think on hearing that this was not only attempted, in all seriousness, but in all seriousness succeeded?

The shells of the *Solen* lie scattered on the sands of all our bays, and are familiar to every sea-side visitor. They are not unlike razor-handles, and as every marine animal is called a fish, the *Solen* is hence named Razor-fish, although, in truth, a bivalve mollusc. Few persons, even naturalists, have seen the animal alive. He bores a hole many feet in the sand, and there passes his days, like the *Pholas* in the rock, never coming to the surface, and boring out of all reach when disturbed. The difficulty of getting at him is obvious, and may lead you to be sceptical of the salting plan. Surely, you will argue, the initial difficulty which discourages the ornithological ardour of the boy, must equally frustrate the philosopher; since, if the *Solen* will allow himself to be approached near enough to have his tail salted, he may be taken without this saline preliminary. Thus reasons the reader, not without astuteness; yet, like many other reasoners, he will find that *a priori* deductions, however elegant, frequently pass over the head of Fact. Instead, therefore, of arguing what must be, let him come with me, and see what is. He will find that the

Solen must first be salted ere he suffer himself to be approached.

It is a hot, quiet afternoon. The tide is out, and a wide sweep of sand lies before us. We are armed with thin iron rods, each barbed at the end like a harpoon; we add thereto a paper of salt, basket, and jar. Over the yielding sand we pass, until we approach low-water mark, and then we begin peering about to find the trace of the *Solen*. This trace consists of nothing more than two small holes close together, sometimes broken into one, and presenting very much the appearance of the keyhole of a writing-desk. An experienced eye detects the trace with an unerring sagacity marvellous to the stranger, for the sand is perforated by holes of all sizes. The amateur may, however, ascertain which are the *Solen*-holes by attempting every one resembling a keyhole, and after a few trials, he will gradually learn to detect them. If he have an iron rod, about as thick as a steel-pen-holder, let him place the point in the hole, and if the hole be the retreat of a *Solen*, the rod will pass some distance by its own weight. If any force be required to push it through the sand, he may be tolerably sure that he is at a wrong hole. It is in this way that fishermen habitually catch the *Solen*; and the amateur will find that considerable dexterity is required to use the rod with effect. It must be suffered to drop by its own weight till the fish be felt; then, by a half turn of the rod, the harpoon end fixes the shell, and the animal may be drawn up. Having repeatedly tried, and ignobly failed, I could not help admiring the dexterity with which my companion whipped them up, one after another, scarcely ever missing; nor would my *amour propre* suffer me to quit the sands, until I had acquired sufficient skill to bring up a fish in about every three trials. This is the legitimate mode. It is the only one I find recorded in

books; and from what Professor E. Forbes says, I conclude it is the only one known to naturalists. But any one who hunts these Solens for sport, and is less greedy of time than of amusement, will say that this mode sinks into insignificance beside the Jersey plan of "salting their tails." Having found a hole, we know that the Solen is at some distance underneath; it may be only a few inches, it may be many feet. The least disturbance will drive him irretrievably away. We must, therefore, allure him. Placing a pinch of salt over the hole, we await the result. In a minute or two the water begins to well up; this is succeeded by a commotion—the sand is upheaving—we hold our breath, and keep the hand ready to make a swift clutch—a final upheaval has taken place, and the Solen slowly shows the tip of his siphon; but he is still buried in the sand, and we must wait till he has thrust himself at least an inch above ground, or we shall lose him. It may be that, having come thus far, he will suddenly change his mind, and, instead of advancing, make a precipitate retreat. But if he raise himself an inch out of his hole, and you are swift, he is your prize. Sometimes, when clutched, he clings so firmly to the sand, that you break the shell or pull it out, and see half the torn body remain behind. At other times he will not appear at all. You have salted his hole, and after witnessing the preliminary commotions, you are nevertheless balked, for he retreats deeper and deeper, and his hole falls in. It thus appears that salting his tail does not necessarily imply a capture; and it is this uncertainty which gives a relish to the sport. Often when he has appeared at the hole, it is merely to see what is the matter, and to indulge in a not altogether frivolous curiosity as to the being who can illogically offer salt to *him* who lives in salt water; and he likes your appearance so little, that one glance is enough—

he is off again like a shot. Two of them comported themselves in a very singular manner. They came to the opening, and defiantly throwing their heads at our feet, retired again in haste. Did they imagine we should be satisfied with *such* an offering? I picked up their heads, and moralised.

There is something irresistibly ludicrous in grave men stooping over a hole—their coat-tails pendant in the water, their breath suspended, one hand holding salt, the other alert to clutch the victim—watching the perturbations of the sand; like hungry cats beside the holes of mice; and there is something very absurd in the aspect of the queer Solen, poking up his inquisitive person; though *why* he is thus lured by the salt, I cannot guess. That he does not like the salt, is pretty certain, from his spontaneous decapitation under the infliction;* but why this should lure him is not intelligible. In conclusion, let me notice a passage in Mr. Woodward's book, which not only contains an error, but implies that the salting mode of capture is not known to well-informed naturalists. "Professor E. Forbes," he says, "has immortalised the sagacity of the razor-fish, who submits to be salted in his hole, rather than expose himself to be caught, after finding the enemy is lying in wait for him."† I suppose the "sagacity" was immortalised by Forbes in one of his playful moods; because not only is the fact on which the inference rests inaccurate, the Solen readily coming to his captor; but the Solen can have only slender pretensions to mental vigour of any kind.

Indeed, we are incessantly at fault in our tendency to anthropomorphise, a tendency which causes us to interpret the actions of animals according to the analogies of human nature. Wherever we see motion which seems to issue from some internal impulse, and not from an obvious external cause, we cannot help attributing it to "the will."

* Strictly speaking, the Solen has no head at all. What is called the head, in the text, is simply the siphonal tubes, which are formed of muscular rings, placed longitudinally. In dissecting the Solen I found these rings spontaneously separate themselves in the water.

† *Manual of the Mollusca*, p. 15.

No one seeing a bird snap at a fly with its beak, could doubt that the movement was voluntary; but if the bird's head were cut off, and the beak continued to snap, would not this throw a serious doubt on the voluntary nature of the former action? Yet this is what occurs with the curious *avicularium*, or "bird's-head process" of the Corkscrew Coralline: an animal doubtless familiar to many readers, some of whom have mistaken it for a Polype, it being indistinguishable from a Polype by the naked eye, although the microscope, revealing its internal structure, shows it to be a Polyzoon. The stem is twisted into a corkscrew shape, sufficiently remarkable to attract attention in rock pools, or in tanks. On examining it attentively, it is generally seen to be furnished with a number of processes resembling vulture-heads—one beneath each cup—having two mandibles, one fixed, the other movable by means of two sets of muscular fibres, visible within the head; and these mandibles keep up an incessant snapping, which occasionally entraps some worm, or minute crustacean, in an inexorable grasp. Very interesting it is to watch these birds' heads snapping with vague vigour, while *above* them the animals to which they can scarcely be said to belong, are protruding from their cups; for, be it noted, the bird's head does not form part of the animal, but issues from the stem on which the colony of animals abides; as if a gentleman residing in the parlour kept a watch-dog chained to his area gate. The position of this "process" has naturally led to the question, Is it an organ, or a parasite? The invariability of the position, and there being never more than one bird's head to each animal, seem to point to its being an organ; but if so, what can be its function? Mr. Gosse has suggested an ingenious answer,—

"Several observers have noticed the seizure of small roving animals by these pincer-like beaks; and hence the conclusion is pretty general that they are in some way connected with the procuring of food. But it seems to have been forgotten, not only that these or-

gans have no power of passing the prey thus seized to the mouth, but also that this latter is situated at the bottom of a funnel of ciliated tentacles, and is calculated to receive only such minute prey as is drawn within the ciliary vortex. I venture to suggest a new explanation. The seizure of a passing animal, and the holding it in the tenacious grasp until it dies, may be the means of attracting the proper prey to the vicinity of the mouth. The presence of decomposing animal matter in water invariably attracts crowds of infusory animalcules, which then breed with amazing rapidity, so as to form a cloud of living atoms around the decaying body quite visible in the aggregate to the unassisted eye; and these remain in the vicinity, playing round and round until the organic matter is quite consumed.*"

The animalcules thus attracted would be whirled into the animal's mouth by means of its ciliated tentacles, and thus the bird's head would be ancillary to the capture of food. Mr. Gosse's explanation will equally hold good if the bird's head be a parasite, as I incline to think it is, for not only is it often absent from the very species on which it is commonly found, but it has independent action; last year I separated one from the stem on which it was fixed, nevertheless the snapping continued as long as I was enabled to watch it. One is naturally reminded of the analogous *Pedicularia* of the Star-fish.

Whatever may be the conclusion respecting these birds' heads, the action of the bird being thus closely imitated puts us on our guard against the tendency to attribute psychological motives to the actions of animals. Indeed, unless we have previously assured ourselves of identity, or at least great similarity of structure, we shall always be in error when concluding, from certain appearances, an identity of function. Thus, in our last paper we showed how improbable is the supposition that the lower animals feel pain, in spite of the admission that all animals possess Sensibility. And everywhere the study of Comparative Anatomy teaches us that, before we can truly understand the Physiology and Psychology of ani-

* GOSSE: *Tenby, a Sea-side Holiday*, p. 52.

imals, we must acquire the most minute knowledge of their structure. Much has already been done in this direction, but much more remains to do. There is still work for thousands of laborious students; and all genuine work will aid the science in its progress. Only let men observe with patient zeal, and forego the temptation to say they have seen what they have not seen, but what, from the reports of others, they *expected* to see (a temptation which leads to the continuance of error more than any other cause)—only let the same veracity guide them with respect both to what is old and to what is new, equally deterring them from lightly supporting a current assertion, and from lightly promulgating a novel assertion,—only let this be done, and the humblest workers will bring their quota to the general fund. How much remains to be done may be gathered from the fact that, in the nervous system, which has been studied more than any other, recent investigations have led me to some unexpected results, which, unless I greatly deceive myself, must profoundly modify current theory, and must assuredly modify our anatomical statements.*

We laugh at the German who is said "to construct the Idea of the Camel out of the depths of his moral consciousness;" yet we are often really little better when we persist in *constructing* the forms of the simpler animals according to the analogies of our own structure, instead of directly *observing* what Nature presents to us. No sooner do we perceive certain manifestations of Sensibility, than we at once conclude the presence of a nervous system; no sooner have we a glimpse of a nervous system, than we at once conclude it to be similar in structure with

our own. In like manner, Contractility is supposed to imply the presence of a muscular system; and the muscles of the lowest animals are supposed to be only minuter forms of the same organs found in man. But direct study of Nature assures us, that there may be Sensibility without nerves, and Contractility without muscles; it further assures us that the nervous and muscular structures, when present, differ greatly in different forms of the animal series; and that we must understand these differences if we would understand Physiology. The law of unity of composition, when rightly understood, is a guide of great value; but it is too of tena will-o'-wisp, luminously misleading. We get into the habit of naming organs according to a general idea of their functions, instead of keeping the idea of special function dependent on special organ constantly before us. What would be said of a man who called his gig a gondola, his steamer a railway, his carriage a wheelbarrow? The *general* function of all these things is the same, but the *special* office of each differs from that of the others, and its structure bears reference to such speciality. In like manner a "proboscis" is not a "hand," although both are prehensile organs; nor are contractile fibres "muscles," although both subserve the same general function.

Descending from these abstract considerations to the particular subject now before us, namely, the nervous system, we note first, that minute and laborious as the researches have been, they have seldom taken the direction of comparative histology. The disposition of nerves and ganglia, and the structure of particular parts, such as the brain and spinal chord, have been studied with splendid results; but, as far

* The facility with which theories are extemporised by many who have little or no knowledge of the nervous structure, is only surpassed by the facility and confidence with which men attribute phenomena to electricity. It may be well, therefore, to state that our knowledge of the nervous system is at present in its infancy; we have not even established a secure basis; we have not established the primary data. To quote the emphatic language of one who has given his life to this subject, "Our knowledge even of the coarser framework of the nervous system is still too much in its infancy to permit us to venture with any success, on the construction of theories respecting the functions of its various elements."—*STÜLLING, Ueber den Bau der Nerven-primitivfaser u. d. Nervenzelle*, 1856, p. vii.

as my reading extends, no one has thought of making minute and extensive comparisons of the various specialties of nervous tissue; and the reason has been that men have assumed a nerve to be always of one structure, a ganglion always resembling every other ganglion, forgetting Molière's humorous wisdom: *il y a fagots et fagots*.

When I first examined the nervous system of the *Doris* and *Pleurobranchus*, I was surprised to find the brain (œsophageal ganglia) of an orange-red, and yellow colour, instead of white or grey. The fact is familiar to zoologists, but the explanation given is more than questionable. Von Siebold attributes it to pigment scattered through the investing sheath (neurilemma) and crowded on the surface of the ganglion;* and Owen assimilates this pigment to "an arachnoid membrane, between the dense outer membrane and the ganglia."† These explanations are easily disproved. On opening one of the ganglia (in a fresh specimen) and pressing out the contents, I found that the colour was not due to pigment in the membrane, but to the contents of the ganglion, both cellular and liquid; and by careful pressure, the whole contents were ejected, leaving the colourless membrane behind.‡ Unimportant as this observation was, it was the starting-point of a long series of investigations. Finding the contents of the ganglion were coloured, I inferred that the coloured spots, irregularly distributed over the upper portion of the nerve-trunks, and throughout the bands connecting the ganglia into a collar, were also due to ganglionic cells;

this being proved, it followed that the cells and granules of the ganglion were not anatomically separable from the cells and granules of the nerves; instead of the ganglion being a distinct structure from that of the nerve, the two were identical, the only difference being that the cells which predominated in the ganglion became scarcer as the nerve was prolonged, and at last only made their appearance by ones and twos, amid the granular mass.

Let us pause a moment to consider the theoretical difficulty which is raised by such a fact. Hitherto all physiologists have agreed in crediting the ganglion with the sole *production*, and the nerve with the sole *conduction* of nervous-force (whatever that may be). The ganglion has been likened to a galvanic battery, the nerve to a conducting wire. But if, as I affirm, the structure of the two be thus identical, their function cannot be so different. In those animals possessing nerves and ganglia of a marked structural difference, it is allowable to assume a corresponding difference in function; but with regard to the molluscs here referred to (namely, the genera *Doris*, *Pleurobranchus*, *Aplysia*, *Solen*, and *Lima*), this structural difference does not exist: the nerve is but a continuation of the ganglion, the whole forming one tube, through which, by a little pressure, the contents of the ganglion may be pressed out of the cut end of the nerve. If only one example of such an arrangement could be found, it would suffice to unsettle the whole doctrine of nervous physiology, as at present understood. The battery and wire can

* VON SIEBOLD, *Comparative Anatomy*, p. 233. So also DELLE CHIAJE, *Istituzioni di Anatomia et Fisiologia Comparata*, p. 147: "Nel centro principalmente è rosso-rancio, che ravvisasi pure nei ganglia. E circondato da valida membrana contenente molte glandulette giallastre."

† OWEN, *Lect. on Comp. Anat. of Invertebrata*, p. 550.

‡ The error is probably owing to a generalisation, from the fact that in many animals the pigment is distributed over the membrane. LEYDIG, *Histologie d. Mensch. u. d. Thiere*, 1856, p. 50, confirms what I have said in the text: "Diese Pigmentirung ist diffuser Art, sie rührt her von einer rothen Flüssigkeit, welche das ganze Ganglion durchtränkt und, nachdem des Neurilem eingerissen ist, in Tropfen herausquillt."

I doubt whether the supposed difference exists in any animals; and if STILLÉ's recent investigations should prove correct, nothing but slight morphological differences exist between nerve cells and nerve fibres. See his work previously referred to.

therefore no longer serve as a comparison; and the theory of conduction needs revision.

It may readily be imagined that the doubt thus raised, left me no peace. I dreamt of ganglia and their prolongations. They visited me in sleep, in half sleep, in noontide walking, and in evening reveries. For weeks I was in a "nervous fever." Every animal I could lay hands on was sacrificed to the inexorable scalpel,—from the new-born Puppy, to the Bee which flew into my study; from the Frog and Toad, to the Grasshopper and Locust; from the hideous Dogfish, to the graceful Pipefish; from the Hermit crab, to the Dragonfly larva; from the garden Snail, to the Slug; from the Solen, to the Sea-hare. Scores of dissections only confirmed my doubts respecting current doctrines; since, whether fresh specimens, or preparations after treatment with alcohol and acetic acid, were under examination, the facts required by the doctrines were not discoverable, but, in lieu thereof, facts altogether opposed to them.

A passage from Professor Sharpey, one of the latest, and assuredly one of the best anatomical authorities, will present the views held on this subject. "When subjected to the microscope, the nervous substance is seen to consist of two different structural elements—viz. *fibres* and *cells* or *vesicles*. The fibres are found universally in the nervous chords, and they also constitute the greater part of the nervous centres; the cells, or vesicles, on the other hand, are confined, in a great measure, to the cerebro-spinal centre and the ganglia, and do not exist in the nerves properly so called, unless it be at their peripheral expansions in some of the organs of special sense."* According to my observations, the foregoing statements are contradicted on the following points: 1st, Nerv-

ous chords exist in abundance absolutely *without fibres*. 2d, The nervous centres of some vertebrates are *without fibres*. 3d, Cells *do* exist in the nerves.

The physiologist will read with surprise of the absence of fibres in the nerves, which are universally held to be simply fasciculi of fibres; and, indeed, the discovery so much surprised me at first, that it was long before I could persuade myself it was no optical illusion, or the result of disintegration in the nerve itself; but having examined both fresh and prepared specimens, in great quantities, I affirm, that in the genera *Doris*, *Pleurobranchus*, *Aplysia*, *Solen*, and *Lima*, the nerves are for the most part totally destitute of fibres. I incline to think that in the *Doris* no fibre can be found anywhere; but as all such negatives are perilous, I simply state what I have seen, namely, that for the most part the nerves are fibreless.

Within the investing sheath of areolar tissue† is contained a mass of granules, cell nuclei, and occasional cells, but not one primitive nerve-fibre. If we compare the structure of the nerves in the *Doris* with that in the Garden Snail, we shall immediately perceive the difference, the latter animal having distinctly fibrillated nerves, the former nothing but amorphous nerve-substance.‡ At first it occurred to me that the granular structure might be peculiar to the molluscs without shells; but the bivalve *Solen* and the *Aplysia* contradict such a suggestion.

Again in the brains of young Tritons, or Water Newts, I could find no fibres; none in that of a young Frog; none in that of an adult Toad; none in that of the adult Pipefish (*Syngnathus*); none in that of a Dogfish (*Acanthias*) of about a foot and a half long. It would be perilous to assert

* SHARPEY and ELLIS's edition of *Quain's Anatomy*, 1856; vol. i. p. clixii.

† It may not be unnecessary to warn the reader who may verify these observations, not to confound the fibres of the investing sheath with nerve-fibres.

‡ In a preparation I have made of the œsophageal ganglia of a Snail, the contents of one ganglion have been pressed out, and there may clearly be seen not only the union of two cells by means of a process (a fact still disputed by many), but the union of two cells end to end, i. e. without any process; also four cells thus united.

that there were absolutely *no* fibres in the brains of these animals, but if there were any, they must have been exceedingly rare, as I could not find one: and theory requires that there should be one or more for every cell.

These facts are important as well as novel, and force us to the conclusion that fibres are not *necessary* to the conduction of nerve force, although they may be *special* organs of conduction, wherever they exist. The point to which the reader's attention is required is that nerve-force can be transmitted—that nerve-actions can take place—in the absence of primitive fibres. This might have been concluded from the structure of the olfactory nerve alone, which, by a remarkable peculiarity, shows a break in the continuity of its fibres, the intervening space being occupied with granules only. This is the case in all animals.* And I find a still greater break in the sympathetic nerve of the new-born puppy. As the trunk is about to join the ganglion, the fibres disappear, and give place to granules; nor do fibres appear in the ganglion at all.† Now, as theory requires every nervous impression to be conveyed by a fibre to a cell, and by a fibre *from* the cell, we see at once that the foregoing facts, or any one of them, must strike at the root of such a theory, nervous impressions being indubitably transmitted where no fibres exist, and where a solution of continuity exists. No one even slightly acquainted with the present state of science will fail to see the importance of such a result.

In the first place, it does away with many of the difficulties which have puzzled anatomists when unable to trace fibres to their termination in cells. In the second place, it throws light on the startling discovery of M. Brown-Séquard, that the transmission of impressions along the spinal chord is not due to the fibres of the posterior

columns, nor indeed to the fibres of either of the columns, but entirely to the grey matter of the chord. The astonishment excited by this discovery, which utterly destroys the doctrine promulgated by Sir Charles Bell, and accepted by all Europe, seems so to have absorbed attention that its effect upon the general theory of nervous transmission has escaped remark. A few sentences may put the reader in possession of the capital points in this discovery.

The spinal chord is composed of six columns of fibres, and a central mass of vesicular matter; two of the columns are called the anterior, two posterior, and two lateral. Imagine a bundle of six sticks enclosing a mass of pith, and a rude conception of the arrangement of these columns will be formed. When Sir Charles Bell came forward with his views, the almost universal opinion was that the spinal chord was a large nerve-trunk, presiding, like other nerve-trunks, over both sensibility and motion. Every one knew that there were nerves of sensation and nerves of motion; but no one, till Lamarck, seems to have conceived that this diversity of function must be owing to the diversity of their central origin; and Lamarck only conceived the idea as an *a priori* necessity: "*quant aux nerfs,*" he says, "*qui sont destinés aux mouvements musculaires, ils partent vraisemblablement d'un autre foyer, et constituent, dans le système nerveux, un système particulier distinct des sensations, comme ce dernier est du système qui sert aux actes de l'entendement.*"‡ In the same year Alexander Walker, passing from this vague conception to a definite localisation of the different centres, declared that the sensory impressions were due to the roots of the nerves issuing from the anterior columns, and motor impressions to the roots issuing from the posterior columns.

* See the description of the olfactorius in LÉYDIE, *op. cit.*

† The necessity for caution, both in extending our observations and in making them public, is illustrated by the fact, that since the above was written I have seen *one* sympathetic ganglion in which the fibres *did* penetrate. Let me add that, except in the case of the Slug (*Limax*), all the facts stated in the text are founded on multiplied observations. It would not surprise me to find single cases of exception to every statement.

‡ LAMARCK, *Philosophie Zoologique*, 1809, vol. ii. p. 260.

But although this was a felicitous hypothesis, it rested on no coercive evidence, experimental or pathological; and in 1811 Bell* demonstrated that it was the *posterior* root which was sensitive, the *anterior* which was motor. This discovery has been universally accepted. It placed Bell at once among the great names in science. But this discovery, which was supported by ample and decisive experiments, led him and others to a conclusion respecting the columns of the chord which, although extremely plausible, was not founded on decisive evidence, and is now proved by Brown-Séquard to be altogether erroneous. The *roots* which issue from the posterior columns are sensory; what more natural than to suppose that the columns themselves must be sensory? Natural, but erroneous. While the *discovery* respecting the roots met with little opposition, the *deduction* respecting the columns was vehemently criticised. Experiments were instituted which gave a mass of conflicting testimony, curious to consider. Everybody contradicted everybody. Vivisection seemed a snare. It was Longet who put an end to the controversy, by explaining how the discrepancies necessarily arose, and by establishing a uniform plan of employing galvanism as the test.† The doctrine of Bell, as modified by Longet, became the doctrine of the schools.‡ It is briefly this: all the phenomena of reflex action depend on the vesicular substance, which is itself entirely removed from the phenomena of sensation or motion. The power of transmitting impressions resides entirely in the white, fibrous substance, and of this the *posterior* columns are exclusively devoted to sensory impressions, the *anterior* and *lateral* columns exclusively to motor influences. An impression is carried to the brain by the posterior columns only; and from the brain by the anterolateral columns only: the one awakens a sensation, the other a movement.

After having devoutly believed this theory for many years, we are called upon to acknowledge that it is wrong in every particular. In the presence of many distinguished physiologists M. Brown-Séquard has demonstrated that sensibility, so far from being destroyed, is actually increased by section of the so-called sensitive columns; while, on the other hand, when a section of the chord was made which divided it everywhere except in these "sensitive columns," sensibility was totally destroyed. He proved, moreover, that it is the gray vesicular substance of the chord—itsself perfectly *insensible*—which transmits both sensory and motor impressions. He proved this in various ways, the most conclusive being a complete section of all the white fibrous substance, which left only the gray substance: in this case sensibility and motion remained intact. No part of the white substance is capable of transmitting impressions. "C'est par la substance grise de la moëlle épinière, et surtout par sa partie centrale, que cette transmission à l'encéphale s'opère en dernier lieu."§

There are several points in M. Brown-Séquard's experiments which disturb the reigning doctrine of nerve-action, but he has not yet published his positive views on this subject; and as it is a subject of which I have no direct knowledge, I shall only say that the facts I have discovered, proving fibres not to be *necessary* to the transmission of impressions, must be taken into account, not only in this, but in most other questions of the kind. But before we proceed further it will be requisite to ascertain as far as possible, whether the facts I have discovered had been already made public. When Europe furnishes its hundreds of diligent workers in any department, no one can expect to stand in isolated originality; he must be prepared to find that others have more or less anticipated him. I had

* BELL, *An Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain*, 1811.

† LONGET, *Anat. et Phys. du Système Nerveux*, 1842. See his *Traité de Physiologie*, 1850, vol. ii., where the history of the discovery is given.

‡ BROWN-SÉQUARD, *Mémoires de la Société de Biologie*, 1855 (2^e Série, ii. p. 75.) See also the masterly Report by M. Paul Broca in the same volume.

no sort of doubt that the facts, which to me were full of significance, must have been observed by others; but I was persuaded that no one had seen their significance, because no one expressed a doubt respecting the theory which they undermine.* My first step was to send to London for Leydig's work on Comparative Histology, the latest authoritative publication. There, indeed, I found the existence of granular nerves stated as a fact, though without specific information either respecting their discoverer or the animals in which they existed; and without a hint of any physiological significance in the fact.† On my return home I made diligent search, and by means of Canstatt's *Jahresberichte* for 1854 (p. 66), learned that Meissner had discovered granular trunks in the threadlike tiny worm *Mermis*; and H. Müller and Gegenbaur in the naked gasteropod *Phyllorhœ*. On procuring the memoirs referred to,‡ I found the fullest confirmation of my own observations, but no appreciation of their physiological significance. Müller and Gegenbaur say: "Distinct fibres are not discoverable in the trunks, which appear to consist of nothing but a clear granular streaky substance (*aus einer hellen, feinkörnig streifigen Substanz*). In some instances there were small groups of ganglionic cells." And this is *all* they remark. Meissner's observations are given in greater detail, and appear to have suggested doubts, as analogous observations did to me. "The four trunks," he says, "which issue from the ganglia have at first a clearly fibrous structure, so that at the torn ends single fibrillæ appear; but these fibres in their course soon melt into a homogeneous band in which no trace of fibre remains." Curiously enough, the branches given off from these trunks, although they commence as

homogeneous bands, presently break up into fibres which continue to the peripheral termination. In presence of such a structure, Meissner could scarcely have missed the suggestion it forced upon him: "In *Mermis* the anatomical proof is easy that a conduction from the periphery to the centre must take place by some other means than that of a completely isolated and throughout equally constructed fibre."§ On reading this sentence I fancied that the same idea must have occurred to him as to me, and that he would follow it up by some further observations, or at any rate by some physiological reflections. Two years later, however, he published another Memoir,|| wherein he notices this peculiarity of the nerve-trunks as "certainly very important for the physiology of the nervous system;" but instead of seizing its true significance, he proposes an explanation which would never have been proposed, if the facts I have observed had been known to him; for, confining himself to the peculiar structure of the trunks and branches of these worms, he suggests that "the trunks must not be regarded as trunks, as anatomical bundles of isolated fibres, but as *peculiar and intermediate conducting organs interposed between the central organ and the peripheral nerves*. If they are really to be regarded as simple nerve-trunks, in the sense in which the word is used as respects higher animals, we ought to find them composed of fibres—which is not the case." I need scarcely criticise such a suggestion; the mere fact of a sympathetic ganglion being connected with a nerve which, although fibrous, has its interspace of granules, is enough to destroy the hypothesis; not to mention the fact of so many animals being without fibres at all.¶

From what has already been said,

* We need only turn to FUNK's *Lehrbuch der Physiologie*, one of the ablest and most erudite, as well as the latest of treatises, to be assured of this.

† LEYDIG, *Histologie*, pp. 59, 185. "Die Nervenubstanz ist entweder mehr homogen und molekular, oder mehr von faserigem Aussehen."

‡ See SIEBOLD u. KÖLLIKER's *Zeitschrift f. Wissen. Zool.*, v. p. 233, 360; and vii. 99. § *Loc. cit.* v. 234. || *Loc. cit.* xii. 89.

¶ Meissner's observations furnish a very noticeable fact, namely, that while in *Mermis Albicans* the trunks are homogeneous, in another species, *Mermis nigrescens*, they are fibrous! When therefore I said that no single exception to the facts I

the conclusion is inevitable that the *conduction of nerve force does not take place by means of fibres only*. The fibres may be special organs of conduction, and as special organs a corresponding specialty of function must be assigned to them; and into this we shall now inquire. Let us assume that the homogeneous nerve transmits the impression in a mass, just as the sounding-board of a piano, if struck, will yield a certain resonance; but the fibrous nerve will transmit the impression along each separate fibre, just as the sounding-board when struck by keys; the amount of nervous impression and the amount of sound in each case may be equal, but the varieties and combinations possible to the latter are impossible to the former. Or to vary the illustration, let us assume two men to be equally susceptible to the general effect of colour, but one of them, an artist, to have more susceptibility to the minute differences of colour;—although the nervous impression may be equal in the two, it will be less homogeneous in the artist, whom we may suppose to have a more specialised retina.

The assumption that fibres are organs of conduction at all, may be disputed; nor, if what was previously said respecting the identity of cell and fibre, in ultimate structure, and of the identity of ganglion and tube, be admitted, can we allow the old hypothesis of conduction to be more than a metaphor. The notion of an actual conduction taking place, analogous to the conduction of electricity, is extremely doubtful to me. If the nerves are identical in elementary structure with the ganglia, and consequently must *participate* in the functions of the ganglia, they can no longer be regarded as the conducting rods of the battery, but as essential parts of it. In our present ignorance of the true process we may

continue to employ the metaphor of conduction, if we understand by it simply the change which follows when a nerve is affected; and we may then gain some glimmering of the special function of the fibres, and the meaning of their increase with old age. Nerve-tissue in its earliest stage is wholly without fibres; as development advances, the fibres multiply.* In old age the brain hardens from excess of fibres, as the bones harden from excess of lime; so that what originally constituted a source of strength becomes a source of weakness. Probably to this predominance of fibres may be assigned the incapacity of acquiring new ideas in old age. Intellectual vigour is often manifested by men of a very advanced age, but the vigour is shown in dealing with old trains of thought, not in originating new. To assume a new attitude of thought, it may be necessary to develop new fibres; and this cannot be done in a tissue already too fibrous. A similar hypothetical explanation suggests itself for the formation of fixed ideas, monomanias, habits, and tendencies—"organised tendencies," as Mr. Herbert Spencer felicitously names them.†

But I will not venture further into this hypothetical region; the few anatomical facts hitherto ascertained presenting too narrow a basis for such speculations. One embryological indication may, however, be added. The nerves of insects are, it is known, distinctly fibrous (although in the bee and locust I have observed the fibres occasionally melting into mere granules), but in the larvæ of insects the nerves are often mostly granular. Thus in the active predatory Dragonfly Larva—the water-tiger, as it is called—I found the great ventral chord formed of distinct fibres, but in many places it was purely granular, the granules not having even a linear disposition.‡ In the

have stated would surprise me—for instance, that fibres could be found in a *Doris*, a *Pleurobranchus*, an *Aplysia*, or a *Solen*—I meant to be understood that such exceptions would in no wise invalidate my conclusions, for which, indeed, one single case of non-fibrillated nerve would be ample evidence.

* Not till the beginning of the fourth month of the human embryo are fibres discoverable in the spinal chord.—TREDMANN, *Anatomie du Cerveau*, p. 126.

† HERBERT SPENCER, *Principles of Psychology*, 1855.

‡ In more advanced Larvæ these chords are wholly fibrous.

preparation I have made of this object a very interesting analogy between the development of nerve and muscle is presented. A fragment of muscle is attached, the fibrillæ of which, instead of being striped (all the muscles of insects are of the striped kind), are partly striped, partly unstriped; that is to say, in the same bundle some of the fibrillæ are without the transverse markings, and those fibrillæ which have such markings have them only part of the way down, the remainder of the fibrillæ being unstriped. This is not only interesting as a fact of muscular development, but presents a striking analogy to the development of nerve-fibres, which we here see in the same trunk partly emerged from their primitive granular condition. I conclude, therefore, that the differentiation of nerves shows the following phases: 1°, as in many molluscs and all embryos, a granular homogeneous mass: 2°, as in insects, and perhaps crustaceans, a linear disposition of the granules into fibres, but without an investing sheath: 3° fibres, or rather tubules, differing from the preceding, in having each an enveloping sheath, which isolates one fibre from the other, so that the nerve becomes a fasciculus of tubules.*

It would lead us too far to follow the many applications of these facts to the vexed questions of nervous histology and physiology. The hotly-debated controversy respecting the origin of fibres as prolongations from ganglionic cells, for example, seems to me decisively settled by the fact that, in the molluscs, we have cells without fibres, and by the fact that, in the recently-born dog, we have fibres which have not yet effected a junction with the cells. Again, when Funke, reviewing the controversy respecting the existence of ganglionic cells destitute of processes, says that, "from all we know of the functions of the nerve-elements and the laws of conduction in them, an isolated apolar nerve-cell appears as an anomaly (*Unding*) to which we

can in nowise assign a physiological purpose,"† he is assuming that without fibres terminating in cells no nervous transmission can take place—an assumption flatly contradicted by the facts we have just been considering.

Hitherto our remarks have been of a revolutionary tendency. To unsettle established opinions, to shake the very foundations of nervous physiology, and to show that we are in no condition to propound theories, otherwise than as provisional attempts, has been the serious business of this article. Brown-Séquard has proved that the doctrine of the schools relative to transmission by the spinal column is in every point erroneous. Stilling has proved that the dissident doctrines of the schools respecting the ultimate structure of nerve-elements are erroneous or incomplete. And I have proved that the doctrine of the schools relative to the function of the fibres is erroneous—that conduction does *not* necessarily imply the existence of a continuous fibre from the periphery to the cell, and from the cell again to the periphery; but takes place where there are no fibres at all, and where a solution of continuity exists.

Nor is this all. What we metaphorically call "nervous conduction" takes place not only in the absence of fibres, but also in the absence of *any nerves whatever*. There is nothing like the sharp angle of a paradox to prick the reader's attention; and here is one in all seriousness presented to him. The fact is demonstrable, that both Contractility and Sensibility are manifested by animals totally destitute of either muscles or nerves. Some physiologists, indeed, misled by the *a priori* tendency to construct the organism in lieu of observing it, speak of the muscles and nerves of the simplest animals; because, when they see the phenomena of contractility and sensibility, they are unable to dispossess themselves of the idea that these must be due to muscles and nerves. Thus, when the

* STILLING, *op. cit.* p. 11-13, decides that *all* primitive fibres have an investing sheath; but unless he would deny the claim of those named in the second class to be considered as fibres, he is certainly wrong.

† FUNKE, *Physiologie*, p. 419.

fresh-water Polype is seen capturing, struggling with, and finally swallowing a worm, yet refusing to swallow a bit of thread, we cannot deny that it manifests both sensibility and contractility, unless we deny these properties to all other animals. Nevertheless, the highest powers of the best microscope fail to detect the slightest trace of either muscle or nerve in the Polype. To call the contractile substance a "muscle," is to outrage language more than if a wheelbarrow were spoken of as a railway locomotive; and as to nerve substance, nothing resembling it is discernible. In presence of these facts, those who cannot conceive Sensibility without a nervous system, but are forced to confess that such a system is undiscoverable, assume that it exists "in a diffused state." I have noticed this illogical position in a former paper. It is a flat contradiction in terms: a diffused nerve is tantamount to a liquid crystal; the nerve being as specific in its structure, and in the properties belonging to that structure, as a crystal is. Now, this specific structure—or anything approaching it—is not to be found in the Polype.*

Whence, then, is the Sensibility derived? Either we must admit the presence of what cannot be discovered; or we must admit that a function can act without its organ; or, finally, we must modify our conception of the relation between Sensibility and the Nervous system. Which of these three conclusions shall we adopt? Not the first; for to admit the presence of an organ which cannot be discovered, even by the very highest powers, although easily discoverable in other animals by quite medium powers, would be permissible only as the last

resource of hypothesis, when no other supposition could be tenable. Not the second: for philosophic Biology rejects the idea of a function being independent of its organ, since a function is the activity of an organ. The organ is the agent, the function the act—a point to which we will presently recur. The third conclusion, therefore, seems inevitable: we must modify our views. But how? Instead of saying, "Sensibility is a property of nervous tissue," we must say, "*Sensibility is a general property of the vital organism which becomes specialised in the nervous tissue in proportion as the organism itself becomes specialised.*" We have no difficulty in understanding how Contractility, at first the property of the whole of the simple organism, becomes *specialised* in muscular tissue. We have no difficulty in understanding how Respiration, at first effected by the whole surface of the simple organism, becomes specialised in a particular part of that surface (gills or lungs) in the more complex organisms; nor should we have more difficulty in understanding how Sensibility, from being common to the whole organism, is *handed over to a special structure*, which then performs that function exclusively, as the lungs perform that of respiration, or the muscles that of contraction. Nay, more: just as animals possessing special organs for Respiration do also, in a minor degree, respire by the general surface, so, according to my observations, it is almost demonstrable that animals possessing a special nervous system also manifest sensibility in parts far removed from any nervous filament. In the higher animals this is probably not the case.† The division of labour is more com-

* "Sarebbe una vera perdita di tempo," says DELLE CHIAJE, "per colui, che volesse ricercare nervi negli animali inferiori nei Polipi, nelle Meduse e nelle Actinie."—*Istituzioni di Anat. e Fisiolog. Comparata*, i. 118. He denies the existence of nerves even in the Holothuria. So likewise does Voigt, *Zoologische Briefe*, with several other anatomists.

† I say *probably*, because recent investigations have shown that parts which, in the normal healthy condition, are absolutely insensible, such as tendons, ligaments, the dura mater, and the periosteum, become intensely sensitive in a state of inflammation, and this cannot be attributed to the nerves.—See FLOURENS, in *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 1856, IV. Série; vi. 282. Further, Mr. TOMES has communicated to the Royal Society a paper on the "Soft Fibrils in the Dental Tubes," which shows a sensitive structure, *not* nervous, in the teeth.

plete. The stomach digests, the glands secrete, the muscles contract, and the nerves feel. Of course, the power is greatly increased by this division of labour; the more complex the organism, the more various and effective each function.

It is truly remarkable that the zoologist who claims the merit of having originated this conception of the "division of labour" as a law in the organic economy,* should be among the staunchest defenders of the old metaphysical idea that functions are not dependent on organs: and as this question is not only important in itself, but of interest in the present discussion, it may detain us for a moment. The argument, as conducted by Milne Edwards,† is irresistible, because in it he confines himself to showing that special organs may disappear, and nevertheless the general function remain; for instance, that lungs and gills may be absent, but the function of Respiration will still be present: "O'est une erreur grave de croire," he says, "qu'une faculté déterminée ne puisse s'exercer qu'à l'aide d'un seul et même organe." The grave error appears to me wholly on the side of those who hold the contrary opinion. The reader will perceive that when Milne Edwards concludes, "que la fonction ne disparaît pas lorsque l'instrument spécial cesse d'exister," the eminent zoologist is guilty of a logical mistake very frequent in biological discussions, the mistake of confounding the *general* with the *particular*. Thus an animal may possess the general function of Locomotion, without possessing the special function of walking or flying: it may have the general function of Sensibility, without the special Senses; the general function of Assimilation, without special Digestion; for the *special* functions special organs are required, legs or wings, eyes or ears, intestinal canal, and so forth.

The peculiar faculty of locomotion known as "flying," can only be performed by the peculiar organs known as "wings;" but the general faculty of locomotion can be performed by a simple contractile tissue. As soon as we disengage language of its ambiguity, the truth is easily seen: the appearance of each special organ in the animal series is coincident with the appearance of a special and corresponding function; or, descending the scale, with the disappearance of each special organ, the corresponding speciality of function disappears. In other words, Function is dependent on Organ, as the Act is on the Agent. Would it not seem wholly preposterous to say that railway locomotion was not necessarily dependent on railways, because, before railways were invented, goods and passengers were transmitted by waggons and coaches? Does not every one see that the special form of railway transmission gives it a power, velocity, and extent, wholly unattainable by waggons and coaches; and that this power, velocity, and extent, are due entirely to the peculiarity of the methods of transit? The railway differs from the tramway, and the tramway from the old coach-road, in special modifications, as the lungs of a mammal differ from the gills of a fish, and the gills from a merely respiratory surface in the Zoophyte. To say that the *same* function is performed by all is to confound the general with the particular; and to say that functions are consequently independent of organs, is worse than this, because it leaves out of sight the fact that the whole surface of the animal which respire is the "organ" of that general respiration. When acts can be performed without agents, and animals can exist without bodies, in the shape of pure syntheses of functions, then will it be a "grave error" to conclude that functions are

* MILNE EDWARDS. See his *Introduction à la Zoologie Générale*. The conception, however, belongs to GÖTTGE; *Zur Morphologie*, 1807; *Werke*, xxxv. i. 7.—the French naturalist having the merit of application and abundant illustration of the law.

† *Loc. cit.* p. 69, and *Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie Comparée*, i. 22. "Les faits dont je viens vous entretenir montrent combien sont fausses les opinions de quelques naturalistes qui admettent comme une sorte d'axiome physiologique que la fonction dépend toujours de son organe."

necessarily dependent on organs, and not till then.

Although we have been forced to admit that Sensibility can be manifested without nerves, and the paradox therefore of nervous conduction taking place without nerves was only a paradox in its terms, yet inasmuch as functions are necessarily dependent on organs, we are also forced to conclude that the various specialisations of nerve-tissue must bring with them corresponding specialisations of function. What those are we know not, perhaps may never know; but the mere recognition that such things must be, will help us to understand many points. It explains, for example, the absence of Pain in the lower animals spoken of in our last; it explains the possibility of such myriads of subtle differences in the perceptions of men so nearly allied as twin-brothers.

Such questions prove, dear reader, how naturally we are led by Sea-side Studies into the solemn temples of Philosophy. Indeed, it is one of the many charms of such a study, that at all points it is connected with

Art, Science, and Philosophy. The naturalist may be anything, everything. He may yield to the charm of simple observation; he may study the habits and habitats of animals, and moralise on their ways; he may use them as starting-points of laborious research; he may carry his newly-observed facts into the highest region of speculation; and whether roaming amid the lovely nooks of Nature in quest of varied specimens, or fleeting the quiet hour in observation of his pets—whether he make Natural History an amusement, or both amusement and serious work—it will always offer him exquisite delight. From the schoolboy to the philosopher, all grades find in it something admirably suited to their minds. It brings us into closer presence of the great mysteries of life; and while quickening our sense of the infinite marvels which surround the simplest object, teaches us many and pregnant lessons which may help us through our daily needs.

"And of such truths
Each to itself must be the oracle."

MODERN LIGHT LITERATURE—SOCIETY.

LITERATURE is under limitations: it is like every other faculty of the human mind, unable to express half of what it would express, or make other people aware of a tithe of what it knows in common with other people. Poetry, it is usual to say, comes to our heart, because it expresses what we all feel, but what only one of us, here and there, has the gift to say. Yet even the greatest poet touches upon the great ocean of secret individual experience and sentiment with the timid hand of a schoolboy; puts one thought at a time into minds which throb and burn with a hundred simultaneous thinkings, and to his own consciousness is dumb and voiceless, unable to say more than very morsels and fragments of what is in him. We believe there never was story made of the most intense emotion, but its humblest reader could have turned aside to think of a truer, intenser, deeper

depth in his own uncommunicating heart; and perhaps it is for this reason that a full picture of life, as it is, is never possible to us. We have bits of life in plenty—scenes external—interiors such as one can peep at through a lighted window; private self-revelations, in which it is still very easy to see that the self is not half revealed; but life, such as we live, to its full extent, and in its veritable details, never. What man, worth the name, would tell his own history pang by pang, and thought by thought? Who would venture to leave the world a picture—or who *could*, even if he ventured—of all the undistinguishable ghosts that throng his mind and fancy every hour of every day? Nobody thinks—save in a business fashion, when it happens to be one's trade, and when one's thoughts are technical, professional, bent to a purpose; but everybody is possessed with

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Modern Light Literature—Society.

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 Witty people, who supplement and
 aid each other in the making of the
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 of their lives—who have no ambition
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 factory intellectual exercise, are,
 whatever their use and benefit may
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 we are no longer in the days of witty
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swarms and floods of thoughts not to the purpose, vagrant, unnecessary, unprofitable, without sequence, without reason; and it is these, and not our set solemnities of consideration, which sway our mind and colour our life. What is to be done with this incomprehensible human material which its historians write about and about, yet never interpret fully? Going round its perverse and many-sided nature, we have to take in bits the unportrayable whole, to make shadows and visions in representation of those anguishes which are too real to be told; and to persuade ourselves to tell as much as we can of the common secret. One man writes of the Battle of Life—what does he make of it?—a love story—a romance of sentimental self-sacrifice, *à la* eighteen or so; and fathers and mothers, in the battle of their life—among cares, sicknesses, deaths, poverty, and sometimes sorer than reality, dread expectations of such, which make a darkness in the very sunshine—read the tale and look at each other, saying nothing: so the eighteen-year old romance stands to the world, if it did not know better, a personification of that agony of living which rends many a true heart; and the real fight goes on in silence, every man hiding it as he best can—every man succeeding so well that, if each of us did not know the secret, all of us might be beguiled into believing that the great trouble of life was the love-story, and that, once over that, one's personal peace was secure.

This being the case, it is natural that we should do as much as we can by snatches and one-sided glimpses, to make the world aware, by inference, of the story which it is against the genius of our nature to tell; from which 'longing of the mind, perhaps it is, more than from any other reason, that so many people in these days write novels, finding a secret satisfaction in weaving in bits of their own troubles into unlikely conjunction with the troubles of others, or compensating themselves for the private ills they are enduring by heaping visionary ills, a fanciful counterpoise, upon hero or heroine, who are the puppets of

their will. Fancy the consolation when one is gloomily considering one's own butcher's bill, of breaking a young lady's heart, or casting a young gentleman into the Queen's Bench! Compensation!—one cannot pay the butcher, but one can come down like Fate and the Furies upon one's hero, and melt the hearts of all the good people who have sons at College—or make one's heroine pine and die away in inconsolable melancholy, and move to weeping all the young ladies who appreciate such a sentimental fate. So literature, which has limits, has also privileges; and, besides indemnifying itself after this fashion, has freedom, as it travels round its subject, to select its view, and do its picture without restriction. Human nature is multitudinous; one aspect of it is often curiously unlike another; and putting aside that part of life which no man will willingly tell of himself, the resemblance of race is often small enough.

As, for instance, turning back upon history, how unlike any circumstances in which we can conceive ourselves placed, are the society circumstances of that time of Charles II., when all the people kept diaries!—or even those of that first grand age of English Society, popularly so called, the Age of Addison and the *Spectator*, the "Augustan Age!" How extraordinary it would seem, instead of our multitudinous *Times*, our lengthy debates, and smart leaders, and criticisms of State, to have a dainty little *Spectator*, all about patches and hoop-petticoats, and Araminta and Chloe, laid upon our breakfast-table! Should we relish it now, if, with the hoops, that dainty and delightful scandal, which was all for the good of morals and the improvement of society, could be resuscitated? It seems extremely probable we might, and almost looks as though it would be worth Mr. Thackeray's while to try. Instead of once a month, once a morning, delighted reader—instead of the shoal of letters in the columns of "the leading journal," by which we are privileged to understand what opinion John Smith and Robert Brown hold about things in general,

think of the delicate little broad-sheet, and *Mr. Spectator's* graceful monologue about Jacinta's lovers, and the miniature little bonnet of Mrs. Chloris; or the adventure he met with on his way home from Daphne's ball—or the veiled lady who came to see him, and advise him what folly of the day to direct his delicate thunder against. Strange vagaries of time! we remember seeing, in a provincial town, a dirty little broad-sheet, hawked about the streets, which the respectable householders strenuously forbade entrance to, but which the maid-servants and labouring men purchased eagerly. It was very coarse possibly—for we were too young to discriminate—not very proper; but substituting Mary at No. 5, and Jane in Blank Street, for the Ohloes and Aramintas, it was (barring all the wit, grace, "style," and refinement) just the *Spectator* of a lower, coarser, but not more evil life; and prospered accordingly. We think we should like a *Spectator* to breakfast amazingly; it would be twenty times more entertaining than the lists in the *Morning Post*.

"Society" seems to have become a permanent and established institution only about this period of our history; perhaps Society never is so complete, so brilliant, so successful, as in a time of coteries, and of the kind of people who make up the same. Witty people, who supplement and aid each other in the making of the "conversation," which is the object of their lives—who have no ambition which strikes far above a *bon-mot*, and who find in their own circle just such a contact of fellow-wits as makes the breaking of spears a satisfactory intellectual exercise, are, whatever their use and benefit may be, an amusing sight as one could wish to behold—all the more, perhaps, if they are rather wicked and quite heartless, as wits in coteries seem somewhat disposed to be. But we are no longer in the days of witty coteries. The Augustan age is over—even the next remarkable age which succeeded and despised it is over. Not only Pope and Addison, but Scott and Wordsworth, are gathered to their fathers. We are told that Progress has worn the giant's

seven-leagued boots for sundry years past, and Society among ourselves is perhaps more secure, firmer, and of better influence than it has ever been before. Let us see what the critics of the present time say of this abstract power and potentate now.

To premise, "Society" (as we trust everybody will allow) is confined within rather narrow limits. We forget the exact bounds—any one curious on the subject, will, however, find them in the *Newcomes*, geographically discriminated—and they occupy a limited extent of that postal district of London, which is described by the letter *W*. There is of course a kind of society in surrounding places—as, for instance, when Society goes out of town a modified condition of the same is supposed to exist at its country-house. There is Society in Edinburgh—even, wonderful to relate, such places as Manchester rejoice in something which bears the name. But *the* Society, the true, genuine, unimpeachable, not-to-be-imitated reality, dwells, without question, in the London postal district *W*, under the limitations established in the *Newcomes*. To descend from this altitude, a great many "circles" swell the general amount—all of them, however, establishing some far-off claim to reach into the inner circle of fashionable despotism. There are City circles, where the development is not very elevated in a general way—professional circles, which are slightly "superior," and benevolent circles, where everybody talks of charitable societies and ways of doing good. And the literary witnesses who bear testimony to this condition of life, and make pictures of the manners and customs of London in the nineteenth century, for the benefit of future historians, are chiefly Mr. Thackeray, *Punch*, and the *Times*.

Not that we ignore the multitudes of other people who have a word to say upon this plentiful subject. But that word, in the highest instances—Bulwer, for example—is so mixed with larger views of humanity and universal life, that it would be wrong in any save the widest sense of the phrase to call that great writer a historian of "Society." We presume that novels, especially novels

swarms and floods of thoughts not to the purpose, vagrant, unnecessary, unprofitable, without sequence, without reason; and it is these, and not our set solemnities of consideration, which sway our mind and colour our life. What is to be done with this incomprehensible human material which its historians write about and about, yet never interpret fully? Going round its perverse and many-sided nature, we have to take in bits the unportrayable whole, to make shadows and visions in representation of those anguishes which are too real to be told; and to persuade ourselves to tell as much as we can of the common secret. One man writes of the Battle of Life—what does he make of it?—a love story—a romance of sentimental self-sacrifice, *atat*. eighteen or so; and fathers and mothers, in the battle of their life—among cares, sicknesses, deaths, poverty, and sometimes sorer than reality, dread expectations of such, which make a darkness in the very sunshine—read the tale and look at each other, saying nothing: so the eighteen-year old romance stands to the world, if it did not know better, a personification of that agony of living which rends many a true heart; and the real fight goes on in silence, every man hiding it as he best can—every man succeeding so well that, if each of us did not know the secret, all of us might be beguiled into believing that the great trouble of life was the love-story, and that, once over that, one's personal peace was secure.

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of social life, as distinguished from tales of adventure or romance, never did abound as they abound now; but novels of fashion and high life, which used to be so edifying, have wonderfully given way to those domestic records, which indulgent critics describe as depending solely upon their close and careful delineation of character for success, and which either find more interest in humbler places, or are better versed in the same. Perhaps feminine authors (and it is safer to say "who is she?" when you hear of a novel, than it was to say the same of a quarrel in the delightful old intriguing times) are less capable of a *coup d'œil*, taking in the glittering, shifting, brilliant panorama of society, than are men, who see, what women rarely do, the whole, instead of a part; and the only writer whom we could add to our list is Mrs. Gore, who, in her own routine, and making allowance for a great deal of sameness, does her society sketches very cleverly, and seems to have a tolerably thorough knowledge of the subject. And we beg everybody to understand, as a preface and precautionary measure, that we mean to hold very fast by our authorities, and in venturing a hurried glance into the best Society give only *their* opinions, and not our own.

It is not easy to make fair entrance into the glittering maze, and hard to tell whether to begin with the ladies or the gentlemen—the old fellows at the clubs, or the young fellows who, through red-tape and Government offices, or the more brilliant passage of idleness, or the Guards, make their way into fashion, success, or ruin, as the case may be. One class of these said young fellows, however, is the novel feature in the scene. We cannot tell whether such an order existed in the older generations, but certainly it is in literature the creation of this time. No one conceived before of a hero who should be brave, manly, honourable, single-minded, of good birth and wealthy condition, yet stupid as a bumpkin, so far as intellect is concerned, and ignorant as a schoolboy in respect to "book-learning." Young men who cleverly contrive to get through Eton, even perhaps through Christ-

church or Trinity, without learning to spell by the way, who are consequently innocent of literature, and who scarcely know science by the name, yet who can form shrewd opinions on any of the common emergencies of life, and give wise counsel on the same, and are, in spite of all their deficiencies, as little to be despised as any philosopher of their years—form, to our perception, a quite new and peculiar character in the Society of our time. And we confess we are not sorry to point to such an instance of triumph over the universal schooling, the general information, the terrible knowledge of the day. Education is not everything; sometimes it turns out that those men who have the clearest eye for nature, and the most sagacious judgment of their fellows, are men whose faculties have not been drawn aside by books, and whose minds are undisturbed by the processes of educational training. The young men of London Society are not all in this happy condition; many of them have got themselves up ruthlessly for all manner of examinations. Many of them do literature in their own superb persons, holding the craft in proper disdain; but we prefer Mr. Leech's Swell, Mr. Thackeray's Foker, and unable, as we find, to make any set quotations illustrative of the natural history of this remarkable creation, can only refer our readers to Mr. Thackeray's novels, and *Punch* bodily, where it is always to be met with. This famous impersonation is not very rich in general, but knows what debts, duns, and bills are to perfection. He goes to all kinds of places of amusement, and amuses himself in every possible way. He is entirely without religious instruction, yet somehow has a moral sense in him, which keeps him from laughing at religious people more effectually than their high principle and morality preserve Mr. Dickens' amiable and gentlemanly heroes from the same blunder. Once or twice he falls honestly in love, and does his best to get married out of hand; after which event, when it happens, we candidly confess we do not know what becomes of him, since neither Mr. Thackeray nor

Mr. Leech gives us any insight into the existence of the married swell. Perhaps they never are married; perhaps something always happens before the final and fatal operation—yet we forget. There is still poor Rawdon Crawley hanging out his unfortunate example to his brotherhood, which we trust is by no means a due example of their common fate.

Then come the young men who are half of literature and half of fashion, the Pendennises who don't look very much like real people—and a great deal more satisfactory, the youthful statesmen of *The Castons*, young men who "held subordinate situations in Government offices," and had "neither money enough to be very extravagant, nor leisure enough to be very dissipated," but who "amused themselves notwithstanding," were "wonderfully erudite in all matters connected with the theatres—had a large acquaintance with actors and actresses, and were perfect *Walpoluli* in the minor scandals of the day." "They talked as familiarly of the real actors of life as of the sham ones; they could adjust to a hair the pretensions of contending statesmen. They did not profess to be deep in the secrets of foreign cabinets (with the exception of one young gentleman connected with the Foreign Office, who prided himself in knowing exactly what the Russians meant to do with India—when they got it); but to make amends, the majority of them had penetrated the closest secrets of our own. Whether lawyers or officials, they all had a great idea of themselves—high notions of what they were to *be*, rather than what they were to *do* some day. There was about them, as features of a general family likeness, a redundant activity of life—a gay exuberance of ambition—a light-hearted earnestness when at work—a schoolboy's enjoyment of the hours of play."

By no means an unpromising sketch of the very same class, of which we see the apparition—a succession of ghosts and pallid shadows in Mr. Dickens' late work, under the name of Barnacle—which shows that a different point of view makes an extraordinary difference in every artificial presentment of real life. But, as

Bulwer describes them, one feels rather hopeful of the young men of society, nothing being further from the ugly old democratical notion of such "pampered aristocrats" than anything which can be described as "a redundant activity of life."

Married people, we fear—people who have soberly taken up the common lot, and are soberly living the ordinary life—even who are living it unsobberly, with extravagance, dissipation, and approaching ruin—are not so entirely in the hand of the illustrator of *Society* as are those unfortunate solitary individuals who have no domestic privacy to retire to, and with whom the artist works ruthlessly, showing no reticence. Nothing can be more cruel, unmerciful, and remorseless than the dissection which the elderly gentleman of *Society* has received at the hands of his exhibitor. There he stands in the bow-window of his club sunning himself, and up goes the heartless photographer and takes him on the spot, smiling in the innocence of his heart. Major Pendennis! who of all our acquaintances do we know better than this heartless old dandy, with all his abominable old wisdom and shocking knowledge of the world? Here is what another authority witnesses of these important patriarchs of fashion:—

"Early in her married life, Lady Arden had enlisted in her clienly the half-dozen supreme elderlies—incomparable both as sayers and listeners—the conscript fathers of White's and Brookes's, whose presence imparts as authentic a *cachet* to a clique as its coronet, claret, or dry champagne. One or two of these accomplished mummies, for the conservation of each of whom, as for that of the Pharaohs, a couple of thousand pounds' worth of spices had been expended, was sure to occupy the best place at Lord Arden's table. For, as Tasso asserts in Goethe's play, that 'Genius requiteth hospitality' by rendering immortal its entertainers, men like Beau Brackstone and Harford Clermont were as able, by a byword at a club, to bring Lady Arden and her *fêtes* into fashion, as the word of Queen Anne to convert her staymaker into a knight.

"Beau Brackstone sometimes wondered how she could stand 'that bore, old Clermont, who could talk of nothing but the turf,' while Clermont was equally sur-

prised that she could endure a *rossignol* like Beau Brackstone, who looked like a thrice-cleaned kid glove, or the ghost of a perfumer. But sooner would she have ostracised even the farthingales of the Ladies Bellasis from Arden House than any of these tellers of the clubs, whose presence absolved her from the imputation of plebeianism as surely as a lightning conductor secures a powder-magazine from the electric fluid."

These odd umpires of society are to be met with in all novels boasting any degree of acquaintance with this magical world. They are not very great people in their own persons—honourable younger sons, poor old viscounts, toadies of the highest success in their profession, come to this honorary rank at last as the reward of their well-spent lives. They are full of the information most useful in their circumstances. "If there was any question about etiquette, society, who was married to whom, of what age such and such a duke was," says Mr. Thackeray, "Pendennis was the man to whom every one appealed. Marchionesses used to drive up to the club and leave notes for him or fetch him out. He was perfectly affable. The young men liked to walk with him in the Park or down Pall-Mall; for he touched his hat to everybody, and every other man he met was a lord."

Delightful democratic power of Merit even in the best society! Little boys at school, who may be bishops or lord-chancellors! admiring parents, who smile and applaud when Dr. Birch, in honour of the free constitution of this admirable country, tells you so! look at this picture and extend your hopes. Bishops and lord-chancellors are honourable personages; but not even lawn sleeves or the woollack can keep a man, much less a woman, in fashion. And here, on the topmost pinnacle, stands the Dictator, who can bring a duchess into notice, and cast the illumination and afflatus of fashion even upon the fêtes of a parvenu! for Genius is not to be controlled by the bonds which fetter ordinary men, and the glorious unpurchasable eminence of a Beau Brummel—an authority which throws

kings into the shade and makes princes contemptible—is as open as any vulgarer promotion to the ambitious soul of anybody's son. To this extraordinary height of human elevation wealth is unimportant, wit a secondary consideration, but genius all in all.

"These accomplished mummies," however, who talk of Carlton House and the Prince-Regent, cannot, in nature, last for ever. Who is to succeed them? Is it Mr. Kingsley's gentleman dictator, the good Major Campbell of *Two Years Ago*, who has all the consciences of all his lady friends in his keeping, and soberly announces, when he hears of the suspected levity of a young married woman, that he will write to her instantly and set her right? He whose immaculate perfection is privileged to interfere in all the emergencies of feminine happiness, and to hold the balance in domestic strife! Major Campbell is an exemplary person of the highest character; but we confess, between two evils, we should rather choose the outside influence of the wicked old man of fashion than the solemn and intimate intrusion of Mr. Kingsley's Mentor, who, however, is but an improved and moralised representative of the same class. Let who will speak of premiers and lord-chancellors; aspiring plebeians! the old gentlemen at the clubs, in the novels, are not my lord duke and the most noble marquess. They are Beau Brackstone and Major Pendennis. The supreme leaders of fashion are nobody to them; they stand at the window of their club and overawe the world. Is it so? and if it is, what republic, or what despotism in existence, can equal this triumph and apotheosis of Genius, regnant over the biggest oligarchy in the world!

From the dictator, we come by an easy transition to his lieutenant-general, and immediate second—the Lady of Fashion. She is not the simple and single idea which went to stand under that name in more primitive times; the pretty butterfly, whose pursuit was pleasure, whose passion was dress, whose highest

intellectual amusement was a clever bit of gossip. On the contrary, she is a very hard-worked and laborious woman, travelling in her vocation as, we are bound to say, very few women of smaller pretensions or less careful teaching, could hope to do. Mr. Thackeray is supposed to be a very unfavourable judge of female character; let us see what he says of this famous and remarkable personage:

"The pace of London life is enormous; how do people last at it, I wonder—male and female! Take a woman of the world—follow her course through the season: one asks how she can survive it! or if she tumbles into a sleep at the end of August, and lies torpid until the spring! She goes into the world every night, and sits watching her marriageable daughters dancing till long after dawn. She has a nursery of little ones, very likely, at home, to whom she administers example and affection; having an eye likewise to bread and milk, catechism, music, and French, and roast leg of mutton at one o'clock. She has to call upon ladies of her own station, either domestically, or in her public character, in which she sits upon charity committees, or ball committees, or emigration committees, or Queen's College committees, and discharges I don't know what, more duties of British stateswomanship. She very likely keeps a poor visiting list; has combinations with the clergyman about soup and flannel, or proper religious teaching for the parish; and (if she lives in certain districts) probably attends early church. She has the newspapers to read, and at least must know what her husband's party is about, so as to be able to talk to her neighbours at dinner; and it is a fact that she reads every new book that comes out, for she can talk, and that very smartly and well, about them all, and you see them all on her drawing-room table. She has the cares of her household besides; to make both ends meet—to make the girls' milliners' bills appear not too dreadful to the father and paymaster of the family; to snip off, in secret, a little extra article of expenditure here and there, and convey it, in the shape of a bank-note, to the boys at college or at sea; to check the encroachments of tradesmen, and housekeepers' financial fallacies; to keep upper and lower servants from jangling with one another, and the household in order. Add to this, that she has a secret taste for some art or science; models in clay;

makes experiments in chemistry; or plays in private on the violoncello; and I say, without exaggeration, many London ladies are doing this; and you have a character before you such as our ancestors never heard of, and such as belongs entirely to our era, and period of civilisation.*

We are not quite sure that Mr. Thackeray is right in this closing remark: for ourselves, we confess, though the idea is odd enough, when one considers that it is a London fine lady whom this accomplished humorist and teller of tales against women has just been describing, that it reminds us very remarkably of a character extremely well known to our ancestors—no less a personage, indeed, than that famous woman of the Proverbs, who is clothed in strength and in honour. Is the combination very preposterous? Perhaps Solomon's heroine did not go out into the world every night to watch her daughters dancing; but doubtless she did with dignity and decorum whatever the exigencies of life and her position required; and otherwise there is a great resemblance between the two pictures. If this be a true sketch, perhaps our middle-class complacency of domestic excellence is not so entirely well founded as we have supposed it to be; and certainly the old stock figure of the lady of fashion does not fit into this place at all, nor look the least like the portrait of Solomon. At the same time it is rather difficult to understand why such a woman as this *should* make a business of society; why she should bow to the omnipotent verdict of those wicked old dandies in the clubs, or give up what amount of leisure she may have to make a figure in the anomalous and glittering crowd which surrounds her. You may suppose "pleasure" is not the ruling object of this "lady of fashion." What is it? One shrugs one's shoulders, and cannot very well tell—only Society is a business and a duty to this laborious personage. Society is one of the ladders of ambition. The young Pendennises fight and struggle to get upon the lower steps of it; the countesses and duchesses

* *Pendennis*.

work their way upward with toil and consideration. It is hard work, and neither play nor pleasure, and we suppose its object must appear sufficient for so vast an expenditure. Rule and authority are extremely fascinating in all circumstances, and perhaps there is no kind of eminence so likely to inspire a delicate ambition as the supreme fantastic despotical sovereignty, quite beyond reason and above it, which may be exercised by an acknowledged leader of fashion, and which Mrs. Gore describes thus:—

"Lady Arden was privileged to snub aspiring Life-guardsmen, and weed from her visiting-list overdressed duchesses, underbred marchionesses, and minor ladyships, who, thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, wanted to overcrowd her rooms." For this dazzling supremacy, as a matter of choice and deliberate self-decision, the beautiful heroine of Bulwer's *Godolphin* undertakes a disagreeable marriage and an irksome life, revenging the injuries of the poorer proud upon the people of mere rank, whom her empire overawes; and one can understand, in some degree, and appreciate the motive. Nor is it an easy post for the Lady Ardens, even when they are on the throne, and have come to their kingdom. "She spared no pains to please—no cost to conquer. No one knew better how to assort her company, or add to her acquaintance any desirable novelty of the season. The young mover of the Address in Lords or Commons, the writer of the last crack article in the *Quarterly*, or latest political squib, was as sure of a place at the Arden banquets as strawberries in March or green-pease in April." For Fashion is as fickle to its queens as to its slaves; and when the overworn fine lady pauses in the race, she is passed and superseded without delay or hesitation. Therefore, not only must this much-toiling personage have a general knowledge of everything; capacity to form a personal opinion; wit enough to make conversation; unbounded tact and "good taste;" a power of concentration, only equalled by her faculty for detail, and which a general might envy—but withal, an invincible frame and nerves, and perseverance

unspeakable. Butterflies don't have these qualities—do *we* have them, excellent critics of the middle-classes? What would Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown, who thinks a woman has quite enough to do at home, if she does her duty to her family, think to have a burdensome profession like this added to her domestic trials? The good woman would die of it within the twelvemonth. But there must be some especial virtue in the upbringing of the best society. Nobody, save a pampered aristocrat, can bear the toil of public life without a terrible breakdown one time or another; and we should say that no distressed needlewoman could equal my lady in the tale of her fatigues and sorrows. It is harder work to be a lady of fashion than to be the milkmaid, whose light heart and heavy pail that person is supposed to envy.

In the throng and maze of this brilliant panorama, my lords, the husbands of those indefatigable women of fashion, are barely distinguishable. They are Lord Ardens, grave, solemn and courteous; they are highly respectable, very exemplary, doing a little politics or a little dilettantism, or something else equally proper, in a dignified and unobtrusive way—two lights of society, perhaps, cannot burn at the same time in one sphere. Yet we cannot give the ladies the palm of obstinate strength, perseverance, and endurance. Look at the House of Commons! Messrs. Cobden and Bright, and other such new-comers, fall sick of public life, and have to nurse themselves for a year or two. They are the men of the people, born to work, and bred to business; but your useless ornamental portion of the population—your "lordlings" who used to be contrasted so unfavourably with the plough-boys and the errand-boys—your men whose life has been supposed to be pleasure—behold them! These are the sexagenarians, who sit up cheerfully till dawn, and live through all manner of discussions—these are the immovable men of state on whom long sermons, contested elections, defeats and triumphs innumerable, have no more effect than so many games—whom extra work only sti-

mulates, and extra anxiety renders bolder. As a whole, perhaps, the House of Commons has not much claim to be introduced bodily into society—yet one may be pardoned at this time of the year, for a kindly recollection of these disinterested martyrs who

"Sit in the Commons House
When they ought to be in bed,"

or even for joining in that pathetic apostrophe—

"Oh men with incomes clear,
Oh men with houses and wives,
What fools we are to be striving here
When we might lead easy lives!

Talk! talk! talk!
Our labour last night and day.
And what are its wages—nothing a-year,
And election bills to pay."

Where else, we wonder, save in this country, are men to be found who, without hope of either distinction or emolument, without any gain whatever in any shape, except the aforesaid election bills, will consent to endure night and day for six months for the good of their country? There are not six hundred and fifty Solomons upon the drowsy benches of St. Stephens, but there is an amount of patience, obstinate enduring British pertinacity, amongst these honourable gentlemen, which, not to speak of higher qualities, make no contemptible addition, so far as they belong to it, to the permanence and substance of Society.

"The writer of the last crack article in the *Quarterly*, or latest political squib," says Mrs. Gore. This is the salient point by which literature connects itself with the magic empire of fashion. Literature, proper, does not find much space there. Ethel Newcome asks Mr. Pendennis about the professors thereof, with the prettiest fashionable impertinence, as she might have asked about the South Sea Islanders. The ancient social triumphs of authorship are curious records of antiquity; even what is not very ancient, the glory of the last generation, strikes the present with an amused amazement. For

instance, here is a new novel* by a clever writer, who has been long out of the field—one of those stories justifiable or unjustifiable according to circumstances, but always very attractive to the gurious public, which enter to a large degree into private life, and take for their central figure a real person, who may be easily identified. Mrs. Hall's book, which is very interesting and skilful, is principally the story of a woman of literature—a lady "most gentle, most unfortunate," whose tragical fate is one of the darkest entries in literary history; but the report this novelist gives of the fame of her heroine "in Society" is so strangely unlike anything which an equal eminence would confer, even in novels nowadays, that we cannot do better than illustrate by the contrast:—

"The rooms on that particular evening were full when we entered. If Helen had been born of royal blood she could not have evinced more self-command, more dignity, and withal a more modest and womanly bearing, than she did that night: a perfect buzz went round when she was announced; enthusiastic young ladies mounted on the chairs—so much did they desire to see her; all crowded back, so that an alley was formed to permit her to pass to the lady of the house; and I could hear murmurs from those who had not met her before, "How young she is!"—and "How pretty!"

There was, I knew, a more than usual galaxy of stars that evening—but my little Helen outshone them all. . . . Helen sat on a carved ebony chair, which was placed close to a pedestal, that supported the beautiful Greek head of Minerva—so thoughtful, yet sweet in its expression; while the most distinguished persons in the room crowded round her, anxious for a word."

Alas, and woe is us! Society has changed its likings—Randal Leslie and his political pamphlet has some chance in the world of fashion; but my lords and my ladies no longer form alleys for the passage of the young poet up to her hostess; and distinguished people in general, show no anxiety whatever for a word from "the lips of genius." Why were we not born fifty years sooner, twenty years sooner, when such glories were?

But along with the glories come troubles—concerning which Mrs. Hall thus further explains the position of her H. L.:—

"I remember that Helen, like all who come prominently before the public, was greatly tormented, not only by invitations and albums, but by circulars, begging-letters, and beggars of all kinds, from the 'genteel beggar' to the beggar of the streets. There was not a charitable institution in England, I believe, which did not send her a printed statement of the good it had done and the good it hoped to do—with her assistance. There was not a church that needed repair, or rebuilding, or restoration, of which the rector neglected to forward a 'statement' to 'H. L.' Begging-letter impostors, of course, singled her out at once; and distressed 'parties' requiring loans, fell upon her without consideration or mercy; schools attacked her so rigorously that she was quite horrified at the ignorance of the past, and bewildered by the educational advantages promised to present and future generations. From the number of widows who appealed to her sympathy and generosity, it might have been imagined that the husbands of England had been smitten by the plague, had not petitions from whole families of orphans, suggested that the *parents* of England must have been swept from the face of the earth by some dire calamity."

That was how the world and society honoured literature thirty years ago; but hospital committees and the clergy of England no longer distinguish *us* by applications. How are we fallen, fallen! Society has changed.

"Thirty years ago, the ladies sat upright, after the habit of Queen Charlotte," says Mrs. Hall, "and all the family of *easy seats*, which now roll about our drawing-rooms, were confined to the bed-chambers, and would have been considered improper in decorous and dignified reception-rooms, where the embroidered chairs stood in their proper places, and ladies in tight stays, short waists, and narrow dresses, sat upon them in seeming uprightness, and talked to each other, after being introduced to their neighbours. Lounging, and frockcoats, and black neck-ties, came in with the Reform Bill; and since then, I must say, every young man with whom you speak smells of tobacco, and behaves as if he thought politeness a badge of slavery."

Major Pendennis, we are grieved

to say, makes the very same complaint of the lounging and the smell of tobacco—but it is odd to think that the same assembly in which Mrs. Hall records the extraordinary distinction of her heroine is so recent as to include among its guests the young Bulwer, and the brilliant daughters of Sheridan—and that her clever and animated sketches are only of yesterday, no further back, though so different from to-day.

Literature, however, finds its patrons, when it finds patrons at all, among the middle rather than the highest classes—though even there fashions are out of fashion. A few individuals who, like Pendennis, are above their profession, or who have at least a social standing, rank, politics, or scholarship, separate from it, and the glow of their literary reputation, among a great many other lights, to the general brilliancy of the crowd which forms society. But as for the profession of literature, and the people who belong to it, their society is, for the most part, a restricted and technical circle. People of moderate wealth, who are struggling towards the formation of "a circle," but who are a long way below the splendid and illiterate millionaire who pants after fashion in fashionable novels—below in wealth and above in intelligence—are apt to aid themselves by the attraction of literature, and ask the courted neighbour a little bit higher up than themselves in the social scale, to meet the author of —; and there are now, as in other days, clever coteries, where a little world of satellites revolve round one Master in the arts, and gain a certain kind of social reputation and success in the shadow of his wing. But literary people in London live, on the whole, an extremely humdrum kind of existence—meeting each other everywhere—everywhere finding a certain limited number of outsiders, who are presented to them, and make them awkward compliments upon the book or the poem which they have "*so much enjoyed*"—innocent people who like to see real living authors, and observe with a certain reverence the makers of books. If any romance ever was about the craft, it has either

died entirely out, or confined itself to the Bedouin bands of literature—the vagrants of the Press. The profession, in its other branches, lives, works, and sees its friends like other people—amuses itself with little spiritual intoxications, such as spirit-rapping and mesmerism—has its set succession of innocent enthusiasms—and is otherwise a highly respectable and harmless co-fraternity, making its books without saying very much about them, going out to parties of respectable mediocrity, and living in unnoticed safety, with no dazzle of momentary fashion to blind its eyes.

But leaving altogether the restricted boundaries of the great world, there is nowhere a greater amount of happy family life—the warm and cozy society of the middle class—than exists in London. People who are not great people, but live in town all the year through, save for the one, two, or three months, when health, comfort, domestic pressure, and the customs of ordinary life, send them to the sea-side or the country—people who steadily keep their place, with grumbles of comfortable discontent, the real type and ideal of English character, outnumber, we had almost said, both great and small of the great Babel. But we have no genius for statistics, and we have a doleful recollection of poor-rates. Perhaps they don't outnumber the non-producing and thriftless portion of the public—but let any one traverse those streets after streets, terraces upon terraces, squares, crescents, roads, and places, where dwell the professional, the mercantile, the competent and comfortable householders of London, and he will not fail to be impressed with the vast extent and solid force of a common-wealth built on such a foundation. Sure as the season, the children come home at Christmas, and the house overflows in annual exuberance—sure as the August sunshine, is the string of laden cabs which carries them off to steam wharf or railway station for the yearly holiday, which is an institution—and very near as certain is the return, and its accompaniments, which Mr. Thackeray thus describes:—

“Who has not looked with interest at those loaded cabs, piled boxes, and crowded children, rattling through the streets on the dun October evenings, stopping at the dark houses, where they discharge nurse and infant, girls, matron, and father, whose holidays are over? Yesterday it was France and sunshine, or Broadstairs and liberty; to-day comes work and a yellow fog; and, ye gods! what a heap of bills there lies in Master's study. And the clerk has brought the lawyer's papers from chambers; and in half an hour the literary man knows that the printer's boy will be in the passage; and Mr. Smith with that little account (that particular little account) has called, presentment of your arrival, and has left word that he will call to-morrow morning at ten. Who among us has not said good-by to his holiday—returned to dun London and his fate—surveyed his labours and liabilities—and been aware of that inevitable little account to settle? Smith and his little account in the morning, symbolise duty, difficulty, struggle, which you will meet, let us hope, friend, with a manly and honest heart. And you think of them as the children are slumbering once more in their own beds, and the watchful housewife tenderly pretends to sleep.”

These bills are not an agreeable item in the catalogue, but we don't know that they belong exclusively to London. Alas for the time when rank was absolute—when William Shakespeare was a freeman of Stratford, and Albrecht Durer a burgher of Nuremberg! when every man stood in his own place, and, content or non-content, could not overleap the barrier just above him. *We* are in a free country—we are under no restrictions. We may “get on” in society just as far as we can, according to our ambition and abilities; consequently we are always edging on a little further and a little further, gathering choice collections of the little bills—spending our brains and strength without economy. Whereas in the old days they could afford to think of fame, those patient old heroes, whom law and circumstances restrained from growing out of the sphere in which they were born, and who, consequently, had leisure and freedom to grow into the skies, and make Time their vassal. For every man who ascends into the high places, how many are there who keep them-

selves in a perpetual warfare, fighting for that other step, which it is so hard to take, and having taken, so difficult to hold? Don't be horrified, liberal-minded reader—the old, hard bonds of feudal restriction would be a great benefit to many a struggling professional man, and housewife of limited means, and would make the battle of life so much the easier; not to say that the productions of the time would stand a very fair chance of being more worthy and of a higher order, if they were not hurried to an end under the strain of Mr. Smith's little bill.

Notwithstanding, let us not be ungrateful; patience, courage, many a noble quality, develops in the struggle; and if it can only be kept safe above the point of broken engagements and habitual indebtedness, this Spartan school of discipline has nothing degrading or enervating in it. Inevitable little bills are the safest misfortunes one can break one's head against, and, save in very exaggerated instances, break no hearts.

All this while we have been occupied solely with Society in London. It is because Society in London is that which light literature dwells upon, and we say nothing on our own authority. When the novels travel to the country, it is to show us a small community, in some certain proportion composed of a certain quota from the metropolitan world of fashion. We remember no work of fiction, in our recent experience, where there is not an earl or countess paramount, a dowager duke reigning in seclusion, or, at the least, a baronet who owns the *suzeraineté* of the district. In the small geographical territory of the novel, the points of the compass are distinguished by squires' houses—and the gentry of the village, or an occasional interloper from the nearest country town, comes in to vary the scene. The squires are wholesome, hearty, ruddy, well-affected personages in most instances, reaching as high as Squire Hazelden when the hand which paints them is a hand of genius, but coming down as low as the cipher at the head of a struggling,

selfish, gossip family in such books as the *Two Aristocracies*. Squire Hazelden is rich—it adds to the natural amiability of so comfortable a personage—so he can afford to be very good-natured to all the world, to be kindly contemptuous of poor gentility, and to do a large amount of neighbourly and charitable actions, though he does not always maintain intact the allegiance of his village. The country gentleman of limited means, on the contrary, who has a large family, and is nobody, has to hang on by the skirts of his nearest great neighbour, to trust to friends and influence for the establishment of his children, and is a remarkably uncomfortable person, whose acquaintance is not to be cultivated. Between these two comes a recluse and mysterious gentleman, who is rich, retired, solitary, and keeps himself apart from his neighbours—who keeps Horace in his pocket, and marvellous wine in his cellar, and is supposed to have a "story." This man, however, we warn our readers, is a suspicious character, more frequently met with in novels than in any other region. Then the chances are, that somewhere in the parish, a modest house, half mansion, half cottage, lurks among the trees, and here is a dowager Lady Something, or the widow of a distinguished officer, with one, or possibly more than one daughter, and *she* may be either a saint and angel, like Mrs. Pendennis, or a gossip, voluble person, like so many that we cannot give examples. In the village there is a colonel on half-pay, with a restricted but wonderfully genteel household; a lawyer, sharp or amiable, pettifogging or liberal-minded, as the case may be; and at least one clerical family to harmonise the whole. And there is pretty sure in these days to be a philanthropist, or religious reformer, in the district, an Heir of Redclyffe, who goes to morning service and restores churches; or an energetic Theodora,* who sits for hours over a little girl's catechism, vainly bent on subduing little Sally's stubborn self-will by her own; or a *Young Lord*,† who legis-

* *Heartcase*, by Miss YONGE.

† *The Young Lord*, by Lady EMILY PONSONBY.

ates for his district like a king, and as his own prime-minister, his own clerk of works—a person overwhelmed with affairs, and over head and ears in business, all for the good of his people and country; or, at the east, a noble-minded and universally popular Duke of Elmore, like the admirable person who appears under that name in a very clever and agreeable story, called *Woman's Devotion*,* which, we trust, nobody will be foolish enough to refrain from reading on account of its absurd name. This latter class of persons, indeed, has become so considerable, that not only are parish returns and national reformations full of them, but they bid fair to thrust forth the ancient country gentleman out of his place, and take possession—at least in all works of fiction and essays of light literature. The old squire, who puts up the stocks, will very soon be fit for nothing but the purposes of the humorist, or to make a little sport at intervals for the amusement of the country; whereas Romney Leigh, with his wild schemes of Utopian benevolence, is the hero of the present age, fit not only to illustrate his class, but to do all the love-making, mystifying, and marrying necessary for a romantic history. And we do not doubt there is a great deal of truth even in Romney Leigh, putting aside his matrimonial speculations. Fancy a young man, with no experience of his own, but with wealth and social-standing, a pitiful, generous heart, and a profound conviction of the misery and darkness in which thousands of his fellow-creatures are perishing. What is he to do? or rather, what is there too wild, too preposterous, too insane, to suppose him doing, out of that passion of pity, horror, ignorance, and helpless impatience to do something which burns in his heart? The worst of it is, that all the Romneys, all the Young Lords, even the Theodoras, are obliged to come to a distinct failure one time or another, and that nobody is brave enough to imagine a poem or make a novel, in which the phalanstery, or the works of mercy, end in anything but a marriage. Benevolence, like

everything else human, has its mixture, doubtless, of vanity, self-applause, self-opinion, and inordinate expectations of the good to be done by one man's endeavours. Still there is more in it than a break-down, a disastrous conclusion, an accident, skilfully devised to touch the heart of the alienated lady of the young reformer's love. Men grow old devising reformatories and visiting prisons, and society of the wealthier classes is largely leavened with the benevolent impulse, which may be but a fashion, but is, notwithstanding, a fact, and one of great moment.

And we are obliged to confess, that light literature throws no light upon the social existence of those great towns, which, mighty as they are, are still provincial. The merchant or manufacturer, who appears usually in novels—as, for instance, the troubled person who represents the aristocracy of trade in Mrs. Gore's story, which we have already quoted—is a quite unintelligible figure. He does not want to have anything to do with my lord and my ladies; but his son or his daughter falls in love, and this excellent father has to sacrifice his prejudices, to put up with a little contempt, to resign the best part of his fortune, and, finally, to become as near broken-hearted and bankrupt as friends and children will permit him to be. This is the virtuous figure of the rich plebeian in society; the other representation is of a bustling couple, preposterously wealthy, preposterously vulgar, people who have been able to grow rich without brains and without common-sense, and who, being rich, come to London to hunt the small deer of fashion, and worship the great. There may be such; but Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, even Birmingham, where the merchants and the manufacturers are not all millionaires, where the society of a lord, however coveted, is pretty nearly an impossible delight, contain some certain intercourse and mingling of educated people, neither hostile to, nor covetous of, the aristocracy—thinking as little, indeed, about them as it is possible to imagine any people could think of so sublime a portion of

* *Woman's Devotion* by the Author of *Margaret and her Bridesmaids*.

their fellow-countrymen—who believe their own "circles" to be very good society, and use the word with the greatest freedom, as if it did not belong to the London postal district W, but was the common property of the realm. We are by no means of opinion that these manufacturing and mercantile people are of a highly elevated class of intelligence, or are likely to put my lords and my ladies to shame by their good sense and good manners. On the contrary—for a money standard of rank is perhaps the worst standard which can be set up in any society—still, there they are, virgin soil; nobody has made disclosure of the home life of so large and so virtuous a portion of the population; and we feel sure that no one who has any real experience of the class can give a moment's faith to the representations of it to be met with in works of fiction.

Then there is Scotch society, Edinburgh society, which wont to be so famous. Everybody knows how brilliant, how kindly, how characteristic, how full of humour and oddity it was in the last generation—but, save in sundry virtuous little tales, which are much more illustrative of ecclesiastical vicissitudes and philanthropical movements than of living people, Edinburgh society of this day is untouched, and, so far as literature is concerned, unknown. Yet nobody who has ever glanced upon it, however slightly, can fail to have noticed the extraordinary wealth and variety of character existent, as of old, in the old heart of Scotland. It is not that you meet any longer such antipodes of humanity as Christopher North and little Lord Jeffrey. It is not that there are Scotts in the Parliament House, or Erskines in the pulpit, but it is, what is even more remarkable, that every man you meet is a man, recognisable of himself, and not a copy on the model of somebody else. Distinct individual understandings which you can by no means pass over in a lump, or classify by the score, form, instead of a small minority, the large mass of the people whom one sees in the Scottish metropolis. Perhaps they are not more agreeable on this account. Perhaps the true light

of civilisation is that smooth and bland external polish which fills up all the crevices, and cushions all the angles, and makes all the people so marvellously like each other, that a due attention to name and place is your only mode of knowing which is which; yet the community has undoubtedly a greater interest which has so many salient points. "In society everybody is the same, wears the same dress, eats and drinks, and says the same things. One young dandy at the club talks and looks just like another; one miss at a ball exactly resembles another," is a verdict which (saving in the last clause) no cynical Warrington could deliver upon the people of the Scotch metropolis. The ladies are less characteristic, perhaps, because Edinburgh is overrun with schools, and the unfortunate young feminine population runs a terrible risk of being educated out of its wits. But though the nation at home lies dormant for the moment, and makes no blaze of individual genius to throw intense light upon the society of its capital, it is impossible to suppose that such a hybernation is long practicable where the fundamental wealth of a people, personal character marked and distinctive, so remarkably abounds.

This rich field, however, is almost totally without illustration in modern light literature. Modern Scotch manners are only known to us through the quaint old ladies, the odd birds, and homely ministers of the rural countryside. The great centres of industry, and that old throne of letters, conversation, and society, the Edinburgh of Sydney Smith and Christopher North, contribute nothing to our social picture-gallery. For alas! all the novelists are pursuing the shadow of society into Mayfair and Belgravia, and literary hacks, who know extremely little about it, build up walls of rigorous separation round that charmed circle, and acknowledge only, as conscious nobodies, the world without—an odd enough proceeding when one considers how little standing-ground themselves have there, and how sublimely indifferent to them and their comments is the society they write about. Yet our social

artists might very well consider that the large portion of the world which they leave unaccounted for—the middle ground between the rich and the poor—is just as full of all the greater human qualities as any other, and might very well afford and repay illustration; not to say that it is in reality the society with which the greater majority of themselves are best acquainted, and most fully able to portray. This country, which is the most free, seems also one of the most oligarchical of nations; but the writers are by no means a fair example of the public; and notwithstanding the books, there are hundreds of families among us who, if they are curious about Belgravia, stop there, and aspire no further, and who profanely use the sacred word Society in their own right, meaning thereby their own humble dinner-parties and tea-parties, their next-door neighbours and friends over the way.

Notwithstanding, it is very good to know that the little world which calls itself Society is not such as it once was; that a pure *morale* and beneficial influence reigns and lives even in the world of fashion; that the overworked fine ladies who strain their faculties for the service of the season, are good mothers, good wives, extorting from the greatest modern satirist of society praise so great that

one wonders how it can have been passed over so quietly. Recurring to the days of the *Spectator*, one does not see that one has much to regret in the contrast, and cannot help expecting that the modern Spectator, if it ever comes to be accomplished, will be happily so much less piquant than the last, that it will have no familiar vice to record, nor dainty scandals nicely pointed to circulate with that ease of custom and habit which makes the evil scarcely wonderful. Better things have come to us in these latter days—and no one can trace the inferential, the unintentional, the casual, and common notices of social life, made in the books, papers, and periodicals which abound among us, without rejoicing to perceive by all this unconscious force of testimony, how true, pure and blameless, on the whole, is the influence of society; how, even in its most restricted sense, the nominal world of fashion itself has many aspects which a serious man can look upon with applause and satisfaction; and that, whatever outside troubles there may be in store for us, one cannot contemplate the social and domestic life of this empire without feeling that here lies the true “well of English undefiled” a perennial spring of strength, vigour, and renewal for this united nation.

OUR HAGIOLOGY.

THAT pretty considerable proportion of biographical information known as *The Lives of the Saints*, occupies an equivocal place in literature, vibrating between the sacred and the very profane. The ground is not easily approached without offence. With those in whose ultimate opinion we have least sympathy it is considered holy ground, not to be trodden by mere human feet; while, on the other hand, those with whom we enjoy a common creed and like principles of action are too apt to view the whole of the department of Hagiology as useless, if not mischievous. We do not undertake, on the present occasion, to deal with this department of literature at large; we profess only to look into a small corner of it, and if we find there anything to instruct or amuse a casual reader we claim the privilege of announcing it, promising to do so in a manner which should offend no man.

It is quite lawful to count that the history of the early British and Irish saints is a mere conglomerate of priestly rubbish—of puerile fables—of base, sordid, clumsy impostures—of monstrosities brutal and gloomy—destitute of the pleasant glow which a wild and fertile imagination might throw over their lumbering incoherence. It is also, we hope, lawful to believe that some small grains of profitable instruction may be found in the lives, however clumsily or even unfaithfully written, of those who were the first to brighten the shores of these islands with the blessing of Christianity. If it be interesting, as doubtless it is, to read the history of some modern schism or secession, with all its personal anecdotes of frailty and honest zeal, of trickery and devotedness, yet some may be allowed to hold that there may be an interest still broader and deeper in the historical incidents which mark the passage of our ancestors from the abominations of Paganism to the purity of Christianity.

It is true that the lives of the saints are full of fables. As sound

Protestants, we must reject all the miracles, and, in doing so, leave but a limited amount of humble truth behind. But superstitions have their own sphere of instruction, as something which human nature has gone through; and even the miracles give us information. There are deep lessons communicated to us by the histories of magic, necromancy, sorcery, and witchcraft, in the *loup garou*, the incubus, and the succubus. There are stories about clairvoyance and table-rappings which will give future ages a means of knowing the calibre of this age, and will give inquirers into the frailties and follies of mankind a source of knowledge which they would not have if all record of such things were suppressed. Nay, not the least interesting feature in the fortunes of some of those religious movements which have attracted much popularity and sympathy among good Protestants in later times, has been a series of incidents bearing a very remarkable generic resemblance to the miracles recorded in the lives of the saints; and these would become interesting, therefore, were it for no other reason than because they are prototypes of men who act some part in the history of the present generation. Those who are the most accomplished in the later school of classical archaeologists, have conveyed to their readers the pleasing assurance that the severe historical critic is not to throw away the cosmogony and the hierarchy of Greece. It is part of Grecian history that the creed of the people was filled with a love of embodied fancies, so graceful and luxuriant. No less are the revel rout of Valhalla part of the virtual history of the Scandinavian tribes. But the lives of our saints, independently altogether of the momentous change in human affairs and prospects which they ushered in, have a substantial hold on history, of which neither the classical nor the northern hierology can boast. Poseidon and Aphrodite, Odin and Freya, vanish into the indefinite and undiscove-

rable, at the approach of historical criticism. But separately altogether from their miracles, Outhbert and Ninian, Columba and Kentigern, had actual existences. We know when they lived and when they died. The closer that historical criticism dogs their steps, the clearer it sees them, and the more it knows about their actual lives and ways. Even if they were not the missionaries who introduced Christianity among us,—as men of an early and dark period, living on the soil we now inhabit, filled with people and the fruits of advanced civilization, it would be interesting to know about them—about the habitations they lodged in, the garments they wore, the food they ate, the language they spoke, their method of social intercourse among each other, and the sort of government under which they lived. That by investigation and critical inquiry we can know more of these things than our ancestors of centuries past could know, is still a notion comparatively new which we have not fully realised. The classic literature in which our early training lies has nothing in it to show us the power of critical inquiry, and much to make us slight it. The Romans, instead of improving on the Greeks, fell in this respect behind them. Father Herodotus, credulous as he was, was a better antiquary than any who wrote in Latin before the revival of letters. Occupied entirely with the glory of their conquests, and blind to the future which their selfish tyranny was preparing for them, the Romans were equally thoughtless of the past, unless it were exaggerated and falsified into a narrative to aggrandise their own glory. Their authors apportioned the duty of leaving to the world the true narrative of the early struggles and achievements out of which the Republic and the Empire arose. It is easy to be sceptical at any time. We can cut away Romulus and Remus from genuine history hundreds of years after the Empire has ceased to govern or exist. But the golden opportunity for sifting the genuine out of the fabulous has long passed away. It is seldom possible to construct the infant histories of

departed nationalities. The difference between the facilities which a nation has for finding out its own early history, and those which strangers have for constructing it when the nationality has allowed its deathbed to pass over without the performance of that patriotic task, is nearly as great as a man's own facilities for writing the history of his youth, and those of the biographer who makes inquiries about him after he is buried.

We are becoming wiser than the Romans in this as in other matters, and are constructing the infant histories of the various European nations out of the materials which each possesses. Hagiology, as the biographical literature connected with the Christian saints is termed, forms a very large element in these materials; and no wonder, when we remember that the Church possessed all the literature of the age, such as it was. From such a publication as Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints* little is to be learnt. A zealous son of the Romish Church would be careful not to interpret to English readers of the eighteenth century many things which were devoutly believed by the Christian world from the sixth century to the Reformation—the very things that, on account of their alienation from the habits and notions of the present day, afford us the most vivid practical insight into the past. Every one knows, perhaps, that the great work of the Bolandists, the *Vita Sanctorum*, is written in the chronological order of the days of the year, each saint being commemorated on the day of his festival. But it requires one to dip occasionally into these ponderous folios to have any conception of the swarm of saints whose lives are there commemorated—of the profuse diversity of places, and times, and manners, on which they bear, and the wonderful mass of instruction they afford about “the dark ages,” and the dawn of the revival of letters. The great collection, moving slowly on from 1st January downwards, stuck somewhere in the month of September, about a century ago. Its progress has lately been resumed, and the tumbling out of an enormous Latin

folio from time to time shows that the ancient spirit is not dead.

It was very unfavourable to the pursuit of the history of the settlement of Christianity in the British islands to, know that its main sources lay in Irish history. We can easily imagine how discouraged historians of the Hume and Robertson school would become when they handled the usually available introductions to the history of Ireland. Let us, for instance, take up a very well-conditioned and truly learned-looking folio volume, "The General History of Ireland, collected by the learned Jeffrey Keating, D.D., faithfully translated from the original Irish Language, with many curious Amendments taken from the Psalters of Tara and Cashel, with other authentic Records, by Dermot O'Connor, Antiquary to the Kingdom of Ireland." Opposite to the title-page is a full length portrait of Brian Boromh, whose fame has been increased of late years by the achievements of his descendant in the cabbage-garden. The monarch is in full burnished plate-armour, with scarf and surcoat—all three centuries at least later in fashion than the era attributed to him. But that is a trifle. It would involve much hard and useless work to make war on the anachronisms of historical portraits, and we are not to judge of historical works by their engraved decorations. Here, however, the picture is sober truth itself to what the inquiring reader finds in the typography. After the descriptive geographical introduction common in old histories, the real commencement comes upon us in this form:—

"Of the first invasion of Ireland before the Flood!" "Various," the author tells us, "are the opinions concerning the first mortal that set a foot upon this island. We are told by some that three of the daughters of Cain arrived here, several hundred years before the Deluge. The White Book, which in the Irish is called *Leabhar Dhroma Sneachta*, informs us that the oldest of these daughters was called *Banba*, and gave a name to the whole kingdom. After these we are told that three men and fifty women arrived in the island; one of them was called *Ladhra*, from whom was derived the name of *Ardladhan*.

These people lived forty years in the country, and at last they all died of a certain distemper in a week's time. From their death it is said that the island was uninhabited for the space of an hundred years, till the world was drowned. We are told that the first who set foot upon the island were three fishermen that were driven thither by a storm from the coast of Spain. They were pleased with the discovery they had made, and resolved to settle in the country; but they agreed first to go back for their wives, and in their return were unfortunately drowned by the waters of the Deluge at a place called *Tuath Inbhir*. The names of these three fishermen were *Capa*, *Laigne*, and *Luasat*. Others, again, are of opinion that *Cesar*, the daughter of *Bith*, was the first that came into the island before the Deluge. . . . When Noah was building the ark to preserve himself and his family from the Deluge, *Bith*, the father of *Cesar*, sent to desire an apartment for him and his daughter, to save them from the approaching danger. Noah, having no authority from Heaven to receive them into the ark, denied his request. Upon this repulse, *Bith* *Fíontan*, the husband of *Cesar*, and *Ladhra* her brother, consulted among themselves what measures they should take in this extremity."

The result was, that, like the *Laird of Macnab*, they built a boat o' their ain, but on a much larger scale, being a fair match with the ark itself. But let us do justice, the learned Dr. Keating does not give us all this as veritable history; on the contrary, being of a sceptical turn of mind, he has courage enough to stem the national prejudice, and throw doubt on the narrative. He even rises up into something like eloquent scorn when he discusses the manner in which some antediluvian annals were said to be preserved. Thus:—

"As for such of them who say that *Fíontan* was drowned in the Flood, and afterwards came to life, and lived to publish the antediluvian history of the island—what can they propose by such chimerical relations, but to amuse the ignorant with strange and romantic tales, to corrupt and perplex the original annals, and to raise a jealousy that no manner of credit is to be given to the true and authentic chronicles of that kingdom."

We quote no more, until, after he

s exhausted his sceptical ingenuity out the stories of Ireland and the deluge, we find the Doctor again on the ground, prepared to afford his aiders, without any critical misgivings, "an account of the first inhabitants of Ireland after the Flood." He now tells us with simple and dignified gravity that "the kingdom of Ireland lay waste and uninhabited for the space of three hundred years after the Deluge, till Partholanus, son of Eara, son of Srrn, son of Easru, son of Framant, son of Fathochda, son of Lagog, son of Japhet, son of Noah, arrived there with his people." From such a patriarchal nomenclature the reader of Keating is suddenly introduced to a story of domestic scandal, in which "a footman" and "favourite greyhound" make their frequent appearance. Then follow many great epochs—the arrival of the Firbolga, the dynasty of the Tuatha de Danans, with revolutions and battles countless, before we come to the commencement of a settled dynasty of kings, of whom more than ninety reigned before the Christian era. It is, after all, more sad than ridiculous to remember that within the present generation many historians believed not only what Keating thus tells as truth, but also what he ventured to doubt; and if the English antiquarians, according to their wont, called for records,—did these not exist abundantly, if they could be got at, in those authentic genealogies, which were from time to time adjusted and collated with so much skill and scrupulous accuracy by the official antiquaries who met in the Hall of Tara? The authentication of the story by the committee of antiquaries seems almost as preposterous to modern readers as the story itself. From many works of intelligence and gravity we could quote earnest assertions of the immaculate accuracy with which the annals of Ireland since the Flood, and the genealogies of Irishmen since Adam, had been preserved; but we select the following brief statement of the case for two reasons—the one because it has been printed within the last few years by the Irish Archaeological Society, and the other because we have a fancy for the very expressive

name of the author—Mr. Thaddy O'Roddy:—

"When the said princes got the kingdom into their hands, they assigned large territories to their antiquaries and their posterity to preserve their pedigree, exploits, actions, &c.; and so very strict they were on this point, that they established a triennial convention at Tara, where the chief kings of Ireland dwelt, where all the antiquaries of the nation met every third year to have their chronicles and antiquities examined before the king of Ireland, the four provincial kings, the king's antiquary-royal, &c.; the least forgery in the antiquary was punished with death, and loss of estate to his posterity for ever—so very exact they were in preserving their venerable monuments, and leaving them to posterity truly and candidly; so that even at this day (though our nation lost estate and all almost) there is not an ancient name of Ireland, of the blood-royal thereof descended, but we can bring, from father to father, from the present man in being to Adam—and I, Thaddy O'Roddy, who wrote this, have written all the families of the Milesian race from this present age to Adam."—(*Miscel. of Irish Arch. Soc.*, i. 120.)

Turning back to the point, at which we started off after all this nonsense.—It was difficult for those accustomed to Hume and Robertson to believe that behind it lay a true history of great interest and antiquity. But it is surely an easy thing to realise this, if we remember that the Christian Church of the West sought a refuge in Ireland when the heathen tribes of the North and the East swept over Christianised Rome. Many an Irish ecclesiastical writer has boasted of his country being of old called the Sacred Isle or the Isle of Saints, speaking of it as if it possessed some territorial element of sanctity which led devotees towards it as to a vast shrine. The term was so far justified that Christians, many of them eminent, did flock thither in multitudes, but it was not on account of the sacredness of the place, but of its remoteness from that which had been the scene of civilization and religion, and was now the scene of heathen rapine. The interesting services thus performed by Ireland to the early Church are perpetually recalled to the traveller in that ill-fated land by the remaining early

Christian architecture so profusely scattered over its soil; and it would be but natural to expect that where there are so many structural vestiges of Christianity, literary memorials would not be entirely wanting.

They are, indeed, abundantly rich, and Ireland is now turning them to good use, through the services of a race of archaeologists who are models of what the archaeologist should be. Of these meritorious efforts, the latest and the best is the *Life of St. Columba*, edited for the Irish Archaeological Society, by Dr. Reeves, a miracle of editorial industry and skill.* A more truly typical commemoration of the life of one of the laborious, humble, patient, and ascetic men who were the early propagators of Christianity in the North could not be devised, than a book like this, so full is it of unobtrusive learning, of patient research, of unpretending honesty of purpose. Very few such books are now published—perhaps were they numerous they would be a burden rather than a help to literature, for they are to be studied, and that laboriously—not merely to be perused. Dr. Reeves, by his dense crowd of annotations, references, and various readings, reminds us of some of the civilians and commentators on the Fathers, whose ponderous folios are always in such good condition after the second century of their existence, because they have been so little read. But much of the labour of these eminent men was annotation and reference, more for the sake of showing what they had themselves read, than for the sake of instructing the reader on the matter in hand—mere transference from book to book, or pouring from one bottle into another, as it was irreverently termed by the anatomist of Melancholy. But the annotations and references of Dr. Reeves are all where they are, because they bear on the passages to which they are appended. There

may be varieties of opinions about their importance—some may not think that the geographical or the genealogical elucidations in all cases merit the labour and learning bestowed on them; but no one can deny that they are all to the point. We fear that most readers, taking this large volume in hand, and looking over its dense pages, might heave a compassionate sigh over the dreary drudgery that, through the force of external circumstances, or a false sense of duty or devotion to fame, the editor had been compelled or induced to bestow on it. The finding of enjoyment in such a work does indeed remind one of a late German metaphysician writing two massive octavos on Scandinavian legal antiquities, to relieve his mind, as he said, from more abstruse and laborious studies. Yet the editor tells us, in words which, though reserved and few, seem saddened by the shadow of some deep emotion, "that he has so far attained the object of his divided labours as personally to have enjoyed, during the progress of the work, many seasons of relief from the sorrows of a troubled mind, and many hours of genuine happiness in social or epistolary intercourse with dear and highly-valued friends on either side of the Channel." Of the real character and value of these labours it is impossible to convey any conception in an article which aspires to be counted light reading. The multitude of books, printed and manuscript, taken down from the library shelves, constitute but a portion of the field. If the editor hears rumours of a manuscript in some distant part of Europe likely to aid him, he goes straight to the spot, as if it were to the next street. If the name of some bog, or stream, or rock, in Kerry, or Meath, the Hebrides or Wales, cannot be precisely identified, he summons to his aid a host of correspondents, and if their information open

* *Vita Sancti Columbae. Auctore Adamnano Monasterii Hiensis Abbate*—The Life of St. Columba, Founder of Hy, written by Adamnan, ninth abbot of that monastery; the text printed from a manuscript of the eighth century, with the various readings of six other manuscripts preserved in various parts of Europe. To which are added copious notes and dissertations, illustrative of the early history of the Columbian institutions in Ireland and Scotland; by William Reeves, D.D., M.R.S.A.—Dublin: printed at the University Press for the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society, 1867.

up a prospect of discovering ecclesiastical remains, he takes journey by rail, steamer, or open boat, to the spot, as its means of access may be.

From the volume which professes to give the life of a single saint we turn to our original object—a few stray remarks on the lives of the saints, or, more properly speaking, the missionaries, whose labours lay in the British Isles. There is no doubt that the saints of Irish origin supply by far the more important portion of our hagiology. They are countless. Taking merely a topographical estimate of them—looking, that is, to the names of places which have been dedicated to them, or otherwise bear their names—we find them crowding Ireland, and swarming over the Highlands of Scotland and the north of England into London itself, where St. Bride's well has given a gloomy perpetuity to the name of the first and greatest of Irish female saints. Some people would be content to attribute the frequency of saintship among the Irish and the Highlanders, to the opportunities enjoyed by them from the early church having found a refuge in Ireland. Others would attribute the phenomenon to the extreme susceptibility of the Celtic race to religious enthusiasm, and would illustrate their views by referring to the present Celtic population in Ireland under the dominion of the priests, and their brethren of the west of Scotland equally under the dominion of the doctrinal antipodes of the priests; while the parallel might be illustrated by a reference to those Highland Franciscans called "The Men," whose belcher neckcloths represent the cord, and their Kilmarnock bonnets the cowl.

At the commencement of Christianity the difference between the religious Celt and the religious Saxon was naturally far more conspicuous than it is now. Bede's description of the thoughtful calmness with which Ethelbert studied the preaching of Augustin, with all the consequences which the adoption of the new creed must bring upon his kingdom, is still eminently characteristic of the Saxon nature. In the life of St. Vilfrord a scene is described which

is not easily alluded to with due reverence. The saint had prevailed on a Frisian prince to acknowledge Christianity, and be baptized. Standing by the font, with one foot in the water, a misgiving seized on him, and he inquired touching his ancestors, whether the greater number of them were in the regions of the blessed, or in those of the spirits doomed to everlasting perdition. On being abruptly told by the honest saint that they were all, without exception, in the latter region, he withdrew his foot—he would not desert his race—he would go to the place where he would find his dead ancestors.

The conversion of the Picts by Columba seems to have proceeded deliberately. We find him, in the narrative of his life, exercising much influence on Brud their king, and occasionally enjoying a visit to the royal lodge on the pleasant banks of Lochness. There he is seen commending his friend and fellow-labourer St. Cormac to the good offices of the Regulus of the Orkney Islands, who is also at the court of Brud, to whom he owes something akin to allegiance; for Columba looks to Brud as well as to the Orcadian guest for the proper attention being paid to Cormac. Still, honoured and respected as he is in the court of the Pictish monarchs, Columba is not that omnipotent person which he finds himself to be in Dalriada and in Ireland. There still sits an unpleasant personage at the king's gate. A Magus, as he is called—a priest of the old heathen religion—is also well received at court, where, although doomed to be superseded by the Christian missionary, he yet seems to have been retained by the king, as a sort of protest that he had not put himself entirely under the control of the priests of the new doctrine.

It is among the Celts of Ireland and of the Irish colony in the west of Scotland that the reign of these saints was absolute. But if we count this ecclesiastical influence a feature of the Celtic nation, either the Welsh must not be counted as Celts, or they must be looked on as exceptions from this spiritual dominion. They were the people among whom, of all the tribes who peopled Britain between

the days of Julius Cæsar and those of William of Normandy, it might have been primarily expected that we would find the most vital Christianity and the greatest missionary force. They professed to have carried with them into their mountains the traditions and the nationality of that very important portion of the Christianised Roman Empire which was called Britannia. When the heart of the Empire became paralysed, this branch, doubtless after a long harassing contest with the Picts and the Irish of the north, was broken, and partly subjected, partly driven away by the Saxons. That they should have failed, through all their revolutions and calamities, to preserve any remnants of Roman social habits, is not perhaps wonderful. But that they should have failed to preserve enough of Christian influence to second and support the missions sent to the Saxon, so soon after these had superseded the British power, looks like an exception to the usual rule of Christian progress. The Welsh antiquaries, through meritorious efforts, strive in vain to establish the existence of Welsh ecclesiarchs during the time when the countless saints of Ireland were swarming over Scotland and penetrating into England. The Archæological Institute was the other day entertained with an account of a monument of triumph, a hieroglyphic monolith, as we believe it should be technically called, commemorative of a victory gained over the Picts and the Saxons by the Britons, not through their courage or their skill in fight, but by the Halleluiahs raised by two saints who were present in their host. These saints, however, Garmon and Lupus, were, as Bede tells us, Frenchmen, missionaries from the Gallican church to correct the errors of the Britons. The venerable Bede scolds these Britons roundly for not having kept up the faith planted among them, and for not having been prepared to help Augustin and his followers in the very hard task of converting the Saxons. It is a pity that we do not know something more of Roman Christianity, and indeed of Roman civilisation generally in Britain, before the Saxon days. There appears to have been among the Ro-

manised British Christians little zeal and a good deal of controversy and dissent, and we hear a great deal more of the influence of the Pelagian heresy among them, than of the influence of Christianity itself.

The scantiness of our acquaintance with Roman Christianity in Britain is the more to be regretted, because it would have been very interesting to compare its manifestations with those of the Church which found refuge in the West during the dark days of Rome—the days when the temporal empire was crushed, and the spiritual empire had not arisen. As might be naturally anticipated, the persons who first exercise ecclesiastical authority in the two islands do not derive their strength from any foreign hierarchy, and have no connection with Rome. Any reference, indeed, to the influence of a Roman pontiff, either actual or prospective, in the life of an early saint, will prepare the archæological critic for finding that the life has been written centuries after the era of the saint, or has been tampered with. In Adamnan's *Life of Columba*, Rome is mentioned once or twice as a very great city, but there is no allusion throughout that remarkable biography to any spiritual central authority exercised by the bishop there over the presbyters in Scotland and Ireland. This is, of course, nothing more than the statement of what the reader of a book has not found in it. Any other reader may find allusions to the supremacy of the popedom over these early Christian communities, if he can. But we think he is likely to find none; and any one who desires to study the real history of the rise and progress of the spiritual dominion of Rome would, with more profit, take up the books and records referring to events three or four hundred years after the age of Columba. Should any one, who is a man both of research and genius, adopt this hint, he might make a very interesting story out of that gradual progress of aggrandisement in which the Church of Rome crushed the small Columbian communities out of existence.

Self-sustained as they were, these isolated communities had a very

strong vitality. The picture exhibited by the hagiographers is truly the reign of the saints. Their power was of an immediate, abrupt, and surely despotic kind, which would have been neutralised or weakened by anything like a central control. Prompt and blind obedience to the commands of the saint-superior was the rule of Hy, and of all the other religious communities of the West. Perhaps there were even here feuds, disputes, and mutinies of which no record has been preserved. The hagiographer can only commemorate those which were suppressed by some terrible manifestation of Divine power, for the person whose life he commemorates is only conventionally and nominally to be spoken of as a mortal; he is in reality an immortal, wielding, whenever he pleases, the thunderbolts of the Deity, annihilating dissent and disobedience to himself, as if it were blasphemy in the Deity's own presence, and crushing by an immediate miracle any effort to oppose his will, were it even about the proper hour of setting off on a journey, or the dinner to be ordered for the day. The rank which those primitive clergy of Ireland and the Highlands occupy is almost invariably that of the saint, a rank as far separated from that which can be conferred by any human hierarchy as heaven is from earth. They were, as we have seen, independent of Rome from the beginning, and this great host of saints had lived and left their biographies to the world long before the system of judicial canonisation was adopted, and the admission of a saint into the calendar became a legal process, in which the prince of darkness was a nominal party. How a boundary is professed to be drawn between the genuine and the false among the saints of the West, we cannot well understand. No one seems to object to any of them as spurious. Many of them are so very obscure that only faint and fragmentary traces of them can be found, yet it seems never to be questioned that they occupied the transcendent spiritual rank usually attributed to them. Of others nothing is known but the bare name, yet it is never doubted that the owner was entitled

to his attribute of saint. Again we are reminded of the religious enthusiasm of the Celtic races, and are disposed to question whether, in that early age, there was any degree of spiritual influence and power to which these people did not think their pastors fairly entitled.

The brethren at Iona seem sometimes to have lived well, for we hear of the killing of heifers and oxen. A pragmatist fellow declines to participate in the meal permitted on the occasion of a relaxation of discipline—the saint tells him that since he refuses a good meal at a time when he is permitted to have it, it is to be his doom to be one of a band of robbers who will be glad to appease their hunger on putrid horse-flesh. The ruling spirit, however, of this first Christian mission, as we find it recorded, is undoubtedly asceticism. The mortification of the flesh is the temporal source of spiritual power. Some incidents occur which put this spirit in a shape bordering on the ludicrous. A saint is at a loss to know how this power is waning. There is some mysterious countervailing influence acting against him, which manifests itself in the continued success of an irreverent king or chief, whom he thought he had taken the proper spiritual methods to humble. He at last discovers the mystery; the king had been *fasting* against him—entering the field of asceticism with him, in short, and not without success.

The biography of an Asiatic despot, so far as other persons are concerned, is merely the history of his commands and their obedience. It is only incidentally, therefore, that one is likely to acquire any information from it about the people over whom he rules. In like manner, the life of an Irish saint is the history of commanding and obeying; yet a few glimpses of social life may be caught through its rigid interstices. The relation which the spiritual held towards the temporal powers is sufficiently developed to give ground for considerable inquiry and criticism. The more eminent of the saints had great influence in state affairs, ruling in some measure the monarchs themselves. Some mon-

arch is occasionally mentioned as the friend of Columba, much as a bishop might allude to this or that laylord as among his personal friends. We find him settling the succession of Aidan, the king of the Dalriadic Scots, through an influence to which any opposition was utterly hopeless. Send your sons to me, he says to Aidan, and God will show me who is to be your successor. The sign falls on Eochoid Buidh, and the saint tells the king that all his other sons will come to a premature end, and they drop off accordingly, chiefly in battle. This power of fixing the evil eye, of prophesying death, is found in perpetual use among the early saints. It is their ultimate appeal in strife and contest, and their instrument of vengeance when thwarted or affronted; and a terrible instrument it must have been. Who could gainsay those believed to hold in their hands the issues of life and death?

In our conceptions of the kings with whom these saints were familiar, it may be well not to be misled by words. We shall realise them better at the present day by looking to Madagascar or the Marquesas Islands than among the states of Europe. The palace was a shanty of log or wattle, protected, perhaps, by a rampart of earth or uncemented stones, and the king had a stone chair with a few mystic decorations scratched on it, which served for his throne on state occasions. The prospect of acquiring a gold torque or a silver drinking-cup would have a material influence over his imperial policy. Were we to believe the fabulous historians, Ireland was for centuries a compact kingdom under one imperial sovereign, who presided over subsidiary rulers in the provinces. But although sometimes one provincial king was powerful enough to keep the others in subjection, old Celtic Ireland never was a kingdom, properly speaking, for it never had a nationality. Some people maintain, not without reason, that the facility with which a nationality resolves itself into existence depends much, not only on race, but on geological conditions. The Celts seem ever to have become too much addicted to local feuds and rivalries to achieve any

broad nationality. And the nature of their country—a vast plain intersected by morasses and rivers, and here and there edged with mountain ranges—is unfavourable to the growth of a nationality, since it presents no general centre of defence against a foreign enemy, like that great central range of mountains in Scotland, which Columba's biographers call the Dorsum Britannicæ—the Backbone of Britain. Ireland, indeed, seems to have had no conception of a nationality until such a thing was suggested by the Normans and the Saxons, after they had been long enough there to feel patriotic. And so it has generally happened that any alarming outbreaks against the imperial government have been led by people of Norman or Saxon descent.

Still there is no doubt, difficult as it may be to realise the idea, that at the times with which we are dealing, Ireland enjoyed a kind of civilisation, which enabled its princes and its priests to look down on Pictland, and even on Saxon England, as barbarian. The Roman dominion had not penetrated among them, but the very remoteness which kept the island beyond the boundaries of the Empire also kept it beyond the range of the destroyers of the Empire, and made it in reality the repository of the vestiges of imperial civilisation in the north. Perhaps the difference between the two grades of civilisation might be about the same as we could have found ten years ago between Tahiti and New Zealand. An extensive and minute genealogical ramification, when it is authentic, is a condition of a pretty far advanced state of civilisation. Abandoning the old fabulous genealogies which went back among the Biblical patriarchs, the rigid antiquaries of Ireland find their way through authentic sources to genealogical connections of a truly marvellous extent. Such illustrious men as the saints can of course be easily traced, as all were proud to establish connection with them, while Columba himself and several others, were men of royal descent. But of the casual persons mentioned in the Life of Columba, Dr. Reeves hunts out the genealogy—fully as successfully, we would say, as that of any person of

the country-gentleman class in this country, living at the beginning of his century, could be established. There are, indeed, many characteristics in the hagiologic literature bearing an analogy to modern social habits so close as to be almost ludicrous; and it is not easy to deal with these conditions of a very distant age, brought to us as they are through the vehicle of a language which is neither classical nor vernacular, but conventional—the corrupt Latin in which the biographers of the saints found it convenient to write. It would appear that when he was in Ireland, St. Columba kept his carriage, and the loss of the lynch-pin on one occasion is connected with a notable miracle. Dr. Reeves, as appropriate to this, remarks that “the memoirs of St. Patrick in the Book of Armagh make frequent mention of his chariot, and even name his driver.” It is difficult to suppose such a vehicle ever becoming available in Iona; but there Columba seems to have been provided with abundance of vessels, and he could send for a friend, as MacGillicallum’s carriage, in the form of a boat, was sent for Johnson and Boswell. There are many other things in these books which have a sound more familiar to us than any sense which they really convey. Here the saint blesses the store of a “*homo plebeius cum uxore et filiis*”—a poor man with a wife and family; a term expressively known in this day, from the chancellor of the exchequer to the relieving-officer. In the same chapter we are told, “*de quodam viro divito tenacissimo*”—of a very hard-fisted rich fellow—a term significant in civilised times. He is doomed, by the way, to become bankrupt, and fall into such poverty that his offspring will be found dead in a ditch—a fate also intelligible in the nineteenth century. In another place we have among the saint’s suitors “*plebeius pauperrimus, qui in ea habitabat regione quæ Stagni litoribus Aporicæ est contemina*.” The “*Stagnum Aporicum*” is Lochaber; so here we have a pauper from the neighbourhood of Lochaber—a designation which we take to be familiarly known at “the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor

in Scotland.” We are told, too, of the saint being at a plebeian feast, and of a plebeius in the island of Raghery quarrelling with his wife.

The thoughtful student will find a more distinguished analogy with the habits of later civilisation in the literature of these early churchmen. The subject of the introduction of letters into Ireland, and the very early literature of that country, is too large to be handled here. It is certain that in Columba’s era, the middle of the sixth century, books were written and used in Ireland. The respect paid to a book in that age was something of which the wildest bibliomaniac of the present age could, unassisted, have but a faint conception. Many of the most exciting of the saintly miracles have for their end the preservation of a book in fire or in water. The custody of the Book of Armagh containing St. Patrick’s canons was a great hereditary office; and the princely munificence which provided the book with a suitable case or shrine in the tenth century is recorded in Irish history. It was usual for books as well as relics to be enclosed in jewelled cases, and to have for an outer covering a bag or satchel, in which the sacred deposit was carried from place to place. The heart must be dead to all bibliomaniac sensations that does not sympathise with Dr. Reeves in the following triumphant announcement:—

“Of leather cases the cover of the Book of Armagh is the most interesting example now remaining. It came, together with its inestimable enclosure, into the writer’s possession at the end of 1853, and is now lying before him. It is formed of a single piece of strong leather, 36 inches long and 12 broad, folded in such a way as to form a six-sided case 12 inches long, 12½ broad, and 2½ thick, having a flap which doubles over in front, and is furnished with a rude lock and eight staples, admitted through perforations in the flap, for short iron rods to enter and meet at the lock. The whole outer surface, which has become perfectly black from age, is covered with figures and interlacings of the Irish pattern in relief, which appear to have been produced by subjecting the leather, in a damp state before it was folded, to pressure upon a block of the whole size,

having a depressed pattern, and allowing it to remain until the impression became indelible."—(P. 115.)

Mr. Petrie, in his book on the Round Towers, gives an engraving of the remarkable tracery on this ancient satchel. Among other curious notices which he has gathered about the books and relics, with the leather cases in which they were carried about, we quote, without any comment, save to explain that the *menistir* was the case of relics, the following incident, which he is so good as to translate from the *Leabhar Breac*:—

"On one time that Semplan, priest of Tir da Glas, came on business to Tir Cronin to Lice na Sinnach, Diarmaid was clearing away the front bridge of his house, having his shovel in his hand, and set a dog at the clergyman, so that the priest was torn. The priest then struck the dog. Diarmaid struck the priest with the shovel, and broke the *menistir* of Colum which was on his back. Lachtain, the comarb of Colum, afterwards went to complain of this deed to the chief of Ui Drona, i. e. Ruiden the son of Lannin; and the Ui Drona adjudged seven cumals from Diarmaid to the people of Colum, and to Lachtain, and Lachtain gave these seven cumals to the airchinneach of Lemdrum."—(Petrie's *Round Towers*, 337.)

Besides their valuable literature, and the scant relics of the material shape in which it was embodied and protected, the objects actually possessed by these ancient saints, which have existed down to the present generation, are scanty; they had of course an ordeal which few could survive in the Reformation. An Englishman, who was travelling in the Highlands in the year 1782, before that country had become touring-ground, was asked at Killin, on the borders of Loch Tay, if he would like to see the Quigrich—a relic much respected in those parts. He was taken to a poor cottage, where, to his amazement, he was shown the crook of a crosier made of silver, richly chased with delicate cuttings, and jewelled. Besides its interest as an ancient relic, the article was, as the Yankees say, "actually equal to cash," for it weighed some seven or eight pounds. No less remarkable than the disco-

very of so valuable a piece of plate in a poor Highland cottage, was the history connected with its possession. It was in the hands of a descendant of the house of Dowe, the hereditary keepers of the relic, who in their poverty had not deserted their charge. In the fifteenth century a solemn inquisition was held to decide where the privilege of the custody of the relic was vested. A royal letter of the same century by James III. confirms it to the family of Dowe; and so lately as the year 1784, we find this letter produced and recorded in the public register like a title to landed property. Though the house of Dowe were enabled to keep their trust, it was not their good fortune to retain their country. The poor cottager emigrated, and took the crosier with him, and now, if it still exists, it is somewhere in America.

The conditions under which it was said to have fallen into the hands of its hereditary custodiers were indeed sufficient to inspire them with a proud tenacity. It was connected with the most glorious event in the national history. King Robert the Bruce desired that the relics of St. Fillan should be borne before him in the field of Bannockburn. Accordingly, the shrine in which they were usually contained was placed in the king's tent. The king opened the casket, much to the horror of the ecclesiastic who had the custody of the relics, and as much to his amazement the relics were there. He had, it seems, abstracted them, having little confidence in the cause of Bruce, and disinclined to trust anything so valuable with a losing army. The relics had been miraculously replaced—a miracle, of course, pointing in the most obvious manner to success. Thus speaks Hector Boece; and the family of Dowe asserted that their ancestor had been appointed custodian of the relics on the field of battle in place of the faithless priest.

St. Fillan lived chiefly in the solitude of Glenorchie, where, when the oil ran dry, and his lamp failed him, he could extract sufficient light from his left hand to guide his right in setting down the substance of his pious meditations. The story just referred to made him

aturally a very popular saint in Scotland, and we shall probably hear of him again. His blessed bell was in existence towards the end of last century, when it was looked up by the clergyman of the parish to prevent its superstitious use by his Protestant parishioners. It has since disappeared, and falsifies an old tradition, that if removed from its proper place it would come back again ringing all the way. This was not an uncommon attribute of ancient bells. St. Ternan possessed one which followed him about wherever he went, relieving him of all anxiety about its safe custody.

The bells connected with these saints were an object of intense veneration. Our ancestors were not so noisy as we are. Machinery and artillery have accustomed us to loud sounds, and perhaps they thought that even such clear tones as a common hand-bell emits could only be conferred on metal by a miraculous intervention. From the general appearance of such ancient northern bells as have reached the present day, we might still imagine that nothing but a miracle could extract sound from them. They are of a squarish shape, not cast, but clouted and riveted, and the metal they are made of is iron beat into the sheet. Yet happening to take up one of these hopeless-looking instruments, and striking it on the side with the metallic top of a walking-stick, behold, it emitted a clear strong ring, which would have done no discredit to a considerable dinner-bell. The interior explained the mystery. It was covered with a stratum of cast-metal, rough and uneven, as if it had been poured in a molten condition into the iron case. It would appear that the manufacturers of the bells had gone so far as to discover a sonorous alloy, but were unable to impart sufficient strength to it to serve the purpose of a bell without an iron casing. The ancient bell was not swung, but struck externally, as Macbeth distinctly instructed his attendant—"Go tell your mistress, when my drink is ready she strike upon the bell."

On such matters as these, and others of a minute and a half-domestic character, a lazy meditative reader

will find much to note and curiously reflect upon in the biographies of our early saints. These recluses had much communion with birds and the gentler kind of beasts. Their legendary histories speak of these animals as apt mediums of vaticination and miraculous intervention; but we must be content, in the present age, to count that their frequent appearance, their familiar intercourse with the saints, and the quaint and amiable incidents in which they figure, are in reality characteristic memorials of the gentle kindly feelings and the innocent pursuits natural to men of gentle dispositions and retired life. Thus Columba one day gives directions to a brother to be on his watch at a certain point in the island of Iona, for there, by nine o'clock on that day, a certain stranger stork will alight and drop down, utterly fatigued with her journey across the ocean. That stork the brother is enjoined to take up gently, and convey to the nearest house, and feed and tend for three days, after which she will take wing and fly away to the sweet spot of her native Ireland, whence she had wandered. And this the brother is to do because the bird is a guest from their own beloved native land. The brother departs, and returns after the proper time. Columba asks no questions—he knows what has taken place, and commends the obedient piety of the brother who had sheltered and tended the wanderer. Another saint, Aibhe, had a different kind of intercourse with certain cranes. They went about in a large body, destroying the corn in the neighbourhood, and would not be dispersed. The saint went and delivered an oration to them on the unreasonableness of their conduct, and forthwith, penitent and somewhat ashamed, they soared into the air and went their way. "St. Cuthbert's ducks" acquired a long celebrity. When that revered ascetic went to take up his residence in the wave-bounded solitude of the Farne Islands, he found the solan-geese there imbued with the wild habits common to their storm-nurtured race, and totally unconscionable of the civilisation and refinement of their kinsmen, who graze on commons, and

hiss at children and dogs. St. Cuthbert tamed them through his miraculous powers, and made them as obedient and docile a flock as abbot ever ruled. The geese went before him in regular platoons, following the word of command, and doing what he ordered—whether it might be the most ordinary act of the feathered biped, or some mighty miracle. Under his successors their conduct seems to have been less regular, though certainly not less peculiar; for we are told that they built their nests on the altar, and around the altar, and in all the houses of the island; farther, that, during the celebration of mass, they familiarly pecked the officiating priest and his assistants with their bills. It is curious enough that the miraculous education of the birds makes its appearance in a Scottish legal or official document at the close of the fifteenth century. It is an instrument recording an attestation to the enormous value of the down of these renowned birds; and seems, indeed, to be an advertisement or puff by merchants dealing in the ware, though its ponderous Latinity is in curious contrast with the neat examples of that kind of literature to which we are accustomed in those days.*

One of the prettiest of the stories about birds is divided between St. Serf, the founder of a monastery on Loch Leven, and St. Kentigern, the patron of Glasgow, where he is better known as St. Mungo. Kentigern was one among a parcel of neophyte boys whom the worthy old Serf, or Servanus, was perfecting in the knowledge of the truth. Their teacher had a feathered pet—"quædam avicula quæ vulgo ob ruborem corpusculi rubicosa nuncupatur"—a robin-red-breast in fact, an animal whose good fortune it is never to be mentioned without some kindly reference to his universal popularity, and the decoration which renders him so easily recognised wherever he appears. St. Serf's robin was a wonderful bird; he not only took food from his master's hand and pecked about him according to the fashion of tame and familiar

birds, but took a lively interest in his devotions and studies by flapping his wings and crowing in his own little way, so as to be a sort of chorus to the acts of the saint. The old man enjoyed this extremely; and his biographer, with more geniality than hagiographers usually show, sympathises with this innocent recreation, applying the example of the bow that was not always bent in a manner suggestive of suspicions that he was not entirely unacquainted with profane letters. One day, when the saint had retired to his devotions, the boys amused themselves with his little pet; and a struggle arising among them for its possession, the head was torn from the body—altogether a natural incident. Thereupon, says the narrator, fear was turned to grief, and the avenging birch—"plagas virgarum quæ puerorum gravissima tormenta esse solent"—arose terribly in their sight. It was at this moment that an unpopular pupil, named Kentigern—a new boy apparently—a stranger who had not taken in good-fellowship to the rest of the school, but was addicted to solitary meditation, entered the guilty conclave. Their course was taken—they threw the fragments of the bird into his hands and bolted. St. Serf enters, and the crew are awaiting in guilty exultation the bursting of his wrath. The consecrated youth, however, fitting the severed parts to each other, signs the cross, raises his pure hands to heaven, and breathes an appropriate prayer—when lo! robin lifts his little head, expands his wings, and hops away to meet his master. In the eucharistic office of St. Kentigern's day, this event, along with the restoration to life of a meritorious cook, and other miracles, inspired a canticle which, for long subsequent ages, was exultingly sung by the choristers in the saint's own cathedral of Glasgow, thus:—

"Garrit ales perneatus,
Cocus est resuscitatus,
Sedit verrax trucidatus
Amputato ospite."

The thoroughly accomplished anti-

* "Instrumentum super avicis Sancti Cuthberti."—Spalding Club.

quary who edits the office of St. Kentigern identifies the bird in the arms of the city of Glasgow with the resuscitated pet of the patron saint. The tree on which it is there perched is a commemoration of another of the saint's miracles. In a time of frost and snow his enemies had extinguished his fire; but immediately drawing on the miraculous resources ever at the command of his class on such emergencies, he breathed fire into a frozen branch from the forest; and it was centuries afterwards attested that the green timber of that forest possessed, by a sort of assimilation, a noticeable capacity for ignition.

Another element in the blazon of the Venice of the west is a fish—a queer fish, transverse across the stem of the tree, and neither consistent with the phenomena of ichthyology nor the rules of heraldry. The fish holds in its mouth something like a dish—in reality a ring, and commemorates a miraculous feat of the same saint, which has found its way into the romances of the juvenile portion of the reading public, where it is a standard nuisance. Queen Cadyow, whose conduct was of such a character that it is wonderful how any respectable saint could have prevailed on himself to serve her, gives her bridal ring to a paramour. Her husband lures the rival away to the bank of the Clyde, to sleep after the fatigues of the chase, and there, furtively removing the ring, pitches it into the river. The reader knows the result by instinct. St. Kentigern, appealed to, directs the first salmon that can be caught in the Clyde to be opened, and there, of course, is the ring in the stomach. This miracle is as common in the *Acta Sanctorum* as in the juvenile romances. It served St. Nathalan in such a manner as to preclude the supposition that the saint had invoked it on the occasion. He locked himself into iron chains, and threw their key into the river Dee, in order that he might be unable to open the fetterlock before he had made a pilgrimage to the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul; but the water did its duty, and restored the key in the stomach of a fish.

We have naturally many fishing

anecdotes connected with the northern saints. Columba is described as out a-fishing one day with a parcel of his disciples, who are characterised as "strenui piscatores," a term which would be highly applicable to many a Waltonian of the present day. The saint, desirous of affording them a pleasant surprise, directs them to cast their net where a wonderful fish was prepared for them; and they drag out "miræ magnitudinis esocem." The editor concentrates a powerful focus of widely-gathered learning on the esox, admitting that, at the end of all, the tendency of the authorities "wavers between a 'pike' and a 'salmon,'" and leaving on the reader the impression that it may be something not dissimilar to a whale. The stream in which the fish was caught is sought after with learning scarcely less profuse and powerful. It is said, in the best-authenticated versions of Adamnan, to have been "in fluvio Sale." The Blackwater of Meath, which joins the Boyne, was, it seems, of old called Sale or Sele; but then it is against the miraculous extraction of large fish from this river by any well-informed saint, that it had been cursed by St. Patrick, who denounced it as incapable of floating "pisces magni," or big fish. The leaning of the authorities in this weighty question is, on the whole, rather against the affluent of the revolutionary Boyne, and in favour of the distant stream of the Shiel in Inverness-shire, close to the spot where the standard was raised in the '45.

Being in Inverness-shire, we are reminded of another wondrous affair with a big fish, or sea-monster. St. Columba is on his mission in the land of the Picts, "in Pictorum provincia." He has reached the river Ness, the efflux of the glorious Loch Ness. We cannot be sufficiently thankful to the miracle stories for the small but eminently important topographical notices which they afford of the progress of early Christianity. As the missionary and his disciples approach, intending to cross over, they meet those who bear on their shoulders the body of one who, endeavouring to swim across the Ness, had been bitten to death by a monster of the deep. The saint, in

the face of this gloomy procession, requires that one of his disciples shall swim across the Ness, and bring over a boat which is on the other side. A disciple named Mocumin, whom the saint had miraculously cured of a bleeding of the nose, confident in the protecting power of his master, pulls off all his clothes save his tunica (whatever that may be—coat, kilt, or leathern shirt) and takes to the water. The monster, who is reposing deep down in the stillness of the profoundest pool, hears the stir of the water above, and is seen to rise with a splash on the surface, and make with distended jaws for the swimmer. The saint, of course, orders the beast back, just at the moment when all seemed over, and is instantly obeyed. The characteristics of the monster could not be more closely identical with those of the crocodile or alligator, had the incident been narrated in Egypt or America. Adventures with such monsters in our northern waters supply many of the triumphs attributed to the saints. St. Colman of Drumore actually extracted a young girl alive from an “aquetalis bestia.” When she was swallowed, she was standing on the edge of a lake—*camisiam suam lavantem*—washing her chemise, poor simple soul. St. Molua saw a monster, the size of a large boat, in pursuit of two boys swimming unconsciously in a lake in the county of Monaghan. He showed good worldly sense and presence of mind on the occasion; for, instead of alarming them with an announcement of their perilous condition, he called out to them to try a race and see which would reach the bank first. The beast, balked of his prey, took in good part an admonition by the saint, and returned to frighten no more boys. As there is nothing more formidable than the otter and the pike in our inland waters, it is difficult to think how our ancestors could have imagined these monsters without drawing on the treasures of the ocean. In the many firths and estuaries running deep into both Scotland and Ireland, there would be frequent opportunities of seeing the whale and the shark, the

dolphin, the seal, and possibly the walrus. It is just worth noticing, but is in no shape at present to admit of any articulate deduction, or even theory, that the monstrous creatures on the mysterious sculptured stones scattered over Scotland are, in a large number of instances, mere variations of the natural form and structure of sea animals. The belief in monstrous and formidable creatures frequenting inland waters still lingers; but as a general knowledge of nature has made more progress than the philosophy of being, they are not confounded with the ordinary animal kingdom, but are endowed with a supernatural existence. Dr. Reeves mentions a spot called Lig-na-Peiste, on a river in Londonderry, “supposed to be the abode of a demoniacal serpent which infested the river and neighbourhood.” There is scarcely a loch in the Highlands which has not its water-horse or water-bull, not graminivorous like its earthly prototype, but a carnivorous demon, whose taste in animal food is chiefly directed to innocent young maidens. The picturesque superstition of the water-kelpie is a general idealisation of the whole class of watery monsters.

From fishes and aquatic monsters the law of association naturally leads us to the waters themselves. These are profusely connected with northern hagiology, but not so much in the deification or sanctification of the great rivers and their sources, which generally receive so much homage from nations, as in the honours paid to small springs and fountains. Scott remarks that all the rivers of Scotland receive respect from the people. “The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spey, are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and I have known duels occasioned by any word of disparagement.” But it is to the small wells, that spring so fresh and sparkling from the rocks, that the names of saints are attached. In the parish of Dalziel, for instance, in Lanarkshire, besides Our Lady’s Well, there are three dedicated to sublimary saints—St. Patrick, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine. St. Bridget, or St. Bride,

had several wells in the Highlands besides that English St. Bride's well, which has achieved so strange a notoriety.

The little fountain of St. Anthony, on Arthur's Seat, is well known; but it would be tedious to go on with an enumeration which can be referred to the general index of the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, article "St." Some of these fountains are in caverns, and if in any one of these the well falls into a rude-hewn basin like a font, we may be sure that a hermit lived in the cave, and that it was the place of worship of early converts. Such a cave was the hiding-place, after the '45, of the worthy single-minded Lord Pitligo, no bad prototype of the Baron of Bradwardine. It is entered by a small orifice like a fox's hole, in the face of the rugged cliffs which front the German Ocean near Troup-head. Gradually it rises to a noble arched cavern, at the end of which stands the stone font, filled with clear living water, which, save when it was the frugal drink of the poor Jacobite refugee, has probably been scarcely disturbed since the early day when heathen men and women went thither to throw off their idolatry and enter the pale of Christendom. The unnoticeable smallness of many of these consecrated wells makes their very reminiscence and still semi-sacred character all the more remarkable. The stranger hears rumours of a distinguished well miles on miles off. He thinks he will find an ancient edifice over it, or some other conspicuous adjunct. Nothing of the kind—he has been lured all that distance over rock and bog to see a tiny spring bubbling out of the rock, such as he may see hundreds of in a tolerable walk any day. Yet, if he search in old topographical authorities, he will find that the little well has ever been an important feature of the district—that, century after century, it has been unforgotten; and, with diligence, he may perhaps trace it to some incident in the life of the saint, dead more than 1200 years ago, whose name it bears. The superstitious curative efficacy and sanctifying influence of these wells has not yet died off. Some of them,

it is true, are chalybeate, or otherwise possessed of curative or corrective qualities: but imagination has given endowments to many of them which contain nothing but the element in its purity. It is known that in the Highlands people still come from distant parts to drink of them, making a sort of pilgrimage to a shrine; and they sometimes mimic the spirit of the old pilgrimage in leaving behind them an offering at the fountain. We have seen such offerings by the brink of remote Highland springs: one beautiful well we remember, very near the battle-field of Culloden, where they were numerous. But if required to make an appraisalment of the value of these offerings, for the purpose of testing, in a pecuniary shape, the extent of the spirit of idolatry yet awake in the land, we would find it very difficult to attach any market value to them. Once by the border of such a spring, we did see an article of appraisable value—it was a real halfpenny, lying green in the boggy earth. We left it there. It was the most precious thing we had ever seen dedicated to a sacred spring in Scotland, the offerings generally consisting in rags, and pins so multitudinous that future geologists are not unlikely, in some instances, to think they have found a vein of copper. Let it be in charity supposed that the meagreness of these offerings has arisen entirely from a dread lest any richer gift might be carried off by worldly-minded persons, unconscious of the sacredness of the spot, and the devotional object of the deposit. Perhaps, however, the true solution may be found in a supposition pervading the uninformed mind, that the spiritual guardians of the fountain, though amenable to flattery and propitiation by gift, are not really well informed about the market value of worldly chattels, and are easily put off with rubbish. It is natural to find the clergy lamenting over these vestiges of superstitions older than Romanism, when they exhibit themselves, as they sometimes do, in a more flagrant shape than the mere depositing of pins, or rags, or broken crockery. Among the most remarkable instances of the endurance of

wild superstition may be cited the ceremonies which, to a late period, if they be yet extinct, haunted the waters blessed by St. Fillan of whom we have already heard. Two celebrated wells are dedicated to this national saint. One is in the pleasant valley so well known to tourists, watered by the Earn and its loch. This spring spurted originally, according to tradition, from the top of a hill, but removed itself to the base of a rock about a quarter of a mile farther south. The minister of the parish says, towards the end of last century :—

"It is still visited by valetudinary people, especially on the 1st of May and 1st of August. No fewer than seventy persons visited it in May and August, 1791. The invalids, whether men, women, or children, walk or are carried round the well three times in a direction *deishal*, that is, from east to west, according to the course of the sun. They all drink of the water, and bathe in it. These operations are accounted a certain remedy for various diseases.

All the invalids throw a white stone on the saint's cairn, and leave behind, as tokens of their confidence and gratitude, some rags of linen or woollen cloth. The rock on the summit of the hill formed of itself a chair for the saint, which still remains. Those who complain of rheumatism in the back must ascend the hill, sit in the chair, then lie down on their back, and be pulled by the legs to the bottom of the hill. This operation is still performed, and reckoned very efficacious."

The other well, which, down to the present generation, seems to have witnessed scenes of a more savage and tragic character, is to be found near the wild mountain-road between Oranlarich and Tyndrum. Its peculiar efficacy lay in the cure of insanity: and of the horrid manner in which this consummation was wrought, we quote the simple account afforded by the minister of the parish :—

"The ceremony was performed, after sunset, on the first day of the quarter, O. S., and before sunrise next morning. The dipped persons were instructed to

take three stones from the bottom of the pool, and walking three times round each of three cairns on the bank, throw a stone into each. They were next conveyed to the ruins of St. Fillan's Chapel, and in a corner called St. Fillan's Bed they were laid on their back, and left tied all night. If the next morning they were found loose, the cure was deemed perfect, and thanks returned to the saint."

What would commissioners of lunacy say to this? That, in the belief of the reverend statist, the practice is not yet entirely abandoned, we may infer from what he says farther :—

"The pool is still visited, not by parishioners, for they have no faith in its virtue, but by people from other and distant localities. We have not heard of any being cured; but the prospects of the ceremony, especially in a cold winter evening, might be a good test for persons pretending insanity."†

A historical inquiry into the worship or consecration of wells and other waters would be curious. The subject is at least as extensive as that which Thiers the elder, Jean Baptiste Thiers, found for himself when he wrote his *Histoire des Perruques*. One cannot wonder at any people, without a revelation, and endowed with imaginative and devout hearts, worshipping, next to the sun, those beautiful and beneficent gifts of the Deity—great rivers. In countries near the tropics, where sandy deserts prevail, a well must ever have been a thing of momentous importance; and we find among the tribes of Israel the digging down a well spoken of as the climax of reckless, heartless, and awful destructiveness. We can easily appreciate, too, the imaginative spirit that in sunny Greece gave an ideal existence to the fountain nymph, and enter into the spirit of the luxurious Roman's *fons Blandusia splendidior vitro*. But how, where water is so abundant as it is in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, small driblets of the element should seem worthy of veneration, independently of any medicinal virtues possessed by them, does not readily appear on the mere face of nature.

* *Old Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. xi. p. 181.

† *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. x. p. 1088.

The principal cause of the sanctification of springs must, of course, be explained by the first of Christian ordinances. The spring close by the dwelling or cell of the saint—the spring on account of which he probably selected the centre of his mission—had not only washed the forefathers of the district from the stain of primeval heathenism, but had applied the visible sign by which all, from generation to generation, had been admitted into the bosom of the Church. This might seem to afford a cause sufficient in itself for the effect, yet it seems to have been aided by other causes more recondite and mysterious. Notwithstanding all the trash talked about Druids and other persons of this kind, we know extremely little of the heathenism of the British Isles. The little that we do know is learned from the meagre notices that the biographers of the saints have furnished of that which the saints superseded. It is not their function to commemorate the abominations of heathenism; they would rather bury it in eternal oblivion—*premat nox alta*—but they cannot entirely tell the triumphs of their spiritual heroes, without some reference, however faint, to the conquered enemies. In the life of Columba, a deathbed is described in Pictland, just after it had become agitated by the new doctrines. It is that of a youth, evidently the heir of some important house. The *Magi*, as the ministers of the heathen system then established are usually called, assembled round the dying youth, and attempt to save him. The parents appear to have shown some leanings towards the new doctrines, for what the *Magi* do is not to discard or scorn Christianity, but to state that the Deity of the Christians is an inferior deity, and to call on the anxious group to worship the old gods—using the plural—as the more powerful. The youth dies; the occasion calls for a conclusive and effective miracle. Columba comes with his disciples, and asks to be left alone in the hut where the dead youth lies. According to the usual style of the *Acta Sanctorum*, a precedent for a like case in the Old Testament is followed;

the youth is restored to life, and the miracle is followed by many conversions. From such incidents we may acquire faint indications of the relation borne by the missionaries to the priests and followers of heathenism, without believing in the existence of miraculous powers in the sixth century.

What immediately brought on the conflicts between the new and the old creed, however, was the subject of fountains. In one page of the Life of Columba we find the saint, on a child being brought to him for baptism, in a desert place where no water was, striking the rock like Moses, and drawing forth a rill, which remained in perennial existence—a fountain surrounded by a special sanctity. In the next page he deals with a well in the hands of the *Magi*. They had put a demon of theirs into it to such effect, that any unfortunate person washing himself in the well or drinking of its water was forthwith stricken with paralysis, or leprosy, or blindness of an eye, or some other corporeal calamity. The malignant powers with which they had inspired this formidable well spread far around the fear of the *Magi*, and consequently their influence. But the Christian missionaries were to show a power of a different kind—a power of beneficence, excelling and destroying the power of malignity. The process adopted is fully described. The saint, after a suitable invocation, washed his hands and feet in the water, and then drank of it with his disciples. The *Magi* looked on with a malignant smile to see the accursed well produce its usual effect; but the saint and his followers came away uninjured; the demon was driven out of the well, and it became ever afterwards a holy fountain, curing many of their infirmities. Another miracle, bearing against the *Magi*, introduces us to one of their number by name, and gives a little of his domestic history. His name is Broichan, and he is tutor to Brud, king of the Picts, with whom he dwells on the banks of the Ness. It might have relieved the mind of the historical inquirer to be told that Brud

built for himself the remarkable vitrified fort of Craig-Phadric, which rises high above the Ness, and to be informed of the manner in which its calcined rampart was constructed; but nothing is said on the subject, and Craig-Phadric stands on its own isolated merits, still to be guessed at, without one tangible word out of record or history to help any theory about its object or construction home to a conclusion. However, one is free to imagine Brud, the heathen king of the Picts, living on the scarp top of the hill, in a lodging of wattled or wooden houses, surrounded by a rampart of stones fused by fire, as the only cement then known. Such we may suppose to have been the "domus regia," whence the saint walked out in a very bad humour to the river Ness, from the pebbles of which he selected one white stone, to be turned to an important use. Broichan, the Magus, had in his possession a female slave from Ireland. Columba, who seems to have held with him such intercourse as a missionary to the Chocktaws might have with a great medicine-man, desired that the Magus should manumit the woman, for what reason we are not distinctly told; but it is easy to suppose strong grounds for intervention when a Christian missionary finds a woman, from those of his own country and creed, the slave of a heathen priest. Columba's request was refused, and,

losing patience, he had resort to threats; and at length, driven to his ultimatum, he denounced death to Broichan if the slave were not released before his own return to Ireland. Columba told his disciples to expect two messengers to come from the king to tell of the sudden and critical illness of Broichan. The messengers rushed in immediately after to claim the saint's intervention. Broichan had been suddenly stricken by an angel sent for the purpose; and as if he had been taking his dram in a modern gin-palace, we are told that the drinking-glass, or glass drinking-vessel, "*vitrea bibera*," which he was conveying to his lips, was smashed to pieces, and he himself seized with deadly sickness. Columba sends the consecrated pebble, with a prescription that the water in which it is dipped is to be drunk. If, before he sinks, Broichan releases his slave, he is to recover; if not, he dies. The Magus complies, and is saved. The consecrated stone, which had the quality of floating in water like a nut, was afterwards, as we are told, preserved in the treasury of the king of the Picts. It has been lost to the world, along with the saint's white robe and his consecrated banner, both of which performed miracles after his death. But the sanitary influence attributed to the water in which consecrated stones have been dipped, is a superstition scarcely yet uprooted in Scotland.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. III.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XV.

THE stony street, the bitter north-east wind and darkness—and in the midst of them a tender woman thrust out from her husband's home in her thin night-dress, the harsh wind cutting her naked feet, and driving her long hair away from her half-clad bosom, where the poor heart is crushed with anguish and despair.

The drowning man, urged by the supreme agony, lives in an instant through all his happy and unhappy past: when the dark flood has fallen like a curtain, memory, in a single moment, sees the drama acted over again. And even in those bitter crises, which are but types of death—when we are cut off abruptly from the life we have known, when we can no longer expect to-morrow to resemble yesterday, and find ourselves by some sudden shock on the confines of the unknown—there is often the same sort of lightning-flash through the dark and unfrequented chambers of memory.

When Janet sat down shivering on the door-stone, with the door shut upon her past life, and the future black and unshapen before her as the night, the scenes of her childhood, her youth, and her painful womanhood, rushed back upon her consciousness, and made one picture with her present desolation. The petted child taking her newest toy to bed with her—the young girl proud in strength and beauty, dreaming that life was an easy thing, and that it was pitiful weakness to be unhappy—the bride, passing with trembling joy from the outer court to the inner sanctuary of woman's life—the wife, beginning her initiation into sorrow, wounded, resenting, yet still hoping and forgiving—the poor bruised woman, seeking through weary years the one refuge of despair, oblivion:—Janet seemed to herself all these in the same moment that she was conscious of being seated on the cold stone under the

shock of a low misery. All her early gladness, all her bright hopes and illusions, all her gifts of beauty and affection, served only to darken the riddle of her life: they were the betraying promises of a cruel destiny which had brought out those sweet blossoms only that the winds and storms might have a greater work of desolation, which had nursed her like a pet fawn into tenderness and fond expectation, only that she might feel a keener terror in the clutch of the panther. Her mother had sometimes said that troubles were sent to make us better and draw us nearer to God. What mockery that seemed to Janet! Her troubles had been sinking her lower from year to year, pressing upon her like heavy fever-laden vapours, and perverting the very plenitude of her nature into a deeper source of disease. Her wretchedness had been a perpetually tightening instrument of torture, which had gradually absorbed all the other sensibilities of her nature into the sense of pain and the maddened craving for relief. Oh, if some ray of hope, of pity, of consolation, would pierce through the horrible gloom, she might believe *then* in a Divine love—in a heavenly Father who cared for His children! But now she had no faith, no trust. There was nothing she could lean on in the wide world, for her mother was only a fellow-sufferer in her own lot. The poor patient woman could do little more than mourn with her daughter: she had humble resignation enough to sustain her own soul, but she could no more give comfort and fortitude to Janet, than the withered ivy-covered trunk can bear up its strong, full-boughed offspring crashing down under an Alpine storm. Janet felt she was alone: no human soul had measured her anguish, had understood her self-despair, had entered into her sorrows and her sins with that deep-

sighted sympathy which is wiser than all blame, more potent than all reproof — such sympathy as had swelled her own heart for many a sufferer. And if there was any Divine Pity, she could not feel it; it kept aloof from her, it poured no balm into her wounds, it stretched out no hand to bear up her weak resolve, to fortify her fainting courage.

Now, in her utmost loneliness, she shed no tear: she sat staring fixedly into the darkness, while inwardly she gazed at her own past, almost losing the sense that it was her own, or that she was anything more than a spectator at a strange and dreadful play.

The loud sound of the church clock striking one, startled her. She had not been there more than half an hour, then? And it seemed to her as if she had been there half the night. She was getting benumbed with cold. With that strong instinctive dread of pain and death which had made her recoil from suicide, she started up, and the disagreeable sensation of resting on her benumbed feet helped to recall her completely to the sense of the present. The wind was beginning to make raps in the clouds, and there came every now and then a dim light of stars that frightened her more than the darkness; it was like a cruel finger pointing her out in her wretchedness and humiliation; it made her shudder at the thought of the morning twilight. What could she do? Not go to her mother—not rouse her in the dead of night to tell her this. Her mother would think she was a spectre; it would be enough to kill her with horror. And the way there was so long . . . if she should meet some one . . . yet she must seek some shelter, somewhere to hide herself. Five doors off there was Mrs. Pettifer's; that kind woman would take her in. It was of no use now to be proud and mind about the world's knowing: she had nothing to wish for, nothing to care about; only she could not help shuddering at the thought of braving the morning light, there, in the street—she was frightened at the thought of spending long hours in the cold. Life might mean anguish, might mean despair;

but—oh, she must clutch it, though with bleeding fingers; her feet must cling to the firm earth that the sunlight would revisit, not slip into the untried abyss, where she might long even for familiar pains.

Janet trod slowly with her naked feet on the rough pavement, trembling at the fitful gleams of starlight, and supporting herself by the wall, as the gusts of wind drove right against her. The very wind was cruel: it tried to push her back from the door where she wanted to go and knock and ask for pity.

Mrs. Pettifer's house did not look into Orchard street: it stood a little way up a wide passage which opened into the street through an archway. Janet turned up the archway, and saw a faint light coming from Mrs. Pettifer's bedroom window. The glimmer of a rushlight from a room where a friend was lying, was like a ray of mercy to Janet, after that long, long time of darkness and loneliness; it would not be so dreadful to awake Mrs. Pettifer as she had thought. Yet she lingered some minutes at the door before she gathered courage to knock; she felt as if the sound must betray her to others besides Mrs. Pettifer, though there was no other dwelling that opened into the passage — only warehouses and outbuildings. There was no gravel for her to throw up at the window, nothing but heavy pavement; there was no door-bell; she must knock. Her first rap was very timid—one feeble fall of the knocker; and then she stood still again for many minutes; but presently she rallied her courage and knocked several times together, not loudly, but rapidly, so that Mrs. Pettifer, if she only heard the sound, could not mistake it. And she *had* heard it, for by-and-by the casement of her window was opened, and Janet perceived that she was bending out to try and discern who it was at the door.

"It is I, Mrs. Pettifer; it is Janet Dempster. Take me in, for pity's sake."

"Merciful God! what has happened?"

"Robert has turned me out. I have been in the cold a long while."

Mrs. Pettifer said no more, but hurried away from the window, and was soon at the door with a light in her hand.

"Come in, my poor dear, come in," said the good woman in a tremulous voice, drawing Janet within the door. "Come into my warm bed, and may God in heaven save and comfort you."

The pitying eyes, the tender voice, the warm touch, caused a rush of new feeling in Janet. Her heart swelled, and she burst out suddenly, like a child, into loud passionate sobs. Mrs. Pettifer could not help crying with her, but she said, "Come up-stairs, my dear, come. Don't linger in the cold."

She drew the poor sobbing thing gently up-stairs, and persuaded her to get into the warm bed. But it was long before Janet could lie down. She sat leaning her head on her knees, convulsed by sobs, while the motherly woman covered her with clothes and held her arms round her to comfort her with warmth. At last the hysterical passion had exhausted itself, and she fell back on the pillow; but her throat was still agitated by piteous after-sobs, such as shake a little child even when it has found a refuge from its alarms on its mother's lap.

Now Janet was getting quieter, Mrs. Pettifer determined to go down and make a cup of tea, the first thing a kind old woman thinks of as a solace and restorative under all calamities. Happily there was no danger of awaking her servant, a heavy girl of sixteen, who was snoring blissfully in the attic, and might be kept ignorant of the way in which Mrs. Dempster had come in. So Mrs. Pettifer busied herself with rousing the kitchen fire, which was kept in under a huge "raker"—

a possibility by which the coal of the midland counties atones for all its slowness and white ashes.

When she carried up the tea, Janet was lying quite still; the spasmodic agitation had ceased, and she seemed lost in thought; her eyes were fixed vacantly on the rushlight shade, and all the lines of sorrow were deepened in her face.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Pettifer, "let me persuade you to drink a cup of tea, you'll find it warm you and soothe you very much. Why, dear heart, your feet are like ice still. Now, do drink this tea, and I'll wrap 'em up in flannel, and then they'll get warm."

Janet turned her dark eyes on her old friend and stretched out her arms. She was too much oppressed to say anything; her suffering lay like a heavy weight on her power of speech; but she wanted to kiss the good kind woman. Mrs. Pettifer, setting down the cup, bent towards the sad beautiful face, and Janet kissed her with earnest sacramental kisses—such kisses as seal a new and closer bond between the helper and the helped.

She drank the tea obediently. "It does warm me," she said. "But now you will get into bed. I shall lie still now."

Mrs. Pettifer felt it was the best thing she could do to lie down quietly, and say no more. She hoped Janet might go to sleep. As for herself, with that tendency to wakefulness common to advanced years, she found it impossible to compose herself to sleep again after this agitating surprise. She lay listening to the clock, wondering what had led to this new outrage of Dempster's, praying for the poor thing at her side, and pitying the mother who would have to hear it all to-morrow.

CHAPTER XVI.

Janet lay still, as she had promised; but the tea, which had warmed her and given her a sense of greater bodily ease, had only heightened the previous excitement of her brain. Her ideas had a new vividness, which made her feel as if she had only seen

life through a dim haze before; her thoughts, instead of springing from the action of her own mind, were external existences, that thrust themselves imperiously upon her like haunting visions. The future took shape after shape of misery before

her, always ending in her being dragged back again to her old life of terror, and stupor, and fevered despair. Her husband had so long overshadowed her life that her imagination could not keep hold of a condition in which that great dread was absent; and even his absence—what was it? only a dreary vacant flat, where there was nothing to strive after, nothing to long for.

At last, the light of morning quenched the rushlight, and Janet's thoughts became more and more fragmentary and confused. She was every moment slipping off the level on which she lay thinking, down, down into some depth from which she tried to rise again with a start. Slumber was stealing over her weary brain: that uneasy slumber which is only better than wretched waking, because the life we seem to live in it determines no wretched future, because the things we do and suffer in it are but hateful shadows, and leave no impress that petrifies into an irrevocable past.

She had scarcely been asleep an hour when her movements became more violent, her mutterings more frequent and agitated, till at last she started up with a smothered cry, and looked wildly round her, shaking with terror.

"Don't be frightened, dear Mrs. Dempster," said Mrs. Pettifer, who was up and dressing, "you are with me, your old friend, Mrs. Pettifer. Nothing will harm you."

Janet sank back again on her pillow, still trembling. After lying silent a little while, she said, "It was a horrible dream. Dear Mrs. Pettifer, don't let any one know I am here. Keep it a secret. If he finds out, he will come and drag me back again."

"No, my dear, depend on me. I've just thought, I shall send the servant home on a holiday—I've promised her a good while. I'll send her away as soon as she has had her breakfast, and she'll have no occasion to know you're here. There's no holding servants' tongues, if you let 'em know anything. What they don't know, they won't tell; you may trust 'em so far. But shouldn't you like me to go and fetch your mother?"

"No, not yet, not yet. I can't bear to see her yet."

"Well, it shall be just as you like. Now try and get to sleep again. I shall leave you for an hour or two and send off Phoebe, and then bring you some breakfast. I'll lock the door behind me, so as the girl may not come in by chance."

The daylight changes the aspect of misery to us, as of everything else. In the night it presses on our imagination—the forms it takes are false, fitful, exaggerated; in broad day it sickens our sense with the dreary persistence of definite measurable reality. The man who looks with ghastly horror on all his property aflame in the dead of night, has not half the sense of destitution he will have in the morning, when he walks over the ruins lying blackened in the pitiless sunshine. That moment of intensest depression was come to Janet, when the daylight which showed her the walls, and chairs, and tables, and all the commonplace reality that surrounded her, seemed to lay bare the future too, and bring out into oppressive distinctness all the details of a weary life to be lived from day to day, with no hope to strengthen her against that evil habit, which she loathed in retrospect and yet was powerless to resist. Her husband would never consent to her living away from him: she was become necessary to his tyranny; he would never willingly loosen his grasp on her. She had a vague notion of some protection the law might give her, if she could prove her life in danger from him; but she shrank utterly, as she had always done, from any active, public resistance or vengeance: she felt too crushed, too faulty, too liable to reproach, to have the courage, even if she had had the wish, to put herself openly in the position of a wronged woman seeking redress. She had no strength to sustain her in a course of self-defence and independence: there was a darker shadow over her life than the dread of her husband—it was the shadow of self-despair. The easiest thing would be to go away and hide herself from him. But then there was her mother: Robert had all her little property in

his hands, and that little was scarcely enough to keep her in comfort without his aid. If Janet went away alone, he would be sure to persecute her mother; and if she *did* go away—what then? She must work to maintain herself; she must exert herself, weary and hopeless as she was, to begin life afresh. How hard that seemed to her! Janet's nature did not belie her grand face and form: there was energy, there was strength in it; but it was the strength of the vine, which must have its broad leaves and rich clusters borne up by a firm stay. And now she had nothing to rest on—no faith, no love. If her mother had been very feeble, aged, or sickly, Janet's deep pity and tenderness might have made a daughter's duties an interest and a solace; but Mrs. Raynor had never needed tendance; she had always been giving help to her daughter; she had always been a sort of humble ministering spirit; and it was one of Janet's pangs of memory, that instead of being her mother's comfort, she had been her mother's trial. Everywhere the same sadness! Her life was a sun-dried, barren tract, where there was no shadow, and where all the waters were bitter.

No! She suddenly thought—and the thought was like an electric shock—there was one spot in her memory which seemed to promise her an untried spring, where the waters might be sweet. That short interview with Mr. Tryan had come back upon her—his voice, his words, his look, which told her that he knew sorrow. His words had implied that he thought his death was near; yet he had a faith which enabled him to labour—enabled him to give comfort to others. That look of his came back on her with a vividness greater than it had had for her in reality: surely he knew more of the secrets of sorrow than other men; perhaps he had some message of comfort, different from the feeble words she had been used to hear from others. She was tired, she was sick of that barren exhortation—Do right, and keep a clear conscience, and God will reward you, and your troubles will be easier to bear. She wanted *strength* to do

right—she wanted something to rely on besides her own resolutions; for was not the path behind her all strewn with *broken* resolutions? How could she trust in new ones? She had often heard Mr. Tryan laughed at for being fond of great sinners. She began to see a new meaning in those words; he would perhaps understand her helplessness, her wants. If she could pour out her heart to him! if she could for the first time in her life unlock all the chambers of her soul!

The impulse to confession almost always requires the presence of a fresh ear and a fresh heart; and in our moments of spiritual need, the man to whom we have no tie but our common nature, seems nearer to us than mother, brother, or friend. Our daily familiar life is but a hiding of ourselves from each other behind a screen of trivial words and deeds, and those who sit with us at the same hearth, are often the farthest off from the deep human soul within us, full of unspoken evil and unacted good.

When Mrs. Pettifer came back to her, turning the key and opening the door very gently, Janet, instead of being asleep, as her good friend had hoped, was intensely occupied with her new thought. She longed to ask Mrs. Pettifer if she could see Mr. Tryan; but she was arrested by doubts and timidity. He might not feel for her—he might be shocked at her confession—he might talk to her of doctrines she could not understand or believe. She could not make up her mind yet; but she was too restless under this mental struggle to remain in bed.

"Mrs. Pettifer," she said, "I can't lie here any longer; I must get up. Will you lend me some clothes?"

Wrapt in such drapery as Mrs. Pettifer could find for her tall figure, Janet went down into the little parlour, and tried to take some of the breakfast her friend had prepared for her. But her effort was not a successful one; her cup of tea and bit of toast were only half finished. The leaden weight of discouragement pressed upon her more and more heavily. The wind had fallen, and a drizzling rain had come on; there was no prospect from Mrs. Pettifer's

parlour but a blank wall; and as Janet looked out at the window, the rain and the smoke-blackened bricks seemed to blend themselves in sickening identity with her desolation of spirit and the headachy weariness of her body.

Mrs. Pettifer got through her household work as soon as she could, and sat down with her sewing, hoping that Janet would perhaps be able to talk a little of what had passed, and find some relief by unbosoming herself in that way. But Janet could not speak to her; she was importuned with the longing to see Mr. Tryan, and yet hesitating to express it.

Two hours passed in this way. The rain went on drizzling, and Janet sat still, leaning her aching head on her hand, and looking alternately at the fire and out of the window. She felt this could not last—this motion-

less, vacant misery. She must determine on something, she must take some step; and yet everything was so difficult.

It was one o'clock, and Mrs. Pettifer rose from her seat, saying, "I must go and see about dinner."

The movement and the sound startled Janet from her reverie. It seemed as if an opportunity were escaping her, and she said hastily, "Is Mr. Tryan in the town to-day, do you think?"

"No, I should think not, being Saturday, you know," said Mrs. Pettifer, her face lighting up with pleasure; "but he *would* come, if he was sent for. I can send Jesson's boy with a note to him any time. Should you like to see him?"

"Yes, I think I should."

"Then I'll send for him this instant."

CHAPTER XVII.

When Dempster awoke in the morning, he was at no loss to account to himself for the fact that Janet was not by his side. His hours of drunkenness were not cut off from his other hours by any blank wall of oblivion; he remembered what Janet had done to offend him the evening before, he remembered what he had done to her at midnight, just as he would have remembered if he had been consulted about a right of road.

The remembrance gave him a definite ground for the extra ill-humour which had attended his waking every morning this week, but he would not admit to himself that it cost him any anxiety. "Pooh," he said inwardly, "she would go straight to her mother's. She's as timid as a hare; and she'll never let anybody know about it. She'll be back again before night."

But it would be as well for the servants not to know anything of the affair; so he collected the clothes she had taken off the night before, and threw them into a fire-proof closet of which he always kept the key in his pocket. When he went down stairs he said to the housemaid, "Mrs. Dempster is gone to her mother's; bring in the breakfast."

The servants, accustomed to hear domestic broils, and to see their mistress put on her bonnet hastily and go to her mother's, thought it only something a little worse than usual that she should have gone thither in consequence of a violent quarrel, either at midnight, or in the early morning before they were up. The housemaid told the cook what she supposed had happened; the cook shook her head and said, "Eh, dear, dear!" but they both expected to see their mistress back again in an hour or two.

Dempster, on his return home the evening before, had ordered his man, who lived away from the house, to bring up his horse and gig from the stables at ten. After breakfast he said to the housemaid, "No one need sit up for me to-night; I shall not be at home till to-morrow evening;" and then he walked to the office to give some orders, expecting, as he returned, to see the man waiting with his gig. But though the church clock had struck ten, no gig was there. In Dempster's mood this was more than enough to exasperate him. He went in to take his accustomed glass of brandy before setting out, promising himself the satisfaction of presently

thundering at Dawes for being a few minutes behind his time. An outbreak of temper towards his man was not common with him; for Dempster, like most tyrannous people, had that dastardly kind of self-restraint which enabled him to control his temper where it suited his own conveniences to do so; and feeling the value of Dawes, a steady punctual fellow, he not only gave him high wages, but usually treated him with exceptional civility. This morning, however, ill-humour got the better of prudence, and Dempster was determined to rate him soundly; a resolution for which Dawes gave him much better ground than he expected. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, had passed, and Dempster was setting off to the stables in a back street to see what was the cause of the delay, when Dawes appeared with the gig.

"What the devil do you keep me here for?" thundered Dempster, "kicking my heels like a beggarly tailor waiting for a carrier's cart? I ordered you to be here at ten. We might have driven to Whitlow by this time."

"Why, one o' the traces was welly i' two, an' I had to tek it to Brady's to be mended, an' he didn't get it done i' time."

"Then why didn't you take it to him last night? Because of your damned laziness, I suppose. Do you think I give you wages for you to choose your own hours, and come dandling up a quarter of an hour after my time?"

"Come, give me good words, will yer?" said Dawes, sulkily. "I'm not

lazy, nor no man shall call me lazy. I know well anuff what you gi' me wages for; it's for doin' what yer won't find many men as 'ull do."

"What, you impudent scoundrel," said Dempster, getting into the gig, "you think you're necessary to me, do you? As if a beastly bucket-carrying idiot like you wasn't to be got any day. Look out for a new master, then, who'll pay you for not doing as you're bid."

Dawes's blood was now fairly up. "I'll look out for a master as has got a better character nor a lyin', blether-in' drunkard, an' I shouldn't hev to go fur."

Dempster, furious, snatched the whip from the socket, and gave Dawes a cut, which he meant to fall across his shoulders, saying "Take that, sir, and go to hell with you."

Dawes was in the act of turning with the reins in his hand when the lash fell, and the cut went across his face. With white lips, he said, "I'll hev the law on yer for that, lawyer as yer are," and threw the reins on the horse's back.

Dempster leaned forward, seized the reins, and drove off.

"Why, there's your friend Dempster driving out without his man again," said Mr. Luke Byles, who was chatting with Mr. Budd in the Bridge Way. "What a fool he is to drive that two-wheeled thing! he'll get pitched on his head one of these days."

"Not he," said Mr. Budd, nodding to Dempster as he passed; "he's got nine lives, Dempster has."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was dusk, and the candles were lighted before Mr. Tryan knocked at Mrs. Pettifer's door. Her messenger had brought back word that he was not at home, and all afternoon Janet had been agitated by the fear that he would not come; but as soon as that anxiety was removed by the knock at the door, she felt a sudden rush of doubt and timidity: she trembled and turned cold.

Mrs. Pettifer went to open the door,

and told Mr. Tryan, in as few words as possible, what had happened in the night. As he laid down his hat and prepared to enter the parlour, she said, "I won't go in with you, for I think perhaps she would rather see you go in alone."

Janet, wrapped up in a large white shawl which threw her dark face into startling relief, was seated with her eyes turned anxiously towards the door when Mr. Tryan entered. He

had not seen her since their interview at Sally Martin's long months ago; and he felt a strong movement of compassion at the sight of the pain-stricken face which seemed to bear written on it the signs of all Janet's intervening misery. Her heart gave a great leap, as her eyes met his once more. No! she had not deceived herself: there was all the sincerity, all the sadness, all the deep pity in them her memory had told her of; more than it had told her, for in proportion as his face had become thinner and more worn, his eyes appeared to have gathered intensity.

He came forward, and, putting out his hand, said, "I am so glad you sent for me—I am so thankful you thought I could be any comfort to you." Janet took his hand in silence. She was unable to utter any words of mere politeness, or even of gratitude; her heart was too full of other words that had welled up the moment she met his pitying glance, and felt her doubts fall away.

They sat down opposite each other, and she said in a low voice, while slow difficult tears gathered in her aching eyes:—

"I want to tell you how unhappy I am—how weak and wicked. I feel no strength to live or die. I thought you could tell me something that would help me." She paused.

"Perhaps I can," Mr. Tryan said, "for in speaking to me you are speaking to a fellow-sinner who has needed just the comfort and help you are needing."

"And you did find it?"

"Yes; and I trust you will find it."

"O, I should like to be good and to do right," Janet burst forth, "but indeed, indeed, my lot has been a very hard one. I loved my husband very dearly when we were married, and I meant to make him happy—I wanted nothing else. But he began to be angry with me for little things and I don't want to accuse him but he drank and got more and more unkind to me, and then very cruel, and he beat me. And that cut me to the heart. It made me almost mad sometimes to think all our love had come to that I couldn't bear up against it. I had never been used to drink

anything but water. I hated wine and spirits because Robert drank them so; but one day when I was very wretched, and the wine was standing on the table, I suddenly I can hardly remember how I came to do it I poured some wine into a large glass and drank it. It blunted my feelings, and made me more indifferent. After that, the temptation was always coming, and it got stronger and stronger. I was ashamed, and I hated what I did; but almost while the thought was passing through my mind that I would never do it again, I did it. It seemed as if there was a demon in me always making me rush to do what I longed not to do. And I thought all the more that God was cruel; for if He had not sent me that dreadful trial so much worse than other women have to bear, I should not have done wrong in that way. I suppose it is wicked to think so I feel as if there must be goodness and right above us, but I can't see it, I can't trust in it. And I have gone on in that way for years and years. At one time it used to be better now and then, but everything has got worse lately: I felt sure it must soon end some time. And last night he turned me out of doors. . . . I don't know what to do. I will never go back to that life again if I can help it; and yet everything else seems so miserable. I feel sure that demon will be always urging me to satisfy the craving that comes upon me, and the days will go on as they have done through all those miserable years. I shall always be doing wrong, and hating myself after—sinking lower and lower, and knowing that I am sinking. O can you tell me any way of getting strength? Have you ever known any one like me that got peace of mind and power to do right? Can you give me any comfort—any hope?"

While Janet was speaking, she had forgotten everything but her misery and her yearning for comfort. Her voice had risen from the low tone of timid distress to an intense pitch of imploring anguish. She clasped her hands tightly, and looked at Mr. Tryan with eager questioning eyes, with

parted, trembling lips, with the deep horizontal lines of overmastering pain on her brow. In this artificial life of ours, it is not often we see a human face with all a heart's agony in it, uncontrolled by self-consciousness; when we do see it, it startles us as if we had suddenly waked into the real world of which this everyday one is but a puppet-show copy. For some moments Mr. Tryan was too deeply moved to speak.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Dempster," he said at last, "there is comfort, there is hope for you. Believe me there is, for I speak from my own deep and hard experience." He paused, as if he had not made up his mind to utter the words that were urging themselves to his lips. Presently he continued, "Ten years ago, I felt as wretched as you do. I think my wretchedness was even worse than yours, for I had a heavier sin on my conscience. I had suffered no wrong from others as you have, and I had injured another irreparably in body and soul. The image of the wrong I had done pursued me everywhere, and I seemed on the brink of madness. I hated my life, for I thought, just as you do, that I should go on falling into temptation and doing more harm in the world; and I dreaded death, for with that sense of guilt on my soul, I felt that whatever state I entered on must be one of misery. But a dear friend to whom I opened my mind showed me it was just such as I—the helpless who feel themselves helpless—that God specially invites to come to Him, and offers all the riches of His salvation: not forgiveness only; forgiveness would be worth little if it left us under the powers of our evil passions; but strength—that strength which enables us to conquer sin."

"But," said Janet, "I can feel no trust in God. He seems always to have left me to myself. I have sometimes prayed to Him to help me, and yet everything has been just the same as before. If you felt like me, how did you come to have hope and trust?"

"Do not believe that God has left you to yourself. How can you tell but that the hardest trials you have known have been only the road

by which He was leading you to that complete sense of your own sin and helplessness, without which you would never have renounced all other hopes, and trusted in His love alone? I know, dear Mrs. Dempster, I know it is hard to bear. I would not speak lightly of your sorrows. I feel, that the mystery of our life is great, and at one time it seemed as dark to me as it does to you." Mr. Tryan hesitated again. He saw that the first thing Janet needed was to be assured of sympathy. She must be made to feel that her anguish was not strange to him; that he entered into the only half-expressed secrets of her spiritual weakness, before any other message of consolation could find its way to her heart. The tale of the divine pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity, and Janet's anguish was not strange to Mr. Tryan. He had never been in the presence of a sorrow and a self-despair that had sent so strong a thrill through all the recesses of his saddest experience; and it is because sympathy is but a living again through our own past in a new form, that confession often prompts a response of confession. Mr. Tryan felt this prompting, and his judgment too told him that in obeying it he would be taking the best means of administering comfort to Janet. Yet he hesitated, as we tremble to let in the daylight on a chamber of relics which we have never visited except in curtained silence. But the first impulse triumphed, and he went on. "I had lived all my life at a distance from God. My youth was spent in thoughtless self-indulgence, and all my hopes were of a vain worldly kind. I had no thought of entering the Church; I looked forward to a political career, for my father was private secretary to a man high in the Whig ministry, and had been promised strong interest in my behalf. At college I lived in intimacy with the gayest men, even adopting follies and vices for which I had no taste, out of mere pliancy and the love of standing well with my companions. You see, I was more guilty even then than you have been, for I threw away all the rich blessings of

untroubled youth and health ; I had no excuse in my outward lot. But while I was at college that event in my life occurred, which in the end brought on the state of mind I have mentioned to you—the state of self-reproach and despair, which enables me to understand to the full what you are suffering ; and I tell you the facts, because I want you to be assured that I am not uttering mere vague words when I say that I have been raised from as low a depth of sin and sorrow as that in which you feel yourself to be. At college I had an attachment to a lovely girl of seventeen : she was very much below my own station in life, and I never contemplated marrying her ; but I induced her to leave her father's house. I did not mean to forsake her when I left college, and I quieted all scruples of conscience by promising myself that I would always take care of poor Lucy. But on my return from a vacation spent in travelling, I found that Lucy was gone—gone away with a gentleman, her neighbours said. I was a good deal distressed, but I tried to persuade myself that no harm would come to her. Soon afterwards I had an illness which left my health delicate, and made all dissipation distasteful to me. Life seemed very wearisome and empty, and I looked with envy on every one who had some great and absorbing object—even on my cousin who was preparing to go out as a missionary, and whom I had been used to think a dismal, tedious person, because he was constantly urging religious subjects upon me. We were living in London then ; it was three years since I had lost sight of Lucy ; and one summer evening about nine o'clock, as I was walking along Gower Street, I saw a knot of people on the causeway before me. As I came up to them, I heard one woman say, 'I tell you, she's dead.' This awakened my interest, and I pushed my way within the circle. The body of a woman, dressed in fine clothes, was lying against a door-step. Her head was bent on one side, and the long curls had fallen over her cheek. A tremor seized me when I saw the hair : it was light chestnut—the

colour of Lucy's. I knelt down and turned aside the hair ; it was Lucy—dead—with paint on her cheeks. I found out afterwards that she had taken poison—that she was in the power of a wicked woman—that the very clothes on her back were not her own. It was then that my past life burst upon me in all its hideousness. I wished I had never been born. I couldn't look into the future. Lucy's dead painted face would follow me there, as it did when I looked back into the past—as it did when I sat down to table with my friends, when I lay down in my bed, and when I rose up. There was only one thing that could make life tolerable to me ; that was, to spend all the rest of it in trying to save others from the ruin I had brought on me. But how was that possible for me ? I had no comfort, no strength, no wisdom in my own soul ; how could I give them to others ? My mind was dark, rebellious, at war with itself and with God."

Mr. Tryan had been looking away from Janet. His face was towards the fire, and he was absorbed in the images his memory was recalling. But now he turned his eyes on her, and they met hers, fixed on him with the look of rapt expectation with which one clinging to a slippery summit of rock, while the waves are rising higher and higher, watches the boat that has put from shore to his rescue.

"You see, Mrs. Dempster, how deep my need was. I went on in this way for months. I was convinced that if I ever got help and comfort, it must be from religion. I went to hear celebrated preachers, and I read religious books. But I found nothing that fitted my own need. The faith which puts the sinner in possession of salvation seemed, as I understood it, to be quite out of my reach. I had no faith ; I only felt utterly wretched, under the power of habits and dispositions which had wrought hideous evil. At last, as I told you, I found a friend to whom I opened all my feelings—to whom I confessed everything. He was a man who had gone through very deep experience, and could understand the different wants of different minds. He made

it clear to me that the only preparation for coming to Christ and partaking of His salvation, was that very sense of guilt and helplessness which was weighing me down. He said, You are weary and heavy laden; well, it is you Christ invites to come to Him and find rest. He asks you to cling to Him, to lean on Him; He does not command you to walk alone without stumbling. He does not tell you, as your fellow-men do, that you must first merit His love; He neither condemns nor reproaches you for the past, He only bids you come to Him that you may have life: He bids you stretch out your hands, and take of the fulness of His love. You have only to rest on Him as a child rests on its mother's arms, and you will be upborne by His divine strength. That is what is meant by faith. Your evil habits, you feel, are too strong for you; you are unable to wrestle with them; you know beforehand you shall fall. But when once we feel our helplessness in that way, and go to Christ, desiring to be freed from the power as well as the punishment of sin, we are no longer left to our own strength. As long as we live in rebellion against God, desiring to have our own will, seeking happiness in the things of this world, it is as if we shut ourselves up in a crowded stifling room, where we breathe only poisoned air; but we have only to walk out under the infinite heavens, and we breathe the pure free air that gives us health, and strength, and gladness. It is just so with God's Spirit: as soon as we submit ourselves to His will, as soon as we desire to be united to Him, and made pure and holy, it is as if the walls had fallen down that shut us out from God, and we are fed with His Spirit, which gives us new strength."

"That is what I want," said Janet. "I have left off minding about pleasure. I think I could be contented in the midst of hardship, if I felt that God cared for me, and would give me strength to lead a pure life. But tell me, did you soon find peace and strength?"

"Not perfect peace for a long while, but hope and trust, which is strength. No sense of pardon

for myself could do away with the pain I had in thinking what I had helped to bring on another. My friend used to urge upon me that my sin against God was greater than my sin against her; but—it may be from want of deeper spiritual feeling—that has remained to this hour the sin which causes me the bitterest pang. I could never rescue Lucy; but by God's blessing I might rescue other weak and falling souls; and that was why I entered the Church. I asked for nothing through the rest of my life but that I might be devoted to God's work, without swerving in search of pleasure either to the right hand or to the left. It has been often a hard struggle—but God has been with me—and perhaps it may not last much longer."

Mr. Tryan paused. For a moment he had forgotten Janet, and for a moment she had forgotten her own sorrows. When she recurred to herself, it was with a new feeling.

"Ah, what a difference between our lives! you have been choosing pain, and working, and denying yourself; and I have been thinking only of myself. I was only angry and discontented because I had pain to bear. You never had that wicked feeling that I have had so often, did you? that God was cruel to send me trials and temptations worse than others have."

"Yes, I had; I had very blasphemous thoughts, and I know that spirit of rebellion must have made the worst part of your lot. You did not feel how impossible it is for us to judge rightly of God's dealings, and you opposed yourself to His will. But what do we know? We cannot foretell the working of the smallest event in our own lot: how can we presume to judge of things that are so much too high for us? There is nothing that becomes us but entire submission, perfect resignation. As long as we set up our own will and our own wisdom against God's, we make that wall between us and His love which I have spoken of just now. But as soon as we lay ourselves entirely at His feet, we have enough light given us to guide our own steps; as the foot-soldier who hears nothing of the councils that

determine the course of the great battle he is in, hears plainly enough the word of command which he must himself obey. I know, dear Mrs. Dempster, I know it is hard—the hardest thing of all, perhaps—to flesh and blood. But carry that difficulty to Christ along with all your other sins and weaknesses, and ask Him to

pour into you a spirit of submission. He enters into your struggles; He has drunk the cup of our suffering to the dregs; He knows the hard wrestling it costs us to say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'

"Pray with me," said Janet—"pray now that I may have light and strength."

CHAPTER XIX.

Before leaving Janet, Mr. Tryan urged her strongly to send for her mother.

"Do not wound her," he said, "by shutting her out any longer from your troubles. It is right that you should be with her."

"Yes, I will send for her," said Janet. "But I would rather not go to my mother's yet, because my husband is sure to think I am there, and he might come and fetch me. I can't go back to him at least, not yet. Ought I to go back to him?"

"No, certainly not, at present. Something should be done to secure you from violence. Your mother, I think, should consult some confidential friend, some man of character and experience, who might mediate between you and your husband."

"Yes, I will send for my mother directly. But I will stay here, with Mrs. Pettifer, till something has been done. I want no one to know where I am, except you. You will come again, will you not? you will not leave me to myself?"

"You will not be left to yourself. God is with you. If I have been able to give you any comfort, it is because His power and love have been present with us. But I am very thankful that He has chosen to work through me. I shall see you again to-morrow—not before evening, for it will be Sunday, you know; but after the evening lecture I shall be at liberty. You will be in my prayers till then. In the mean time, dear Mrs. Dempster, open your heart as much as you can to your mother and Mrs. Pettifer. Cast away from you the pride that makes us shrink from acknowledging our weakness to our friends. Ask them to help you in

guarding yourself from the least approach of the sin you most dread. Deprive yourself as far as possible of the very means and opportunity of committing it. Every effort of that kind made in humility and dependence is a prayer. Promise me you will do this."

"Yes, I promise you. I know I have always been too proud; I could never bear to speak to any one about myself. I have been proud towards my mother, even; it has always made me angry when she has seemed to take notice of my faults."

"Ah, dear Mrs. Dempster, you will never say again that life is blank, and that there is nothing to live for, will you? See what work there is to be done in life, both in our own souls and for others. Surely it matters little whether we have more or less of this world's comfort in these short years, when God is training us for the eternal enjoyment of His love. Keep that great end of life before you, and your troubles here will seem only the small hardships of a journey. Now I must go."

Mr. Tryan rose and held out his hand. Janet took it and said, "God has been very good to me in sending you to me. I will trust in Him. I will try to do everything you tell me."

Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasselled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapour, and cannot make themselves felt. But some-

times they are made flesh ; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands, they look at us with sad sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones ; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.

Janet's dark grand face, still fatigued, had become quite calm, and looked up, as she sat, with a humble childlike expression at the thin blond face and slightly sunken grey eyes which now shone with hectic brightness. She might have been taken for an image of passionate strength beaten and worn with conflict ; and he for an image of the self-renouncing faith which has soothed that conflict into rest. As he looked at the sweet submissive face, he remembered its look of despairing anguish, and his heart was very full as he turned away from her. "Let me only live to see this work confirmed, and then"

It was nearly ten o'clock when Mr. Tryan left, but Janet was bent on

sending for her mother ; so Mr. Pettifer, as the readiest plan, put on her bonnet and went herself to fetch Mrs. Raynor. The mother had been too long used to expect that every fresh week would be more painful than the last, for Mrs. Pettifer's news to come upon her with the shock of a surprise. Quietly, without any show of distress, she made up a bundle of clothes, and, telling her little maid that she should not return home that night, accompanied Mrs. Pettifer back in silence.

When they entered the parlour, Janet, wearied out, had sunk to sleep in the large chair, which stood with its back to the door. The noise of the opening door disturbed her, and she was looking round wonderingly, when Mrs. Raynor came up to her chair, and said, "It's your mother, Janet."

"Mother, dear mother!" Janet cried, clasping her closely. "I have not been a good tender child to you, but I *will* be—I will not grieve you any more."

The calmness which had withstood a new sorrow was overcome by a new joy, and the mother burst into tears.

CHAPTER XX.

On Sunday morning the rain had ceased, and Janet, looking out of the bedroom window, saw, above the house-tops, a shining mass of white cloud rolling under the far-away blue sky. It was going to be a lovely April day. The fresh sky, left clear and calm after the long vexation of wind and rain, mingled its mild influence with Janet's new thoughts and prospects. She felt a buoyant courage that surprised herself, after the cold crushing weight of despondency which had oppressed her the day before : she could think even of her husband's rage without the old overpowering dread. For a delicious hope—the hope of purification and inward peace—had entered into Janet's soul, and made it spring-tine there as well as in the outer world.

While her mother was brushing and coiling up her thick black hair—

a favourite task, because it seemed to renew the days of her daughter's girlhood—Janet told how she came to send for Mr. Tryan, how she had remembered their meeting at Sally Martin's in the autumn, and had felt an irresistible desire to see him and tell him her sins and her troubles.

"I see God's goodness now, mother, in ordering it so that we should meet in that way, to overcome my prejudice against him, and make me feel that he was good, and then bringing it back to my mind in the depth of my trouble. You know what foolish things I used to say about him, knowing nothing of him all the while. And yet he was the man who was to give me comfort and help when everything else failed me. It is wonderful how I feel able to speak to him as I never have done to any one before; and how every word he says to me enters my heart,

and has a new meaning for me. I think it must be because he has felt life more deeply than others, and has a deeper faith. I believe everything he says at once. His words come to me like rain on the parched ground. It has always seemed to me before as if I could see behind people's words, as one sees behind a screen. But in Mr. Tryan it is his very soul that speaks."

"Well, my dear child, I love and bless him for your sake, if he has given you any comfort. I never believed the harm people said of him, though I had no desire to go and hear him, for I am contented with old-fashioned ways. I find more good teaching than I can practise in reading my Bible at home, and hearing Mr. Crewe at church. But your wants are different, my dear, and we are not all led by the same road. That was certainly good advice of Mr. Tryan's you told me of last night—that we should consult some one that may interfere for you with your husband; and I've been turning it over in my mind while I've been lying awake in the night. I think nobody will do so well as Mr. Benjamin Landor, for we must have a man that knows the law, and that Robert is rather afraid of. And perhaps he could bring about an agreement for you to live apart. Your husband's bound to maintain you, you know; and, if you liked,

we could move away from Millby and live somewhere else."

"O, mother, we must do nothing yet; I must think about it a little longer. I have a different feeling this morning from what I had yesterday. Something seems to tell me that I must go back to Robert sometime—after a little while. I loved him once better than all the world, and I have never had any children to love. There were things in me that were wrong, and I should like to make up for them if can."

"Well, my dear, I won't persuade you. Think of it a little longer. But something must be done soon."

"How I wish I had my bonnet, and shawl, and black gown here," said Janet, after a few minutes' silence. "I should like to go to Paddiford church and hear Mr. Tryan. There would be no fear of my meeting Robert, for he never goes out on a Sunday morning."

"I'm afraid it would not do for me to go to the house and fetch your clothes," said Mrs. Raynor.

"O no, no! I must stay quietly here while you two go to church. I will be Mrs. Pettifer's maid, and get the dinner ready for her by the time she comes back. Dear good woman! She was so tender to me when she took me in, in the night, mother, and all the next day, when I couldn't speak a word to her, to thank her."

CHAPTER XXI.

The servants at Dempster's felt some surprise when the morning, noon, and evening of Saturday had passed, and still their mistress did not reappear.

"It's very odd," said Kitty, the housemaid, as she trimmed her next week's cap, while Betty, the middle-aged cook, looked on with folded arms. "Do you think as Mrs. Raynor was ill, and sent for the missis afore we was up?"

"O," said Betty, "if it had been that, she'd ha' been back'ards and for'ards three or four times afore now; leastways, she'd ha' sent little Ann to let us know."

"There's summat up more nor

usual between her an' the master, that you may depend on," said Kitty. "I know those clothes as was lying i' the drawing-room yesterday, when the company was come, meant summat. I shouldn't wonder if that was what they've had a fresh row about. She's p'raps gone away, an's made up her mind not to come back again."

"An' i' the right on't, too," said Betty. "I'd ha' overrun him long afore now, if it had been me. I wouldn't stan' bein' mauled as she is by no husband, not if he was the biggest lord i' the land. It's poor work bein' a wife at that price: I'd sooner be a cook wi'out perkises, an' hev' roast, an' boil, an' fry, an' bake

all to mind at once. She may well do as she does. I know I'm glad enough of a drop o' summat myself when I'm plagued. I feel very low, like, to-night; I think I shall put my beer i' the saucepan an' warm it."

"What a one you are for warmin' your beer, Betty! I couldn't abide it—nasty bitter stuff!"

"It's fine talkin'; if you was a cook you'd know what belongs to bein' a cook. It's none so nice to hev a sink-in' at your stomach, I can tell you. You wouldn't think so much o' fine ribbins i' your cap then."

"Well, well, Betty, don't be grumpy. Liza Thomson, as is at Phipps's, said to me last Sunday, 'I wonder you'll stay at Dempster's,' she says, 'such goins on as there is.' But I says, 'There's things to put up wi' in ivery place, an' you may change, an' change, an' not better yourself when all's said an' done.' Lorst! why Liza told me herself as Mrs. Phipps was as skinny as skinny i' the kitchen, for all they keep so much company; and as for follers, she's as cross as a turkey-cock if she finds 'em out. There's nothin' o' that sort i' the missis. How pretty she come and spoke to Job last Sunday! There isn't a good-natur'der woman i' the world, that's my belief—an' handsome too. I al'ys think there's nobody looks half so well as the missis when she's got her 'air done nice. Lorst! I wish I'd got long 'air like her—my 'air's a-comin' off dreadful."

"There'll be fine work to-morrow, I expect," said Betty, "when the master comes home, an' Dawes a-swearin' as he'll niver do a stroke o' work for him again. It'll be good fun if he sets the justice on him for cuttin' him wi' the whip; the master'll p'raps get his comb cut for once in his life!"

"Why, he was in a temper like a fi-end this morning," said Kitty. "I dare say it was along o' what had happened wi' the missis. We shall hev a pretty house wi' him if she dosen't come back—he'll want to be leatherin' us, I shouldn't wonder. He must hev somethin' t' ill-use when he's in a passion."

"I'd tek care he didn't leather me—no, not if he was my husban' ten times

o'er; I'd pour hot drippin' on him sooner. But the missis heen't a sperit like me. He'll mek her come back, you'll see; he'll come round her somehow. There's no likelihood of her coming back to-night, though; so I should think we might fasten the doors and go to bed when we like."

On Sunday morning, however, Kitty's mind became disturbed by more definite and alarming conjectures about her mistress. While Betty, encouraged by the prospect of unwonted leisure, was sitting down to continue a letter which had long lain unfinished between the leaves of her Bible, Kitty came running into the kitchen and said,

"Lorst! Betty, I'm all o' a tremble; you might knock me down wi' a feather. I've just looked into the missis's wardrobe, an' there's both her bonnets. She must ha' gone wi'out her bonnet. An' then I remember as her night-clothes wasn't on the bed yisterday mornin'; I thought she'd put 'em away to be washed; but she hedn't, for I've been lookin'. It's my belief he's murdered her, and shut her up i' that closet as he keeps locked al'ys. He's capible on't."

"Lorst-ha-massy, why you'd better run to Mrs. Raynor's an' see if she's there, arter all. It was p'raps all a lie."

Mrs. Raynor had returned home to give directions to her little maiden, when Kitty, with the elaborate manifestation of alarm which servants delight in, rushed in without knocking, and holding her hands on her heart as if the consequences to that organ were likely to be very serious, said,—

"If you please 'm, is the missis here?"

"No, Kitty; why are you come to ask?"

"Because 'm, she's niver been at home since yesterday mornin', since afore we was up; and we thought somethin' must ha' happened to her."

"No, don't be frightened, Kitty. Your mistress is quite safe; I know where she is. Is your master at home?"

"No 'm; he went out yesterday mornin', an' said he shouldn't be back afore to-night."

"Well, Kitty, there's nothing the matter with your mistress. You needn't say anything to any one about her being away from home. I shall call presently, and fetch her gown and bonnet. She wants them to put on."

Kitty, perceiving there was a mystery she was not to inquire into, returned to Orchard Street, really glad to know that her mistress was safe, but disappointed nevertheless at being told that she was not to be frightened. She was soon followed by Mrs. Raynor in quest of the gown and bonnet. The good mother, on learning that Dempster was not at home, had at once thought that she could gratify Janet's wish to go to Paddiford church.

"See, my dear," she said, as she entered Mrs. Pettifer's parlour; "I've brought you your black clothes. Robert's not at home, and is not coming till this evening. I couldn't find your best black gown, but this will do. I wouldn't bring anything else, you know; but there can't be any objection to my fetching clothes to cover you. You can go to Paddiford church now, if you like; and I will go with you."

"That's a dear mother! Then we'll all three go together. Come and help me to get ready. Good little Mrs. Crewe! It will vex her sadly that I should go to hear Mr. Tryan. But I must kiss her, and make it up with her."

Many eyes were turned on Janet with a look of surprise as she walked up the aisle of Paddiford church. She felt a little tremor at the notice she knew she was exciting, but it was a strong satisfaction to her that she had been able at once to take a step that would let her neighbours know her change of feeling towards Mr. Tryan: she had left herself now no room for proud reluctance or weak hesitation. The walk through the sweet spring air had stimulated all her fresh hopes, all her yearning desires after purity, strength, and peace. She thought she should find a new meaning in the prayers this morning; her full heart, like an overflowing river, wanted those ready-made channels to pour itself into; and then she should hear Mr.

Tryan again, and his words would fall on her like precious balm, as they had done last night. There was a liquid brightness in her eyes as they rested on the mere walls, the pews, the weavers and colliers in their Sunday clothes. The commonest things seemed to touch the spring of love within her, just as when we are suddenly released from an acute absorbing bodily pain, our heart and senses leap out in new freedom: we think even the noise of streets harmonious, and are ready to hug the tradesman who is wrapping up our change. A door had been opened in Janet's cold dark prison of self-despair, and the golden light of morning was pouring in its slanting beams through the blessed opening. There was sunlight in the world: there was a divine love caring for her; it had given her an earnest of good things; it had been preparing comfort for her in the very moment when she had thought herself most forsaken.

Mr. Tryan might well rejoice when his eye rested on her as he entered his desk; but he rejoiced with trembling. He could not look at the sweet hopeful face without remembering its yesterday's look of agony; and there was the possibility that that look might return.

Janet's appearance at church was greeted not only by wondering eyes, but by kind hearts, and after the service several of Mr. Tryan's hearers with whom she had been on cold terms of late, contrived to come up to her and take her by the hand.

"Mother," said Miss Linnet, "do let us go and speak to Mrs. Dempster. I'm sure there's a great change in her mind towards Mr. Tryan. I noticed how eagerly she listened to the sermon, and she's come with Mrs. Pettifer, you see. We ought to go and give her a welcome among us."

"Why, my dear, we've never spoke friendly these five year. You know she's been as haughty as anything since I quarrelled with her husband. However, let bygones be bygones: I've no grudge again' the poor thing, more particular as she must ha' flew in her husband's face to come an' hear Mr. Tryan. Yis, let us go an' speak to her."

The friendly words and looks touched Janet a little too keenly, and Mrs. Pettifer wisely hurried her home by the least-frequented road. When they reached home, a violent fit of weeping, followed by continuous lassitude, showed that the emotions of the morning had overstrained her nerves. She was suffering, too, from the absence of the long-accustomed stimulus which she had promised Mr. Tryan not to touch again. The poor thing was conscious of this, and dreaded her own weakness, as the victim of intermittent insanity dreads the on-coming of the old illusion.

"Mother," she whispered, when Mrs. Raynor urged her to lie down and rest all the afternoon, that she might be the better prepared to see Mr. Tryan in the evening—"mother, don't let me have anything if I ask for it."

In the mother's mind there was the same anxiety, and in her it was mingled with another fear—the fear lest Janet, in her present excited state of mind, should take some premature step in relation to her husband, which might lead back to all the former troubles. The hint she had thrown out in the morning of her wish to return to him after a time, showed a new eagerness for difficult duties, that only made the long-saddened sober mother tremble.

But as evening approached Janet's morning heroism all forsook her: her

imagination, influenced by physical depression as well as by mental habits, was haunted by the vision of her husband's return home, and she began to shudder with the yesterday's dread. She heard him calling her, she saw him going to her mother's to look for her, she felt sure he would find her out, and burst in upon her.

"Pray, pray, don't leave me, don't go to church," she said to Mrs. Pettifer. "You and mother both stay with me till Mr. Tryan comes."

At twenty minutes past six the church bells were ringing for the evening service, and soon the congregation was streaming along Orchard Street in the mellow sunset. The street opened toward the west. The red half-sunken sun shed a solemn splendour on the everyday houses, and crimsoned the windows of Dempster's projecting upper story.

Suddenly a loud murmur arose and spread along the stream of church-goers, and one group after another paused and looked backward. At the far end of the street men, accompanied by a miscellaneous group of onlookers, are slowly carrying something—a body stretched on a door. Slowly they pass along the middle of the street, lined all the way with awe-struck faces, till they turn aside and pause in the red sunlight before Dempster's door.

It is Dempster's body. No one knows whether he is alive or dead.

BELOOCHEE TRAITS.

At the present moment, when Indian affairs are exciting such intense interest, and there no longer remains any doubt of our empire in the East having been threatened by a Mohammedan plot, it may not be amiss to relate such personal incidents of a journey in Beloochistan as may serve to illustrate the character and life of a Mohammedan people, who have never experienced the ameliorating influences of European civilisation and government. Already, in this Magazine,* reference has been made to the general character of the country, but its inhabitants also well deserve a little special notice. The only work recently published, at all relating to the subject, is General Ferrier's narrative of his *Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Beloochistan, &c.*; but his instructive, difficult, and interesting journey was made no less than twelve years ago, and he failed utterly in his attempt to pass through, or even to enter, Northern Beloochistan. Before advancing beyond the Helmund, when on territory subject to the Sirdar of Kandahar, he and his party of about a dozen Affghans were furiously attacked by Beloochees, nomads in that district of Seistan, and had to retreat, keeping up a running fight, in which five of their number were not only killed, but also cut into pieces. This disastrous commencement induced him to return to Herat; so he saw only the worst phase of the character of the Beloochees, as presented to the Affghans, their detested foes, and made no acquaintance with them among their own mountains. Perhaps it may be thought that he had seen quite enough of them, and that any closer intercourse was far from desirable, especially since it was in that neighbourhood that Dr. Forbes was murdered a few years before, under the notion that a European's dead body would turn into gold. Be that as it may, this French traveller is hardly a competent witness against the

country; his brief account of it, drawn from his Affghan friends, is probably too unfavourable. All reports agree in representing the Northern Beloochees as the most fierce and lawless; and I enjoyed an important safeguard, in the contiguity of territory under British rule, though that excited suspicion as to the object of the visit. Hence, as little as Ferrier's, did my excursion, ten years later than his, afford any very direct evidence as to the present state of the tribes upon the central plateaus of the Brahui range. It brought me, however, in contact with many nomads, and with a number of savage tribes, both Belooch and Brahui, quite sufficient to show the character of life in Central Asia.

So far from having to withstand any serious wanton attacks, I had myself in part to blame for the only quarrel which became really alarming, and threatened to end in bloodshed. It occurred in the following wise, near the village of Lyaree, when we were returning across Las, and felt ourselves comparatively safe. Arriving at a well and suitable camping-ground after nightfall, we found a party of ten or a dozen Brahuis, also travellers, encamped under one of two large tamarind trees, and enjoying themselves in the blaze of a huge fire, which gave quite a picturesque yet cheerful aspect to the scene. I was sitting near them, before the fire, and we seemed to be getting on very well, when one of the men who were setting up my tent complained that it could not be set up, and in fact that we could not encamp under the other tree unless the Brahuis removed from it a camel which they had tethered there. This animal having gone wild, had severely bitten its master's shoulder, on which account it had been secured by itself; and it did not seem to have altogether quieted down. One of my servants, who could speak with the Brahuis in their own language, had already asked them to remove it to

* Article "Life in Central Asia," May 1857.

some other trees close by; a request which they had refused, on the plea of their having been the first to take possession of the ground. This was churlish and unjustifiable, because that one camel of theirs interfered with our occupying the only comfortable spot in the neighbourhood; so I told him to represent this to them, and to insist on its removal. No sooner had he commenced with "Master says," than the chief of the Brahuia broke in with an interruption, which, translated into ordinary English, was very much equivalent to this: "Your master says; but what the devil do we care what your master says?" I confess to being irritated at such rudeness, but it was as much in joke as in earnest that, in return, I threatened to shoot the animal if it were not removed, and crammed bullets into the barrels of my fowling-piece, which happened to be loaded with shot. This stirred the Scythian blood, for with yells they snatched up their arms. Two of them who had matchlocks established themselves on the heap of their camel-saddles and goods in order to have advantage of a rest, while a third proceeded to hand them up a light, and the others, with knives and swords in their hands, stood grimly, ready, in all appearance, to do battle, and to face dark death. Calling hastily on my servants and dogs, I threatened instinctively, rather than otherwise, to shoot down the man who was handing up a light, and by this means induced him to drop the brand. Then we stood looking at each other, both parties being rather at a loss as to what should be done next. On glancing back, I was gratified to see that my party seemed prepared to make a stand, and that a negro, the best armed of them, had quietly established himself behind a box, on which he rested his matchlock, steadily pointing it at our foes, and ready to discharge. This *tableau vivant*, as seen in the flashing light of a large wood-fire, must have been rather striking, although it was far too nearly exchanged for mortal combat too allow of that consideration being entertained at the time. The difficulty was how to extricate myself from the dilemma into which

my folly had rushed, without either provoking the Brahuia to fight, or yet giving in to them; and finding they waited to see what we were going to do, I ordered the vexatious camel to be cut loose, and driven off with a firebrand, while I stood ready to shoot at it or at its owners, as occasion might require. This was introducing a new element of confusion, on the effect of which it was impossible to calculate; but when the Brahuia, who had cooled down a little, understood what was going to be done, they proposed a truce, and finally agreed to remove the camel rather than fight it out, or risk the loss of a valuable animal. Had the affair come to blows, the probability is, that three of them would have fallen at the outset, but that, if the remainder had pushed on to close quarters, they would have avenged their friends. Fortunately, in the excitement of the moment, I never hesitated or thought of consequences, and this carried me through. It was not necessary to set any watch that night, for both parties regarded each other with intense suspicion, and slept very little. Before I awoke next morning the Brahuia were gone, but the chief left a message for me to the effect that it was not any dread of us which had kept him from fighting. He also, he said, was a stranger in that part of the country, and whichever party might have been victorious, the people of the neighbouring village, attracted by the firing, and only too glad to increase their wealth under any pretext, would have fallen on that party as thieves and robbers. Unquestionably there was much truth in this; even victory might have been disastrous to our early friends; but I question whether any such considerations occurred to them in the excitement of our quarrel, or could have exercised much influence over their minds at a time when they manifested a certain wild-beast rage very different from, though not inconsistent with, their usual quiet sullen demeanour. My own share in this business may not have been altogether prudent or defensible, though it must be remembered that, where there is much bra-

vado of fighting, it is often safest to outbrave it, and to have given way would have been to weaken authority over my own party.

There was soon occasion to notice that the Affghans, in their accounts of the country, had an eye to deterring Europeans from entering into it. On the way between the Sind frontier and Soumeanee, I encountered two kafilahs of these people, at one of which I was refused a drink of water, which they had in abundance; while the head man of the other told me that the town just mentioned, which was within thirty miles from where we stood, was ten days' journey distant, and could only be reached by passing among inhospitable tribes! He must have known nothing about the existence of maps. On the other hand, Azim Kkan, governor of Soumeanee under the Jam of Bela, received me not only politely, as was to be expected from his position at a seaport, and within sixty miles of Sind, but even with cordiality, throwing no obstacle in the way of our proceeding up the country. Intercourse with this chief was rather amusing, from the formality with which it was conducted, in imitation of Indian rather than after Belooch manners. When visiting him, he came out to meet me, led me into his house by the hand, and seated me on a carpet, in the midst of a circle of his followers, with a dignity and solemnity which were quite appalling, especially as preludes to the unsubstantial refreshments of betel-nut and a hookah. When he came to my tent, he had to be treated in a similar way. One of his first proposals was the offer of two armed men to guard my baggage, but this was declined. Next he gave me a *dumbah*, or fat-tailed sheep, rice, and some dried fruits from Khelat; and when I offered a present in return, he said that I was on a journey; that, consequently, it was his duty to give, not to take; and that if ever he went into my country, he should expect similar treatment. At this magnanimous speech a murmur of admiration arose from his vassals, as if they desired to say, "See what a generous country you have reached! what a noble chief is Azim Khan!" Devoutly do I wish that such a laud-

able principle could be impressed on the proprietors of those European institutions which Goldsmith (surely imitating Johnson) called "base retreats of venal hospitality." The Khan offered to do anything in his power to assist me in going to Bela or Khozdar, or even Khelat, and gave me a letter which he said would remove all difficulties from under my feet. Rather inconsistently, he proceeded to warn me against certain chiefs, and all roving tribes, and, as he did so, began industriously to polish the blades of his sword and dagger. His place was not to be envied, for Soumeanee had been ruined by the rival port of Kurrachee. It was a small confused mass of sandhills, crumbling mud-houses, half-empty shops, and dunghills; the population chiefly composed of a few hundred listless, uncomfortable-looking men and horribly ugly negro women; only the ruler and his relatives showing any signs of Belooch blood. The drinking water was execrable; the fishing-boats were mostly out of repair; very few pattimars continued to arrive at it from Bombay, with iron implements, betel and cocoa nuts, while not many more buglahs came from Muscat and the Gulf with sweetmeats, dates, almonds, and slaves.

Advancing up from the sea, the letter of Azim Khan was useful in the territory of the Jam of Bela wherever there was cultivation and settled dwellings; but among the inhabitants of the jungle, and also those of the mountains on both sides of the province, it could do nothing; the former being too poor, and the latter too independent, to care about principalities and powers. Those of the jungle, or rather the most of them, were called *Sassi-Sumri*, and resembled Sindees both in language and appearance, though not in manners and dress. They had usually neither houses nor tents, being content with a shelter of bushes overhung by a piece of matting. Notwithstanding this exposure, they, and especially many of their young women, were of rather fair complexion. Their flocks of buffaloes and goats are moved about from place to place in search of water and pas-

ture, and milk was their principal food. At night they amuse themselves by dances round large fires, making singular cries, not unlike those of the jungle cats. I found them to be rather gentle people, with much primitive simplicity and morality; but there are among them some blackguardly half-Belooches, who have been cast in a ruder mould, and they all go about armed with a tomahawk at least, few of their encampments being able to muster more than two or three swords and matchlocks. Once, late at night, when unable to find my tent, I came upon a large Sumri nest where there were only women, the men being away at some grand council held two or three miles off. The unprotected females, who had never seen a European before, and who, as I afterwards found, entertained the singular notion that we are in the habit of gouging out and eating human eyes, ran off screaming. Some soon returned, and we succeeded in reassuring them, which was just as well, for others never stopped until they alarmed their male relatives, who came up in great haste, and evidently ready to fight with spirit.

Bela is picturesquely situated on a high, almost precipitous bank; it is surmounted by domes—of mud, indeed, but imposing at a little distance—and a singular wooden tower; while behind, though some miles off, there was a precipitous sudden wall of enormous mountains, which almost shut out half the sky. Great was the amazement when I rode up into this town; in five minutes my horse could hardly move in the crowd, chiefly of armed men, who pressed round; and my horse-keeper became quite frightened, especially when he found he could not understand what these Belooches were saying. Unfortunately, the Jam was absent on a visit to the Khan of Khelat, then in Kutch Gandana, but his Moonshée, an intelligent Hindoo, came to our rescue. The Jam, he said, would have received me into his own palace, a straggling collection of small mud buildings; but as the Jam's harem was there, he could not himself venture to give me admission, and asked me to pitch my tent outside the

town. This Moonshée was extremely civil, showing everything about the place except the harem, yet he appeared to be crafty and unscrupulous. He was sitting one day in my tent, when a runner, who had been sent after me from Sind, came in with letters. Among these there was an introduction to the Jam, written in Persian, and elaborately sealed up in an ornamented silk bag, which I handed over to the Moonshée; and a private note to myself on the subject, which, after reading, I laid down among some other papers on the *charpai* or cot. He must have abstracted that note, for I missed it immediately after he took his leave, and could not account for its disappearance in any other way. This was a stroke of Eastern policy intended to prove his devotion to his master's interest. The note would be sent to Bombay for translation there, in the hope of its throwing some light on the secret motive of my visit to Bela; for Orientals always fancy there is something very deep at the bottom of every move.

Pottinger says there were two thousand houses in this town when he visited it in 1810; but I found only seven or eight hundred, and hardly any room for more. A few of them were of carved wood, but the most of mud, with air-chimneys and flat roofs, on which the inhabitants are fond of airing themselves at eventide. The streets are narrow, and the covered bazaar contains little of interest except the shops of the shoemakers, where peculiar sandals are made; of the carpenters, who are skilled in carving; and of the armourers, who make very coarse-grained gunpowder. Round the Jam's palace there runs a turreted mud-wall. A much more remarkable erection is his tower or summer-house, of four lofty stories, partly open, and made entirely of elegantly-carved wood. It commands a most magnificent view, and overlooks nearly one half of his dominion. The carvers, who were still working at the internal decorations, used their tools skillfully. Though these tools were evidently of native manufacture, the Moonshée took care to inform me that the iron was imported. Lead,

antimony, and iron are to be found in the neighbouring mountains, but the Jam is very much afraid of this fact being known by Europeans, and, some years before, very nearly burned a bunya who discovered a vein of metal, and hoped to profit by it. The slaves in Bela are almost all negroes. There are Hindoo shopkeepers, as in all the towns of Central Asia, who leave their families in India, and expose themselves to much ill-usage and danger for the sake of gain. The ruling caste are Belooches, and so are the majority of the inhabitants.

Proceeding northward and westward on the respective routes to Wudd and Jhaw, short of which places I turned, my tent and baggage-camels were left on the extremities of the Jam of Bela's territory, while I pushed on, as far as my time would allow, with a single riding-camel and attendant. But few inhabitants were to be met, and almost none on the latter of these routes. The men of Jhalewan were robust, hardy, and rough in manners, but the Mekranis were rather puny and treacherous. The farther we advanced from the sea, the less disposition was there to "give," although seldom was any shown unlawfully to take. Between Soumeanee and Bela, and still more in the mountains beyond, many desired to have nothing to do with us. "Why do you come into our country?" they said; "we do not go into yours. When a European visits a country, the next thing is, his masters come and take it. If we help you on, we shall displease our next neighbours." To this there were exceptions, and we were partly independent of casual supplies. Occasionally, however, it was necessary to fall back on forced barter, concluding, with the sparrow of the fable,—

"Whenever I'm disposed to dine,
I hold the whole creation mine."

But even the whole available creation failed to afford a very satisfactory dinner when the cookery was that of Belooches and Brahuis. Though their milk was unexceptionable, and not boiled, like that of the Indians, the coarse cakes which accompanied

it were only fit for cattle. It was rather too serious an undertaking to get them to sacrifice a sheep, where they had any, unless I was prepared to reward them well; and this was only done when my whole party were there to eat it up, which they would do in an afternoon; for all Eastern servants like a *burra khana*, or great feed, where they thoroughly gorge themselves, if they can ever be said to attain that *summum bonum*. When otherwise situated, and there were no partridges or doves to be shot, I was content with obtaining a kid. The only plan for cooking it the natives had, was stretching it between two sticks fixed in the ground, and then lighting a fire beneath, or, more frequently, one on each side. Whenever the outside was black and burned, they judged the roast to be ready, even though its inside might be perfectly raw. This kind of food was by no means savoury or easily masticated, yet it was very suitable to the state into which the system soon got from exposure and exercise. A more delicate morsel was obtained by extracting the kidneys, and roasting them in hot ashes. Some of the natives dispensed with all cooking. I have seen a Brahui dig his teeth into a raw leg with genuine if not very refined enjoyment.

Kafilahs have almost given up travelling on the route from Bela to Khozdar and Khelat, owing to the exactions imposed upon them by the tribes on the way, who, except nominally, acknowledge only the authority of their chiefs. Though all the tribes among the mountains are fierce and rapacious, and are often fighting with each other, they necessarily observe their own moralities, and their conflicts are so often a mere exchange of uncertain matchlock shots that fatal results seldom ensue. The men I met with seemed fully more anxious to keep the flocks and other valuables which they had, than to increase their stock by violence. A Persian historian acutely remarks, that if there were no kings, many men would devour each other; it may also be held that peace, based on a system of order, is absolutely necessary to the existence of fighting, and that some security in the posses-

sion of property is required to render depredations possible. So, in Beloochistan, the tribe system, with its various complications, customs, and rules, preserves the minimum of security necessary to prevent life from altogether turning into death. It allows also of a very fair amount of strife and bloodshed.

" 'Tis true, of old the patriarch spread
His happier tents, which knew not war,
And changed at will the trampled mead
For fresher greens and purer air ;"

but this change, in the land of which we speak, leads to the jarring of conflicting interests, where there is no precise line of demarcation, and brings tribes into hostile contact with each other. Hence fights, long-standing feuds, and the practice of making raids, *chappows* or *chapaos*. Then there is the pride of race and name, leading to disputes, as so finely illustrated in the old Border ballad :—

" Carmichael bade them speik out plainlie,
And cloke no cause for ill nor good ;
The other, answering him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blood :
He raise and raxed him where he stood,
And bade him match him with his mar-
rows ;
Then Tindall heard them reason rude,
And they loot off a flight of arrows."

I remember one chief, with a solid black beard, introduced himself to me by first striking his round iron shield, and then his breast, saying, "I'm Balooch Khan, known in all the land." He wished to establish himself as my protector, asserting, with an imposing demeanour, that he could carry me anywhere in perfect safety; but it seemed so very possible one might require a protector against him, that I strove to get rid of him, and with some difficulty succeeded. The danger of being chappowed by him was less than that of putting oneself into his hands, for there was no proof of his moral character being such as to justify reliance on his good faith. Such chiefs as he was could hardly fail to be in each other's company without reasoning rude, answering vainly, and falling out. Again, the larger valleys and broad stretches of table-land afford temptation for sudden raids, often conducted so secretly, and made at such a distance from the location of the ravagers,

that these are never detected. From this arises the most serious danger to the traveller. Any strong party returning empty-handed or with little booty would have carried us off bodily; and the slaves taken in these chappows are frequently mutilated and half-starved, to prevent their attempting to escape. It is not, however, a frequent danger. The only party we met apparently on such an errand was too small to be formidable. These expeditions are only made by Belooches; the Brahmis are stiff-necked and surly, but do not attack unless they suppose themselves interfered with. The European who could disguise himself as one of these people (his features would require to be rather peculiar than handsome), might safely traverse the whole country. Their language is Suranian; their colour a dark brown; their hair often reddish; their loins short and thick; their cheek-bones high; their noses flat; and their heads round. Professor Sotten asserts in his *Indische Alterthums Kunde*—a magnificent monument of Teutonic intellect and industry—that their dialect more nearly resembles that of the Gonds of India than those of any other Scythian tribes. The Brahmi fights desperately for his life or property, and when dead, it may truly be said of him that

" Death never won a stake with greater toll,
Nor e'er was fate so near a foil."

Pottinger, though singularly accurate, fell into a mistake in supposing the Belooch language, which he acknowledges not having understood, to be closely allied to Persian. Burton more properly calls it and the Poooshtoo sister dialects, a fact which is approved by the physical resemblance of Belooches to Affghans of the dark type.

To the practice of medicine in Beloochistan there are only two slight drawbacks. When the physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar one himself, as a guarantee of his good faith; should the patient die under his hands, the relatives, though by no means bound to exercise it in all circumstances, have the right of putting him to

death, unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibility as to the consequences; while he, should they decide on immolating him, has no reasonable ground for complaint, but is expected to submit to his fate like a man and a hakim. In other respects, the amateur will find an easy field. No diploma or special qualifications are required of him; his ignorance will remain undetected; the ailments are few and simple; the chances of recovery are great, for the healing power of nature is very strong.

The two drawbacks I have mentioned, and to which no European need subject himself, may appear to be very cruel conditions of medical practice, but in reality they belong to the civilisation (such as it is) of Beloochistan, and form a protection against worse evils. Like the blood-feud which exists in that country as well as in all the Arab-peopled deserts, these conditions are intended to provide for the preservation of life, and undoubtedly have that effect. For, unfortunately, the ordinary Eastern hakims are not men of irreproachable character. Mohammed Bux, for instance, who was born in Upper India, and in the course of his vagabond life has travelled from Pegu to Bagdad, is an unscrupulous scoundrel, who dares not show his face in two-thirds of the places where he has been. As a last desperate resource, when hotly pursued by deserted wives, defrauded creditors, and relatives of patients to whom he has administered poisonous drugs, he takes refuge in Beloochistan, and proceeds to pay his way by killing and curing. When he falls into the hands of Balooch Khan, that crafty old chief deems it an excellent opportunity for gratifying a cherished desire. Long has Balooch Khan gnashed his teeth at the growing power and influence of his formidable neighbour Mihrab Khan; so, taking Mohammed Bux aside, he first threatens that worthy with instant death as the meet reward of his deeds, but, then softening down a little, hints that not death but a large reward might be bestowed on Mohammed Bux, would he only administer such a potion to Mihrab Khan as might prove the sherbet of mortality to that

chief; or, still better, might steal away his mind, leaving his body like an empty vessel without honour. Balooch Khan having sworn, by Peer Kisri, or else with the Koran on his head, to give the reward, Mohammed Bux proceeds to Mihrab Khan, and very likely, the first thing he does is to inform that chief of the whole plot; whereon Mihrab pretends to be very ill, and desirous, before he dies, of seeing Balooch Khan. If Balooch Khan falls into this trap, he goes, secretly exulting, to condole with his neighbour; but no sooner is he seated, and before any guarantee is passed, then a sudden end is put to his existence by a blow similar to that which was bestowed on the valiant Fairshon by the chief of the clan M'Tavish. But possibly Mohammed Bux may deem it best to keep faith with the first chief, and it is with the view of preventing him, and men like him, from administering poison, that he is compelled to take dose for dose. Even this is regarded as an insufficient protection, for the hakim may have antidotes. As a further safeguard, it is necessary to hold over him the punishment of death in the event of matters going suspiciously wrong.

In all Southern Beloochistan, however, the European who proffers medicine is regarded without suspicion. The unscrupulous and ignorant Italians and Greeks, who have brought discredit on Europeans in Persia by dabbling with medicine there, have not penetrated into the former country, and are not likely to do so soon. Consequently there exists considerable confidence in the honour of a white man, together with very exaggerated ideas of his medical skill. No one ever seriously pressed upon me the custom of taking dose for dose. I found, on the contrary, especially in the smaller and poorer encampments, very great anxiety to obtain advice and physic. Not unfrequently it was necessary to taste the latter, but not by way of allaying suspicions—only in order to encourage the simple people, just as a child is encouraged to take a new and nauseous draught. In all probability, no disastrous consequences followed any of my prescriptions, but I escaped the danger which might possibly have arisen had

any done so, by moving sharply off, in most cases, from each field of practice. This, of course, was necessitated by the plan of our journey, and was not had recourse to as an escape from any consequences that I feared to meet.

All that we troubled ourselves about were rather simple matters, regarding which most educated men know sufficient from popular medical works, and from the experiments of doctors upon themselves and on their friends. Fever of an aguish kind was prevalent in all low-lying encampments, and seemed to be met by no remedies, so we could mitigate it greatly by enjoining cleanliness and administering quinine. A species of dysentery was everywhere met with; in bad cases we administered opium and ipecacuan, deeming it unsafe to give calomel to persons leading the life they did: in other instances it was sufficient to insist on the necessity of avoiding flesh diet—especially raw flesh, which the Brahuis are fond of eating in cold weather—of guarding against exposure of the body to cold, and of filtering the water before drinking it—an expedient which was quite novel, and required to be recommended, not so much on its own merits, as by mysterious hints regarding the curative qualities of water which had passed through charcoal, sand, and cotton cloth. The only other very common disease was inflammation of the eyelids. The children especially suffered from this very severely—so much so, that very often the ball of the eye could not be seen, and was in danger of being destroyed, while the general health was ruined by the irritation and consequent want of sleep. The native treatment consisted of smearing the upper part of the face with oily juice crushed out of the leaves and berries of some plant, but that seemed only to clog the pores. After washing off this juice, I lanced the inflamed parts in a way which was by no means approved of by the Belooch mothers, and then applied a poultice of flour and water. There were other patients who troubled me, and to whom I had little to say. Of the skin diseases I knew nothing, and did not care to learn anything. It would not have

been right to deceive the poor women who applied for a cure for barrenness. Some old or debilitated chiefs, who, instead of meditating on the Eastern saying, that "hoariness is the monitor of death," desired to marry young girls, would have given much for the restoration of a little youthful vigour.

These details are mentioned in order to show how easy it is to secure the goodwill of the inhabitants of a savage country, although the traveller may have no profound knowledge of medicine. But he must exercise a certain amount of caution and tact in order to avoid difficulties. On several occasions I was nearly thrown into dilemmas. Thus, near Warrera, a well where we staid a night, there was an encampment of Belooches which I visited in the evening. Immediately on learning my medical pretensions, they hurried me into a tent where there was a woman apparently in a dying state, and insisted, with both threats and entreaties, on something being done for her at once. Now, even an accomplished surgeon, among people speaking his own language, and able to inform him exactly of all the circumstances, might have delayed a little when such a sudden call was made upon his skill: how then was it likely to be with a travelling dabbler in medicine, who had difficulty in making out a word that was said by some twenty women and armed men all talking at once in a black tent, with voices ranging from a hoarse earnest whisper to a piercing shriek or a savage howl? A great effort was required to turn out most of the persons present; after which I discovered by the aid of a servant, and not a little to my consternation, that the woman had just had a miscarriage after prolonged and painful labour. Still there was some ground for congratulation in our not having arrived at an earlier stage of the proceedings, and, seeing only general debility in the patient, I ventured to give a simple dose of wine and water, disguised with peppermint, and directed her to be allowed some milk shortly after. Perhaps next morning I may have felt a little uneasiness when, before my tent was struck, the hus-

band of the woman made his appearance with some of his friends; but fortunately the treatment, such as it was, had been successful, and he came with thanks and a small present. Though some return was occasionally offered for medical service, yet no very profitable business could be driven in that way. The five advantages of travel, according to an Eastern saw, are the dispelling of anxiety, the society of the noble, and the gaining of knowledge, good manners, and subsistence. In Beloochistan the traveller had certainly his anxieties dispelled, on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*: he may enjoy the society of the nobles of the country, and pick up good manners of a peculiar kind; but it is the last country in the world for him to visit with a view to the gaining of subsistence.

Only a very active man, people say, can make anything of practice in London; and even many who might succeed there would fail in Central Asia, where nothing but extraordinary boldness and pretension can secure decent remuneration. Ferrier mentions than an Afghan physician, who had got hold of some European medicines, and, like Dryden's apothecary, "had many deaths of one prescription made," showed him some cyanide of mercury—a deadly poison—and asked what devil was in that salt, for of a hundred patients to whom he had administered it, only one had survived. Such treatment shows power, and so procures a high professional reputation in a region where weakness is the unpardonable sin. Then there is nothing so extraordinary that it may not be expected of the traveller and physician. At one small town a man was brought to me who had no arms, but only three-fingered hands, no larger than a child's, projecting out of the otherwise smooth sides of his body. This *lusus nature* was really a very singular development, and ought to be procured for a surgical museum; but he was brought not as a curiosity, but in order that I might give him medicine to make his arms grow. Imprudently, I acknowledged that this case was quite beyond my abilities; and this, instead of procuring me any credit for honesty and can-

dour, only caused disappointment and excited the painful suspicion that possibly I might be an impostor. That was only one of many possibilities which were demanded. In fact, chloroform, galvanism, and a little jugglery are the only means by which a great medical reputation could be procured and sustained. A galvanic shock might be set down as the expulsion of a very powerful devil out of the system; and the vital principle might be supposed when the patient was in a comatose state, to have visited the abode of the blessed, and obtained a new lease of earthly life.

With the wounds of the Belooches I would have nothing to do; for, exposed as they are to hardship and constant accidents, the simplest treatment suffices. In cases of mutilation they plunge the stump into boiling oil, and suffer far less than Europeans would do from this hideous practice. I never saw this actually done, but in two cases came upon Brahmis who had just undergone the operation. The first of these was among the mountains to the north-west of Las, among the passes of which I was lost, and was seeking in vain to find a way to the plain below where my tent was pitched. About midnight, while wandering about unable to sleep from the cold, I got sight of some camp fires, and, advancing to them, narrowly escaped being untimely slain by the alarmed Brahmis. Luckily, however, they were aware of an amicable stranger being in the neighbourhood, and after the first alarm, received me kindly, increasing the fires, giving milk, and all sitting up to talk and smoke. One of these men showed me his hand, from which a camel had torn two fingers a little after dark that night, and which he had soothed with boiling oil in order to stop the bleeding and prevent mortification. A thin cloth adhered to it, and over this was tied a piece of lamb's skin. The hand was a frightful ruin, but he took the matter very quietly, smoking, talking, and laughing with the rest as if nothing particular had happened. The Brahmis, it must be remembered, are of Tartar race, and of all men the Tartars are the most insensible to pain, and, con-

quently, the most frequent and in-
 enious in the use of torture. Terrible
 the fate of the highly-nervous and
 sensitive European who, as a foe, falls
 into their hands, to be slowly flayed
 alive, like General Bekevitch, or, as
 slave, to be tortured during years.
 This insensibility or indifference to
 pain was not confined to the men
 with whom I met. One ferocious old
 woman, two of whose fingers had
 grown together from some cause or
 other, wished me to cut them asun-
 der, and on my declining to gratify
 her desire, insisted upon its being
 done, and at last tauntingly asked if
 I was afraid to smell blood. Neither
 she nor her friends, however, would
 themselves venture on the operation,
 leaving, like all savages, a great dread
 of unknown results; they wished some
 one to undertake the responsibility
 of it.

While such interesting female pa-
 tients were rather difficult to deal
 with, from the effect of years and
 grief upon them in producing a cer-
 tain wildness, and even bloodthirsti-
 ness of disposition, the younger, fairer,
 and gentler of the sex were quite as
 dangerous and embarrassing, from the
 jealousy with which their excessive
 curiosity was regarded by their not
 indulgent lords and masters. For the
 word, to use a Sindian phrase, is tied
 to the strings of the trousers of the
 women of Beloochistan; or, in other
 words, their husbands possess over
 them absolute power of life and
 death, and often cruelly exercise it
 from motives of the most fanciful
 kind. The wife of a Belooch, like
 the wife of Cæsar, is expected to be
 beyond all suspicion (not that they
 all are, however); and when her lord
 thinks otherwise—which he is very
 apt to do without sufficient reason,
 and not to do when he ought—he has
 immediate and passionate recourse to
 his knife. This affords a very suffi-
 cient reason why the traveller in the
 country should be cautious in avail-
 ing himself of the almost unrestrained
 opportunity which he has of convers-
 ing with married women. They are
 not confined or veiled, just because
 the serious penalty which they must
 pay for any imprudence or unfaith-
 fulness is judged a more effective, as
 it certainly is a simpler and easier,

method of restraining erratic inclina-
 tions, and upholding conjugal virtue.
 And I am far from being certain that
 this Belooch system is at all more
 cruel, considering the character of
 the people, than that which prevails
 in the highest state of civilisation.
 That it is more effectual, is also a
 doubtful point. At an encampment
 of Sumris, who are, comparatively
 speaking, rather a timid race, I got
 a lesson on this subject. One young
 woman of them was really beautiful,
 although she had grown up in the
 jungle, without even a tent to pro-
 tect her from the fierce sun and from
 the cold dews of night. Her com-
 plexion was unusually fair; her black
 locks were wound round her head
 somewhat in Grecian style; and her
 scanty garments—a shift and shirt—
 scarcely concealed finely-rounded and
 almost faultless limbs. As she was
 suffering slightly from fever, I gave
 her some medicine, and also some
 syrup, she directing me to pour it
 into the hollow of her hand, while,
 by applying her mouth to her wrist,
 she was able to drink without allow-
 ing any to escape. Unfortunately,
 when I was feeling the pulse of this
 Sumric beauty, her half-Belooch, ex-
 tremely ugly, black, and savage hus-
 band, made his appearance, bearing a
 broken-limbed goat upon his shoul-
 ders, and looking all suspicion and
 wrath. He evidently had no faith
 whatever in my moral character, and
 looked upon my medical business as
 a mere diabolical pretence, which it
 was his duty and interest to expose.
 Intruding himself upon our tête-à-tête,
 he spoke in a rude and provoking
 way, which I could interpret easily
 without catching the separate mean-
 ing of almost a single word. Espe-
 cially he tried, and with success, to
 excite a laugh against me, by deri-
 sively inquiring if I could turn him,
 or any portion of his body, white.
 It is dangerous in Beloochistan to
 let the laugh be turned against one
 by an angry man, though it is expe-
 dient not to be hasty in noticing
 good-humoured ridicule. In this case
 it was lucky that I understood his
 ridicule; for while the servant with
 me was explaining, there was time
 to consider how it should be met.
 The expedient I adopted was to pull

out a knife, catch him by the arm, and make a slight incision, intimating that there was nothing easier than to turn him white, only, in the first place, he would have to submit to being flayed. This rude and not very brilliant jest took amazingly, and preserved my moral supremacy. His companions seemed highly tickled and delighted at the idea of their friend losing his skin, and threw themselves on the ground, rolling about, laughing, and repeating,—“Hakullo wants to be made white! Hakullo must be flayed!” Marsyas himself seemed paralysed at the audacity of the proposal, and turned away growing precisely as a savage dog does from an untried foe which it is doubtful about attacking. This did not please his friends at all, and they were so earnest on the subject, that I began to fear—the more so as he seemed an unpopular character among them—that they might tie him up, and insist on the operation being performed. After this he established himself behind a bush close by, and consoled himself with examining and handling his matchlock in a way which showed how his thoughts were running; for he aimed at me with it more than once, when he thought I was not observing. The cord not being lighted, there was no danger in this; but when he rose, lighted a large pipe, and took it over to his lair, I thought it expedient to speak to his affectionate friends on the subject, whereon they said he was a bad man, and took his gun away from him. There was no great chance of the laws of hospitality being broken; but the possibility of the ruffian wreaking his vengeance on the unoffending wife, afforded an unpleasant subject of contemplation. Well was it that Hakullo had a demoniac-looking mother-in-law, who seemed quite able to protect herself and her daughter too.

Even in Sind, where the crime is punished with death, it is difficult to persuade the Belooches that they have no right to slay their wives. One whom I saw executed for having done so, persisted to the last—even after he had had a taste of the gallows, for on the first removal of the drop

the rope broke, and he fell to the ground—in exclaiming against the monstrosity and barbarity of his sentence, although he had committed the murder without provocation, and when under the influence of *bhāng*. Of course, in their own country they have perfect liberty to slay, for rarely or never do the relatives of the wife make her death a matter of blood-feud. The tongues of the women, as also of male slaves, are cut out occasionally. At Bela, a Belooch lady, evidently once of superior rank, and who had been treated in this way, haunted me like an uneasy ghost, waylaying me, and stealing incessantly into my tent, where she would clasp my feet, make a painful noise in her throat, and piteously gesticulate some incomprehensible request. There was a wild light as of madness in her eyes; and the people of the place denied all knowledge of her, except that she came from further north. She would except nothing that I offered except a piece of writing, which she took apparently as a charm, and carefully preserved in her hair. Her tongue had been recently amputated near the root. God knows what she desired to say, but likely enough her story was one of great wrong, of some cruel injustice and unmanly brutality. Subjected to such influences, it is no wonder that one portion of the women of Beloochistan are timid and extremely submissive; while others and elders—those who have strength to go through the ordeal of life—are capable of anything except tenderness and mercy. But severely as they are treated, it is not to be denied that they are for the most part exceedingly faithful, and prove affectionate mothers and wives. Though polygamy has not been made a sin nor “one to one” by any law been “cursedly confined,” yet the use and habit of the country is for each man to have only one wife at a time. They will sometimes even fight by the side of their husbands, when the issue of any conflict is suspended: and they have been known single-handed to bind, and beat too, troublesome and unlawful admirers of the opposite sex.

While the Belooches are Soonsee

Mohammedans, and profess to reverence the Koran, they have very few copies of it, and have some singular superstitions peculiar to themselves. One of the most interesting of these is their worship of an emanation of the Deity whom they call Peer Kisri, and who resembles so closely, in his relation to Deity, the second person of the Christian Trinity, that the entire subject of their religion is well worthy of undergoing thorough investigation by some accomplished Orientalist. They have a superstitious belief in regard to the existence of bear-women. These beings are, as regards the upper part of their bodies, beautiful women, while below they have the form of a bear, and they are said to conceal the lower part in jungle, while with sweet looks they allure the youthful and imprudent to approach. There is no safety from them except in turning away the eyes, and seeking refuge with Allah from Satan the accursed, or they are very fascinating, and lead to pieces the unfortunate men who sinfully approach. I was not fortunate enough to meet with any of the bear-women, but found several persons who professed to have done so, and who assured me that, if incredulous on the subject, I should be certain to be destroyed in that way. This superstition has had its counterpart in various parts of the world: the Celts, I am informed, knew similar beings; the ancient pagan Arabs believed in the existence of devil-women; and the Sphinx tore in pieces all those who attempted and failed to read her riddle. Morally interpreted, there is admirable meaning in the "angelic-demoniac" bear-women of Beloochistan, and the adventurous youth need not leave Britain in order to risk encounter with her.

Poor as the country is, it has a very good share of Fakeers, or Mohammedan devotees, many of whom are terrible ascetics, as may well be believed, or if the Belooch or the Brahui himself thinks nothing of going for two or three days without food and water, what will he not expect his holy men to do? Of these, some of the Peers, or saints, live in perfect solitude among the mountains. Finding, on my return journey, that there was a

passage through the Hala mountains from Ootul, in the Poorally valley, to Shah Belaul, a celebrated grove inhabited by Fakeers, and knowing the country between these places to be entirely new ground, though Captain Arthur had described Shah Belaul itself in the *Transactions of the Bombay Geographical Society* for 1852,—I pursued that route, and on a three days' journey, through difficult passes, barely practicable for loaded camels, met with no inhabitants except a few herdsmen, who assured us that a very holy Peer was the entire settled population of these wilds. About the middle of the second day's journey, we came on a pool of water with a solitary tamarind tree growing beside it, in one of the most frightful parts of the range, surrounded by a confusion of black precipices and of red peaks, which ran up like tongues of flame. It was a spot in which there was nothing for it but to say, with Hassan of Balsora, "Lo! this is the abode of genii, and of ghouls, and of devils." Yet here it was, according to the herdsmen and our guide, that this celebrated Peer had taken up his residence. Living in the rocks above, he rarely issued from his unknown retreat during the day, but travellers encamped by the pool could see him moving in the moonlight, and hear him calling upon God. There was nothing at all improbable in this story, for one class of the Eastern saints is composed of men who are driven into desert places by some bitter disappointment, or by the recollection of some fearful crime. How strange the forms into which the life of this man, and of not a few like him, must have been shaped! Living on tamarinds and food left by the few passing travellers, he slept during the day, like a sullen wild beast, in clefts of the rock, dreaming, perhaps, of blood and of coming wrath—oppressed by some grief that knew no balm, or some great agony of remorse that could find no oblivion. The calm cool eve brought him no peace; for

"At night the passion came,
Like the fierce flood of a distemper'd
dream,
And shook him from his rest, and led him
forth
Into the darkness."

Only the bladeless rocks rang hollow mocking replies to his despairing "*Allah! Allah! La Illah, il Allah!*" There was silence in the heaven above—and not till the frenzy deepened, till the shadows seemed to dance in the moonlight, and the stars to reel across the sky, could the maniac's heart feel glad. And yet such, as in the case of Mohammed and many more, are the men who, when they descend to mingle with their fellows, bring awful tidings as from another world, convulse the nations, found new faiths; thus abundantly and righteously revenging themselves on the social and religious systems under the action of which they have lost the joys of life.

After the passage through these mountains, Shah Belaul appeared, a most beautiful oasis, though in Beloochistan; yet being on the side of the Hala, towards Sind, and at a certain season visited by Sindians, I felt as if at home, and rested with a feeling of security which I had not experienced for weeks. It is a thick grove of palms, tamarinds, and jamoon trees, lying in a deep narrow valley, and surrounded by the divisions of a small stream, which in some places breaks in cascades over rock, and in others flows gently between banks covered with long grass. The stream was well stocked with fish, and the trees were full of peacocks religiously preserved and fed by the Fakeers. In richness of vegetation this place was only surpassed by the garden of the Jam of Bela, under the magnificent trees of which I spent an afternoon of pure delight. It was very difficult to tear oneself away from these beautiful spots, where, resting after sundown in that delicious state of Eastern languor, there would mingle, with the murmuring of waters and rustling of palms, the recollection of some rich English melody, gradually shaping itself into half-forgotten lines, as these by Coleridge:—

"The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew,
And many a shrub, and many a tree;
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air,
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more beloved than day."

The very singular caves of Lohout,

Lamakhani, in a valley running parallel with that of Shah Belaul, seem to have escaped Captain Arthur's notice. I was informed of their existence by my horse-keeper, a great blackguard, who acknowledged having promised the Fakeers to keep silence on the subject. The access to them from the foot of the valley was rather difficult, and involved dangerous climbing along slopes of rock, and up curious grooves. The caves are in a limestone mountain; the outer one, of semicircular shape and large area, is adorned with fine stalactites, some of which are twenty and thirty feet long; its front is partly closed by these and by overhanging plants. In the back of this outer cave, at some height above its floor, were narrow apertures which led into chambers behind, some of considerable size, but so dark that I could not examine them properly. The Fakeers who dwell there were furious at my arrival, but condescended to mention, after their anger had subsided, that the caves had been the habitation, eight hundred years before, of a great king from the neighbourhood of the Persian Gulf, who finally became a saint. In the inner caves they pointed out large troughs, pillars, and seats, formed probably by the dropping of water, asserting these to be artificial, and to have served as his grain-chest, couches, and fireplace. These reverend gentlemen were ruder and more conceited than any I ever met with; but as they were well armed and at home, while I was an intruder, and had nothing but a rifle-pistol with me at the time, it did not do to smile at any of their assertions. The floor being strewn with masses of stalactite which had fallen from the roof, I asked the Fakeers if they were never in any danger. "Hear this infidel!" said the most villanous-looking of them contemptuously. "How can that be? How can they fall without our *hookum* (order)?" On my expressing some curiosity to see them order a stalactite to fall, the reply was that they would not exercise their power in order to please profane persons, but that, if I would bring them a camel's worth of goods they might do so. I had not the qualifications for judging

them fairly, but certainly the holy men struck me as being rather suspicious characters; and I observed that some of the cells were floored with matting, and fitted up with couches and ornaments of a very superior kind. Evidently, at least, it was for no ascetic purpose they had chosen their pleasant and almost inaccessible retreat.

These caves were clearly not artificial, but on the road from Bela to Wudd, and not far from the latter place, there are a number of small excavations, probably of Bhuddhistic origin; and in more northern parts of Central Asia, both Pottinger and Ferrier found excavated mountains containing many passages, chambers, and temples. Some of the passes through the mountains have, at certain points, the appearance of having been elaborately wrought by the hand of man. Beside the modern capital of Las I found a city of the dead, surrounding it on the west and north, extending for several miles, and terminating in an immense mound. The tradition was, that these were the remains of an ancient city (perhaps Arbis of the Alexandrian historians) which had been destroyed in one night for refusing to receive a very powerful and holy Peer. We were also constantly meeting with wide burial-grounds, extending sometimes for miles, and the graves marked by white pebbles. In a country so little known as Beloochistan has been, now so thinly peopled, and in itself so unimportant, these memorials of the innumerable dead—of tribes, cities, and nations—were peculiarly striking, bringing home the meaning of the phrase *ad luxes*, enabling one, in some degree, to realise the incalculable majority of the departed. This scarcely explored wilderness had had its myriads of human beings, every one of infinite importance to himself, but scarcely so much to us as the grass which, in last autumn, withered and died. Yet we talk of fame, of renown, a corner in a Biographical Dictionary for a century or two!

Some little difficulty was experienced in managing my camelmen and servants; first, because of their dread on entering the country, and afterwards from their adapting themselves

rather too freely to its manners and customs. The quarrels among them were rather amusing. My old *bobachy* or cook (literally kitchen), was the only one of them who never showed any fear in any circumstances, being past that. He had been up in Afghanistan during the war, and had narrowly escaped being massacred there, after which experience all minor dangers appeared to him beneath contempt. Ghuznee was his stronghold. When the roast was overdone, or the dinner spoiled, he was certain to introduce Ghuznee by way of excuse, making it cover a multitude of sins. Of course, his fellow-servants often chaffed him on this point—an insult which he would sometimes answer by chipping the eye of one with a stone, and tearing the garments of another. Not even when they all fell upon him collectively, and administered a severe drubbing, could they force him to submit; for, even when powerless in their hands, he would revile their female relatives, and assert a right of paternity over themselves. Disturbances of this kind became so frequent, that they had at last to be severely and indiscriminately checked. The following may serve as an instance of the impossibility of administering justice in these cases. Desiring to pass a night among the Vehur mountains, I ordered my horse-keeper, who alone was with me, to follow the twigs we had strewn, and the marks we had erected, and so to go down to our camels for a supply of food and clothes. I had had quite enough of the desolate scene, and of the silence broken only by the mewing of a panther's cubs, before he returned. He had been told to bring up another of my attendants, and two more made their appearance—an old Sindee oontwallah, or camel-fellow, and a Sheedy (African) peon. The old oontwallah fell first at my feet, and, baring his back, displaying a sore welt upon it, meekly inquired if the sahib (meaning me) had given an order to the ghorawallah to punish him (the oontwallah). Then the negro came forward indignantly with a bunch of black woolly hair in his hand, which the ghorawallah had torn out. And, finally, that last-mentioned worthy,

kissing my boot, and also displaying a bruise, said, "Sahib, is it to be tolerated, that when I go down to give your order, this thief (*lutcha*, meaning the African) is to say that the devil is in these mountains, and that no one should go?" "Sahib," rejoined the African, "we were only talking over the matter, and then this *lutcha* struck me, and pulled out my hair: my honour (*abroo*—he having about as much honour in him as a wild boar has) is gone—what shall I do?" This was a pretty business to adjudicate upon in the bowels of an uninhabited range of mountains. Probably the ghorawallah, elated by his boldness in venturing through the clefts alone, and by the advantage of bearing the sahib's hookum, had offensively commanded the other servants, and they had resented his impertinence, whereon a general fight commenced, in which every man tried to pay off old scores. *Hinc illa lacryma—illi capilli!*

General Ferrier, who was an unfortunate traveller, and failed in all his plans, sneers at Dr. Joseph Wolff for having reached Bokhara in insane ignorance of the risks encountered; while of himself it may be said, that, though a brave man, he knew a great deal too much. Among Asiatics, ignorance of danger is often the surest protection against it, for they are apt to imagine that our indifference proceeds from madness, or from the possession of some mysterious power, or perhaps that some neighbouring potentate wishes to pick a quarrel with them on our account. Like tigers, their first feeling is that of great alarm when they are bearded in their dens; so it is rather a relief for them to discover, in the first place, that they are in no danger; and it is best to leave them and pass on before they consider whether they may not benefit themselves by our arrival. An Englishman, unable to converse with the people among whom he passed, yet with somewhat of the spirit of that hero

"Who conquer'd men, but not their languages,"

once travelled in safety from Persia to India by way of Herat, without a

servant, and with only a pair of saddle-bags. It is not to be doubted that much knowledge of and sympathy with the people of Central Asia, is often a formidable drawback to the traveller's success, although it enables him to gather much valuable knowledge. How can he deal with men when he perceives a struggle going on in their minds as to whether they should cut his throat or give him their blessing and help him on his journey? With such knowledge I was not overburdened, having only a smattering of Oriental languages, and travelling, not for the benefit of Geographical Societies, but only to realise the life of those fiery wits. *Me Parnassi deserta per ardua duci raptat amor.* Had the ground and the journey being strictly new, there would have been reason for minutely describing it, but as it was, there is not. Even this limited adventure had its risks; and any accident such as a severe attack of illness, or breakage of a bone, would have been in the circumstances, excessively annoying, and probably fatal. In King Richard's spirit, one had to say,

"Up with my tent: here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one to that."

The danger from the inhabitants appeared much less than we had been led to expect, but it is difficult to say how far this might be the case on the central plateaus of the country. The climate, the exposure, and the privations were the worst foes, and painfully proved that any laurels a traveller may gather there, are in danger of turning into deadly nightshade.

There still remains one portion of Beloochistan which has never been explored, and through which there is some reason to believe, there led, in ancient times, a frequented route. It has been mentioned that there is a passage still practicable for camels from Shah Belal to Ootul. Continuing up the Poorally, or ancient Arabia, this old route between Persia and India turns west again from Bela, and passes through the mountains to Jhaw. On its seaboard Mekran is well enough known; but this route of which I speak has

ever been examined or described so far as I am aware, though it is set down in some maps, and declared to be a "line of forts"—a piece of information which I should very much like to know the source of. It is certainly possible to reach Jhaw by his way, but where the road goes so after that no one knew exactly, but they supposed it went on through all Mekran. It would be well worth while for some one to attempt this route, because on those portions of it which lead through the Hala and the Vehur ranges there are marks of artificial construction, and possibly farther on there may be more distinct traces of man's early toil. I followed it up some way, but not so far as Jhaw. The Jam of that place bears a very bad character; he attacks strangers who refuse to eat with him, and poisons those who do—an amiable characteristic, in which respect he bears a striking resemblance to the London critics. Our recent Persian expedition may have prepared the way for a European traveller through Mekran, and the people of that country are too weak and treacherous to be really brave. The truths, however, that in Beloochistan there is not very much to attract the explorer; only its moral and social customs are instructive. Till after visiting it I never thoroughly understood civilisation, which I now see to be just a kind of extended and emasculated Beloochdom.

It is not every camel which can pass through the eye of a needle, and any district in Central Asia may be safe at one time and unsafe at another, so each traveller must very much feel his own way. Should any person, induced by the representations here given, enter with confidence into Southern Beloochistan—should he be suddenly seized, and compelled, by a rope round his neck and sundry vexing pricks, to make a forced march of a hundred miles—should his Belooch master occasionally indulge in carving the more prominent features of his face—and when he calculated on comfortably writing out his experiences for Maga, should he find himself sitting, in a wretched condition, on a sheep's skin, with no hair on his head, and sucking

at a goat's raw trotter, I beg he will not blame me. Such dangers do exist in all countries where tribes chaf-pow each other; and though one traveller may encounter none, the next may fall a victim. They must be balanced against the objects of the journey, and have seldom weighed much with the adventurous of expanding races, and especially with those bearing the English name, for still, to some extent, the poet's lines are true:—

"To trade the Dutch incline, the Swiss to arms,
Music and verse are soft Italia's charms;
Britannia justly glories to have found
Lands unexplored, and sail'd the globe around."

Nor in Central Asia do we fail to find traces of great adventures. Chinese Buddhist missionaries traversed Afghanistan, jotting down their notes like any modern traveller. Through this Mekran returned the conquering Alexander, drunken with the joys of the East, with the lines of weakness and the foreshadows of death marring his white godlike beauty; and though dying with that last great effort, neither he nor his race could accomplish more; his expedition was the first turn of that tide which is still bearing back life and vivifying ideas from the West upon the parent East. Pursuing these Brahuic mountains, rising from pass to pass and from plain to plain, we come to the steppes of Yuran and of Iran, from the former of which there issued the rude Scythian hordes, who overcame the lower brute world both in Europe and in Asia, and in later centuries trampled out the lingering life of decayed nationalities, while from the latter came the higher races of the "supreme Caucasian mind." Only by constant *curvus* and *recurvus* is life itself preserved; and hence the necessity of nations advancing against nations, of England establishing itself in India, and France in Africa. Hence also the value of that instinct which urges individuals over the earth. Thus the East is taught by Europe, and Europe, suffering from the evils which spring up under artificial systems, finds barbarism itself to be the purifier and corrector of civilisation.

TEACHING AND TRAINING: A DIALOGUE.

'Ἄλλ' αὐτὶκ' ὥμοις αὐτοῦ ἐν νόμοις πατρὸς
 Δεῖ πωλοδαμνεῖν κάξομιονοῦθαι φύσιν. SOPHOCLES, *Ajax*.

SCENE.—*The Great Western Railway.*

IRENÆUS, TLEPOLEMUS.

IRENÆUS.—So we are off, but somewhat too late. The summer is gone, and the autumn is not come, and we shall just come in for that wet season which comes between them in these latter days of the world, a kind of intercalary January. Our holiday ought to comprise the last week of May and the first three of June, when the May-fly is on the water. I am glad I am not a great man. When I do get a day by the brook-side, in the May-fly season, the loveliest time of the whole year, how I pity members of Parliament, and all who are bound by the exigencies of the London season! That heyday of the year lasts but a few days, and during its continuance the British atmosphere is loaded with sweet scents, thrilled by sweet sounds, and full to bursting, if I may use the expression, of all conceivable life and loveliness.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Well, now we are off, we must make the best of it. The fishing will not be first-rate, but I, a sort of semi-Cockney, shall be satisfied with the little mountain-trout; and as fine days occur at intervals even in the wettest time, between fishing on wet days and sketching on fair, the time will pass, and then we shall have a social evening now and then with the brethren of the brush who are sojourning at Bryn Cefn, discussing Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites in the old style, with abundance of warmth, but no acrimony. In the mean time, what is that pamphlet you hold in your hand?

IRENÆUS.—Railway volumes I abhor. What they were invented for, except to find work for the oculists, I could never discover. So I generally pick up a pamphlet from my library table, and put it in my pocket for such contingencies as the present.

To talk or read are alike difficult in a railway carriage, but the smoothness of the broad gauge allows of both, to a certain extent, that is, of talking in a loud voice and reading large print. The pamphlet contains two published lectures by Dr. Booth, on Education.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Rather dry reading.

IRENÆUS.—The subject is dry, but it is not dryly treated—that makes the great difference. The style is terse, vigorous, and manly, and the matter is replete with home-truths. Its general drift is an advocacy of the system of examination by the State, with a view to affixing a stamp of merit on those who have no opportunity of distinguishing themselves at the universities—who get knowledge, in fact, no matter where, so that they bring it by fair means to the test of an established criterion. Dr. Booth is the Treasurer of the Society of Arts, which is now undertaking in part what, it is to be hoped, will be ultimately undertaken by the State—a praiseworthy example. I am glad to hear that the universities of Oxford and Cambridge are following in the same path, and instituting middle-class examiners, to examine in branches of general knowledge all who come to them.

TLEPOLEMUS.—This is all that can be done at present. I do not like a scheme of universal secular education, or rather instruction; and a system of general education is impossible with our sectarian differences. The good that would result from any such scheme will be in a measure anticipated by setting on foot a general system of public examinations. The title of your pamphlet is sensible and unpretending—*How to Learn, and What to Learn*.

IRENÆUS.—Dr. Booth begins with

a kind of apology for the social state in which it is our lot to live.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Have all the same lot? For some, at least, escape is possible while Canada and Norway exist.

IRENÆUS.—But you will allow that the multitude must remain, and their happiness is to be consulted. But hear my pamphleteer: "I am not prepared to discuss whether a rural population living in what has been called the Arcadian simplicity of a country life, without either trade or manufactures, colonies or commerce, might not constitute a happier state of society than this present one of ours, in which men, in their breathless haste to go ahead in the race of life, cross and crush and jostle one another; in which association is only another name for competition."

TLEPOLEMUS.—True, but painful.

IRENÆUS.—"In which individual energy and intensity of will are every day becoming of more importance as elements of success in the battle of life, which every one of us has more or less to fight. But we have to deal with actually existing facts; it is therefore of no practical use to moralise on the relative advantages of states of society widely different from that in which it is our lot to live."

TLEPOLEMUS.—What an argument against the state of society in which it is our lot to live, that it involves internecine civil war—an indefinitely multiplied succession of duels with one's friends and neighbours! a society in which it must be every man's aim to overreach his fellow. I do not use the word overreach necessarily in a sinister sense! Better, better ten thousand times to fight with the difficulties of nature alone as the colonising husbandman has to do. Why exaggerate the curse entailed on man at the Fall?

IRENÆUS.—Such reflections are useless to those who are placed at the bottom of our social sawpit and must fight, and cannot decline the fight without the imputation of cowardice. As Dr. Booth's subsequent remarks apply equally to every description of struggling in his nether world, perhaps you will listen further.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Yes! on that condition alone, that they apply equally to the backwoodsman and the counter-jumper. I wonder at any man who can jump over it being willing to stay behind a counter.

IRENÆUS.—You will allow that there is much truth in Dr. Booth's remarks on our national advantages and disadvantages: "We enjoy many advantages over Continental nations in our vast capital and enormous commerce, in our facilities of transport, our numerous railways"—

TLEPOLEMUS.—Because they take one quickly away.

IRENÆUS.—"And multitudinous shipping, in the stability of our government"—

TLEPOLEMUS.—An eternal tenure of office by Whigs, who stick to it like horse-leeches, and suck our blood meanwhile.

IRENÆUS.—"And the contentment of our people."

TLEPOLEMUS.—Or of that portion of our people who have got possession of the loaves and fishes. Go on.

IRENÆUS.—"But we have, on the other hand, many drawbacks in the general ignorance of our masses, in our overweening opinion of ourselves"—

TLEPOLEMUS.—Emphatically true!

IRENÆUS.—"In an obstinate resistance to change, even when change would be a manifest and admitted improvement"—

TLEPOLEMUS.—True likewise, but not politically. In politics we are so fond of change that we are stupidly conservative of social customs that ought to be altered. I should like to make a list of English densities and obesities. When shall we have good inns? when shall we cease to slay people on railroads? to drink bad coffee? to religiously observe the custom of building houses with sash-windows that will only half-open?

IRENÆUS.—"In our apathetic tolerance of abuses, provided they are of long standing"—

TLEPOLEMUS.—A Whig ministry, to wit.

IRENÆUS.—"And of 'Circumlocution offices,' if the officials who 'show how not to do it' are sufficiently respectable; these are the things which, left to run their course,

will slowly but surely eat into the heart of the nation."

TLEPOLEMUS. — Again I say, emphatically true.

IRENÆUS. — "Now, such being the race that is set before us, whether nationally or individually considered, we have all of us, I believe, in these times of ours, come to consider that education, based on sound instruction in those things with which we shall have more or less to deal through life, is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, need of our time. Education is no longer a luxury, it has become a necessary of life. Without it a man sinks rapidly in the social scale: if poor, he becomes a hewer of wood and drawer of water; if rich and harmless he is merely an encumbrance—if otherwise, he is a positive nuisance to society."

TLEPOLEMUS. — But some must be hewers of wood and drawers of water; if you educate all, how is the wood to be hewn and the water to be drawn? Well, I would if I could that all were educated, partly because it would destroy the conceit of knowledge, and do away with the excuse for a man who has merely read some books to set himself up for that reason above others who have more truth and honesty and love in their natures, or even stronger thews and sinews. There is some comfort to me in this, that mere book-knowledge has almost entirely ceased to pay, and the adage that

"Learning is better than house and land,
For when they're gone and money's spent,
Then learning is most excellent,"

has ceased to hold so good as formerly; if indeed the proverb means as much as it is generally supposed to mean, for no one would deny that learning is no bad thing when one has lost everything else: even in that case I should say that a man who could dig, or was not ashamed to beg, would do better than a senior wrangler in a state of destitution, and mind you, without friends or connections. Thews and sinews in man, like beauty in woman, constitute a walking advertisement of a physical if not a moral worth, as plain to be read as that carried about by the humble individuals in London

who, in white-lettered Macintoshes, replace the advertising vans. Make education universal if you please, but do not make it merely a sort of hydrogen gas to inflate a man's head withal, and enable him to rise above his fellows. I cannot entirely agree with Dr. Booth on this topic; but then, as you know, my sentiments are peculiar. .

IRENÆUS. — "He stands in the way, and is sure, sooner or later, to be hustled out of his place."

TLEPOLEMUS. — Who? the uneducated man? Why should any one be hustled out of his place? The world is wide enough for all. Dear to nature and nature's God are children and childlike men. If this be the condition in which it is our lot to live, I for one should long for the wings of a dove to fly away and be at rest. Better Robinson Crusoe's solitude than such a selfish scramble, well symbolised by an American *table-d'hôte*, in which, if travellers' accounts be true, you run a good chance of losing your dinner unless you hustle and jostle and seize the titbits, and keep your wits about you, perfectly at the command of your animal appetite.

IRENÆUS. — Do not be unjust to my pamphlet. The author admits the necessity of relaxation. "Man is not constituted like the steam-engine; he must have intervals not only of rest, but of relaxation."

TLEPOLEMUS. — O that this commonplace truth were more generally recognised in this overworked, overtasked country! The working-classes have not half enough holidays. I do not wish to enter into the Sabbath question; but if Sunday be closely and strictly observed according to the views of a large part of our community, I do say that one day kept as a whole holiday in the week would not be too much for the people's wants. The Puritans, I believe, recognised, in their grumbling manner, some such necessity when they set apart the first Thursday in every month to make up for the loss of the genialities of the Sunday under the old regime. In the old German towns they shut up their shops during the dinner-hour in the middle of the day; our tradesmen eat their

dinner by mouthfuls, and do snatches of business between them. It is a wonder that digestion can take place at all under such circumstances; and the ferocious greed that would sacrifice health to a little casual gain is excused by the necessities of competition—competition, the tyranny of the free. Sir, we want legislation to compel our people to enjoy themselves. Self-denial for the sake of others is a good and blessed thing, but for the sake of gain it is simply ungainly. Look at the French on a holiday occasion, and on the English. The latter walk about moodily, scarcely believing they are free from the chain of business, and feeling its gall on their limbs; the former are like children turned into a playground. But I fear, with the anti-Platonic notions which rule our State, that the hope of such legislation would be simply Utopian. The State, according to us, is for the individual, not the individual for the State. The happiness of the human being, taken alone, is considered, and therefore is sacrificed in practice, because man is a social animal, and cannot be happy under conditions where his sociality is ignored.

IRENÆUS.—You a Socialist! That is a new line.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Extremes meet. But seriously, I am a Socialist so far as to think that "no man liveth for himself;" and if I am not mistaken, I think you will find this sentiment in the New Testament as well as in Plato. Why, our poor-laws are quoted by Continental Socialists as a realisation of their theories to a certain extent in England—the extent of the recognition of the right to live. Life is not all that man wants; and I want to see the right of every one to the happiness that results from leisure, from relaxation—from play, in fact—more generally recognised. Lord Shaftesbury's Ten Hours Bill was a move in the right direction; but it seems difficult to imagine, with prevailing ideas on the liberty of the subject, how legislation can go farther. Were you to stop a free-born Briton from turning a penny at any given time which he has not been in the habit of recognising, an outcry would be

raised not much inferior to what would be produced by a motion for the repeal of Habeas Corpus.

IRENÆUS.—But if holidays were compulsory, it would be hard on those who, with all their days and half their nights given to labour, can hardly earn enough to keep body and soul together.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Then labour ought to be better paid; and if the market is overstocked, it should be eased by emigration. Such an argument in opposition to mine proves nothing against the principle—only proves the general viciousness of the system of centralisation which threatens to absorb us all—a system replete with misery to the many, and abundance to a still diminishing few. If, after a man or woman has worked through all his time or her time that remains when sleeping hours are subtracted, it is still a question of bare subsistence for any to talk of national prosperity is a simple delusion.

IRENÆUS.—But the laws of supply and demand, my dear Tlepolemus—

TLEPOLEMUS.—Cannot set aside the precept, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." If nothing can be done to remedy our social evils—and they are the necessary consequences of trade and commerce—I say, Perish trade and commerce once for all. In such a case, the destruction of the sources of our national prosperity might be, though an astounding evil at the time, an ultimate good; nor would such a notion be more preposterous than the conjecture freely broached at one time, that the destruction of the potato might prove a blessing to Ireland. But with our colonies and abundant means of transport, as Dr. Booth observes, I do not believe the case is so bad. The ship of our State, though apparently sometimes on her beam-ends, has a peculiar knack of righting. At this moment we are encountering a strong gale from the East.

IRENÆUS.—It is a serious danger, no doubt, but cannot, as far as I can see, endanger the empire.

TLEPOLEMUS.—You have doubtless read the account in Polybius of the mutiny of the Carthaginian mercenaries, between the first and second

Punic wars, and how the affair grew to one of first-rate importance and danger to the State. The parallel is fortunately not perfect, as, although the Indian Government may be compared to that of Carthage with her foreign possessions, yet it rests on the Government of the mother country, strong at present in European forces. But the lesson, in any case, ought not to be thrown away upon those who, as a general principle, would fight our battles with foreign legions instead of native troops. This revolt has made one thoughtful about the sort of hold we have on India. In general, the employment of foreign mercenaries is only one step farther on the road pursued by any great commercial nation, of paying soldiers to fight the battles of an unmilitary population, whose youths are not trained to arms. And this reminds me that we are discussing Dr. Booth's pamphlet on education, a subject on which I have thought much; and I will take the opportunity of hearing your judgment on the views I have formed from these ruminations.

IRENEUS.—If you will attend to a few more passages in the pamphlet which I hold in my hand, I think you will find parts which please you more. When the author speaks of the moral effects of self-education under what are called difficulties, and indeed the advantages of being placed in such a position, he is forcibly impressive, and his views have a world-wide application. The rich have not, he observes, so great an advantage over the poor, in respect of education, as is commonly supposed :—

"The ways of Providence are not so unequal, after all. The young oak that is nurtured in the greenhouse will never become the monarch of the woods on the exposed hill-side. There are parasitical plants that stunt and choke the tree they seem to shelter. Men so brought up are too often deficient in elasticity of intellect; their minds have no spring; and they frequently want that moral quality which breathes life and vigour into all the intellectual faculties, the absence of which no others can compensate, even by their presence in excess; I mean that unflinching determination not to be borne down by difficulties—that enduring perseverance not to be overmastered by defeat."

TLEPOLEMUS.—Excellent. As the frost and hard weather is necessary to the production of many of the fairest fruits of the earth, so is hardship favourable to the development of human nature. In every department of human effort we must be made perfect through suffering. A sort of animal courage, connected with that rage which is its second syllable, is perhaps natural to some persons. In the great majority, courage, in its highest sense, is one of the great aims of education; and we must extend courage to mean the disposition to brave all difficulties and be deterred by no fears, whatever our objects are. Such courage is by no means common; and an acquaintance with dangers in war, and the like circumstances, develops physical courage; so does acquaintance with poverty and hard circumstances—of which, in our luxurious country, the fear appears most terrible—tend to develop the highest moral courage. I do not quite like the distinction, however, drawn between the two kinds of courage, for physical courage, under certain circumstances, as, for instance, in the wreck of the *Birkenhead*—

IRENEUS.—Quoted by Dr. Booth, by the way.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Seems to climb to the acme of human merit.

IRENEUS.—There is something striking in the case of the late William Gifford of the *Quarterly Review*. He writes, says Dr. Booth, thus of his early life :—

"I possessed at this time but one book in the world; it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively; this carried me some way into the science. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one. Pen, ink, and paper were therefore, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with an old blunted awl."

TLEPOLEMUS.—Glorious tenacity of purpose and courage! It appears, then, that poverty itself is a bugbear

which will flee if faced. However, perhaps the teaching of the present lay generally too much implies that poverty is a disgrace, to be escaped at all risks. Great as such men are, they are greater if we look upon them as loving knowledge for its own fruits, and not as the vine which furnishes a ladder to climb to the top of the tree it entwines. What we have to teach the poor generally is, acquiescence in poverty—the most difficult to learn of all human lessons—rather than to show them methods of escape. The latter are for the favoured and talented few, the former is for the masses. And it is a great lesson to teach those who are conscious of more than ordinary ability, that in the vast majority of cases, knowledge, and wisdom, which is higher than knowledge, does not pay, or make a man any richer. I am not complaining of the tone of his pamphlet in particular, but of most of the practical teaching of the lay, that it starts on the assumption of the great evil of poverty. It was the old Athenian notion, as set forth by Pericles, which, though in the mouth of so great a man, was somewhat self-contradictory: "We do not consider poverty a disgrace, but not to flee from it by work we consider rather disgraceful."

IRENEUS.—Of course the turning-point of the question is not whether work pays, but whether work, in itself, is meritorious.

TELEPOLEMUS.—It depends on what kind of work is meant. I see a door open which will lead us into the ethics of Aristotle, but really we cannot thread so fine a needle in the midst of the vibrations of a railway carriage. The great question is, what is the work of man? Work is sacred no doubt, as the Curse is sacred, as it issued from Divine lips; but is all work sacred? I know not. There is no necessary sanctity in inventing a new machine for saving trouble in printing calicoes. Thomas Carlyle has done much mischief in insisting on the sacredness of work—of industry in general; he should have defined what work. The scoundrel who stole bullion from a train, was no doubt a skilful and industrious work-

man; and so are "chevaliers d'industrie" in general. No workman is so indefatigable as the arch-fiend himself, who finds work for idle hands to do. It would be more true to say that idleness is cursed, than that work in general is blessed. I cannot consider as idleness any attitude of the human soul, from which it becomes greater, nobler, freer, or more loving—such as is often assumed in what is called play or pastime. Our modern utilitarians would probably have considered Jacob in the wilderness an idler, wrestling with angels in his dreams, and seeing visions of heaven. Mind that I am not taking exception to your pamphlet, which is written with a special object, which it admirably fulfils.

IRENEUS (reads again).

TELEPOLEMUS.—These remarks on the impossibility of acquiring anything valuable without labour, although trite, and of ancient burden, are excellently applied. I love rather the application of Virgil to agriculture, and the struggle with matter, than to the England-of-the-nineteenth-century struggle with man; the selfish struggle of drowning men in a shipwreck for the possession of a plank which will hold only one at a time. I always feel personally with respect to this contention of ours for the prizes of life, what I feel when I have got into a wedged crowd to see a show: for a time I endure it; at last, from pressure on my lungs, heat, and ill odours, I come to the conclusion that the sight is not "tanti," the show is not worth the inconvenience, and hustle my way out again into space and freedom, to the great astonishment of those who crowd into the place I leave, won perhaps at the cost of some trouble, and just at the moment when I had placed myself among the first. But I rush out at last, not only overpowered by the inconvenience, but feeling the indignity of making one in the competition for so inadequate an object.

The prizes of life are well described in popular parlance as *getting-on*. What is the object when got to? A lord mayor's show, perhaps, over in an hour.

The prizes of life are in general not

worth the sacrifices paid for them. A man spends all his best days in London smoke in the study of the law; he wriggles and bustles his way to the first places in the State, it may be to the Woolsack. Or, to take a stronger instance, he becomes a commercial millionaire: well, he goes into retirement at sixty; but I say that the poor curate of a hundred a-year understands better the meanings of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, than such a man, and nothing that wealth can bring can counterpoise such a source of enjoyment. Thus you can understand how I can afford to pity the man on the Woolsack while the May-fly is on the waters. Were the sacrifice of nature made for some great everlasting good, there would be some sense in it; for temporal and temporary advantages to make it, is consummate folly. Those who have not lived with nature through this year's June will never see another like it, for they will be older next year, and the sight and smell of lilac and hawthorn, and the sound of the cuckoo and the black-bird, will have lost some bloom and freshness, and suffered for them some, however inappreciable, diminution in richness of melody.

IRENEUS.—What do you think of Dr. Booth's remarks on light reading in his other lecture?

"You are not to imagine that every hour you pass over a flimsy tale or threadbare fiction is so much time cut off from amusement, and given to mental improvement. The time thus passed in reverie over the pages of a novel may safely be put down under the same head as time passed in singing or dancing, or any other like harmless amusement. It is seldom better spent, and very often worse. I am not finding fault with this kind of reading, I only contend that it should not be set down for what it is, not. It would be a very pleasant thing for all of us if we could acquire knowledge in this way, just as you farmers would find it very pleasant and profitable if you could grow wheat by merely casting the seed on the greensward. You can no more reap knowledge than you can reap air, without the sweat of the brow, whether it be from within or without. You may write letters with your fingers in water; but you must use the chisel and the mallet, you must strain

the muscles of the arm, to grave them in marble."

TRILEPOLENTUS.—Well, I think that the reading of trumpery novels, as the reading of all other trumpery books, even if they be unmeaning treatises on divinity or metaphysics, is mere waste of time, for they are incapable of giving the hearty enjoyment that may be given by dancing or music. But a good novel is a very good book indeed, almost as good as a good poem. It may do more than inform the mind, it may strengthen the soul for the battle of life, and, by drawing pictures of the noble and heroic, induce the reader to become noble and heroic likewise. No one can read the accounts of good deeds or generous emotions without feeling good and generous as he reads, if he has a spark of feeling at all; and such sentiments are in good romances wrought out more fully than in any other books. It is impossible to read such a book as Scott's *Talisman*, for instance, without feeling one's courage rise; or, to instance later works, how much kindness may be awakened in the heart by the perusal of some of Dickens's and Thackeray's best novels, and how many good qualities evoked by the examples set forth in these last two noble works of Bulwer—*The Cartons* and *My Novel*. Novels, like the drama, may be used and abused. Their application to education, considering how powerfully they act upon the heart, is by no means to be overlooked; but as to the bare getting of knowledge, they are, perhaps, as Dr. Booth observes, too pleasant to be very useful, and a surfeit even of the best of them is likely enough to unnerve the soul from strenuous action instead of prompting it. However, a general outcry against fiction must, in any case, stand the test of the Book of Job, which is supposed by many sound divines to be of this character—viz., an Oriental romance replete with moral and religious truth; yet, perhaps, permitting of as practical an application to human life and its needs as any other book in the Bible.

I go with Dr. Booth to a certain extent. You cannot learn history

rom Scott or Shakespeare. You must live into the sources from which they drew to become an historian. But you can learn the deductions of history, you can study the human heart as in a mirror, and by dwelling on the pictures of noble deeds, learn to do nobly yourself; a thing to which the study of trigonometry or conic sections will never furnish the slightest hint.

IRENÆUS.—Dr. Booth rightly observes that every man requires a pack of knowledge to carry with him through life, and it is a matter of some difficulty to select what that pack shall consist of, just as it requires more judgment, though not actual trouble, to pack for a short journey than for a house-moving.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I should like to hear what he says, premising that I have notions of my own on this subject which may be right or wrong, but are not the popular ones.

IRENÆUS.—He says that the knowledge a man puts into him ought to stand one of two tests—either it ought to furnish a mental gymnastic to strengthen the powers of the mind, or it ought to be of practical applicability; best of all it is if it combines both these advantages. And here he passes a strong encomium upon the Aristotelian logic, giving it even the palm over pure mathematics as a mental exercise, but stating that it has fallen into disuse because not equally applicable to the needs of life.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Here I humbly dissent. Logic is an universal solvent. Its study forms the soundest basis of all studies. To think correctly as a habit, not only strengthens the mind but the soul; is the great antidote to poisonous falsehood and subtle fallacy and self-deceit—teaches a man to be true to himself, when based on sound moral training; and if to himself, to others, and to his God. It is of universal practical application: even to the lower application of getting on in the world it is not without great uses. What will pure mathematics, with all their purity, do like this?

IRENÆUS.—This dogmatism is pardonable in an Oxonian, as the Aristotelian logic is the recognised basis of the Oxford education.

TLEPOLEMUS.—What about Greek and Latin?

IRENÆUS.—Dr. Booth evidently pleads against the general application of the classics to purposes of universal education.

TLEPOLEMUS.—It may be so. But to a refined education—to the highest development of education—they are indispensable. They represent the acme of civilisation before books were printed, when it was not worth while for men to think and write otherwise than correctly and beautifully. These studies have probably, however, been overdone in our universities and public schools; they have consequently been undervalued; but a strong reaction is setting in. They are necessary to the education of a gentleman.

IRENÆUS.—But not to the education of a tradesman.

TLEPOLEMUS.—The more of a gentleman a tradesman can be, in the true sense of the word, the better for him. Would that all tradesmen were in the highest sense gentlemen, as some indeed are; we should then hear less of fraud and adulteration, and bad taste in manufacture. But the best of the classics, more than any modern book, are rich in pictures and precepts of heroic nobleness only to be outmatched by Holy Writ. After the Bible give me Homer. But I do not lay so much stress on a knowledge of the classical languages, though no man can thoroughly understand his own without them, as on a knowledge of the contents of the best classical books. Perhaps Dr. Booth is right in thinking a smattering of the classics of little use in general education, for it is seldom worth while to learn a smattering of anything.

IRENÆUS.—Dr. Booth shows how a nation may be heroic and noble without reading classical instances of virtue; quotes Dr. Thomson's noble conduct with the wounded Russians; and the well-known case of the wreck of the *Birkenhead*; shows how Alma was equal to the Granicus, Balaklava to Marathon, Inkermann to Thermopylæ—

TLEPOLEMUS.—Good. But how was all that heroism counterbalanced by frightful official mismanagement

resulting from the systematic national depreciation of the value of the soldier. A little more of the classic spirit abroad would have taught men that every citizen ought to hold his life at the disposal of his country, and that a citizen who was not a soldier was unknown in ancient Greece; or if known, known only to be pelted with mud in the streets. The more we praise our soldiers, the more we ought to blush for the way we have treated them. It is certainly true that we can find noble examples enough in English history, but this only strengthens my argument; the more such examples you can get the better.

IRENÆUS.—But Dr. Booth shows how poor those professions have become which rest on the classics—the Church and Bar, for example.

TLEPOLEMUS.—This I freely grant; it only proves that those professions are not sufficiently honoured. The fact is incontestable. If the clergy are starving, it only proves, if they deserve a better fate, that the nation does not believe in their mission. Undoubtedly they do not tend to increase the national wealth, and a large portion of the utilitarian community look upon them as unproductive drones.

IRENÆUS.—On the whole, I think your dissent from the pamphlet rests upon the fact of your having views different from the popular views, and not on any demerits as judged by itself.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Quite so. I find it very interesting, and in fact invaluable, in its remarks as to the necessity of concentration and selection in education; the indispensable nature of labour, and the nobility of self-sacrifice in the pursuit of knowledge; above all, it is valuable in laying great stress on the schooling of that stubborn subject, the human will. But now you have done with your *brochure*, we will chat, and on the same subject, if you please, having it all to ourselves. I confess I feel easier now that bagman has got out, who was sitting opposite, saying nothing, but evidently smiling at the old-worldliness of my ideas. I do not think that reading or knowledge

is the chief part of education, far less listening to lectures.

IRENÆUS.—Hear, hear! I am, indeed, anxious to know what your notions on education may be. It is an old saying, but a true one, that old bachelors' wives and old maids' children are best managed. I may add, old bachelors' children.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Fie, fie, Irenæus. "Honi soit qui mal y pense." But I think, to speak seriously, that the early Persians were about right.

"Three things the early Persians taught their sons—
To ride, to use the bow, and speak the truth."

On which Lord Byron goes on to make profane puns, and rather inconsistently suggests that it was the long bow they taught their sons to use. And he may be right, for the modern Persians are said to be the greatest liars on the face of the earth, quite equal to the Cretans of old, who were all always liars, according to the testimony of Epimenides.

IRENÆUS.—But as Epimenides was a Cretan, he must either have lied or told the truth in saying so: if he lied, they sometimes told the truth; if he did not lie, he told the truth then, which equally destroys the value of his assertion.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Out upon that horrid sophistical dilemma. It does not follow, because their character was to be always liars, that in fact they never told the truth. But this has nothing to do with the early Persians, who existed, I believe, entirely in Xenophon's romantic imagination, who painted them as Tacitus did the old Germans—not as they were, but as he wished them to exist, for an example to his Athenian fellow-citizens. The Athenian education was divided into the *μουσική*, or intellectual, and the *γυμναστική*, or physical. They somewhat neglected the moral, which is indeed the principal part.

IRENÆUS.—I rather think that Plato in his Republic intended to include this in the *μουσική*, as also the education of the taste, in which the ancient Athenians were pre-eminent.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Not so the modern English. In most of the national

schemes of education, intellectual education is placed in the foremost rank. This must be done, the rest may be done. I cannot agree. We are told, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The word is not teach. *Training* is of much more consequence than *teaching*, in all sound education. Moral education—call it religious, if you will—is the first thing; next physical, which may be made to bear upon it; next the education of the taste; and last comes to me in importance the education of the intellect. Knowledge is power even when combined with wickedness. But in a better sense, goodness is power, strength and agility are power, good taste is power. All may be made good except those who are born to evil, which possibility is one assumption of ultra-Calvinism. Most may be made strong and agile; some may be endued with a sense of fitness, beauty, order, and decorum; only the few are by nature clever, or can be endowed with intellectual riches.

IRENÆUS.—Proceed then.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I would begin, then, by teaching all children their duty to God and man, upon which instruction we possess a great inspired manual, and in support and illustration of that, we of the Church of England possess a most available summary in our glorious Catechism. But this education, even more than by teaching, is forwarded by attention to the events of life, and the example of elders upon children in them. The path of truthfulness and courage should always be indicated in preference to any other. Woe be to him or her who prevaricates before a child, or acts meanly in his presence,—

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

Any scheme of national teaching which ignores training is simply the play of *Hamlet* with the principal character left out.

IRENÆUS.—But most reasonable people agree with you in theory; the practical difficulty is to make them agree upon the details of moral and religious education.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I do not think a certain agreement upon details hopeless, and I do think that most right-minded people are agreed as to the principle; therefore I would lay more stress now on the second part of my scheme, physical education.

IRENÆUS.—I think quite enough attention is paid to this among our higher classes. In the public schools every manly exercise is encouraged by the powers that be, and made to fit in with other studies in such a way, indeed, that I have known a case in which all the prizes of study were carried off by the best cricketer.

TLEPOLEMUS.—True; but even in the case of the higher classes this is not done sufficiently on principle, and in the case of the middle and lower it is much neglected.

IRENÆUS.—Let us hear what you have to say. Your way of laying down the law does well enough in private conversation, but it would not do in a pamphlet or lecture.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I do not know that: indeed, egoism seems the order of the day, and the only way of attracting public attention. Witness Mr. Ruskin and his books. I have as good a right to make myself an educational dictator as he has to make himself a dictator on matters of taste. It is a way of catching the ear of the public, perhaps justifiable under present circumstances. When Feargus O'Connor was in the House of Commons, it used to be difficult for a soberly-clad man to catch the Speaker's eye, but he infallibly succeeded by arraying himself in positive colours, and egoistical waistcoats, and watch-chains. My notion is this, that we must keep in view, in the first place, the Platonic principle that the individual is for the State, and not the State for the individual. Unless this is granted *in limine*, all that I have to say will fall to the ground.

IRENÆUS.—I grant it then, *pendente lite*, and in order to hear what you have to say. I can retreat afterwards if I like, like a French republican who has sworn allegiance to the Emperor.

TLEPOLEMUS.—This granted then,

it follows that the body and mind of every individual—all of him, in fact, but his soul—belongs to the State, and not to himself. Freedom is only to be conditional, as consistent with the well-being of the State, and as far as it conduces to that well-being. It follows from this that every subject or citizen ought to be *in posse* if not *in esse* a soldier; since an unlimited power of defence is one of the first needs of a State which will be independent of others. I think, then, that all education ought to have primarily the good of the State in view; secondarily, the good of the individual. In the first place, all education should have a military aspect and bearing.

IRENEUS.—I suppose you would have all schools, as in France, on a military model, and dress school-boys in military uniforms, making real soldiers ridiculous.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I would not that all should play at soldiers, but I would that all should be soldiers even in their play. The physical part of education ought to be looked upon as a means of preparing soldiers for the service of the State. No schools, as far as I am aware, do this, but our public schools, and that irregularly, and as a matter of secondary importance.* They educate soldiers with their cricket and foot-ball, and foot hurdle-races, and winked at, but unauthorised single combats; but they ought to do more, for they educate soldiers when they ought to be educating officers! the classes of which they are composed being those from which officers are drawn, who are soldiers and something more. This explains the Balaklava charge. The English officer is or has been a thorough soldier, and is never ashamed of it; but if you tell him he is not an officer, he will tell you—or, shall I say, would have told you?—not to bore him by talking stuff.

IRENEUS.—I think you may say, would have told you; the time of that folly is, I hope, past.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Don't you be so sure of that. There is more heroism in the British character than perhaps in any other, but there prevails

even in the highest ranks the affectation of contrary sentiments, which is simply deferential to the unchivalrous spirit of the nation. And Routine, impudently Routine, will soon bear down mere impulsive efforts to make against it. Routine rolls on a dogged course like the car of a general, careless whom it crushes. It does not come on with the swiftness of a locomotive, but it is equally merciless; its motion is rather that of the iron hand of St. Paul's clock, which once nearly cut off the horribly slow process, the head of a boy who inadvertently thrust it into the works. A man is generally a numskull who thrusts his head into the wheels of Routine, and courts slow martyrdom. I may be such a numskull myself, and still have to suffer the consequences. The temporary clogging only makes the wheels proceed with a more vicious force.

IRENEUS.—Yet we are a reforming nation. I would mention about the great fact of Free Trade, which subject our ideas are far in advance of all the other nations of the earth.

TLEPOLEMUS.—So are the ideas of a man who rushes down a green slope to the brink of a precipice, heedless of the more prudent companions who call him back. The other nations, most of whom bear no great love, in consequence, chiefly, of the crookedness of our present foreign policy, are scarcely so open-handed, and are quite willing to see the effect of a dangerous experiment tried on us by ourselves, before they attempt to follow our example. I cannot, for the present, see what great benefits our free trade has conferred either on ourselves or on Europe. Its advent has certainly been attended with an universal increase of prices both at home and abroad, which may possibly have been produced by other causes; but the fact is incontestable, and the coincidence is at least curious. In the path of political reforms we are certainly far ahead, and apparently

* We believe that some of the English public schools—Harrow, for instance—have seriously adopted a system of military education.

will going on down the same declivity; or, shall I not rather say, the spring-tide of democracy still continues to rise here, when abroad it has come to its ebb. One by one the landmarks of the constitution have disappeared, and disappear. The excessive electoral corruption which is one of the first points of the Reform Act, has led to a demand for the sneaking ballot to remedy its evils, a remedy quite as bad as the disease. The difficulties arising from the privileges allowed to non-conformists have made the very existence of church establishments a difficulty, and the loyal toast of "Church and Queen" is scarcely ever given, even at a public dinner, although the Crown is still affectedly complimented in its divorce from the Church. While all this is going on, not even the *Times*, with all the powers of the fourth estate at its back, can remedy the least one of our social densities and obseities, and railroad companies are allowed to slay subjects by wholesale, without respect to the liberty of the subject, while howls of humane lamentation are raised at every just punishment of a capital offender. The social reformer still continues to knock his head against a post, while the political destructive is borne in triumph through the streets.

IRENÆUS.—What do you think of the effect of circumstances in changing the heart of the British people on certain points?

TLEPOLEMUS.—There lies the only hope. The terrible Crimean war had its terror weakened by a questionable peace; the force of the blow was broken as it fell, and was scarcely sufficient to impress upon us, that the needs of our position demanded that we should cease to be emphatically a nation of chapmen, and become once more a nation of soldiers, if we would hold our own. The Persian war was but a faint touch after the Russian, but, no doubt, it was fired by the same train.

IRENÆUS.—But what do you say of the Indian Mutiny?

TLEPOLEMUS.—Its causes are not yet apparent; but I cannot help thinking that another power instigated Persia, and Persia instigated India. Suppose we had had all these

affairs together on our hands, an event which was quite on the cards? It seems to me probable that Persian emissaries tampered with the Mussulman and Hindoo populations. And the country was prepared for the sowing of the seeds of discord by some mismanagement or other, which acted in utter ignorance of the peculiarities of the Oriental character, giving boons which were not asked for and not understood, applying the political maxims of Europe to the East, establishing liberty of the press, and the rule of clemency to the guilty, which here is pernicious enough, but there is suicidal; dealing mildly with rebellion, and making rebels believe that they had all to gain and nothing to lose by an insurrectionary movement. This Indian mutiny is indeed a serious affair. Having once established our dominion, we cannot retreat, we must hold it or perish. To speak commercially: It is no limited liability contract with the Company. We have staked our all on the venture. We cannot do less, if necessary, than send to India every soldier that we have, and we must always prepare to be attacked at home when found unguarded. But already this lesson has, I must allow, done good; it has furnished, as the Crimean war did, signal examples of British heroism quite worthy of the Victoria Cross, the institution of which, and its indiscriminate distribution to the signally brave, whether officers or men, I may remark, by the way, is really a healthy sign of the times.

When this rebellion is trampled out, perhaps there will be less whining at home over the fate of foreign insurrectionists. The cause of a rebel may be just; no matter. His business is so serious that he ought to be required to stake his life as the penalty of failure, just as the competitors for the hand of the fair bride of Pelops were content to stake their lives if they failed in beating her father in the chariot-race. Do you not agree with me that any great scheme of education ought to have for its principle, what the education of the higher classes effects by accident, as far as they are concerned, to make us a nation of soldiers?

IRENÆUS.—I think I do.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I have, I believe, abundantly demonstrated to you in one of my letters, headed "War and Woodcraft," how this is done, in the case of the higher classes, by our noble field-sports.

IRENÆUS.—But you cannot apply field-sports to the education of all, or you will create a nation of poachers instead of soldiers.

TLEPOLEMUS.—That does not follow. Poachers are generally unsportsmanlike; those who are the contrary, I would deal with very differently by the law. But field-sports must necessarily be in a measure confined to the rich. It costs money to follow hounds and to shoot; if all men shot, game would soon disappear. But every boy might be taught to ride, to whom riding is likely in any manner to belong. Every boy ought to be taught to swim, shoot at targets, walk, leap, play cricket; and fishing might be given up by the aristocracy, or shared with the middle classes, as a kind of sporting which all might be permitted to indulge in.

IRENÆUS.—Salmon, sewin, and trout would disappear.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I believe that if catching fresh-water fish in unsportsmanlike ways, such as netting, were forbidden under heavy penalties, there would be abundant sport for every wielder of the angle. Want of skill and indolence would still deter many. The rights of property ought not to be invaded, but every landed proprietor might be indulgent to anglers, and a narrow path on each side might be allowed, with certain limitations, up the banks of every fishing stream, linn, or loch. There is no sport in the world better than fishing. The trout fisherman works up a stream, and exercises arm and leg without consciousness. And the moral qualities evoked by the pastime are not to be slighted: what coolness and patience are required to be successful! what an excellent trial of temper is furnished by the occasional entanglements of flies with each other, or in trees, bushes, or stones in the river's bed! and how the pastime makes even the least æsthetic a lover of nature and all her purities,

by leading him away from the world into nature's most beautiful scenes! As for salmon-fishing, I only say, read the account, in an old number of *Blackwood*, of Christopher North's taking his first salmon. I saw four fish taken one day in a Welsh river by Manton May-fly, and though I was only a spectator, I can bear witness to the violence of the exciting effect on myself. Talk of the pictures in the Royal Academy!—I never saw a picture to beat that first *new fish* laid on the gravel: his back and belly were radiant with silver and opal, and luminous with circumambient beauty! At the moment, had I been an ancient Egyptian, I could have fallen on my knees and worshipped him! They worshipped cats and crocodiles, but never saw a new fish just caught!

IRENÆUS.—You make my mouth water—to devour him.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Heartless epicure! But you see my drift, and allow my argument, and therefore I pardon you. You have never seen salmon-fishing, Irenæus; what must it be to have done it, to have it to do, in Wye, or Tweed, or Tay, still more in Namsen or Alten.

IRENÆUS.—The two latter are some little way off.

TLEPOLEMUS.—It may be so. But I do not think that the sport can be over-estimated. Why, I am told that in Tweed they pay half-a-guinea a-day, and are not allowed to keep the fish after they have caught them. But the love of the sport ought not to make men selfish. It is scarcely fair for rich Englishmen to buy up the rivers in Norway, taking advantage of the poverty and cupidity of the natives, and warn off their poorer countrymen, who come there as they do also to make men of themselves, or exercise their manhood. Fishing is not to be despised as a part of military education.

IRENÆUS.—Except fishing for compliments.

TLEPOLEMUS.—At which kind I am most unhandy. Next to physical education, I think important the education of the taste and manners. Music is here most generally applicable. Almost all have more or less a taste for it. There is no kind of

instruction that would tend more to wean our labouring classes from the one amusement of drunkenness. Why have we such a dearth of songs in England, but that we neglect music in education? And songs make heroes. When a nation forgets its songs, it forgets honour, freedom, and renown.

IRENÆUS.—Dancing?

TLEPOLEMUS.—Why not? Grace and quickness of movement are not to be despised. Dancing is a pendant to music. If our peasants danced like the Germans, they could not drink like themselves; nor would I forbid the educational theatre, only place it under wholesome restrictions as to the character of performers and performances. Many an heroic vein has been quickened at the theatre.

Painting is, of course, higher, but a certain appreciation of that fine art might be inculcated on all. All ought to be taught to keep their fingers off pictures, and not to write their names on statues, or even on casts. It is for want of an education in taste that our national amusements are so low. And taste leads to good-breeding, and good-breeding to charitable feeling, and charitable feeling, as through a postern, to the Holy of Holies itself.

IRENÆUS.—And then as to the wide field of intellectual education?

TLEPOLEMUS.—That is a field which has not been allowed to lie fallow by any, but on which successive crops have been sown with a vengeance by all educational theorists. They have not spared the guano. It requires not mowing or tilling. But I say shortly, teach Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and then all the ologies if you like.

IRENÆUS.—You dismiss it shortly.

TLEPOLEMUS.—With good reason. The ground is so fearfully beaten. Why, for artists alone Mr. Ruskin has directed a course of study almost as universal as that Cicero demanded to complete his ideal orator. I almost hate the word intellectual from

hearing it so often abused, and seeing *mind* exalted over heart and feeling, and will and manners, and strength and energy, and beauty and love, and God. I should like, I confess, to turn the march of intellect into a punishment-drill for a season. If the world is weighed with dulness, it is terribly pestered by the everlasting unrest of cleverness; and in our nowadays travels it is really refreshing to meet with a good blockhead who fears God and honours the Queen, and knows his place in creation.

IRENÆUS.—But how would your fine education, which is to make a gentleman and a soldier of every peasant, suit young men behind counters?

TLEPOLEMUS.—I cannot consider such abnormal creatures in my Utopia. In sober earnest, I think there ought to be no young men behind counters; at least not where they are manifestly keeping young women away, and driving them to dens of wretchedness, whether of needle-driving or social desecration.

IRENÆUS.—And this leads to the subject of female education, about which my friend Dr. Booth has delivered a lecture; which I have as yet not read. What are your views anent it?

TLEPOLEMUS.—My views, indeed! I suppose you are bound by matrimonial free-masonry to conceal yours; so we had better let that subject alone. Besides, the train is stopping. RAILWAY GUARD.—Chester!!!

TLEPOLEMUS.—Quick, Irenæus; get out! I rush and get our tickets for Conway, while you rush and prevent the luggage from going to the four winds. Stop! your pamphlet.

IRENÆUS.—Thanks! Oh for the hundreds hands of Briareus! I cannot *own* my luggage with two. Crack goes the fishing-rod! My new Cop-ham!

[*Exeunt omnes in a railway scramble.*]

THE HAUNTING FACE.

1.

WHEN daily cares and thoughts give place
To quickened memories, oft on me—
Sudden, unthought of—gleams a face,
Which no one else will ever see.

2.

No space can be within my ken
But there it haply lies in wait ;
The shadows veil it in the glen,
The rays reveal it on the height.

3.

Down-gazing in a stream that lies
Unruffled, neath the placid air,
I meet the light of those deep eyes,
And catch the gleaming of the hair.

4.

Or, as I watch the changing sky
When fleecy white the blue enshrouds,
That face, as from a casement high,
Looks out through openings of the clouds.

5.

The solid darkness of the night
Around it forms a background deep ;
It ever greets me, warm and bright,
Within the vestibule of sleep.

6.

Unsought it comes, unbidden stays ;
And yet, all dreamlike tho' it be,
No actual form that meets my gaze
Has such significance for me.

7.

It tells of years that golden glide,
Of joys with no regrets between,
Of life expanded, glorified—
Of other things that might have been.

8.

Fair as of yore, as young, as bright,
So glows it on my vision now,
Years never rob the eyes of light,
Nor leave a shadow on the brow.

9.

Yet not on earth, nor in the skies,
Exists the face that haunts me so ;
That shining hair, those beaming eyes,
Faded for ever, long ago.

FROM INDIA

"The blood of thy brother crieth to me from the ground."

Oh, sons of women, have ye heard it told,
That savage, dismal, miserable tale,
And, sleeping soft thereafter, heard no wail
Through your safe slumbers echoing manifold?—
That wail! oh Heaven! What English word can say
How the blood cries from that unholy ground!
Heard ye the sound?
Shrieking and sobbing through this summer day,
Such agony of horror and of fear—
Oh sons of women, rise and hear!—
As centuries calm have hushed from man's affrighted ear.

Honour and fame, the triumph of our race,
Ye trumpet tongues of war, sound forth the call!
Oh tender Heaven, oh friends, if *this* were all,
And hopeful farewell griefs filled this woe's place!
Then might we speak and weep, and yet be calm.
God keep those sons of hope, those heirs of fame,
God bless each dearest name!
Our very tears would echo like a psalm.
Oh mother-land, deep-groaning from afar
To where thy slaughtered children are,
This dismal fight of fiends, this carnage is not war!

Wider than war, more deadly far than death!
Oh warriors, soldiers, captains, men of might!
Though ye be still the guidance of the fight,
The quarrel is of all who draw their breath
From life of women! Oh, ye mothers' sons!
Rise up and hear the intolerable cry
Rending this purest sky—
Death-groans of all those tortured tender ones,
Fainting 'mid horrors worse than fire or knife.
He who stands calm, I swear, and sees this strife,
Never loved woman yet in all his barren life!

Oh tender blood, loud crying from that shore!
Oh untold agony, too great for speech!
Oh perfect death, which no more harm can reach!
Thank God that never, never, never more
The insulted life can throb within those veins;
Thank God that no one lives to tell the tale
That nothing but a wail
Of this, which is unspeakable, remains!
Oh women slain! Over each tender head,
While men vow vengeance dread,
This comfort sore we take—thank Heaven that ye are dead!

But if in God's dark maze of providence
Such hour of darkness should appear again,
Oh men, if ye be men!
Kiss them, and kill them in their innocence!

Was there not one among your hero band
 Who, in the blaze of loud explosion, gave
 A young life, true and brave,
 To snatch fell weapons from the murderer's hand?
 And dare ye less to save
 That sacred nucleus of your race, wherein
 As in a shrine your honour makes abode?
 Oh fathers, husbands, brothers, think no sin!
 But out of horror, out of agony,
 With your swift tender bullets tenderly
 Dismiss them to the keeping of their God!

Oh mother-land, arise! Oh mothers' sons!
 This quarrel bears no prelude of weak words,
 Speak in the flashing of a million swords,
 Speak in the thunder of avenging guns!
 Speak as loud nature speaks in storm and flame!
 Quick as the sudden breath we draw,
 Oh justice and the law!
 Strike as the lightning, swift and sure of aim!—
 By every tortured soul, and heart that bled,
 By every martyr head,
 Oh justice, born of Heaven, think on the insulted dead!

M. O. W. O.

 THE SYRIAN ROUTE TO THE EAST.

ENGLAND must find a short road to the East. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, it looks ill to be following the roundabout track discovered four centuries ago by Vasco di Gama. When our Indian empire is convulsed with war and horrors, and our rule is suddenly threatened with eclipse, it must be a fatal disaster if our troops continue to be forwarded by the tardy three months' route of the Cape. Our Indian empire has entered upon a new phase. Peril in a new form has overtaken it, and others will and must follow. What then? British India was never so profitable to us as now. It has grown from a province to a vast empire, presenting a noble outlet and rich employment for our youth—pouring golden millions into our lap with their return—offering an ever-expanding market for our commerce,—and constituting a mighty lever by which both commercially and politically we can act upon the rest of the East. Whatever is most precious is held by the most precarious tenure. As our Indian empire grows vaster and more valuable, the less secure will become

our tenure of it. In proportion as our rule extends over the peninsula—and it will and must so extend,—and as railways, telegraphs, and river-steamers develop the resources of the country, a spirit of homogeneity will grow up, supplanting the present manifold diversities in the native population, and exciting efforts of an ever-widening nationality to throw off the alien element in the administration of the country. And simultaneously with this change within, a rival—Russia—will be approaching to menace our rule from without. To become more valuable and less secure, therefore, is manifestly the destiny of British India for many years to come. We cannot get the good without the evil. The greater the prize, the more the peril,—it is a law stamped upon all things, and immutable as fate. But the prospect need not break our calm. Equally heavy dangers have beset India in the past, in proportion to its then value, as are likely to beset it now. If the risks are henceforth to be greater, so also is the prize; for we doubt not that, despite all the disasters of the present

Revolt, an era is approaching of increased prosperity to India, and of augmented profit to ourselves. The progress of the Past will extend into the Future—nay, probably will take a new start from the very reverse which has now overtaken us.

What, then, does it become England to do? Clearly the rule for her is the same as for any individual in similar circumstances,—namely, to make the most of her position, by minimising the peril while making the most of the good. Everything in nature has, at the same time, a bright side and a dark one; and a similar spirit of compensation runs through the moral and political worlds. If the extension of roads, railways, and telegraphs will tend to consolidate the sympathies, and awaken a feeling of nationality among the Indian population, the same system, it must be remembered, will equally enable us to dispense with a large portion of our dangerous Sepoy force, and quadruple the efficacy of the British troops and the strength of the Executive. And if every decade of years beholds Russia advancing nearer, and in greater power, to the portals of India, it will be our own fault if the use of steam, and the development of our communications with the East, do not enable us to meet her with a corresponding increase of force. By shortening the route, and employing much larger transport-vessels than formerly, we may augment our power in India proportionately with the increased risk that is likely henceforth to attend our rule.

Fortunately for the human race, and especially in this instance for ourselves, the great mass of land which constitutes the Old World is all but cut through the centre by the Mediterranean Sea, and the lesser inlets of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. Through that central region, over those inland seas, must henceforth be our military route to the East. But is the route to go by Egypt or Syria? There is a great strife on that point. Shall we cut through the Isthmus of Suez, and sail our huge steamers direct from Portsmouth to Calcutta? Or shall we pass by railway and river-ships down the valley

of the Euphrates, through the Persian Gulf, to the Indian seas? The latter is the shorter and more expeditious route; the former is the more simple. Both, we doubt not, will be executed some time. But the question is, which of them is it better for Great Britain at present to support, and which will prove most advantageous to our lasting interests and policy in the East? We answer—the route by Syria.

The Syrian route to the East cannot possibly be executed in time to be of use to us in suppressing the present Revolt in India,—and quite as little can the canalisation of the Isthmus of Suez. But no one, we presume, is so sanguine as to think that this is the last peril to which our Indian empire will be exposed. They who think the very opposite will, we regret to say, be very much nearer the truth. If there be wise men in England, therefore, they will look ahead a little, and endeavour to meet the dangers of the future by turning to account the present. This new route to India across the Syrian peninsula cannot be made at a rush. Both politically and commercially it is too good a thing for this country, to be obtained without some difficulties. But, impressed as we are with the transcendent, nay vital importance of the project to British interests, both imperial and private, we are desirous of bringing the subject fully and betimes under the notice of the British public; and it seems to us that no season can be so opportune as the present, when the whole empire vibrates with the shock received in India, and when the necessity for obtaining some more expeditious route to the East is felt painfully and acknowledged universally. The vigour, too, with which France is agitating in favour of the Suez Canal scheme makes it doubly necessary that the true character of the rival projects should be set forth, as well as their bearings upon the permanent interests of this country.

We have no wish to do injustice to M. Lesseps' project for a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, but we feel it advisable that the plain truth should be spoken in regard to it. A muffled diplomacy suits well in despotic

countries, where the Government is everything, and can carry out its designs without taking the nation into its counsels; but in a free country like ours it is apt to fail,—for if the truth be kept secret, it may happen that the people pull blindly in one direction, while the Government endeavours to steer in another. In public as in private life—and especially in the statesmanship of a free country—to enlighten is to lead. To say the truth, then, of this Suez Canal, it is a very good project, though enormously expensive and somewhat precarious; but it does not suit British interests at present that it be gone into. For our merchants and capitalists to embark in it at present, would be simply to expend British money on a scheme which runs counter to British interests in the East, and which is supported by a foreign Power in antagonism to an analogous project which our Government rightly perceives to be more accordant with the political and material welfare of this country. But we shall briefly describe this projected canal through Egypt. It is to run from Suez on the Red Sea to Port Said on the Mediterranean,—a distance of 91 miles. The ground between these points is very favourable for canalisation, presenting low levels, and consisting entirely of clay and sand, with no rock. The route comprises four sections: 1, From Suez to the Bitter Lakes, about 13 miles, with the ground only from 9 to 12 feet above the level of the Red Sea;—2, The Bitter Lakes, 20 miles long, and from 5 to 7 broad, generally dry, but whose bottom is from 10 to 50 feet below the Red Sea;—3, From the Bitter Lakes to Lake Timsah, in which section occurs the summit-level, which is barely 50 feet above the sea;—and, 4, From Lake Timsah to Port Said, which is over very low ground. Along this line it is proposed to construct an open canal from sea to sea, with its bottom 26 feet below the low-water level, and hence not requiring either locks or gates. It is to be 262 feet wide at the top, and 26 feet deep, with sides sloping at an angle of 27°; but at the south end, where the tides of the Red Sea (rising

6½ feet) would create currents in the canal, the breadth is to be a fifth more, or 328 feet, and the banks are to be faced with stone. Besides its stone-facing, solid works will be required at Lake Timsah, and very much more so at Port Said, where the pier must be carried out a mile and a half from the shore before the requisite depth of 26 feet can be found. The absence of rock on the line, which so much facilitates cutting, will greatly enhance the cost of constructing these works in stone; indeed, it is considered even by the projectors, that it will be necessary to bring the materials for Port Said all the way from Cyprus or Syria! The capital proposed to be raised for this grand scheme is £8,000,000; and were it successfully executed, we should have an open canal uniting the Indian seas to the Mediterranean—an Egyptian Bosphorus, through which vessels of 2500 tons burden could pass fully laden, and so sail right on without obstruction from London to Calcutta or Sydney. It is a magnificent project, but one rather for posterity than our own times. The railway from Alexandria to Cairo is now being extended from Cairo to Suez,—thus connecting the two seas by the fastest of all modes of conveyance; and thus furnished, the present generation, we think, will decline to embark in the hazardous and costly rival scheme of cutting through the Isthmus.

At any rate, it is not a work for England to embark in. Let France take up the Suez scheme if she will; but the Euphrates-valley is the true route for British enterprise to concentrate itself upon. And it would be about as absurd for Englishmen to invest their spare capital in Russian instead of Indian railways, as to neglect the Syrian route to the East for the sake of becoming shareholders in this French scheme for digging through the Egyptian isthmus. France has long dreamed of conquering Egypt; and Lamartine, in his imaginary sketch of the world a century hence, makes the land of the Nile a French dependency, and the Mediterranean a semi-Gallic lake. Is there any sign of these hopes being abandoned? On the contrary, under our

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every eyes we see that policy steadily advancing. Has there not been for the last thirty years, and is there not at this moment, a European Power slowly creeping along Northern Africa,—and is not that Power France? The Bourbons, the Orleansists, the Republic, and the Empire—all have fostered that schemes of conquest; and never was it regarded with more favour, or pursued with so great ability, as now, when a nephew of Napoleon I. occupies the throne of France. The vision of their great Emperor and his army of Egypt—of the “Sultan Kebir” who won victories and wrote bulletins at the foot of the Pyramids, who surveyed and organised a government for the country of the Pharaohs, and who planned this very canalisation of the Isthmus, in order that he might carry an army to India—still lives in the imagination of the French people; and hence the government of the Tuileries will never lack sympathy in its efforts to extend its sway along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Read the official reports on Algeria, and see how the invading race is extending itself like a dominant caste—eastwards, westwards, southwards—over the native tribes of the coast, the mountains, and the desert. In the late war, Europe for the first time got proof of the great addition which her African conquests had made to the military resources of France. Algeria is already, and will become more and more a nursery of armies. The profession of arms is almost a passion with the Arab and Berber tribes, and one, moreover, for which they are well adapted; and in a few years hence we shall have a counterpart of our Sepoy army established under French officers upon the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Such a power must, from its very nature, extend itself—indeed nothing exists to circumscribe its operations; and the main line of its advance undoubtedly will be eastward. In a dozen years we may find it rebuilding the docks and quays of Carthage; and the cynosure of its ever-advancing course will be—Egypt.

When such is the progress of affairs in the Mediterranean, it is

plainly not the interest of England to rely upon Egypt as the sole route to the East,—much less to expend her resources in opening for the navies of Europe a way to India which the future may one day see closed against ourselves. It would be an awkward affair, truly, if, after the making of this Suez Canal, we were to find France and her allies shutting it against us, while sending through it their own war-fleets to attack our Indian possessions. In a recent article on the crisis in India, the *Univers* vaunts that heretical England will soon have to apply to France for assistance to quell the revolt of the Sepoys, and that France will accede to the request on the condition that England withdraws entirely from the Mediterranean,—handing over the Ionian Islands to Greece, Gibraltar to Spain, and Malta to France! The thought is a very absurd one, but the wish which has fathered it will ere long take a deeper hold upon the French mind. We beg to warn the British public on this point. In domestic legislation, our statesmen can afford to “live from hand to mouth,” heeding only the pressure of the moment; but in foreign politics, prescience is everything. All the leading men connected with the Suez Canal project are Frenchmen; and though the Government of the Tuileries is too shrewd to give its patronage openly, its countenance to the scheme is not the less efficient because unavowed. In France, things are not managed by agitation and public meetings, as with us, yet something of the kind is at present being attempted on behalf of M. de Lesseps’ project. The Geographical Society at Paris has got up a memorial on his behalf; and what is much more significant—as such a step infers the support of the Government—the opinion of the provincial Councils-General has been solicited on the subject, and thirty-seven of them have already memorialised in its favour. Do we find fault with these things? Certainly not: but we mention them as indicating the true quarter from whence proceeds the impetus to this project for a Suez Canal, and as corroborating our opinion that it is French, not British

interests which it is designed mainly to subserve. It is the more necessary to state these things, because M. Lesseps and his colleagues have done everything in their power to impress the British public with an opposite opinion. *For years* our newspaper offices and mercantile firms have been deluged with printed papers extolling this Suez Canal scheme,—we should like to know who defrayed all that expense? And during the past summer, M. de Lesseps himself has been touring amongst us, addressing mayors, bailies, corporations, and chambers of commerce, with the same end in view; and again we ask, who defrays the cost of his mission? Are there not diplomatic as well as commercial interests involved in it? And was it the French Bourse or the Ministry of Foreign Affairs that watched with greatest interest the result of his proceedings in this country? The “interests of the world” and the “good of mankind” are very fine phrases; but as we read history, and as every patriot feels instinctively, the world gets on best when each country minds its own business. The Isthmus of Suez will be cut through doubtless by-and-by, and in good time. But England at present has work of her own to do, in opening the Syrian route to the East; and the practical bearing of M. Lesseps’ efforts is to obstruct this work, and to divert our money into the rival scheme supported by France. The question is not at all whether we shall use the route through Egypt—we do use it, and will continue to use it—but whether that route shall be performed by means of an enormously expensive canal, when it can be made very much faster by the already existing (or, at least, soon to be completed) railway, and when the millions of money needed for the canal would be much better expended for England by the construction of another line of communication with the East.

In any case it is a good thing to have two strings to one’s bow. There is already a good route to the East through Egypt, and the simple fact that the money required to execute a Suez canal would far more than suffice

to construct another and quicker route by Syria to the same goal, ought to convince every sane Englishman that the latter course is alone to be thought of. It would not only give us two strings to our bow, but the Syrian string would be much the better of the two. It is a shorter and would be a very much quicker route to India than that by Egypt; and its political advantages would be equally on the side of this country. It would not only give us a double route to the East, and so prevent us being left at the mercy of any outburst of Gallic conquest towards Egypt—an outburst which might be supported by Russia (even as she offered us Candia) in return for being allowed to seize Constantinople,—but it would at the same time strengthen British influence in one of the most important strategical points of the globe, towards which Russia is already directing her steps. A century and a half ago, Czar Peter discerned that an indispensable step to the overthrow of our Indian empire was to get possession of the Syrian peninsula; and eight-and-twenty years ago Paskiewitch, victorious alike over Turks and Persians, meditated a descent through the mountains of Armenia into the valley of the Euphrates. Peace alone prevented him from accomplishing his design. But the capture of Kars, and the advance of the Russian outposts to Erzeroum in the late war, was another push in the same direction. And the recent reported acquisition by Russia of the north-western angle of the Persian territories, concurs with other proofs to show that, when the trenches of aggression are again opened in this quarter, the sap will be found further advanced than before.

The British Government has long had its eye fixed on the valley of the Euphrates, as likely to furnish a good route to our Indian possessions. Of the navigability of the Euphrates in ancient times, and even at a comparatively recent date, there exists ample proof. The huge barges in which, according to the Father of history, the produce of Armenia was floated down to Babylon,—the fleet which the Emperor Trajan constructed from the forests on the mountains

of Nisibis, and in which he sailed thence down the "great river" without a sensible impediment—the expedition of Julian in the track of his great predecessor, when, to use the phrase of the historian of the scene, with upwards of a thousand vessels of all sizes he "made narrow the wide-spread flood of the Euphrates,"—bear ample testimony to the easy navigation of the great river in ancient times. And at a period much less remote—in the fifteenth century—we find that the very route from the Mediterranean to Jaber, which it is now proposed to take, was pursued by the adventurous merchants of the time. Rauwolf the traveller—Balbi the Venetian—Newberry, Fitch, Shirley, and Cartwright, of our own country, embarked their goods at Bir (now called Jaber) for the markets of Feluja, Bagdad, and the far East; performed their river journey with no important hindrances, even in these times, in fifteen or sixteen days; and so far from being obstructed by the tribes on its banks, found a ready trade along the whole course of their fluvial voyage, in exchanging coral, amber, knives, and glass for the provisions and fruits of the country.

It was in 1830 that the British Government first instituted explorations to ascertain whether it was practicable to reopen this old route, and so obtain the most direct line of communication with India. The name of General (then Colonel) Chesney will ever be honourably remembered in connection with this difficult and hazardous enterprise. On arriving at Damascus in November 1830, he learned that three Englishmen, similarly commissioned as himself, had just perished in the attempt; but, undeterred by the sad news, he set off at once in a caravan that was to touch the Euphrates at El-Kaim. No sooner did he arrive there than he fell ill; but, after much entreaty he persuaded some Arabs to build him a raft, which, after several clumsy attempts, was at length constructed. On this raft, Chesney, accompanied by his servant, an interpreter, and three Arabs, one serving as a guide and two as boatmen, launched forth upon the river in his mission of exploration. Seated aft,

he secretly attached to the raft a pole of ten feet long, which he sank at full length and watched with patience and tact, so as to make himself acquainted with the navigation of the river; for as long as the pole was clear, he knew that the stream must be ten feet deep, and whenever it met with obstruction, he examined and measured, so as to get the exact depth. Proceeding in this manner, note-book in hand, he made his observations, marking the villages, even counting the houses, and noticing the more important points; so that he was at length able to sketch a chart of the river and a map of the adjoining country. Each night the raft was moored to some uninhabited island, and at day-break they resumed their journey. In five days from leaving El-Kaim they arrived at Hit, where the raft was exchanged for an Arab boat built of willow and coated with bitumen; and in five days more Chesney arrived at Feluja, opposite Bagdad, where he remained a few days at the house of the British consul. Again pursuing his journey, he completed the exploration of the Euphrates by descending to Bussora. Afterwards he ascended the Karoun river to Susa, in Persia. And to complete the story of his explorations, we may add that six years after, this gallant officer nearly perished in the Euphrates, in consequence of the foundering of the steamer on which he was aboard: he happily saved himself by swimming, but his friend and travelling-companion was engulfed in the waves.

The opinion of Chesney as to the navigability of this great river has been fully confirmed by subsequent explorers. Foremost among these are Captains Charlewood and Campbell, the former of whom expresses his "conviction that there are no obstacles to the navigation of the Euphrates, from Jaber to the Persian Gulf, throughout the entire year." The latter says,—“Of the practicability of the line there is no doubt. I should say vessels smaller than the Indus boats would be needed at first, but not much. Those now on the Indus were the ones I worked up the Euphrates in 1840.

The fact that a sufficient volume of water always finds a vent, without anything like the perils of the Iron Gates of the Danube, shows that there is no really serious or insurmountable obstruction to be overcome." He adds—"Where is there now difficulty in obtaining boats to run at a speed of twelve to thirteen knots, and drawing not more than two feet water? Such boats are to be seen every day on the Thames, and with these the Euphrates can be navigated from end to end." In point of fact, Mr. Laird, the shipbuilder, has undertaken to furnish steamers to navigate the Euphrates, drawing only two feet of water, capable of carrying a large amount of merchandise and passengers, and at a speed, when loaded, of twelve knots an hour.

After the explorer comes the practical schemer. When Chesney and others had done their work in revealing the capabilities of this great river-route, Mr. Andrews came forward to show how these capabilities could best be turned to account. Possessed alike of imaginative conception and of an eminently practical and scientific regard for details, he drew up a project for developing the Euphrates-valley route both by railway and river, and also assigned it a place in a still vaster scheme which he sketched for connecting the shores of the British Channel, by one continuous railway, *via* Constantinople, Aleppo, Bagdad, and Southern Persia, with the valley of the Indus and all parts of our Indian territories. Putting aside this magnificent dream—a dream, however, let us say, which the future will realise—let us restrict our attention to that part of it which relates to the overland route from the Levant to the Persian Gulf, constituting the shortest and quickest route to India.

The first part of the work was to find a secure and ample harbour on the coast of Syria. Fortunately, all the best harbours on that coast lie in the very quarter where they are most required by the geographical features of the Syrian isthmus—namely, at the north-eastern angle of the Levant, from whence there is the only direct route to the valley of the Euphrates. In this angle lies the port of Alexan-

dretta, the best in Syria, and also the ancient harbour of Seleucia; but the mountains which surround the former are impassable to a railway, and the latter was rejected as not affording a sufficient depth of water. But on the southern side of the Bay of Antioch—three miles south of the mouth of the Orontes, and six miles east of the old harbour of Seleucia—a creek has been selected admirably adapted to form a safe and commodious harbour of refuge. As it receives no streams, it is not liable to become blocked up by deposits; and with small expense it can be made capable of receiving second-rate ships of the line, and fully as good as the harbour of Kingstown. The whole expense of constructing this harbour (estimated at from £250,000 to £300,000) is to be borne by the Turkish Government, which likewise has engaged to carry out the works, under the direction of English engineers, simultaneously with those of the railway. From this harbour, by Antioch and Aleppo, to the point on the Euphrates where the river becomes navigable, the distance in direct line is about 100 miles—Antioch being not quite 20 miles from the sea, and Aleppo 60; but owing to the windings necessary to obtain good gradients and avoid expensive works, the length of the railway will be nearly a half more. For the first twenty miles of its course, the line follows the picturesque valley of the Orontes, comprising the groves and scenery of Daphné, celebrated of old for the rites and worship of Venus, and still remarkable for romantic beauty. Passing the town, the railway thereafter enters the plain of Antioch, through which it runs for thirty miles over a rich alluvial soil, capable of producing luxuriant crops of grain, cotton, and tobacco; and thereafter it traverses for a like distance the plains of Darra and Terrib, equally fertile by nature, and not less neglected by the skill of man. Having ascended these plains by an almost insensible incline, the railway reaches the table-land upon which stands the important city of Aleppo. From this point all engineering difficulties cease,—the surface of the country

(called *Ka Jalide*, "flat and hard"), being admirably adapted for a railway. Even between the Mediterranean and Aleppo, the works are such as would be considered small in this country—comprising only two cuttings of any consequence, and two small chain-bridges over the Orontes. The total cost of the line from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates will be £1,400,000. This route will reduce the distance to India by more than a thousand miles (one-fifth of the whole) as compared with the route through Egypt; and as regards time, Mr. Andrews asserts deliberately that, when this railway is completed, the saving will be nearly one-half. The direct course is to be from London to Kurrachee, by Trieste, Seleucia, Jaber Castle on the Euphrates, and Bussora at the head of the Persian Gulf; and the journey will occupy fourteen and a half days. Even if travellers to Bombay were taken round by Kurrachee, they would reach the former port in three days more, or seventeen and a half days; but by a direct line from Bussora their journey will be accomplished in fifteen to sixteen days—*saving nearly one-half in time.*"

To link the Mediterranean and Euphrates by railway is the first and main thing to be done. But it is not possible that the line will stop at Jaber Castle; and rough surveys have been made for a further extension of it throughout the entire Euphrates valley down to the Persian Gulf. From Jaber it will follow the right bank of the Euphrates to Phumsah, the ancient Thapsacus, where it will cross the river and enter Mesopotamia,—descending by its declivity so gentle that the distinguished engineer, M. Falkowsky, estimates it at no more than 80 inches per mile from Balis to the Persian Gulf. After touching Annah and Hit, the line will proceed to Bagdad; then, passing at some distance from the ruins of Babylon, it will run to the town of Kurnah, where the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris forms the Shat-el-Arab, so large and deep as to be navigable at all times for steamers of very large tonnage. Moreover, a branch of 27 miles will connect Kurnah with Bussora, where

there is already an important entrepot for merchandise (the annual fair held there being attended by 80,000 or 100,000 persons from Western Asia and Persia), and a port capable of receiving vessels of the first magnitude. The whole line from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf will be about 900 miles, and the entire cost will not exceed six millions sterling.

The advantages of this route for shortness and celerity are obvious. Even if the Isthmus of Suez were cut through by a canal, the Euphrates-valley route would be so much quicker as to bear to it the relation which the Suez route at present bears to the voyage by the Cape. A line of telegraph is intended to accompany, and probably in part precede, the railway,—extending, in the above-described route, from the shores of the Levant to Kurnah, where it will meet the submarine cable of the East India Company, which will traverse the shallows of the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea, connecting Kurnah with Kurrachee. From London to Kurrachee, and from thence to every part of India, will intelligence and commands be daily and hourly communicated with the speed of lightning—thus benefiting unspeakably alike our political and commercial position in the East. It is rather stating a fact than hazarding a conjecture, when we add that the island-continent of Australia, too, will ere long be linked to us and the rest of the world by the same marvellous agent. And in this virtual annihilation of time and space in the communications between England and her distant possessions, will be more than realised the imagination of our great poet; and solid John Bull may repeat the boast of ethereal Puck,—

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes!"

The obstacles to the Euphrates-valley scheme, arising from the laxity of government in these regions, and the character of the wandering tribes, which weigh so much with many persons, are mirage-dangers which will vanish on approach. The band of labourers engaged on the works will almost be an army of itself; and

besides, the Arabs will not take to fighting if they find they can profit more by peaceful trade. Rawlinson, Layard, Chesney, Ainsworth, Campbell,—in short, all who have travelled or sojourned in that region, regard such difficulties as easily surmountable; and the last-named authority even states his conviction that “all the tribes are disposed to come to terms with the English, if we once made our appearance.” Apart from the importance of shortening our route to India, the region that would be opened up by the Euphrates-valley route is perhaps the finest and most valuable in the world. The British statesman who may, by opening this new route, call Mesopotamia into re-existence, will achieve not only a triumph for his country’s interests, but an immediate good to the world at large. What is the great commercial phenomenon of the times, but that Consumption is fast overtaking Production, and that the products of the soil cannot be had in sufficient abundance for the wants of mankind? We can augment rapidly, and to any extent, the machinery for manufacturing calico, grinding corn, or crushing sugar; but the great problem of the day is, Where to get the raw materials in sufficient quantity? So pressing is the emergency that even the slave-trade is threatened to be revived in order to increase the produce of sugar; chambers of commerce gravely talk of invading the wastes of Central Africa, to find a new cotton-region; and as for corn, the greater part of Europe has already ceased to be self-supporting! But for Egypt, Russia, and the back-settlements of North America, the more advanced countries could not exist, and civilisation would be starved out at its centres. Even as it is, we are sorely pinched in bad seasons. Ten years ago myriads died, and millions commenced flying from our shores, in consequence of famine; while abroad, the same cause helped to produce that series of social earthquakes which shook the Continent with revolution from Holstein to Calabria, and from the Euxine to the Bay of Biscay. In consequence of the new demand for food for California and Australia, a similar calamity, we

suspect, would find us still worse off now. Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, even France herself, during the last ten years have been compelled to make large importations of grain. And owing to the increase of population, and to the gradual drafting of men from agriculture to other kinds of work, which usually takes place in old countries, it appears that the greater part of Europe will become more and more unable to furnish food for its population, and accordingly must call new regions into cultivation to produce the requisite supplies. Mesopotamia will be one of those regions. It is now a desert,—but anciently two of the world’s greatest capitals stood there, containing and surrounded by probably as dense a population as any country has since witnessed. The entire soil is alluvial, and of the richest kind, extending for hundreds of miles with hardly a stone to be found on its surface. It has lain fallow for centuries—indeed a great part, renewed or coated over by the deposits of the yearly inundations, has never yet been under cultivation; and the rest is so neglected that in the language of the country it is called “the Desert.” It is a desert, however, of man’s, not of nature’s, making; and it only needs a regime of order and enterprise to become again, what it was of yore, a garden. We have lately seen what marvels irrigation can work in the plains of India; but not even in the most favoured Doab of that peninsula is the construction of irrigating canals so easy by half, or the produce so abundant, as would be the case in Mesopotamia. So near to each other are the channels of the Tigris and Euphrates, that at Bagdad, 250 miles above their confluence, they are not more than 25 miles separate; and the intervening ground, flat, loamy, and unencumbered by stone or rock, might in the cheapest and easiest manner be intersected by irrigating canals and rills. In former times the greatest attention was devoted to these means of agricultural improvement; and there still exist the remains of many a noble line of canal, which might be rendered available, and to the re-

opening of which the present Pasha has already devoted both money and attention. Corn, rice, and cotton grow luxuriantly on the soil, (Sea-Island cotton has been tried with success); also the mulberry, so necessary to the production of silk, and of which trees the present Pasha has planted half-a-million, in order to meet the demand from Persia.

A want of roads, or at least of means for the cheap conveyance of goods, is almost universal in Eastern countries; and in this respect the Syrian peninsula, in proportion to its capabilities, fares even worse than its neighbours. At present the great rivers of Mesopotamia are unnavigated—commercially, the Euphrates has been “dried up” for centuries. And by land the means of communication are equally defective. At present there are no roads even adapted for wheeled carriages, and the only means of transporting goods is by camels. The cost of conveying a ton of goods from Aleppo to the sea is £6, whereas the railway could carry it for a sixth of the price. Wheat may be purchased in the fertile plains of the interior, around Aleppo, at 9s. a quarter; but the cost of carriage to the coast is at present 17s. 6d. the quarter—in other words, double the price of the commodity itself! Mr. Kennedy, the agent for Lloyd’s at Aleppo, estimates the present annual exports from Alexandria at £1,000,000, and the imports at a half more; and adds—“I feel the greatest interest in the success of the scheme for opening up the Euphrates valley, which will be of immense importance to this country, and cannot fail to be remunerative. The trade of the north of Syria is increasing rapidly; and what it may amount to with regular and cheap communication with the coast is hardly possible to calculate, as the railway will pass through a large extent of country with as rich a soil as is to be found in any part of the globe, and now lying utterly waste for want of any means of disposing of the produce.” The Count de Warren is of opinion that if only one-half of the surface of Babylonia were put into cultivation, it would yield grain equal to the produce of the

whole of France, with less than a twentieth part of its population; and that, if conveyed to the Levant by railway, ample supplies of this fine grain could be sold in London at the same price, if not cheaper, than that brought from Odessa,—with the advantage of its arriving periodically at the beginning of spring, a season of the year when the price of wheat is usually on the rise in our markets.

Apart from the great saving of time by the Syrian route to India, as well as the immense agricultural value of the region it would open up, there are other reasons, partly of a commercial but still more of a political nature, which urgently prompt England to give her speedy and hearty support to the construction of this new route to the East. For example, it is well known that the grand route by which the merchandise of Europe at present penetrates into Central Asia, is the caravan-road of Asia Minor,—which leaving the shores of the Black Sea at Trebizonde, winds by Erzeroum through the mountains of Armenia, and enters the north-western angle of Persia at Tabreez. Along this mountainous route the merchandise has to be transported on the backs of camels, and for a great part of the year—as we found to our cost during the late war—it is quite impassable. Moreover, however convenient for the merchandise of Austria and the Danubian States, this Black Sea route is exceedingly circuitous for the commerce of England and Western Europe. In truth, were the Euphrates-valley route opened, merchandise from the Mediterranean might in this way be transported into the heart of Persia in the time that is now taken to convey it to Trebizonde; and the inland route through Syria would not only be far more expeditious, but infinitely cheaper, than the present one through the mountains of Armenia.

Besides these reasons, founded on superiority of route, there is another, as cogent as all of these put together, which ought to urge us to a speedy opening of the Syrian route into Asia. And, on the principle of “forewarned fore-armed,” we beg the attention of our commercial community to

it. It is this: The great caravan road from Trebizonde to Persia passes close to the frontiers of Russia in that quarter; so that the slightest extension southwards would give her the command of this highway to Central Asia. That we shall witness such an extension in a few years, we regard as certain. In the spring of this year, it was rumoured that Russia had actually obtained from the Shah a cession of this north-western angle of his dominions, through which the caravan-road from Turkey passes, in acquittal of the debt due by Persia to the Czar. That some such transaction took place, we incline to believe—though probably the district in question was only mortgaged, not ceded, and lies under bond until Russia find opportunity to take possession of it. The boa has spread its saliva over the coveted morsel, and the actual swallowing of it will not be long delayed. Let our merchants consider what must be the result of such an occurrence. Apart from the political vantage-ground thereby accruing to Russia, it would produce commercial consequences of a very disastrous kind to this country. The history of the Transcaucasian provinces shows that wherever Russia enters as master, there she erects tariffs prohibitory of foreign merchandise, and permitting the consumption of no goods but her own. Besides the money-value of such an arrangement, she knows that where commerce goes influence follows. Acting upon these principles, Russia has long striven, and with some success, to possess herself of the trade of Central Asia; and when she gets the command of the caravan-road by Tabreez, her first step will be to raise obstacles to the transit of European merchandise, and especially to that of her great rival in the East, England. In present circumstances such a proceeding would be a very severe blow to our commerce; but the opening of the Euphrates-valley route, or even simply of the railway to the Euphrates, would render such a blow perfectly harmless. Nay more, the opening of the Syrian route would speedily divert the stream of traffic from the circuitous, tardy, and ex-

pensive route by Trebizonde, turning the greater part of it away from the Russian frontiers into channels essentially British.

Such considerations, however little obvious hitherto to the public of this country, are not overlooked by the astute statesmen of Russia; and we may take it for granted that, in the league of opposition got up against the Euphrates-valley scheme at Constantinople, the representative of Russia plays no unimportant part. France, too, is against us in this matter; for, as we have shown, the Suez scheme is her favourite, and she gives every opposition to the rival Syrian route projected by Great Britain. Our distinguished ambassador, Lord de Redcliffe, succeeded, in spite of the hostile embassies, in obtaining the approval by the Porte of this enterprise, and the concession of the work to an English firm. But within the last few months the French and Russian opposition has succeeded, at the eleventh hour, in preventing the issue of the requisite firman. And so the project at present stands still, and needs all the influence of our Government, in support of our able and energetic ambassador, to urge it forward.

The Porte stands in its own light when it allows foreign influence to impede the execution of such a project. Turkey and England—these are the two Powers which the Euphrates-valley scheme will most benefit. And it is hard to say which of the two it will benefit most. It would infuse life, energy, and capital into a now effete region of the Turkish empire; while, at the same time, by the facilities of rapid locomotion, it would extend the power of that Government into its most distant provinces. What concerns us more, it would, to a remarkable degree, augment British influence in the most strategical point of the Old World, and in a quarter of all others most vital as regards the stability of our Indian empire. Either British or Russian influence must, in the future, predominate in Mesopotamia. If Britain do not protect the line of the Euphrates, it will fall under the dominion of Russia, and form a granary and a *place-d'armes* for her attacks

upon India. See even now by how narrow an interval she is separated from this enticing valley-land. Take a map, and observe how the Russian territory dips down in a projecting angle at the point where the Turkish and Persian frontiers meet—a wedge ready to be driven home, to the utter sundering of the two sister-empires of Islamism. Observe, too, that this extreme point of Russian advance is exactly over the head of the Euphrates valley, and already places the vanguard of her armies within a fortnight's march of the navigable part of the "great river." In the war of 1829, Paskiewitch, after the capture of Kars and Erivan, projected a descent into the valley of the Euphrates; and two-and-twenty years ago Colonel Chesney thus expressed himself as to the practicability of such a project, and its bearing upon the British interests in the East:—

"Russia is actually in possession of the Turkish province of Achaltzick, within fifteen days' march, or even less, of the navigable part of the Euphrates; and as she has at command the immense forests of Armenia, as well as those of the province of Kars near at hand, there could be no difficulty in constructing rafts to any extent. From the 26th of April until the 25th of June *at least*, there is a depth of twelve or fourteen feet over the rocks of Karabla; at this time the heaviest guns could be floated down with perfect ease; and long afterwards—in fact, all the eight months—there is sufficient water to convey troops and stores. Four or five weeks would suffice to carry the advance of the army down the river to the estuary of the Shat-el-Arab, and this speed would give the enemy possession of the numerous small vessels, and ample resources of the rivers and provinces of Mesopotamia; Bussora would make a good port, dockyard, &c., opening towards India, as well as an excellent *place-d'armes*, from which an enemy might immediately extend himself along the Indian river, and east side of the Persian Gulf as far as Cape Jask, which point is within 625 miles of the Indus.

"Once possessed of Bussora as a port, and the line of the Euphrates to give the supplies, it would be a work of millions to dispossess the Russians of a line of country, which may be defended with the utmost facility from an attack,

whether made from the side of Syria or that of India."

That such would be the fate of Mesopotamia, if left with no stronger tutelage than that of the Porte, we entertain no doubt. But there is a Power which cannot stand tamely by when any such issue is threatened; and in checking the progress of Russia in that quarter, England has a common interest with the Ottoman Government. In truth, there are no two States in the world more naturally allied, as relates to foreign policy, than England and Turkey. The fall of Turkey would be the gain of Russia in the East—it would marvellously advance her frontiers, and bring the whole Nomade tribes under her control; and therefore the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire must ever be an important principle of British policy. Turkey, on her part, must feel that there is no power but England that is really concerned about her stability. France and Austria would be inclined to fight with Russia for the possession of Constantinople (though not improbably, when Russia makes her next onslaught, France will be willing to seek a compensation in Africa, on the banks of the Nile, and Austria take part in the spoil of the Ottomans); but as regards Turkey in Asia neither of these powers would give themselves any concern. And it will assuredly be in that quarter that the next onslaught of Russia will be made. Turning from the banks of the Danube, where any aggression would revive a league of opposition, the Muscovite battalions will pour down into Asia Minor, where, except Kars and Erzeroum, there is not a single barrier to their progress; and establishing themselves in the plains of Anatolia, and cutting off the chief revenues and food-supplies of Constantinople, will deal a blow on the neck to the Ottoman power, which will result in the total disintegration of that empire.

England is the only Power that has an interest in delaying such a catastrophe; and the construction of the Euphrates-valley route would give her not only a double inducement,

but an important vantage-ground for doing so. Nor need the Porte fear that, in permitting the growth of British influence in the valley of the Euphrates, her own hold over that province would be in any way weakened. It is *against the interest* of England to weaken or dismember Turkey—therefore she may be trusted not to do so. As long as there is an Ottoman Government, its most faithful, because most interested, defender will be England. And in admitting the wealth and influence of England into Mesopotamia, the Porte will simply be a great gainer; for the Sultan will continue to hold that province, *plus* the new life and power comprised in it, and with his *only ally* in a position to lend assistance in the most effectual manner. The interests of Turkey and of Great Britain, we repeat, are in

common. And nothing will do more to preserve the existence of the former Power, or to maintain the stability of the Indian possessions of the latter, than the development of this Syrian route to the East,—a proceeding which will draw the energies of England into Mesopotamia, and at once shorten and effectually defend the communications between the mother-country and our empire-colony of India.

British statesmen may perceive these things—certainly the Governments of France and Russia do; but we think it important that the true bearings of the subject be laid before the British public,—for in such a scheme, and in a free country like ours, little can be done without the money-aid of our capitalists and the political support of the constituencies.

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VOL. LXXXII.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. III.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER XXII.

It was probably a hard saying to the Pharisees, that "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." And certain ingenious philosophers of our own day must surely take offence at a joy so entirely out of correspondence with arithmetical proportion. But a heart that has been taught by its own sore struggles to bleed for the woes of another—that has "learned pity through suffering"—is likely to find very imperfect satisfaction in the "balance of happiness," "doctrine of compensations," and other short and easy methods of obtaining thorough complacency in the presence of pain; and for such a heart that saying will not be altogether dark. The emotions, I have observed, are but lightly influenced by arithmetical considerations: the mother, when her sweet lisping little ones have all been taken from her one after another, and she is hanging over her last dead babe, finds small consolation in the fact that the tiny dimpled corpse is but one of a necessary average, and that a thousand other babes brought into the world at the same time are doing well, and are likely to

live; and if you stood beside that mother—if you knew her pang and shared it—it is probable you would be equally unable to see a ground of complacency in statistics. Doubtless a complacency resting on that basis is highly rational; but emotion, I fear, is obstinately irrational; it insists on caring for individuals; it absolutely refuses to adopt the quantitative view of human anguish, and to admit that thirteen happy lives are a set-off against twelve miserable lives, which leaves a clear balance on the side of satisfaction. This is the inherent imbecility of feeling, and one must be a great philosopher to have got quite clear of all that, and to have emerged into the serene air of pure intellect, in which it is evident that individuals really exist for no other purpose than that abstractions may be drawn from them—abstractions that may rise from heaps of ruined lives like the sweet savour of a sacrifice in the nostrils of philosophers, and of a philosophic Deity. And so it comes to pass that for the man who knows sympathy because he has known sorrow, that old, old saying about the joy of angels over the repentant sinner outweighing

their joy over the ninety-nine just, has a meaning which does not jar with the language of his own heart. It only tells him, that for angels too there is a transcendent value in human pain, which refuses to be settled by equations; that the eyes of angels too are turned away from the serene happiness of the righteous to bend with yearning pity on the poor erring soul wandering in the desert where no water is; that for angels too the misery of one casts so tremendous a shadow as to eclipse the bliss of ninety-nine.

Mr. Tryan had gone through the initiation of suffering: it is no wonder, then, that Janet's restoration was the work that lay nearest his heart; and that, weary as he was in body when he entered the vestry after the evening service, he was impatient to fulfil the promise of seeing her. His experience enabled him to divine—what was the fact—that the hopefulness of the morning would be followed by a return of depression and discouragement, and his sense of the inward and outward difficulties in the way of her restoration was so keen that he could only find relief from the foreboding it excited by lifting up his heart in prayer. There are unseen elements which often frustrate our wisest calculations—which raise up the sufferer from the edge of the grave, contradicting the prophecies of the clear-sighted physician, and fulfilling the blind, clinging hopes of affection: such unseen elements Mr. Tryan called the Divine Will, and filled up the margin of ignorance which surrounds all our knowledge with the feelings of trust and resignation. Perhaps the profoundest philosophy could hardly fill it up better.

His mind was occupied in this way as he was absently taking off his gown, when Mr. Landor startled him by entering the vestry and asking abruptly,

"Have you heard the news about Dempster?"

"No," said Mr. Tryan anxiously, "what is it?"

"He has been thrown out of his gig in the Bridge Way, and he was taken up for dead. They were carrying him home as we were com-

ing to church, and I stayed behind to see what I could do. I went in to speak to Mrs. Dempster, and prepare her a little, but she was not at home. Dempster is not dead, however; he was stunned with the fall. Pillgrim came in a few minutes, and he says the right leg is broken in two places. It's likely to be a terrible case, with his state of body. It seems he was more drunk than usual, and they say he came along the Bridge Way flogging his horse like a madman, till at last it gave a sudden wheel, and he was pitched out. The servants said they didn't know where Mrs. Dempster was: she had been away from home since yesterday morning; but Mrs. Raynor knew."

"I know where she is," said Mr. Tryan; "but I think it will be better for her not to be told of this just yet."

"Ah, that was what Pillgrim said, and so I didn't go round to Mrs. Raynor's. He said it would be all the better if Mrs. Dempster could be kept out of the house for the present. Do you know if anything new has happened between Dempster and his wife lately? I was surprised to hear of her being at Paddiford Church this morning."

"Yes, something has happened; but I believe she is anxious that the particulars of his behaviour towards her should not be known. She is at Mrs. Pettifer's—there is no reason for concealing that, since what has happened to her husband; and yesterday, when she was in very deep trouble, she sent for me. I was very thankful she did so. I believe a great change of feeling has begun in her. But she is at present in that excitable state of mind—she has been shaken by so many painful emotions during the last two days that I think it would be better, for this evening at least, to guard her from a new shock if possible. But I am going now to call upon her, and I shall see how she is."

"Mr. Tryan," said Mr. Jerome, who had entered during the dialogue, and had been standing by listening with a distressed face, "I shall take it as a favour if you'll let me know if ever there's anything I can do for Mrs. Dempster. Eh, dear, what a world

his is! I think I see 'em fifteen 'ear ago—as happy a young couple as ever was; and now, what it's all come to! I was in a hurry, like, to punish Dempster for persecutin', but there was a stronger hand at work nor mine."

"Yes, Mr. Jerome; but don't let us rejoice in punishment, even when the hand of God alone inflicts it. The best of us are but poor wretches just saved from shipwreck: can we feel anything but awe and pity when we see a fellow-passenger swallowed by the waves?"

"Right, right, Mr. Tryan. I'm over hot an' hasty, that I am. But beg on you to tell Mrs. Dempster—I mean, in course, when you've an opportunity—tell her she's a friend at the White House as she may send for any hour o' the day."

"Yes; I shall have an opportunity, I dare say, and I will remember your wish. I think," continued Mr. Tryan, turning to Mr. Landor, "I had better see Mr. Pillgrim on my way, and learn what is exactly the state of things by this time. What do you think?"

"By all means: if Mrs. Dempster is to know, there's no one can break the news to her so well as you. I'll walk with you to Dempster's door. I dare say Pillgrim is there still. Come, Mr. Jerome, you've got to go our way too, to fetch your horse."

Mr. Pillgrim was in the passage giving some directions to his assistant, when, to his surprise, he saw Mr. Tryan enter. They shook hands; for Mr. Pillgrim, never having joined the party of the Anti-Tryanites, had no ground for resisting the growing conviction, that the Evangelical curate was really a good fellow, though he was a fool for not taking better care of himself.

"Why, I didn't expect to see you in your old enemy's quarters," he said to Mr. Tryan. "However, it will be a good while before poor Dempster shows any fight again."

"I came on Mrs. Dempster's account," said Mr. Tryan. "She is staying at Mrs. Pettifer's; she has had a great shock from some severe domestic trouble lately, and I think it will be wise to defer telling her of his dreadful event for a short time."

"Why, what has been up, eh?" said Mr. Pillgrim, whose curiosity was at once awakened. "She used to be no friend of yours. Has there been some split between them? It's a new thing for her to turn round on him."

"O, merely an exaggeration of scenes that must often have happened before. But the question now is, whether you think there is any immediate danger of her husband's death; for in that case I think, from what I have observed of her feelings, she would be pained afterwards to have been kept in ignorance."

"Well, there's no telling in these cases, you know. I don't apprehend speedy death, and it is not absolutely impossible that we may bring him round again. At present he's in a state of apoplectic stupor; but if that subsides, delirium is almost sure to supervene, and we shall have some painful scenes. It's one of those complicated cases in which the delirium is likely to be of the worst kind—meningitis and delirium tremens together—and we may have a good deal of trouble with him. If Mrs. Dempster were told, I should say it would be desirable to persuade her to remain out of the house at present. She could do no good, you know. I've got nurses."

"Thank you," said Mr. Tryan. "That is what I wanted to know. Good-by."

When Mrs. Pettifer opened the door for Mr. Tryan, he told her in few words what had happened, and begged her to take an opportunity of letting Mrs. Raynor know, that they might, if possible, concur in preventing a premature or sudden disclosure of the event to Janet.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Pettifer. "She's not fit to hear any bad news; she's very low this evening—worn out with feeling; and she's not had anything to keep her up, as she's been used to. She seems frightened at the thought of being tempted to take it."

"Thank God for it; that fear is her greatest security."

When Mr. Tryan entered the parlour this time, Janet was again awaiting him eagerly, and her pale sad face was lighted up with a smile

as she rose to meet him. But the next moment she said, with a look of anxiety,

"How very ill and tired you look! You have been working so hard all day, and yet you are come to talk to me. O, you are wearing yourself out. I must go and ask Mrs. Pettifer to come and make you have some supper. But this is my mother; you have not seen her before, I think."

While Mr. Tryan was speaking to Mrs. Raynor, Janet hurried out, and he, seeing that this good-natured thoughtfulness on his behalf would help to counteract her depression, was not inclined to oppose her wish, but accepted the supper Mrs. Pettifer offered him, quietly talking the while about a clothing club he was going to establish in Paddiford, and the want of provident habits among the poor.

Presently, however, Mrs. Raynor said she must go home for an hour, to see how her little maiden was going on, and Mrs. Pettifer left the room with her to take the opportunity of telling her what had happened to Dempster. When Janet was left alone with Mr. Tryan, she said,

"I feel so uncertain what to do about my husband. I am so weak—my feelings change so from hour to hour. This morning, when I felt so hopeful and happy, I thought I should like to go back to him, and try to make up for what has been wrong in me. I thought, now God would help me, and I should have you to teach and advise me, and I could bear the troubles that would come. But since then—all this afternoon and evening, I have had the same

feelings I used to have—the same dread of his anger and cruelty, and it seems to me as if I should never be able to bear it without falling into the same sins and doing just what I did before. Yet, if it were settled that I should live apart from him, I know it would always be a load on my mind that I had shut myself out from going back to him. It seems a dreadful thing in life, when any one has been so near to one as a husband for fifteen years, to part and be nothing to each other any more. Surely, that is a very strong tie, and I feel as if my duty can never be quite away from it. It is very difficult to know what to do: what ought I to do?"

"I think it will be well not to take any decisive step yet. Wait until your mind is calmer. You might remain with your mother for a little while; I think you have no real ground for fearing any annoyance from your husband at present; he has put himself too much in the wrong; he will very likely leave you unmolested for some time. Dismiss this difficult question from your mind just now, if you can. Every new day may bring you new grounds for decision, and what is most needful for your health of mind, is repose from that haunting anxiety about the future which has been preying on you. Cast yourself on God, and trust that He will direct you; He will make your duty clear to you, if you wait submissively on Him."

"Yes; I will wait a little, as you tell me. I will go to my mother's to-morrow, and pray to be guided rightly. You will pray for me, too."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The next morning Janet was so much calmer, and at breakfast spoke so decidedly of going to her mother's, that Mrs. Pettifer and Mrs. Raynor agreed it would be wise to let her know by degrees what had befallen her husband, since as soon as she went out there would be danger of her meeting some one who would betray the fact. But Mrs. Raynor thought it would be well first to call

at Dempster's and ascertain how he was: so she said to Janet,

"My dear, I'll go home first, and see to things, and get your room ready. You needn't come yet, you know. I shall be back again in an hour or so, and we can go together."

"O no," said Mrs. Pettifer. "Stay with me till evening. I shall be lost without you. You needn't go till quite evening."

Janet had dipped into the *Life of Henry Martyn*, which Mrs. Pettifer had from the Paddiford Lending Library, and her interest was so arrested by the pathetic missionary story, that she readily acquiesced in both propositions, and Mrs. Raynor set out.

She had been gone more than an hour, and it was nearly twelve o'clock, when Janet put down her book; and after sitting meditatively for some minutes with her eyes unconsciously fixed on the opposite wall, she rose, went to her bedroom, and, hastily putting on her bonnet and shawl, went down to Mrs. Pettifer, who was busy in the kitchen.

"Mrs. Pettifer," she said, "tell mother, when she comes back, I'm gone to see what is become of those poor Lakins in Butcher Lane. I know they're half starving, and I've neglected them so, lately. And then, I think, I'll go on to Mrs. Crewe. I want to see the dear little woman and tell her myself about my going to hear Mr. Tryan. She won't feel it half so much if I tell her myself."

"Won't you wait till your mother comes, or put it off till to-morrow?" said Mrs. Pettifer, alarmed. "You'll hardly be back in time for dinner, if you get talking to Mrs. Crewe. And you'll have to pass by your husband's, you know; and yesterday, you were so afraid of seeing him."

"O, Robert will be shut up at the office now, if he's not gone out of the town. I must go—I feel I must be doing something for some one—not be a mere useless log any longer. I've been reading about that wonderful Henry Martyn; he's just like Mr. Tryan—wearing himself out for other people, and I sit thinking of nothing but myself. I *must* go. Good-by: I shall be back soon."

She ran off before Mrs. Pettifer could utter another word of dissuasion, leaving the good woman in considerable anxiety lest this new impulse of Janet's should frustrate all precautions to save her from a sudden shock.

Janet, having paid her visit in Butcher Lane, turned again into Orchard Street on her way to Mrs. Crewe's, and was thinking, rather sadly, that her mother's economical

housekeeping would leave no abundant surplus to be sent to the hungry Lakins, when she saw Mr. Pillgrim in advance of her on the other side of the street. He was walking at a rapid pace, and when he reached Dempster's door he turned and entered without knocking.

Janet was startled. Mr. Pillgrim would never enter in that way unless there were some one very ill in the house. It was her husband; she felt certain of it at once. Something had happened to him. Without a moment's pause, she ran across the street, opened the door and entered. There was no one in the passage. The dining-room door was wide open—no one was there. Mr. Pillgrim, then, was already up-stairs. She rushed up at once to Dempster's room—her own room. The door was open, and she paused in pale horror at the sight before her, which seemed to stand out only with the more appalling distinctness because the noonday light was darkened to twilight in the chamber.

Two strong nurses were using their utmost force to hold Dempster in bed, while the medical assistant was applying a sponge to his head, and Mr. Pillgrim was busy adjusting some apparatus in the background. Dempster's face was purple and swollen, his eyes dilated, and fixed with a look of dire terror on something he seemed to see approaching him from the iron closet. He trembled violently, and struggled as if to jump out of bed.

"Let me go, let me go," he said in a loud, hoarse whisper; "she's coming . . . she's cold . . . she's dead . . . she'll strangle me with her black hair. Ah!" he shrieked aloud, "her hair is all serpents . . . they're black serpents . . . they hiss . . . they hiss . . . let me go . . . let me go . . . she wants to drag me with her cold arms . . . her arms are serpents . . . they are great white serpents . . . they'll twine round me . . . she wants to drag me into the cold water . . . her bosom is cold . . . it is black . . . it is all serpents . . ."

"No, Robert," Janet cried, in tones of yearning pity, rushing to the side of the bed, and stretching out her

arms towards him, "no, here is Janet. She is not dead—she forgives you."

Dempster's maddened senses seemed to receive some new impression from her appearance. The terror gave way to rage.

"Ha! you sneaking hypocrite!" he burst out in a grating voice, "you threaten me . . . you mean to have your revenge on me, do you? Do your worst! I've got the law on my side . . . I know the law . . . I'll hunt you down like a hare . . . prove it . . . prove that I was tampered with . . . prove that I took the money . . . prove it . . . you can prove nothing . . . you damned psalm-singing maggots! I'll make a fire under you, and smoke off the whole pack of you . . . I'll sweep you up . . . I'll grind you to powder . . . small powder . . . (here his voice dropt to a low tone of shuddering disgust) . . . powder on the bed-clothes . . . running about . . . black lice . . . they are coming in swarms . . . Janet! come and take them away . . . curse you! why don't you come? Janet!"

Poor Janet was kneeling by the bed with her face buried in her hands. She almost wished her worst moment back again rather than this. It seemed as if her husband was already imprisoned in misery, and she could not reach him—his ear deaf for ever to the sounds of love and forgiveness. His sins had made a hard crust round his soul; her pitying voice could not pierce it.

"Not there, isn't she?" he went on in a defiant tone. "Why do you ask me where she is? I'll have every drop of yellow blood out of your veins if you come questioning me. Your blood is yellow . . . in your purse . . . running out of your purse . . . What! you're changing it into toads, are you? They're crawling . . . they're flying . . . they're flying about my head . . . the toads are flying about. Ostler! ostler! bring out my gig . . . bring it out, you lazy beast . . . ha! you'll follow me, will you? . . . you'll fly about my head . . . you've got fiery tongues . . . Ostler! curse you! why don't you

come? Janet! come and take the toads away . . . Janet!"

This last time he uttered her name with such a shriek of terror, that Janet involuntarily started up from her knees and stood as if petrified by the horrible vibration. Dempster stared wildly in silence for some moments; then he spoke again in a hoarse whisper:—

"Dead . . . is she dead? *She* did it, then. She buried herself in the iron chest . . . she left her clothes out, though . . . she isn't dead . . . why do you pretend she's dead? . . . she's coming . . . she's coming out of the iron closet . . . there are the black serpents . . . stop her . . . let me go . . . stop her . . . she wants to drag me away into the cold black water . . . her bosom is black . . . it is all serpents . . . they are getting longer . . . the great white serpents are getting longer . . ."

Here Mr. Pillgrim came forward with the apparatus to bind him, but Dempster's struggles became more and more violent. "Ostler! ostler!" he shouted, "bring out the gig . . . give me the whip!"—and bursting loose from the strong hands that held him, he began to flog the bed-clothes furiously with his right arm.

"Get along, you lame brute!—sc—sc—sc! that's it! there you go! They think they've outwitted me, do they? The sneaking idiots! I'll be up with them by-and-by. I'll make them say the Lord's Prayer backwards . . . I'll pepper them so that the devil shall eat them raw . . . sc—sc—sc—we shall see who'll be the winner yet . . . get along, you damned limping beast . . . I'll lay your back open . . . I'll . . ."

He raised himself with a stronger effort than ever to flog the bed-clothes, and fell back in convulsions. Janet gave a scream, and sank on her knees again. She thought he was dead.

As soon as Mr. Pillgrim was able to give her a moment's attention, he came to her, and, taking her by the arm, attempted to draw her gently out of the room.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Dempster, let me persuade you not to remain in the room at present. We shall soon

relieve these symptoms, I hope; it is nothing but the delirium that ordinarily attends such cases."

"Oh, what is the matter? what brought it on?"

"He fell out of the gig; the right leg is broken. It is a terrible accident, and I don't disguise that there is considerable danger attending it, owing to the state of the brain. But Mr. Dempster has a strong constitution, you know: in a few days these symptoms may be allayed, and he may do well. Let me beg of you to keep out of the room at present: you can do no good until Mr. Dempster is better, and able to know you. But you ought not to be alone: let

me advise you to have Mrs. Raynor with you."

"Yes, I will send for mother. But you must not object to my being in the room. I shall be very quiet now, only just at first the shock was so great; I knew nothing about it. I can help the nurses a great deal; I can put the cold things to his head. He may be sensible for a moment, and know me. Pray do not say any more against it: my heart is set on being with him."

Mr. Pillgrim gave way, and Janet, having sent for her mother and put off her bonnet and shawl, returned to take her place by the side of her husband's bed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Day after day, with only short intervals of rest, Janet kept her place in that sad chamber. No wonder the sick-room and the lazaretto have so often been a refuge from the tossings of intellectual doubt—a place of repose for the worn and wounded spirit. Here is a duty about which all creeds and all philosophies are at one: here, at least, the conscience will not be dogged by doubt—the benign impulse will not be checked by adverse theory; here you may begin to act without settling one preliminary question. To moisten the sufferer's parched lips through the long night-watches, to bear up the drooping head, to lift the helpless limbs, to divine the want that can find no utterance beyond the feeble motion of the hand or beseeching glance of the eye—these are offices that demand no self-questionings, no casuistry, no assent to propositions, no weighing of consequences. Within the four walls where the stir and glare of the world are shut out, and every voice is subdued—where a human being lies prostrate, thrown on the tender mercies of his fellow, the moral relation of man to man is reduced to its utmost clearness and simplicity: bigotry cannot confuse it, theory cannot pervert it, passion, awed into quiescence, can neither pollute nor perturb it. As we bend over the sick-bed, all the forces of our nature rush towards the chan-

nels of pity, of patience, and of love, and sweep down the miserable choking drift of our quarrels, our debates, our would-be wisdom, and our clamorous selfish desires. This blessing of serene freedom from the importunities of opinion lies in all simple direct acts of mercy, and is one source of that sweet calm which is often felt by the watcher in the sick-room, even when the duties there are of a hard and terrible kind.

Something of that benign result was felt by Janet during her tenderness in her husband's chamber. When the first heart-piercing hours were over—when her horror at his delirium was no longer fresh, she began to be conscious of her relief from the burthen of decision as to her future course. The question that agitated her, about returning to her husband, had been solved in a moment; and this illness, after all, might be the herald of another blessing, just as that dreadful midnight when she stood an outcast in cold and darkness, had been followed by the dawn of a new hope. Robert would get better; this illness might alter him; he would be a long time feeble, needing help, walking with a crutch, perhaps. She would wait on him with such tenderness, such all-forgiving love, that the old harshness and cruelty must melt away for ever under the heart-sunshine she would pour around him. Her bosom heaved

at the thought, and delicious tears fell. Janet's was a nature in which hatred and revenge could find no place; the long bitter years drew half their bitterness from her ever-living remembrance of the too short years of love that went before; and the thought that her husband would ever put her hand to his lips again, and recall the days when they sat on the grass together, and he laid scarlet poppies on her black hair, and called her his gypsy queen, seemed to send a tide of loving oblivion over all the harsh and stony space they had traversed since. The Divine Love that had already shone upon her would be with her; she would lift up her soul continually for help; Mr. Tryan, she knew, would pray for her. If she felt herself failing, she would confess it to him at once; if her feet began to slip, there was that stay for her to cling to. O she could never be drawn back into that cold damp vault of sin and despair again; she had felt the morning sun, she had tasted the sweet pure air of trust and penitence and submission.

These were the thoughts passing through Janet's mind as she hovered about her husband's bed, and these were the hopes she poured out to Mr. Tryan when he called to see her. It was so evident that they were strengthening her in her new struggle—they shed such a glow of calm enthusiasm over her face as she spoke of them, that Mr. Tryan could not bear to throw on them the chill of premonitory doubts, though a previous conversation he had had with Mr. Pillgrim had convinced him that there was not the faintest probability of Dempster's recovery. Poor Janet did not know the significance of the changing symptoms, and when, after the lapse of a week, the delirium began to lose some of its violence, and to be interrupted by longer and longer intervals of stupor, she tried to think that these might be steps on the way to recovery, and she shrank from questioning Mr. Pillgrim, lest he should confirm the fears that began to get predominance in her mind. But before many days were past, he thought it right not to allow her to blind herself any longer. One day—it was just about noon, when bad

news always seems most sickening—he led her from her husband's chamber into the opposite drawing-room, where Mrs. Raynor was sitting, and said to her, in that low tone of sympathetic feeling which sometimes gave a sudden air of gentleness to this rough man,—

“My dear Mrs. Dempster, it is right in these cases, you know, to be prepared for the worst. I think I shall be saving you pain by preventing you from entertaining any false hopes, and Mr. Dempster's state is now such that I fear we must consider recovery impossible. The affection of the brain might not have been hopeless, but, you see, there is a terrible complication; and I am grieved to say, the broken limb is mortifying.”

Janet listened with a sinking heart. That future of love and forgiveness would never come, then: he was going out of her sight for ever, where her pity could never reach him. She turned cold and trembled.

“But do you think he will die,” she said, “without ever coming to himself? without ever knowing me?”

“One cannot say that with certainty. It is not impossible that the cerebral oppression may subside, and that he may become conscious. If there is anything you would wish to be said or done in that case, it would be well to be prepared. I should think,” Mr. Pillgrim continued, turning to Mrs. Raynor, “Mr. Dempster's affairs are likely to be in order—his will is . . .”

“O, I wouldn't have him troubled about those things,” interrupted Janet; “he has no relations but quite distant ones—no one but me. I wouldn't take up the time with that. I only want to . . .”

She was unable to finish; she felt her sobs rising, and left the room. “O God!” she said inwardly, “is not Thy love greater than mine! Have mercy on him! have mercy on him!”

This happened on Wednesday, ten days after the fatal accident. By the following Sunday, Dempster was in a state of rapidly increasing prostration; and when Mr. Pillgrim, who, in turn with his assistant, had slept in the house from the beginning,

came in, about half-past ten, as usual, he scarcely believed that the feebly struggling life would last out till morning. For the last few days he had been administering stimulants to relieve the exhaustion which had succeeded the alternations of delirium and stupor. This slight office was all that now remained to be done to the patient; so at eleven o'clock, Mr. Pillgrim went to bed, having given directions to the nurse, and desired her to call him if any change took place, or if Mrs. Dempster desired his presence.

Janet could not be persuaded to leave the room. She was yearning and watching for a moment in which her husband's eyes would rest consciously upon her, and he would know that she had forgiven him.

How changed he was since that terrible Monday, nearly a fortnight ago! He lay motionless, but for the irregular breathing that stirred his broad chest and thick muscular neck. His features were no longer purple and swollen; they were pale, sunken, and haggard. A cold perspiration stood in beads on the protuberant forehead, and on the wasted hands stretched motionless on the bed-clothes. It was better to see the hands so, than convulsively picking the air, as they had been a week ago.

Janet sat on the edge of the bed through the long hours of candle-light, watching the unconscious half-closed eyes, wiping the perspiration from the brow and cheeks, and keeping her left hand on the cold unanswerer right hand that lay beside her on the bed-clothes. She was almost as pale as her dying husband, and there were dark lines under her eyes, for this was the third night since she had taken off her clothes; but the eager straining gaze of her dark eyes, and the acute sensibility that lay in every line about her mouth, made a strange contrast with the blank unconsciousness and emaciated animalism of the face she was watching.

There was profound stillness in the house. She heard no sound but her husband's breathing and the ticking of the watch on the mantelpiece. The candle, placed high up, shed a soft light down on the one object she cared to see. There was a smell of brandy

in the room; it was given to her husband from time to time; but this smell, which at first had produced in her a faint shuddering sensation, was now become indifferent to her; she did not even perceive it; she was too unconscious of herself to feel either temptations or accusations. She only felt that the husband of her youth was dying; far, far out of her reach, as if she were standing helpless on the shore, while he was sinking in the black storm-waves; she only yearned for one moment in which she might satisfy the deep forgiving pity of her soul, by one look of love, one word of tenderness.

Her sensations and thoughts were so persistent that she could not measure the hours, and it was a surprise to her when the nurse put out the candle, and let in the faint morning light. Mrs. Raynor, anxious about Janet, was already up, and now brought in some fresh coffee for her; and Mr. Pillgrim, having awaked, had hurried on his clothes, and was come in to see how Dempster was.

This change from candle-light to morning, this recommencement of the same round of things that had happened yesterday, was a discouragement rather than a relief to Janet. She was more conscious of her chill weariness; the new light thrown on her husband's face seemed to reveal the still work that death had been doing through the night; she felt her last lingering hope that he would ever know her again forsake her.

But now Mr. Pillgrim, having felt the pulse, was putting some brandy in a tea-spoon, between Dempster's lips; the brandy went down, and his breathing became freer. Janet noticed the change, and her heart beat faster as she leaned forward to watch him. Suddenly a slight movement, like the passing away of a shadow, was visible in his face, and he opened his eyes full on Janet.

It was almost like meeting him again on the resurrection morning, after the night of the grave.

"Robert, do you know me?"

He kept his eyes fixed on her, and there was a faintly perceptible motion of the lips, as if he wanted to speak.

But the moment of speech was for

ever gone—the moment for asking pardon of her, if he wanted to ask it. Could he read the full forgiveness that was written in her eyes? She

never knew; for, as she was bending to kiss him, the thick veil of death fell between them, and her lips touched a corpse.

CHAPTER XXV.

The faces looked very hard and unmoved that surrounded Dempster's grave, while old Mr. Crewe read the burial service in his low, broken voice. The pall-bearers were such men as Mr. Pittman, Mr. Lowme, and Mr. Budd—men whom Dempster had called his friends while he was in life; and worldly faces never look so worldly as at a funeral. They have the same effect of grating incongruity as the sound of a coarse voice breaking the solemn stillness of night.

The one face that had sorrow in it was covered by a thick crape veil, and the sorrow was suppressed and silent. No one knew how deep it was; for the thought in most of her neighbours' minds was, that Mrs. Dempster could hardly have had better fortune than to lose a bad husband who had left her the compensation of a good income. They found it difficult to conceive that her husband's death could be felt by her otherwise than as a deliverance. The person who was most thoroughly convinced that Janet's grief was deep and real, was Mr. Pillgrim, who in general was not at all weakly given to belief in disinterested feeling.

"That woman has a tender heart," he was frequently heard to observe in his morning rounds about this time. "I used to think there was a great deal of palaver in her, but you may depend upon it there's no pretence about her. If he'd been the kindest husband in the world, she couldn't have felt more. There's a great deal of good in Mrs. Dempster—a great deal of good."

"I always said so," was Mrs. Lowme's reply, when he made the observation to her; "she was always so very full of pretty attentions to me when I was ill. But they tell me now, she's turned Tryanite; if that's it we shan't agree again. It's very inconsistent in her, I think, turning round in that way, after being the

foremost to laugh at the Tryanite cant, and especially in a woman of her habits; she should cure herself of *them* before she pretends to be over-religious."

"Well, I think she means to cure herself, do you know," said Mr. Pillgrim, whose good-will towards Janet was just now quite above that temperate point at which he could indulge his feminine patients with a little judicious detraction. "I feel sure she has not taken any stimulants all through her husband's illness; and she has been constantly in the way of them. I can see she sometimes suffers a great deal of depression for want of them—it shows all the more resolution in her. Those cures are rare; but I've known them happen sometimes with people of strong will."

Mrs. Lowme took an opportunity of retailing Mr. Pillgrim's conversation to Mrs. Phipps, who, as a victim of Pratt and plethora, could rarely enjoy that pleasure at first hand. Mrs. Phipps was a woman of decided opinions, though of wheezy utterance.

"For my part," she remarked, "I'm glad to hear there's any likelihood of improvement in Mrs. Dempster, but I think the way things have turned out seems to show that she was more to blame than people thought she was; else, why should she feel so much about her husband? And Dempster, I understand, has left his wife pretty nearly all his property to do as she likes with; *that* isn't behaving like such a very bad husband. I don't believe Mrs. Dempster can have had so much provocation as they pretended. I've known husbands who've laid plans for tormenting their wives when they're underground—tying up their money and hindering them from marrying again. Not that I should ever wish to marry again; I think one husband in one's life is enough

in all conscience;”—here she threw a fierce glance at the amiable Mr. Phipps, who was innocently delighting himself with the *facetia* in the *Rotherby Guardian*, and thinking the editor must be a droll fellow—“but it’s aggravating to be tied up in that way. Why, they say Mrs. Dempster will have as good as six hundred a-year at least. A fine thing for her that was a poor girl without a farthing to her fortune. It’s well if she doesn’t make ducks and drakes of it somehow.”

Mrs. Phipps’s view of Janet, however, was far from being the prevalent one in Milby. Even neighbours who had no strong personal interest in her, could hardly see the noble-looking woman in her widow’s dress, with a sad sweet gravity in her face, and not be touched with fresh admiration for her—and not feel, at least vaguely, that she had entered on a new life in which it was a sort of desecration to allude to the painful past. And the old friends who had a real regard for her, but whose cordiality had been repelled or chilled of late years, now came round her with hearty demonstrations of affection. Mr. Jerome felt that his happiness had a substantial addition now he could once more call on that “nice little woman, Mrs. Dempster,” and think of her with rejoicing instead of sorrow. The Pratts lost no time in returning to the footing of old-established friendship with Janet and her mother; and Miss Pratt felt it incumbent on her, on all suitable occasions, to deliver a very emphatic approval of the remarkable strength of mind she understood Mrs. Dempster to be exhibiting. The Miss Linnets were eager to meet Mr. Tryan’s wishes by greeting Janet as one who was likely to be a sister in religious feeling and good works; and Mrs. Linnet was so agreeably surprised by the fact that Dempster had left his wife the money “in that handsome way, to do what she liked with it,” that she even included Dempster himself, and his villanous discovery of the flaw in her title to Pye’s Croft, in her magnanimous oblivion of past offences. She and Mrs. Jerome agreed over a friendly cup of tea that there were

“a meany husbands as was very fine spoken an’ all that, and yit all the while kep’ a will locked up from you, as tied you up as tight as aeny-thing. I assure you,” Mrs. Jerome continued, dropping her voice in a confidential manner, “I know no moor to this day about Mr. Jerome’s will, nor the child that is unborn. I’ve no fears about income—I’m well aware Mr. Jerome ’ud niver leave me stret for that; but I should like to hev a thousand or two at my own disposal; it meks a widder a deal moor looked on.”

Perhaps this ground of respect to widows might not be entirely without its influence on the Milby mind, and might do something towards conciliating those more aristocratic acquaintances of Janet’s who would otherwise have been inclined to take the severest view of her apostasy towards Evangelicalism. Errors look so very ugly in people of small means—one feels they are taking quite a liberty in going astray; whereas people of fortune may naturally indulge in a few delinquencies. “They’ve got the money for it,” as the girl said of her mistress who had made herself ill with pickled salmon. However it may have been, there was not an acquaintance of Janet’s in Milby, that did not offer her civilities in the early days of her widowhood. Even the severe Mrs. Phipps was not an exception; for heaven knows what would become of our sociality if we never visited people we speak ill of; we should live, like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude.

Perhaps the attentions most grateful to Janet were those of her old friend Mrs. Crewe, whose attachment to her favourite proved quite too strong for any resentment she might be supposed to feel on the score of Mr. Tryan. The little deaf old lady couldn’t do without her accustomed visitor, whom she had seen grow up from child to woman, always so willing to chat with her and tell her all the news though she *was* deaf; while other people thought it tiresome to shout in her ear, and irritated her by recommending ear trumpets of various construction.

All this friendliness was very pre-

cious to Janet. She was conscious of the aid it gave her in the self-conquest which was the blessing she prayed for with every fresh morning. The chief strength of her nature lay in her affection, which coloured all the rest of her mind; it gave a personal sisterly tenderness to her acts of benevolence; it made her cling with tenacity to every object that had once stirred her kindly emotions. Alas! it was unsatisfied, wounded affection that had made her trouble greater than she could bear. And now there was no check to the full flow of that plenteous current in her nature—no gnawing secret anguish—no overhanging terror—no inward shame. Friendly faces beamed on her; she felt that friendly hearts were approving her, and wishing her well, and that mild sunshine of goodwill fell beneficently on her new hopes and efforts, as the clear shining after rain falls on the tender leaf-buds of spring, and wins them from promise to fulfilment.

And she needed these secondary helps, for her wrestling with her past self was not always easy. The strong emotions from which the life of a human being receives a new bias, win their victory as the sea wins his: though their advance may be sure, they will often, after a mightier wave than usual, seem to roll back so far as to lose all the ground they had made. Janet showed the strong bent of her will by taking every outward precaution against the occurrence of a temptation. Her mother was now her constant companion, having shut up her little dwelling and come to reside in Orchard Street; and Janet gave all dangerous keys into her keeping, entreating her to lock them away in some secret place. Whenever the too well-known depression and craving threatened her, she would seek a refuge in what had always been her purest enjoyment—in visiting one of her poor neighbours, in carrying some food or comfort to a sick-bed, in cheering with her smile some of the familiar dwellings up the dingy back-lanes. But the great source of courage, the great help to perseverance, was the sense that she had a friend and teacher in Mr. Tryan:

she could confess her difficulties to him; she knew he prayed for her; she had always before her the prospect of soon seeing him, and hearing words of admonition and comfort, that always came to her charged with a divine power such as she had never found in human words before.

So the time passed, till it was far on in May, nearly a month after her husband's death, when, as she and her mother were seated peacefully at breakfast in the dining-room, looking through the open window at the old-fashioned garden, where the grass-plot was now whitened with apple-blossoms, a letter was brought in for Mrs. Raynor.

"Why, there's the Thurston postmark on it," she said, "It must be about your Aunt Anna. Ah, so it is, poor thing; she's been taken worse this last day or two, and has asked them to send for me. That dropsy is carrying her off at last, I dare say. Poor thing! it will be a happy release. I must go, my dear—she's your father's last sister—though I'm sorry to leave you. However, perhaps I shall not have to stay more than a night or two."

Janet looked distressed as she said, "Yes, you must go, mother. But I don't know what I shall do without you. I think I shall run in to Mrs. Pettifer, and ask her to come and stay with me while you're away. I'm sure she will."

At twelve o'clock, Janet, having seen her mother in the coach that was to carry her to Thurston, called, on her way back, at Mrs. Pettifer's, but found, to her great disappointment, that her old friend was gone out for the day. So she wrote on a leaf of her pocket-book an urgent request that Mrs. Pettifer would come and stay with her while her mother was away; and, desiring the servant-girl to give it to her mistress as soon as she came home, walked on to the vicarage to sit with Mrs. Crewe, thinking to relieve in this way the feeling of desolateness and undefined fear that was taking possession of her on being left alone for the first time since that great crisis in her life. And Mrs. Crewe, too, was not at home!

Janet, with a sense of discouragement for which she rebuked herself as childish, walked sadly home again; and when she entered the vacant lining-room, she could not help bursting into tears. It is such vague indefinable states of susceptibility as this—states of excitement or depression, half mental, half physical—that determine many a tragedy in women's lives. Janet could scarcely eat anything at her solitary dinner; she tried to fix her attention on a book in vain; she walked about the garden, and felt the very sunshine melancholy.

Between four and five o'clock, old Mr. Pittman called and joined her in the garden, where she had been sitting for some time under one of the great apple-trees thinking how Robert, in his best moods, used to take little Mamsey to look at the cucumbers, or to see the Alderney cow with its calf in the paddock. The tears and sobs had come again at these thoughts; and when Mr. Pittman came up to her, she was feeling languid and exhausted. But the old gentleman's sight and sensibility were obtuse, and, to Janet's satisfaction, he showed no consciousness that she was in grief.

"I have a task to impose upon you, Mrs. Dempster," he said, with a certain toothless pomposity habitual to him: "I want you to look over those letters again in Dempster's bureau, and see if you can find one from Poole about the mortgage on those houses at Dingley. It will be worth twenty pounds, if you can find it; and I don't know where it can be, if it isn't among those letters in the bureau. I've looked everywhere at the office for it. I'm going home now, but I'll call again to-morrow, if you'll be good enough to look in the mean time."

Janet said she would look directly, and turned with Mr. Pittman into the house. But the search would take her some time, so he bade her good-by and she went at once to a bureau which stood in a small back room, where Dempster used sometimes to write letters and receive people who came on business out of office hours. She had looked through the contents of the bureau more than

once; but to-day on removing the last bundle of letters from one of the compartments, she saw what she had never seen before, a small nick in the wood, made in the shape of a thumb nail, evidently intended as a means of pushing aside the moveable back of the compartment. In her examination hitherto she had not found such a letter as Mr. Pittman had described—perhaps there might be more letters behind the slide. She pushed it back at once, and saw—no letters, but a small spirit decanter, half full of pale brandy, Dempster's habitual drink.

An impetuous desire shook Janet through all her members; it seemed to master her with the inevitable force of strong fumes that flood our senses before we are aware. Her hand was on the decanter; pale and excited she was lifting it out of its niche, when, with a start and a shudder, she dashed it to the ground, and the room was filled with the odour of the spirit. Without staying to shut up the bureau, she rushed out of the room, snatched up her bonnet and mantle which lay in the dining-room, and hurried out of the house.

Where should she go? In what place would this demon that had re-entered her be scared back again? She walks rapidly along the street in the direction of the church. She is soon at the gate of the churchyard; she passes through it, and makes her way across the graves to a spot she knows—a spot where the turf was stirred not long ago, where a tomb is to be erected soon. It is very near the church wall, on the side which now lies in deep shadow, quite shut out from the rays of the westering sun by a projecting buttress.

Janet sat down on the ground. It was a sombre spot. A thick hedge, surmounted by elm trees, was in front of her; a projecting buttress on each side. But she wanted to shut out even these objects. Her thick crape veil was down; but she closed her eyes behind it, and pressed her hands upon them. She wanted to summon up the vision of the past; she wanted to lash the demon out of her soul with the stinging memories

of the bygone misery; she wanted to renew the old horror and the old anguish, that she might throw herself with the more desperate clinging energy at the foot of the cross, where the divine sufferer would impart divine strength. She tried to recall those first bitter moments of shame, which were like the shuddering discovery of the leper that the dire taint is upon him; the deeper and deeper lapse; the on-coming of settled despair; the awful moments by the bedside of her self-maddened husband. And then she tried to live through, with a remembrance made more vivid by that contrast, the blessed hours of hope, and joy, and peace that had come to her of late, since her whole soul had been bent towards the attainment of purity and holiness.

But now, when the paroxysm of temptation was past, dread and despondency began to thrust themselves, like cold heavy mists, between her and the heaven to which she wanted to look for light and guidance. The temptation would come again—that rush of desire might overmaster her the next time—she would slip back again into that deep slimy pit from which she had been once rescued, and there might be no deliverance for her more. Her prayers did not help her, for fear predominated over trust; she had no confidence that the aid she sought would be given; the idea of her future fall had grasped her mind too strongly. Alone, in this way she was powerless. If she could see Mr. Tryan, if she could confess all to him, she might gather hope again. She *must* see him; she must go to him.

Janet rose from the ground, and walked away with a quick resolved step. She had been seated there a long while, and the sun had already sunk. It was late for her to walk to Paddiford and go to Mr. Tryan's, where she had never called before; but there was no other way of seeing him that evening, and she could not hesitate about it. She walked towards a footpath through the fields, which would take her to Paddiford without obliging her to go through the town. The way was rather long, but she preferred it, because it left

less probability of her meeting acquaintances, and she shrank from having to speak to any one.

The evening red had nearly faded by the time Janet knocked at Mrs. Wagstaff's door. The good woman looked surprised to see her at that hour; but Janet's mourning weeds and the painful agitation of her face quickly brought the second thought, that some urgent trouble had sent her there.

"Mr. Tryan's just come in," she said. "If you'll step into the parlour, I'll go up and tell him you're here. He seemed very tired and poorly."

At another time Janet would have felt distress at the idea that she was disturbing Mr. Tryan when he required rest; but now her need was too great for that: she could feel nothing but a sense of coming relief, when she heard his step on the stair and saw him enter the room.

He went towards her with a look of anxiety, and said, "I fear something is the matter. I fear you are in trouble."

Then poor Janet poured forth her sad tale of temptation and despondency; and even while she was confessing she felt half her burden removed. The act of confiding in human sympathy, the consciousness that a fellow-being was listening to her with patient pity, prepared her soul for that stronger leap by which faith grasps the idea of the divine sympathy. When Mr. Tryan spoke words of consolation and encouragement, she could now believe the message of mercy; the water-floods that had threatened to overwhelm her rolled back again, and life once more spread its heaven-covered space before her. She had been unable to pray alone; but now his prayer bore her own soul along with it, as the broad tongue of flame carries upwards in its vigorous leap the little flickering fire that could hardly keep alight by itself.

But Mr. Tryan was anxious that Janet should not linger out at this late hour. When he saw that she was calmed, he said, "I will walk home with you now; we can talk on the way." But Janet's mind was now sufficiently at liberty for her to

notice the signs of feverish weariness in his appearance, and she would not fear of causing him any further fatigue.

"No, no," she said earnestly, "you will pain me very much—indeed you will, by going out again to-night on my account. There is no real reason why I should not go alone." And when he persisted, fearing that for her to be seen out so late alone might excite disagreeable remarks, she said imploringly, with a half sob in her voice, "What should I—what would others like me do, if you went from us? *Why* will you not think more of that, and take care of yourself?"

He had often had that appeal made to him before, but to-night—from Janet's lips—it seemed to have a new force for him, and he gave way. At first, indeed, he only did so on condition that she would let Mrs. Wagstaff go with her; but Janet had determined to walk home alone. She preferred solitude; she wished not to have her present feelings distracted by any conversation.

So she went out into the dewy starlight; and as Mr. Tryan turned away from her, he felt a stronger wish than ever that his fragile life might last out for him to see Janet's restoration thoroughly established—to see her no longer fleeing, struggling, clinging up the steep sides of a precipice whence she might be any moment hurled back into the depths of despair, but walking firmly on the level ground of habit. He inwardly resolved that nothing but a peremptory duty should ever take him from Milby—that he would not cease to watch over her until life forsook him.

Janet walked on quickly till she turned into the fields; then she slackened her pace a little, enjoying the sense of solitude which a few hours before had been intolerable to her. The Divine Presence did not now seem far off, where she had not wings to reach it; prayer itself seemed superfluous in those moments of calm trust. The temptation which had so lately made her shudder before the possibilities of the future, was now a source of confidence; for had she not been delivered from it? Had not rescue come in the extremity of danger? Yes; Infinite Love was

caring for her. She felt like a little child whose hand is firmly grasped by its father, as its frail limbs make their way over a rough ground; if it should stumble, the father will not let it go.

That walk in the dewy starlight remained for ever in Janet's memory as one of those baptismal epochs when the soul, dipped in the sacred waters of joy and peace, rises from them with new energies, with more unalterable longings.

When she reached home she found Mrs. Pettifer there, anxious for her return. After thanking her for coming, Janet only said, "I have been to Mr. Tryan's; I wanted to speak to him;" and then remembering how she had left the bureau and papers, she went into the back room where, apparently, no one had been since she quitted it; for there lay the fragments of glass, and the room was still full of the hateful odour. How feeble and miserable the temptation seemed to her at this moment! She rang for Kitty to come and pick up the fragments and rub the floor, while she herself replaced the papers and locked up the bureau.

The next morning, when seated at breakfast with Mrs. Pettifer, Janet said:

"What a dreary, unhealthy-looking place that is where Mr. Tryan lives! I'm sure it must be very bad for him to live there. Do you know, all this morning, since I've been awake, I've been turning over a little plan in my mind. I think it a charming one—all the more, because *you* are concerned in it."

"Why, what can that be?"

"You know that house on the Red-hill road they call Holly Mount; it is shut up now. That is Robert's house; at least, it is mine now, and it stands on one of the healthiest spots about here. Now, I've been settling in my own mind, that if a dear good woman of my acquaintance, who knows how to make a home as comfortable and cozy as a bird's nest, were to take up her abode there, and have Mr. Tryan as a lodger, she would be doing one of the most useful deeds in all her useful life."

"You've such a way of wrapping up things in pretty words. You must speak plainer."

"In plain words, then, I should like to settle you at Holly Mount. You would not have to pay any more rent than where you are, and it would be twenty times pleasanter for you than living up that passage where you see nothing but a brick wall. And then, as it is not far from Paddiford, I think Mr. Tryan might be persuaded to lodge with you, instead of in that musty house, among dead cabbages and smoky cottages. I know you would like to have him live with you, and you would be such a mother to him."

"To be sure I should like it; it would be the finest thing in the world for me. But there'll be furniture wanted. My little bit of furniture won't fill that house."

"O, I can put some in out of this house; it is too full; and we can buy the rest. They tell me I'm to have more money than I shall know what to do with."

"I'm almost afraid," said Mrs. Pettifer, doubtfully, "Mr. Tryan will hardly be persuaded. He's been talked to so much about leaving that place; and he always said he must stay there—he must be among the people, and there was no other place for him in Paddiford. It cuts me to the heart to see him getting thinner and thinner, and I've noticed him quite short o' breath sometimes. Mrs. Linnet will have it, Mrs. Wagstaff half poisons him with bad cooking. I don't know about that, but he can't have many comforts. I expect he'll break down all of a sudden some

day, and never be able to preach any more."

"Well, I shall try my skill with him by-and-by. I shall be very cunning, and say nothing to him till all is ready. You and I and mother, when she comes home, will set to work directly and get the house in order, and then we'll get you snugly settled in it. I shall see Mr. Pittman to-day, and I will tell him what I mean to do. I shall say I wish to have you for a tenant. Everybody knows I'm very fond of that naughty person, Mrs. Pettifer; so it will seem the most natural thing in the world. And then I shall by-and-by point out to Mr. Tryan that he will be doing you a service as well as himself by taking up his abode with you. I think I can prevail upon him; for last night, when he was quite bent on coming out into the night air, I persuaded him to give it up."

"Well, I only hope you may, my dear. I don't desire anything better than to do something towards prolonging Mr. Tryan's life, for I've sad fears about him."

"Don't speak of them—I can't bear to think of them. We will only think about getting the house ready. We shall be as busy as bees. How we shall want mother's clever fingers! I know the room upstairs that will just do for Mr. Tryan's study. There shall be no seats in it except a very easy chair and a very easy sofa, so that he shall be obliged to rest himself when he comes home."

CHAPTER XXVI.

That was the last terrible crisis of temptation Janet had to pass through. The goodwill of her neighbours, the helpful sympathy of the friends who shared her religious feelings, the occupations suggested to her by Mr. Tryan, concurred, with her strong spontaneous impulses towards works of love and mercy, to fill up her days with quiet social intercourse and charitable exertion. Besides, her constitution, naturally healthy and strong, was every week tending, with the gathering force of habit, to recover its equipoise and set her free

from those physical solicitations which the smallest habitual vice always leaves behind it. The prisoner feels where the iron has galled him, long after his fetters have been loosed.

There were always neighbourly visits to be paid and received; and as the months wore on, increasing familiarity with Janet's present self began to efface, even from minds as rigid as Mrs. Phipps's, the unpleasant impressions that had been left by recent years. Janet was recovering the popularity which her beauty and

sweetness of nature had won for her when she was a girl; and popularity, as every one knows, is the most complex and self-multiplying of echoes. Even anti-Tryanite prejudices could not resist the fact that Janet Dempster was a changed woman—changed as the dusty, bruised, and sun-withered plant is changed when the soft rains of heaven have fallen on it—and that this change was due to Mr. Tryan's influence. The last ingering sneers against the Evangelical curate began to die out; and though much of the feeling that had prompted them remained behind, there was an intimidating consciousness that the expression of such feeling would not be effective—jokes of that sort had ceased to tickle the Millby mind. Even Mr. Budd and Mr. Tomlinson, when they saw Mr. Tryan passing pale and worn along the street, had a secret sense that this man was somehow not that very natural and comprehensible thing, a humbug; that, in fact, it was impossible to explain him from the stomach and pocket point of view. Twist and stretch their theory as they might, it would not fit Mr. Tryan; and so, with that remarkable resemblance as to mental processes which may frequently be observed to exist between plain men and philosophers, they concluded that the less they said about him the better.

Among all Janet's neighbourly pleasures, there was nothing she liked better than to take an early tea at the White House, and to stroll with Mr. Jerome round the old-fashioned garden and orchard. There was endless matter for talk between her and the good old man, for Janet had that genuine delight in human fellowship which gives an interest to all personal details that come warm from truthful lips; and, besides, they had a common interest in good-natured plans for helping their poorer neighbours. One great object of Mr. Jerome's charities was, as he often said, "to keep industrious men and women off the parish. I'd rather give ten shillin' an' help a man to stan' on his own legs, nor pay half-a-crown to buy him a parish crutch; it's the ruination on him if he once goes to the parish. I've see'd many a time,

if you help a man wi' a present in a neeborly way, it sweetens his blood—he thinks it kind on you; but the parish shillin's turn it sour—he niver thinks 'em anooof." In illustration of this opinion Mr. Jerome had a large store of details about such persons as Jim Hardy, the coal-carrier, "as lost his hoss," and Sally Butta, "as hed to sell her mangle, though she was as decent a woman as need to be;" to the hearing of which details Janet seriously inclined, and you would hardly desire to see a prettier picture than the kind-faced white-haired old man telling these fragments of his simple experience as he walked, with shoulders slightly bent, among the moss-roses and espalier apple-trees, while Janet in her widow's cap, her dark eyes bright with interest, went listening by his side, and little Lizzie, with her nankeen bonnet hanging down her back, toddled on before them. Mrs. Jerome usually declined these lingering strolls, and often observed, "I niver see the like to Mr. Jerome when he's got Mrs. Dempster to talk to; it sinnifies nothin' to him whether we've tea at four or at five o'clock; he'd goo on till six, if you'd let him alone—he's like off his head." However, Mrs. Jerome herself could not deny that Janet was a very pretty-spoken woman: "She alys says, she niver gets sich pikelets as mine nowhere; I know that very well—other folks buy 'em at shops—thick, unwholesome things, you mut as well ate a sponge."

The sight of little Lizzie often stirred in Janet's mind a sense of the childlessness which had made a fatal blank in her life. She had fleeting thoughts that perhaps among her husband's distant relatives there might be some children whom she could help to bring up, some little girl whom she might adopt; and she promised herself one day or other to hunt out a second cousin of his—a married woman of whom he had lost sight for many years.

But at present her hands and heart were too full for her to carry out that scheme. To her great disappointment, her project of settling Mrs. Petifer at Holly Mount had been delayed by the discovery that some repairs were

necessary in order to make the house habitable, and it was not till September had set in that she had the satisfaction of seeing her old friend comfortably installed, and the rooms destined for Mr. Tryan looking pretty and cozy to her heart's content. She had taken several of his chief friends into her confidence, and they were warmly wishing success to her plan for inducing him to quit poor Mrs. Wagstaff's dingy house and dubious cookery. That he should consent to some such change was becoming more and more a matter of anxiety to his hearers; for though no more decided symptoms were yet observable in him than increasing emaciation, a dry hacking cough, and an occasional shortness of breath, it was felt that the fulfilment of Mr. Pratt's prediction could not long be deferred, and that this obstinate persistence in labour and self-disregard must soon be peremptorily cut short by a total failure of strength. Any hopes that the influence of Mr. Tryan's father and sister would prevail on him to change his mode of life—that they would perhaps come to live with him, or that his sister at least might come to see him, and that the arguments which had failed from other lips might be more persuasive from hers—were now quite dissipated. His father had lately had an attack of paralysis, and could not spare his only daughter's tendance. On Mr. Tryan's return from a visit to his father, Miss Linnet was very anxious to know whether his sister had not urged him to try change of air. From his answers she gathered that Miss Tryan wished him to give up his curacy and travel, or at least go to the south Devonshire coast.

"And why will you not do so?" Miss Linnet said; "you might come back to us well and strong, and have many years of usefulness before you."

"No," he answered quietly, "I think people attach more importance to such measures than is warranted. I don't see any good end that is to be served by going to die at Nice, instead of dying amongst one's friends and one's work. I cannot leave Millby—at least I will not leave it voluntarily."

But though he remained immovable

on this point, he had been compelled to give up his afternoon service on the Sunday, and to accept Mr. Parry's offer of aid in the evening service as well as to curtail his weekly labours; and he had even written to Mr. Prendergast to request that he would appoint another curate to the Paddiford district, on the understanding that the new curate should receive the salary, but that Mr. Tryan should co-operate with him as long as he was able. The hopefulness which is an almost constant attendant on consumption, had not the effect of deceiving him as to the nature of his malady, or of making him look forward to ultimate recovery. He believed himself to be consumptive, and he had not yet felt any desire to escape the early death which he had for some time contemplated as probable. Even diseased hopes will take their direction from the strong habitual bias of the mind, and to Mr. Tryan death for years seemed nothing else than the laying down of a burthen, under which he sometimes felt himself fainting. He was only sanguine about his powers of work; he flattered himself that what he was unable to do one week he should be equal to the next, and he would not admit that in desisting from any part of his labour he was renouncing it permanently. He had lately delighted Mr. Jerome by accepting his long-proffered loan of the "little chace-nut horse;" and he found so much benefit from substituting constant riding exercise for walking, that he began to think he should soon be able to resume some of the work he had dropped.

That was a happy afternoon for Janet when, after exerting herself busily for a week with her mother and Mrs. Pettifer, she saw Holly Mount looking orderly and comfortable from attic to cellar. It was an old red brick house, with two gables in front, and two clipped holly trees flanking the garden gate; a simple, homely-looking place, that quiet people might easily get fond of; and now it was scoured and polished and carpeted and furnished so as to look really snug within. When there was nothing more to be done, Janet delighted herself with contemplating

Mr. Tryan's study, first sitting down in the easy-chair, and then lying for a moment on the sofa, that she might have a keener sense of the repose he would get from those well-stuffed articles of furniture, which she had gone to Rotherby on purpose to choose.

"Now, mother," she said, when she had finished her survey, "you have done your work as well as any airy mother or god-mother that ever turned a pumpkin into a coach and horses. You stay and have tea cozily with Mrs. Pettifer while I go to Mrs. Linnet's. I want to tell Mary and Rebecca the good news that I've got the exciseman to promise that he will take Mrs. Wagstaff's lodgings when Mr. Tryan leaves. They'll be so pleased to hear it, because they thought he would make her poverty an objection to his leaving her."

"But, my dear child," said Mrs. Baynor, whose face, always calm, was now a happy one, "have a cup of tea with us first. You'll perhaps miss Mrs. Linnet's tea-time."

"No, I feel too excited to take tea yet. I'm like a child with a new baby-house. Walking in the air will do me good."

So she set out. Holly Mount was about a mile from that outskirts of Paddiford Common where Mrs. Linnet's house stood nestled among its laburnums, lilacs and syringas. Janet's way thither lay for a little while along the high-road, and then led her into a deep-rutted lane, which wound through a flat tract of meadow and pasture, while in front lay smoky Paddiford, and away to the left the mother-town of Millby. There was no line of silvery willows marking the course of a stream—no group of Scotch firs with their trunks reddening in the level sunbeams—nothing to break the flowerless monotony of grass and hedgerow but an occasional oak or elm, and a few cows sprinkled here and there. A very commonplace scene, indeed. But what scene was ever commonplace in the descending sunlight, when colour has awakened from its noonday sleep, and the long shadows awe us like a disclosed presence? Above all, what scene is commonplace to the eye that is filled with

serene gladness, and brightens all things with its own joy?

And Janet just now was very happy. As she walked along the rough lane with a buoyant step, a half smile of innocent, kindly triumph played about her mouth. She was delighting beforehand in the anticipated success of her persuasive power, and for the time her painful anxiety about Mr. Tryan's health was thrown into abeyance. But she had not gone far along the lane before she heard the sound of a horse advancing at a walking pace behind her. Without looking back, she turned aside to make way for it between the ruts, and did not notice that for a moment it had stopped and had then come on with a slightly quickened pace. In less than a minute she heard a well-known voice say, "Mrs. Dempster;" and turning, saw Mr. Tryan close to her, holding his horse by the bridle. It seemed very natural to her that he should be there. Her mind was so full of his presence at that moment, that the actual sight of him was only like a more vivid thought, and she behaved, as we are apt to do when feeling obliges us to be genuine, with a total forgetfulness of polite forms. She only looked at him with a slight deepening of the smile that was already on her face. He said gently, "Take my arm;" and they walked on a little way in silence.

It was he who broke it. "You are going to Paddiford, I suppose?"

The question recalled Janet to the consciousness that this was an unexpected opportunity for beginning her work of persuasion, and that she was stupidly neglecting it.

"Yes," she said, "I was going to Mrs. Linnet's. I knew Miss Linnet would like to hear that our friend Mrs. Pettifer is quite settled now in her new house. She is as fond of Mrs. Pettifer as I am—almost; I won't admit that any one loves her quite as well, for no one else has such good reason as I have. But now the dear woman wants a lodger, for you know she can't afford to live in so large a house by herself. But I knew when I persuaded her to go there that she would be sure to get one—she's such a comfortable creature to

live with; and I didn't like her to spend all the rest of her days up that dull passage, being at every one's beck and call who wanted to make use of her."

"Yes," said Mr. Tryan, "I quite understand your feeling; I don't wonder at your strong regard for her."

"Well, but now I want her other friends to second me. There she is, with three rooms to let, ready furnished, everything in order; and I know some one, who thinks as well of her as I do, and who would be doing good all round—to every one that knows him, as well as to Mrs. Pettifer, if he would go to live with her. He would leave some uncomfortable lodgings which another person is already coveting and would take immediately; and he would go to breathe pure air at Holly Mount, and gladden Mrs. Pettifer's heart by letting her wait on him, and comfort all his friends, who are quite miserable about him."

Mr. Tryan saw it all in a moment—he saw that it had all been done

for his sake. He could not be sorry; he could not say no; he could not resist the sense that life had a new sweetness for him, and that he should like it to be prolonged a little—only a little, for the sake of feeling a stronger security about Janet. When she had finished speaking, she looked at him with a doubtful, inquiring glance. He was not looking at her; his eyes were cast downwards; but the expression of his face encouraged her, and she said, in a half-playful tone of entreaty,—

"You *will* go and live with her! I know you will. You will come back with me now and see the house."

He looked at her then, and smiled. There is an unspeakable blending of sadness and sweetness in the smile of a face sharpened and paled by slow consumption. That smile of Mr. Tryan's pierced poor Janet's heart; she felt in it at once the assurance of grateful affection and the prophecy of coming death. Her tears rose; they turned round without speaking, and went back again along the lane.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In less than a week Mr. Tryan was settled at Holly Mount, and there was not one of his many attached hearers who did not sincerely rejoice at the event.

The autumn that year was bright and warm, and at the beginning of October Mr. Walsh, the new curate, came. The mild weather, the relaxation from excessive work, and perhaps another benignant influence, had for a few weeks a visibly favourable effect on Mr. Tryan. At least he began to feel new hopes, which sometimes took the guise of new strength. He thought of the cases in which consumptive patients remain nearly stationary for years, without suffering so as to make their life burthensome to themselves or to others; and he began to struggle with a longing that it might be so with him. He struggled with it, because he felt it to be an indication that earthly affection was beginning to have too strong a hold on him, and he prayed earnestly for more perfect submission, and for a more

absorbing delight in the Divine Presence as the chief good. He was conscious that he did not wish for prolonged life solely that he might do God's work in reclaiming the wanderers and sustaining the feeble: he was conscious of a new yearning for those pure human joys which he had voluntarily and determinedly banished from his life—for a draught of that deep affection from which he had been cut off by a dark chasm of remorse. For now, that affection was within his reach; he saw it there, like a palm-shadowed well in the desert; he *could* not desire to die in sight of it.

And so the autumn rolled gently by in its "calm decay." Until November, Mr. Tryan continued to preach occasionally, to ride about visiting his flock, and to look in at his schools; but his growing satisfaction in Mr. Walsh as his successor, saved him from too eager exertion and from worrying anxieties. Janet was with him a great deal now, for she saw that he liked her to read to him

in the lengthening evenings, and it became the rule for her and her mother to have tea at Holly Mount, where, with Mrs. Pettifer and sometimes another friend or two, they brought Mr. Tryan the unaccustomed enjoyment of companionship by his own fireside.

Janet did not spare his new hopes, for she was not only in the habit of hearing Mr. Pratt's opinion that Mr. Tryan could hardly stand out through the winter, but she also knew that it was shared by Dr. Madely of Rothorby, whom, at her request, he had consented to call in. It was not necessary or desirable to tell Mr. Tryan what was revealed by the stethoscope, but Janet knew the worst.

She felt no rebellion under this prospect of bereavement, but rather a quiet submissive sorrow. Gratitude that his influence and guidance had been given her, even if only for a little while—gratitude that she was permitted to be with him, to take a deeper and deeper impress from daily communion with him, to be something to him in these last months of his life, was so strong in her that it almost silenced regret. Janet had lived through the great tragedy of woman's life. Her keenest personal emotions had been poured forth in her early love—her wounded affection with its years of anguish—her agony of unavailing pity over that death-bed seven months ago. The thought of Mr. Tryan was associated for her with repose from that conflict of emotion, with trust in the unchangeable, with the influx of a power to subdue self. To have been assured of his sympathy, his teaching, his help, all through her life, would have been to her like a heaven already begun—a deliverance from fear and danger; but the time was not yet come for her to be conscious that the old he had on her heart was any other than that of the heaven-sent friend who had come to her like the angel in the prison, and loosed her bonds, and led her by the hand till she could look back on the dreadful floors that had once closed her in.

Before November was over Mr. Tryan had ceased to go out. A new crisis had come on: the cough had

changed its character, and the worst symptoms developed themselves so rapidly, that Mr. Pratt began to think the end would arrive sooner than he had expected. Janet became a constant attendant on him now, and no one could feel that she was performing anything but a sacred office. She made Holly Mount her home, and, with her mother and Mrs. Pettifer to help her, she filled the painful days and nights with every soothing influence that care and tenderness could devise. There were many visitors to the sick-room, led thither by venerating affection; and there could hardly be one who did not retain in after years a vivid remembrance of the scene there—of the pale wasted form in the easy-chair (for he sat up to the last), of the grey eyes so full even yet of inquiring kindness, as the thin, almost transparent hand was held out to give the pressure of welcome; and of the sweet woman too, whose dark watchful eyes detected every want, and who supplied the want with a ready hand.

There were others who would have had the heart and the skill to fill this place by Mr. Tryan's side, and who would have accepted it as an honour; but they could not help feeling that God had given it to Janet by a train of events which were too impressive not to shame all jealousies into silence.

That sad history, which most of us know too well, lasted more than three months. He was too feeble and suffering for the last few weeks to see any visitors, but he still sat up through the day. The strange hallucinations of the disease which had seemed to take a more decided hold on him just at the fatal crisis, and had made him think he was perhaps getting better at the very time when death had begun to hurry on with more rapid movement, had now given way, and left him calmly conscious of the reality. One afternoon, near the end of February, Janet was moving gently about the room, in the fire-lit dusk, arranging some things that would be wanted in the night. There was no one else in the room, and his eyes followed her as she moved with the firm grace natu-

ral to her, while the bright fire every now and then lit up her face, and gave an unusual glow to its dark beauty. Even to follow her in this way with his eyes was an exertion that gave a painful tension to his face; while *she* looked like an image of life and strength.

"Janet," he said presently, in his faint voice—he always called her Janet now. In a moment she was close to him, bending over him. He opened his hand as he looked up at her, and she placed hers within it.

"Janet," he said again, "you will have a long while to live after I am gone."

A sudden pang of fear shot through her. She thought he felt himself dying, and she sank on her knees at his feet, holding his hand, while she

looked up at him, almost breathless.

"But you will not feel the need of me as you have done . . . You have a sure trust in God . . . I shall not look for you in vain at the last."

"No . . . no . . . I shall be there . . . God will not forsake me."

She could hardly utter the words, though she was not weeping. She was waiting with trembling eagerness for anything else he might have to say.

"Let us kiss each other before we part."

She lifted up her face to his, and the full life-breathing lips met the wasted dying ones in a sacred kiss of promise.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It soon came—the blessed day of deliverance, the sad day of bereavement; and in the second week of March they carried him to the grave. He was buried as he had desired: there was no hearse, no mourning-coach: his coffin was borne by twelve of his humbler hearers, who relieved each other by turns. But he was followed by a long procession of mourning friends, women as well as men.

Slowly, amid deep silence, the dark stream passed along Orchard Street, where eighteen months before the Evangelical curate had been saluted with hooting and hisses. Mr. Jerome and Mr. Landor were the eldest pall-bearers; and behind the coffin, led by Mr. Tryan's cousin, walked Janet, in quiet submissive sorrow. She could not feel that he was quite gone from her; the unseen world lay so very near her—it held all that had ever stirred the depths of anguish and joy within her.

It was a cloudy morning, and had been raining when they left Holly Mount; but as they walked, the sun broke out, and the clouds were rolling off in large masses when they entered the churchyard, and Mr. Walsh's voice was heard saying "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The faces were not hard at this

funeral; the burial-service was not a hollow form. Every heart there was filled with the memory of a man who, through a self-sacrificing life, and in a painful death, had been sustained by the faith which fills that form with breath and substance.

When Janet left the grave, she did not return to Holly Mount; she went to her home in Orchard Street, where her mother was waiting to receive her. She said quite calmly, "Let us walk round the garden, mother." And they walked round in silence, with their hands clasped together, looking at the golden crocuses bright in the spring sunshine. Janet felt a deep stillness within. She thirsted for no pleasure; she craved no worldly good. She saw the years to come stretch before her like an autumn afternoon, filled with resigned memory. Life to her could never more have any eagerness; it was a solemn service of gratitude and patient effort. She walked in the presence of unseen witnesses—of the Divine love that had rescued her, of the human love that waited for its eternal repose until it had seen her endure to the end.

Janet is living still. Her black hair is grey, and her step is no longer buoyant; but the sweetness of her

nile remains, the love is not gone from her eyes; and strangers sometimes ask, Who is that noble-looking elderly woman, that walks about holding a little boy by the hand? The little boy is the son of Janet's adopted daughter, and Janet in her old age has children about her knees, and loving young arms round her neck.

There is a simple gravestone in Millby churchyard, telling that in this spot lie the remains of Edgar Ryan, for two years officiating curate at the Paddiford Chapel-of-ease, in this parish. It is a meagre

memorial, and tells you simply that the man who lies there took upon him, faithfully or unfaithfully, the office of guide and instructor to his fellow-men.

But there is another memorial of Edgar Ryan, which bears a fuller record: it is Janet Dempster, rescued from self-despair, strengthened with divine hopes, and now looking back on years of purity and helpful labour. The man who has left such a memorial behind him, must have been one whose heart beat with true compassion, and whose lips were moved by fervent faith.

NOTES ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

At no former period of the history of our country has the penalty attached to its greatness been more seriously felt than at the close of the long peace to which we owe the rapid progress of our material prosperity during late years, and which was so rudely interrupted by the Russian War. As the first of maritime nations, with interests involved in every quarter of the globe, we can scarcely venture to expect peace except when that blessing is universally shared by the rest of the world.

No sooner have we combined, at a vast expenditure of blood and treasure, to restore tranquillity to Europe, than our sinews of war are again strained, and the skill of our diplomatists again called forth in other continents. The state of our Indian Empire, tottering to its foundations, menaces our very existence as a first-class power, and has concentrated upon itself that universal attention which had until then been accorded to the important interests which our rupture with the southern capital and mercantile emporium of China had imperilled there. But while generals and diplomatists are hurrying to Asia, political events of no little significance are occurring in the West, from which our regards should not be altogether averted by the critical condition of affairs in the East.

As our commercial relations with other countries become extended,

and new markets are created in remote parts of the world, it behoves us to watch with especial jealousy over the destiny of any country whose position renders it geographically important, as offering the greatest facilities of intercommunication between distant quarters of the globe. The States which compose the Isthmus connecting the continents of North and South America fall manifestly into this category; and of them, that of New Grenada is the one possessing the highest claim to our notice, as through it passes the only railway which as yet connects the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean.

It so happened that in the early part of this year I had occasion to make the trajet of the Isthmus, and viewing the present aspect of affairs there, and the recent policy of the United States in New Grenada, some account of its present condition may not be uninteresting. I came from Greytown to Colon in a West India mail-steamer; had she been an American, I should have said from San Juan del Nicaragua to Aspinwall, for we have Anglicised the Nicaraguan name, and they have Americanised the New Grenadan; so that with laudable patriotism we each cling to our nomenclature, and ignore that of the other, thereby creating considerable confusion. As, however, there can be little doubt that Greytown and

Aspinwall are the names destined to be used by posterity, I shall make a compromise, and adopt both the Anglo-Saxon appellations. So far, indeed, as the population is concerned, the latter has a much better right to it than the former. The population of Greytown, which is not half the size of its neighbour, is almost wholly black; while in Aspinwall the number of whites gives an air of progress and activity to it quite in keeping with its baptism. Still its aspect is anything but inviting. Two rows of substantial-looking houses appear wedged in between a mangrove swamp and the sea. Any extension of the town must either be into one or the other; and the preference of the inhabitants seems to be in favour of the sea. Anything reclaimed in that direction will improve the port, and secure for the inhabitants greater health and coolness. At present the railway passes along the beach in front of the town, and when it is not employed taking passengers across the Isthmus, it carries stones into the sea, with the object of adding to the town in that direction. Meantime a large pond of salt water, full of rotting mangrove roots, has been left in the middle of the town, which is slowly becoming dry land, and will ultimately form valuable building-lots. Near it, and in the principal street, are half-a-dozen hotels upon the American principle, the lounge of sallow Spaniards and unhealthy-looking Americans, gaunt and lantern-jawed, who live in a perpetual state of fever and ague, and imbibe genuine cocktails, sarsaparilla, coddlers, and other drinks curiously devised to minister to an insatiable appetite, and correct the effects of malaria. We know these places of public entertainment, as we swelter down the glaring street, by the incessant crack of billiard balls and the pops of bottles containing effervescent drinks accompanied by languid oaths, which issue from them. The influence of the climate is so depressing that it almost deprives the energetic Anglo-Saxon of the power of anathematising the nature of things. In the middle of the day, Aspinwall is very hot indeed! Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden

transferred to the tropics. The only people who seem really to enjoy themselves are the negroes; they swarm in the balconies of the high two-story houses, grinning, chattering, quarrelling, or snoring; towards evening they become drunk and uproarious. Negresses, very *décolleté*, and whose light garments, like nightgowns, are so loose that it is a miracle how they maintain their position at all, collect in groups, and, disposing their fat persons in attitudes more natural than graceful, show their white teeth, and grin applaudingly at their intoxicated swains, who cut fantastic capers in the streets for their edification, or expand their capacious lungs in song. Sounds of merriment, proceeding from this sable race, extend far into the night, and do not tend to lull to sleep the unfortunate victim who has more than sufficient music in the buzz of myriads of mosquitoes, which flock in through his ragged curtains, combined with the croakings of gigantic frogs in the neighbouring mangrove swamp, and who is vainly panting for the air which the rank vegetation choking up his window effectually excludes.

The present population of Aspinwall barely reaches 2000. Though occupying an important geographical position it has not increased so rapidly as might have been expected. This, no doubt, mainly arises from the fact that it owes its existence entirely to the transit traffic, and does not draw anything from the resources of the district in which it is situated, and which are totally undeveloped. The town itself can never be of any great extent, as the area of the island of Manzanilla, in which it is situated, and which has been ceded to the Transit Company in perpetuity, does not exceed 650 acres. The channel which separates this island from the mainland is about 700 feet wide, but a marsh extending on each side renders the distance, which is impracticable for all transit purposes, much greater. It was in constructing the railway across this channel and swamp that the frightful loss of life occurred, both of Irish and Chinese labourers, which has given rise to the calculation, that every sleeper that was laid down cost the life of a man. In

driving the piles into the soft mud, it was impossible to find a bottom; sometimes three piles were driven in one above the other, when the bottom one, slipping out from under its fellows, would gradually rise to the surface of the ooze, to the discomfiture of the engineers.

The indefatigable energy and perseverance of these latter, however, at last triumphed over all obstacles, and although the causeway now shakes as the train passes over it, the grand object of a safe and rapid transit has been achieved. The harbour at Aspinwall is not so good as might be wished, as it is open to the swell from the north and east, but it is susceptible of great improvement, and where the ingenuity of man has already done so much, we may fairly expect that the inconveniences arising from this source will, in process of time, be removed. Through the liberality of the Company, I was furnished with a free ticket to Panama, and took my place with three or four other passengers for the shores of the Pacific. Did the Company depend for its profit on the daily traffic, it would very soon become bankrupt, but it was originally formed for the conveyance of Californian gold and passengers, and the revenue it derives from this source twice a-month fully justifies the enterprise. Two of our passengers were adherents of Walker's, who had been turned back from Greytown by the Costa Ricans, and who were on their way to join him by the Pacific coast; the others were Panamanians, or people of the country. When once the deadly swamp is passed, nothing can exceed the beauty of the vegetation through which the line passes. Palm trees of many varieties weave their broad leaves into thick screens to shut out the sun—graceful cocoa-nuts and cassavas wave overhead—tufts of bamboo are interspersed with heavy trees, whose branches support gigantic orchids, and whose stems are concealed amid a mass of purple convolvulus and divers brilliant parasites. To one only accustomed to see a thickly populated and highly cultivated country traversed by railways, and familiar with tropical jungles only where they are penetrated by the

devious little paths of the woodcutter or the hunter, this dash through the virgin forest at the tail of a locomotive is very imposing, and presents with unusual force to the mind the important change which steam is destined to effect on the face of nature.

Formerly the trajet of the Isthmus involved a laborious journey of two days, the first of which was spent upon the Chagres river; now it is usually crossed in as many hours, without the slightest trouble or fatigue. The line impinges upon the Chagres river at a distance of about seven miles from Aspinwall, and more or less follows the right bank to Barbacoas, about half-way across the Isthmus. Here it crosses the river by a bridge 625 feet long, and then follows the left bank of the Ovispo (a tributary) to its head. This is the summit, distant 37 miles from the Atlantic, and 10 from the Pacific. The deepest cutting is only 24 feet. The maximum grade on its descent is 60 feet per mile; the summit grade is 258 feet above the assumed grade at the Atlantic. There is, in fact, no difference between the mean level of the Pacific and Atlantic; only the tide in the former rises 18 feet, in the latter 2. The importance of this route in the trade of Western America is evident from the fact that the total amount of export and import trade across the Isthmus and round the Horn, is estimated at a hundred and forty-five millions of dollars; of that, a hundred million of dollars go by this railway annually in specie. In 1855, the railway paid a clear 12 per cent. on its capital. I have not, however, had an opportunity of seeing any very recent report. We did not make the trajet very rapidly, as we did a little engineering on the way, and loaded some trucks with stones to take to a bridge in the course of construction. In general, the country was neither inhabited nor cultivated; on the banks of the Chagres river I observed a miserable village or two, the houses built of split bambod, and thatched with palm leaves, and some villages had sprung up on the line at some of the stations; they were inhabited almost entirely by negroes. Our descent into Panama was very rapid, except at one spot, famed for one of

the most terrible railway accidents on record, and which has never been looked on as a safe part of the line, as it is a cutting on the steep side of a hill, and subject to the action of water. When we passed, the rails were palpably depressed at this point. Near Panama, a glimpse or two of savannah indicate that magnificent rolling open country which the traveller would never suspect to exist if he merely crossed the Isthmus by rail. In four hours and a half from our bidding adieu to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, we notified our arrival on the opposite coast with a scream, and pulled up at the foot of a jetty built into the Pacific. Here we were surrounded by a crowd of importunate negroes, who, with the utmost effrontery and insolence, squabbled for our baggage, in spite of our remonstrances, and, dividing it between them, walked off into the town, distant upwards of a mile, whither we followed them on foot, in the blazing sun—for cabs have not yet been introduced—in no very amiable humour; this was not improved on our arrival at the hotel by their exorbitant charges for portage. Upon my demurring to these a large muscular negro waxed violent, and ended by threatening me and drawing his knife. Fortunately I was a step above him on the stairs, and enabled to kick him to the bottom before he had time to carry out his intention. The inn-keeper and servants then managed to pacify and dispose of him; but I did not at that time know the thralldom in which the European part of the population were held by the blacks.

Panama is not a lively place; but the dulness is agreeable when it is united with sufficient novelty to amuse the mind; and the repose and tranquillity incidental to it may be enjoyable when contrasted with the turmoil of a recent tour in the United States. There, a town which is not progressing is called "a finished town," and it is looked upon as an unnatural phenomenon; but here, in the New World, was "a decaying town." There was something soothing in its air of antiquity and dilapidation—in its grass-grown plaza, and fine old Spanish cathedral, and

ruined monastery, and massive archways leading out through the crumbling fortifications. I liked to saunter about mid-day along its narrow streets, where the high houses shut out the sun and the balconies almost meet overhead, and ragged children and mangy curs slept in shady corners, and women drowsily presided over fruit-stalls, where innumerable flies loved to hive; and grass hammocks, swinging in the open shops, each contained its sleeping occupant; and even the gamecocks, tethered on one leg, tucked the other under their wings, and ceased to defy each other with shrill challenges; and knots of individuals lounged at tobacco-shops waiting for the POCO TIEMPO segars which the vendors were lazily rolling from the pure leaf by their sides. Only where a European store with its varied assortment of goods ostentatiously displayed, or an hotel with bar-rooms and billiard-tables, collected the stray Americans or foreigners that happened to be staying in the town, were there any signs of life.

In the afternoon most of the inhabitants wake, and negroes and mestizoes people the street. They swagger insolently about, holding whites in extreme contempt, and take the law into their own hands, whenever it suits them, with the utmost impunity. At periods of political excitement, they plot massacres of those who are not of their own colour; but fortunately they then generally keep one another in check by internal brawls: still, it has been found necessary to land the marines from English men-of-war to protect our own subjects, who are at no time safe from insult. The judge and most of the principal authorities are black, and they mete out less justice to a white man than the worst specimen of a slave-owner would to one of their own brethren. Perhaps the retaliation is to be expected; but the sensation of feeling oneself "a white nigger" is not agreeable. Political parties in Panama—and, indeed, the same may be said of the whole State—are divided into whites and blacks; the present governor of the town is a nominee of the latter. The remains of the old Spanish aristocracy, the

only respectable party in the country, have now dwindled down into such insignificance numerically, that it is utterly hopeless for them ever to expect a better order of things without the intervention of some other power. They desire nothing more earnestly than some foreign protectorate, provided it be not American, to insure them not merely safety, but liberty. In the present state of Transatlantic politics, a release from their bondage by such means is impossible. The massacre of the Americans by the blacks of Panama has given the United States a claim against New Grenada, which she is especially desirous to make good at the spot where the insult was perpetrated; and she, naturally, jealously watches the policy of other powers in this quarter. The object of the United States is to insure herself a monopoly of the transit route. Annexation on a large scale she has never contemplated in this direction. If she desires territory, it is only what she thinks sufficient for this purpose, and therefore it is that her Government has, with a wise policy, discountenanced the proceedings of filibusters as the most dangerous enemies to its political designs upon Central America. That annexation, in this quarter, of a large territory containing a disorganised and apathetic population, just civilised enough to demand as a right all the privileges of citizenship, and too barbarous to appreciate them—that the infusion of many millions of such citizens into the Union would be a source of weakness rather than of strength to it, is as clear to all intelligent Americans as is the advantage which they would gain could they obtain exclusive possession of the Panama Railway with its two termini, at one of which (Panama) are islands, the acquisition of which would give them control over the neighbouring town without the trouble of governing it, and insure them, in fact, the key of the position for commercial purposes.

If, on the other hand, this territory became the object of filibustering enterprise, the adventurers would seek, as Walker has already done in Nicaragua, the establishment of a power independent of the United

States, which would then become their most formidable rival, while the filibusters, to secure the support of a European nation, would gladly allow it any terms with regard to transit through the country which they chose to demand. As a general rule, there can be no doubt that, viewing the present disorganised state and retrograde condition of these States, the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race would be desirable; at the same time, it is absolutely essential that the Transit Route should be kept open to the world at large. Sooner or later these countries will be developed, and the present effete population replaced by a more vigorous and enterprising race. The world at large will benefit by the now latent resources of one of the richest countries in the world. Whether it is destined to be filibustered by a government or an individual, is a matter of speculation; probably by the latter, as his proceedings would excite but little jealousy. The question of the abstract morality of filibusterism has long since resolved itself into a question of the civilisation of the coveted territory, and its powers of resistance in case of invasion. The inhabitants of New Zealand were so savage and impotent that it was considered legitimate to appropriate their country. Are the inhabitants of New Grenada so much superior in civilisation, and capacity for self-defence, as to render such an appropriation an act of political dishonesty, according to the conventional standard? The impartial observer, visiting New Grenada under the regime of the blacks, will scarcely give it a sufficiently high character in either respect to save it from the aggressive tendencies of governments or individuals. He might, however, remark this important distinction, that although the governing powers are barbarous, a class of aristocracy exists, as refined and cultivated as that of any European country, upon whom a serious injustice would be inflicted. Unfortunately they have not only allowed the executive power to slip from them, but they have lost their influence, and with it the energy and internal organisation necessary to enable them to wield that power,

even if they could regain it. Nor do the other States of Central and South America, with the exception, perhaps, of Chili, lead us to place great faith in the stability or success of Spanish republican rule, whatever political party holds the reins of government. The filibustering world will argue that it is a greater injustice to society at large to leave so fine a country waste and unoccupied, than to take it from those who cannot develop its resources. But, then, at once the question arises of the description of labour by which this development is to be effected.

Not only is the present mixed population utterly inadequate, numerically speaking, to be utilized for this purpose, but unless some system of forced labour were introduced, no pecuniary considerations would induce the country people to give up that *dolce far niente* in which the prolific character of their country enables them to indulge. The present state of public feeling in Europe and the northern States of America would, however, be opposed to anything like a *corvée*; and *a fortiori* the introduction of unmitigated slavery would be out of the question. The importation of coolie labour from China and India is the only alternative, and that is one which recent experience does not induce us to regard favourably. Meantime, whatever may be the ultimate destiny of New Grenada, its present attractions are not its agricultural or mineral resources, but its geographical position. From that it derives a political significance not accorded to neighbouring states. Already, owing to this cause, the town of Panama, which now contains about 10,000 inhabitants, has experienced sundry fluctuations in its prosperity. Before the railway it flourished, because it was a stage upon the journey, and a rendezvous for travellers in both directions; now they are hurried through without ever entering the town at all. The arrival of the Californian passengers is one of the most characteristic incidents which the traveller can witness. It was quite an excitement to leave the sleepy streets of the town, and stand at the railway terminus, watching for the

train from Aspinwall, freighted with six or seven hundred adventurers bound for the diggings. To see it disgorge its piratical-looking crew, one is almost tempted to believe that Kidd and Morgan have revisited the scene of their former exploits by the present popular method of locomotion. Men in red flannel shirts, jack-boots, with revolvers and bowies in their girdles, and bundles under their arms, come tumbling out of the cars after one another, with here and there a strong-minded female between them, guiltless of hand-boxes or packages. Among them are a few respectably-dressed people, and generally a sprinkling of black-coated and white-tied personages, who look very seedy and disreputable, and ostensibly belong to the learned professions. This miscellaneous crowd goes swarming down to the jetty, a distance of only a few yards, utterly ignorant of the fact that the black multitude who are screaming behind them and helping to carry their bundles, are contemptuously applying the shouts and epithets which they generally reserve only for driving their mules; and that the expressions of mirth which accompany them to the steamer are consequent upon these insulting cries. They are accustomed in their own country to treat "niggers" as an inferior description of humanity, and consequently bestow oaths and kicks upon them here; while the latter, who return the sentiment with interest, are only restrained from revenge by prudential motives. Sometimes, however, even these do not suffice, as witness the massacre of Americans by the blacks which took place at Panama not very long ago, and of which the American Government intends to make profitable political capital.

A steam tender takes the passengers from the shore to the Company's establishment on the small islands of Flaminko and Perigo, where the large steamers lie, and which are distant about two miles and a half from the shore. They form the Port of Panama, and are the most important naval position on the coast. Not very long ago they were offered to our Government for sale at a very

low price. On every ground they offered advantages far superior to Valparaiso, which is at present used as a naval station; but, with our usual mistaken economy, we declined the purchase.

The United States, alive to their importance in a political point of view, has threatened to take possession of these islands in the event of the New Grenada government continuing to refuse its claim for indemnity for the Panama massacre. It is of the utmost importance, as a security for the freedom of the transit route, that this appropriation should not take place. Should the line to Australia be established *via* the Isthmus of Panama, as doubtless it will, this route becomes more important to us than to the Americans, who will find either the Tehuantepec, the Honduras, or the Nicaraguan routes shorter for their purposes. There are conditions in the charter obtained by the Company from the New Grenada government, which it is not necessary now to explain, which would facilitate the transfer of the entire stock to the hands of British capitalists. In the present state of affairs, such a consummation would be most desirable.

About eight miles beyond the islands of Flaminko, &c., lies the lovely island of Taboga, a fairy spot, and the favourite resort in summer from the heats of Panama. I spent a charming day here, strolling under the cocoa-nut trees which line the shores of its deep little bay, or climbing up the hill-side among tamarind and orange groves, through which clear streams hurry to the sea, forming tiny cascades, and deep, pellucid pools, inviting a bath. The highest point of the island is about 1000 feet above the sea. There is a small, venerable town, of crooked little streets and crumbling houses, with a picturesque old church in the middle of it, the whole buried in foliage, and commanding a view of the mainland and Panama in the distance. There is a lesser island attached to Taboga, which at low water becomes a peninsula; and here the Pacific Mail Company have their establishment. The wooden houses of the employes, perched upon the steep

hill-sides, are accessible only by ladders. In one of these rickety tenements I experienced one night several shocks of an earthquake. On the water's edge the Company have very complete arrangements for repairing and refitting their ships. Taboga supplies good water, and is a safe harbour; but its distance from Panama renders it inferior, both in a commercial and political point of view, to the smaller islands. The trip to Taboga is only one of sundry small expeditions which may be made in the neighbourhood of Panama, and which the traveller will find interesting, though in my own case the kindness and hospitality of our Consul did more than anything else to render my sojourn there agreeable. Society is necessarily small, and principally Spanish. On moonlight evenings, the fashionable and sentimental world promenades on the ramparts, which then become an attractive lounge, and young Panama is to be seen in devoted attendance upon dark-eyed signoritas. When there is no moon, the ladies receive at home, and very pleasant little reunions are the result. There are, moreover, charming rides into the country, which is of a park-like character, pleasantly undulating, and richly diversified with wood and meadow. We galloped one morning, a merry party of ten, to the ruins of Old Panama, and spent the day. A lovely ride of two hours, across savannahs waving with long grass, and through dense woods where the tangled branches and hanging creepers rendered progress on horseback a work of difficulty, brought us to the tall square tower which, rising above the massive foliage on the sea-side, indicates the position of the old city, sacked by the buccaneers under Kidd and Morgan some two centuries ago. In consequence of its defenceless position, the Spanish government removed the town of Panama to its present site, upon a promontory, where ledges of rock, extending far out to sea, would render an attack by boats a difficult operation.

We had reason to be grateful for the change, as most picturesque ruins have been the result of it.

They derive their chief interest, not so much from themselves as from the peculiar effects produced by the rankness of the tropical vegetation amid which they are imbedded. Pieces of masonry appear as mere accessories to set off the huge branches by which they are embraced. The enormous roots of trees, eighty or a hundred feet high, which have grown since the town was in ruins, have eaten their way through the crevices of massive walls, and have ultimately almost concealed them in their giant folds. One root alone, about fifty yards in length, and fifteen feet in depth, lay along the top of a wall, like a huge Python, sending down its minor shoots, which overlapped in places so as to hide for many yards the stone-work. There were paved streets leading into dense thickets, where it was impossible to follow them: and an old bridge, from the arch of which orchids hung like monster scorpions to the water below. We could have wandered for hours in every direction, and always come upon fresh ruins, had the forest been penetrable; but we had hard work to climb over prostrate trees and force our way through tangled underwood. Bright-plumaged birds glanced among the leaves overhead, and flaring wild-flowers contrasted with the sober green of the forest.

When we were tired of exploring the forest, we retreated from the mid-day sun into a native hut, tenanted by a venerable couple, who were certainly contented with a very primitive description of habitation. There were no walls; four posts supported a roof of cocoa-nut leaves, beneath which a loft, approached by a notched log to serve as a ladder, furnished the ancient pair with a connubial couch, and a protection from the beasts of the forest. Beneath it, grass hammocks were swung, affording an agreeable lounge by day, open on all sides to the breeze. Here the ladies reclined after their fatigues; and we concocted refreshing beverages from the fresh juice of the sugar-cane, properly qualified, while the servants were preparing something more substantial. On our way home we varied the amusements by unsuccessfully shooting at

alligators as they showed their noses above the muddy waters of a small lagoon.

It is singular that, at a time when the Isthmus of Panama is attracting so much attention, and exploring parties have been lost in their endeavours to discover a practicable line for an inter-oceanic canal, no one should have as yet attempted to cross the Isthmus at its narrowest point. Before ascending the Atrato, and diving into the heart of the South American continent, and proposing to convey ships from thence by a tunnel, it would have been wise to examine that part of the neck of land which nature points to as affording the most probable solution of the difficulty. I heard at Panama accounts of a depression in the Cordilleras at a point where the two seas approximate so closely to one another, that the natives are in the habit of making a portage with their canoes, from the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico into those which lose themselves in the Pacific; and I was not sorry, in company with a fellow-countryman, to join a Frenchman, a German, and a Spaniard, who were about to start on a visit to some property one of them had recently purchased in that direction, in the hope that I might gain some information relative to so interesting a subject. The limited time at my disposal unfortunately precluded the possibility of my attempting anything in the shape of regular exploration. About thirty miles to the south-eastward of Panama, the river Bayanos enters the Pacific, almost dividing the Isthmus at a point where the distance from sea to sea does not exceed thirty miles in a direct line. This was the river we proposed ascending, in the hope, at all events, of finding out something from the Darien Indians who inhabit this narrow strip of territory, and whose inveterate hatred to Europeans has operated hitherto as an effectual barrier to any attempt at penetration into their country.

We sailed from Panama in a small half-decked cutter for the mouth of this river, upon a lovely moonlight evening, and found ourselves at daylight vainly attempting to force an

entrance against a strong head-wind and tide. Finding it hopeless to contend against these adverse influences, we dropped anchor under the lee of the small island of Chepillo, which lies off the mouth of the river, and which forms a protection for small craft. The channel between the island and the main has not been very narrowly surveyed; but I fear that the formation of a port at this point would be one of the most formidable obstacles to be considered in the construction of a canal debouching here. Chepillo is low and well wooded, inhabited only by four or five families. In the afternoon we crossed the bar, on which there is a good draught of water, and, with the assistance of the tide, beat up the river, here about three hundred yards wide. The banks were magnificently wooded. The light-green mangroves which fringed the water were backed by noble forest trees, in the branches of which troops of monkeys joined their chattering clamour with the screaming and twittering of flocks of gaudy parroquets. Gently we glided up the quiet stream, and passed creeks which lost themselves in the gloomy woods, and looked black and mysterious in the fading light. As we laughed and shouted, and our voices were caught up, as though in mockery, by successive and prolonged echoes, we could almost imagine these sombre recesses were peopled by malignant spirits.

At last we were again obliged to anchor, still within earshot of the distant roar of the surf—

“Where from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers
the wail of the forest.”

Our progress was more rapid during the small hours of the following morning, and we reached the mouth of a tributary, the Mammonie, not far from the banks of which is situated the village of Chepo, which we determined to visit. It is the outpost of civilization in this direction. About ten miles higher up the Bayanos, the Spaniards built the fort of Terabla, as a frontier post. Here a few mestizoes are now settled; and it is from this point that an expedition should

start with a view of reaching the opposite coast. Hitherto, during our progress into the interior, we had seen no sign of human habitations. After proceeding for two hours up the Mammonie, we reached two or three native huts, where a few canoes were collected. As our own craft was prevented by her draught of water from proceeding farther, we appropriated three of these, and in them forced our way for some hours up the rapid current, sometimes obliged to get out and wade, and pull them after us, and always, on account of their rickety character, running considerable risk of an involuntary bath,—one that we took of our own free will, having first carefully chosen a small pool, so clear that a stray alligator would have been visible, was very enjoyable, and rendered our rough meal, partaken under the spreading shade of the Hagiron, or *Ficus Indicus*, doubly grateful. We indeed needed something to support us during the walk which followed, of three miles from the river, in a blazing sun, through woods and over hills, to the village of Chepo, situated on a swelling knoll in the broad savannah. Chepo contains a population of about 1000 mestizoes and negroes. Most of the houses are square huts of split cane, with conical thatched roofs: a few, however, are built of bricks, and tiled; one of these belonged to a very fat old negro woman, by profession a schoolmistress, and she, as a friend and old patient of our German doctor, received us with great *empressement*. Grass hammocks were swung up in all available corners. Her handmaidens bustled about under her orders, given in a loud high key, and prepared an elaborate repast. We, meantime, thought seriously over our future movements. We had already been two days in getting to Chepo, and we could not calculate upon reaching Fort Terabla for at least two days more, as our friends would be detained at their hacienda on the way. The uncertainty of boating expeditions, dependant upon wind and tide, and the necessity of my returning to Panama within the week, determined me to give up the idea of returning to the Bayanos, and to remain for the night at Chepo. Meantime our three

foreign friends departed to visit their hacienda. I can only suggest to more fortunate travellers the expediency of making an attempt to cross the Isthmus at this point. From Chepo a depression of the chain was perfectly visible. The distance from Terabla to the Gulf of Mexico cannot be more than fifteen miles; yet, although comparatively so near Panama, no one has attempted to traverse the country. An armed party would be indispensable for the purpose, as the Darien Indians are the most ferocious tribe in the country, and well skilled in the use of poisoned arrows and the blowpipe. The very circumstance of their so jealously resisting the entrance of a white man into their district, goes far to show that they are conscious of its holding out some unusual inducement to his stay there. It is, indeed, confidently asserted, upon information gained from them, as I have before said, that they constantly transport canoes of some size across this watershed.

The day of our visit at Chepo happened to be Sunday—a fact of which we were constantly reminded by the incessant crowing of game-cocks, which were tethered in the streets and little grass-grown plaza in front of the church which was to be the scene of their contests. Towards the afternoon, priests in their canonical garments, and sporting young gentlemen in white trousers and shirts, collected there to back their favourites and witness the sport. The excitement seemed to have communicated itself to the birds, and they flapped their wings defiantly as their owners caressed and admired them. The cockpit was a primitive arrangement: a number of logs of wood ranged round a clear space about fifty feet square. I was introduced to one of the most fashionable and celebrated of the sporting characters in Chepo, a handsome young gentleman of colour, in spotless white, but without shoes or stockings or coat, who informed me that his cock was to be engaged in the first match; and he secured me a good place in the ring, which was soon crowded with anxious faces. Then two men advanced into the centre of the ring with the cocks, and after re-sharp-

ening the points of their long spurs, and whetting them with lemon-juice, they set them two or three times at one another to get their blood up, then let them go, and the fight fairly began. I never saw anything equal to the excitement of the spectators during the contest, which was as bloody and disgusting as such exhibitions must ever be. Unable to retain their seats, they danced about, swearing and cheering with frantic gesticulations. Every time one of the unfortunate birds tried to escape from his opponent, he was seized by his backer, who, having previously filled his mouth with sugar-cane juice, plunged the head of the cock, streaming with blood, into it, and so succeeded in washing his wounds and refreshing him for a renewal of the conflict. Then disputes arose as to which was winning; and the betting became fast and furious, and the wretched cocks more *acharné*, as they almost cut each other's heads off. Twice they were both so exhausted as to be unable to raise themselves to their legs; but their merciless backers pressed them unrelentingly to the contest, until at last the one which, to my inexperienced eyes, had promised to be the victor, was stretched gasping and bleeding on the ground, and his opponent, getting on his prostrate body, managed to effect a feeble crow, and then tumbled head-over-heels in an effort to give his wings a triumphant flap. He was the property of my friend, who had worked himself up to a pitch of frenzied delight, and who now bore off, amid the cheers of those who had won money by him, the mangled conqueror. This young man dined with us the same evening, and was still so overcome with the effects of his excitement, that he could touch nothing, as he naively remarked that he never could eat anything the day a cock of his was to fight.

Not caring to witness a repetition of so disagreeable a spectacle, my friend and I strolled through the village, and seeing a group of its female inhabitants collected on a grassy knoll, we joined them, and entered into conversation without any more formal introduction, after

the custom of the country. One of the amenities of travel in these parts

absence of ceremony in social intercourse. We wander through the quiet little village streets, and look out at the open doors at a snug family circle swinging in hammocks, and, without more ado we walk in, and are soon swinging away as well, exchanging cigarettes, mingling our fragrant clouds with theirs, as if our intimacy had been of years' standing. The black eyes of the signoritas are at first modestly cast down, but they soon dance with merriment at the bad Spanish of the *extrajeros Ingleses*. As the night advances, the negro portion of the population begin to amuse themselves with music and dancing. The incessant drumming and strumming on tomtoms and banjos, and noisy shouts as they accompany the melodies with their shrill voices, render sleep impossible. Nor is the absence of rest compensated for by any exhibition worth seeing; the indecent gestures of their dances, their loud choruses, and harsh music, are neither pleasant to eye or ear. So we sought the hospitable roof of our old hostess. Alas! we found no peace here. This respectable female's voice was louder and shriller than any negro chorus; her piercing tones nearly drove us distracted, as she stumped about, chattering to us, or scolding everybody else. She was scarcely ever without a lighted cigar in her mouth — by that I mean the lighted end of it, the usual way of smoking here being the reverse of ours, as, by smoking through the lighted end, it is supposed that the precious weed is economised. Sometimes a few puffs were taken in an orthodox way, and the consequence was, that, from constant chewing at both ends, our old lady's cigar was a mass of pulp, which she used sometimes to insert, for the sake of convenience, into the twisted plaits of her greasy grey hair, where it hung by the side of her oily cheek, an especially disgusting appendage. Our dismay was great when this fat old creature announced her intention of shutting up the house: this, as it only consisted of one room, we strongly objected to. Our remonstrances were futile; the doors were firmly

barred, and we lay groaning in the heat, by the light of a flickering taper, just bright enough to display the stout proportions of our ebony hostess stretched on a hammock, on each side of which a bare leg gracefully depended. When we thought she was asleep, we attempted noiselessly to open the door, but a fatal crack revealed us, and, springing in the scantiest of apparel to the rescue, she overwhelmed us with a torrent of invective, and we shrunk back discomfited, to growl in our hammocks, or roll uneasily upon a mat on the floor until morning.

As, through the kindness of an extensive landed proprietor in the neighborhood, we were provided with horses to return across the country to Panama, we started on the following morning on horseback, intending to make our first day's journey to his hacienda. Our way lay chiefly through open savannah country. On the right, the wooded range of the Cordilleras, here depressed to an average altitude of not more than 1200 or 1500 feet above the sea-level, presented an irregular outline; to the left the country stretched away in gentle undulations seaward, the bottoms well wooded and marshy, the hills covered with long waving grass, admirably adapted for grazing purposes: the population is, however, sparse and scattered. During our ride of seven hours, we only passed one insignificant village, and not until we arrived at the haciendas of Paso El Blanco and San Antonio did we see hundreds of head of cattle luxuriating in the rich pasture. At the latter of these we passed a comfortable night, and were off again soon after daylight across a never-ending succession of grassy hills: sometimes broad belts of timber divided the meadows, and looked like the wooded banks of a broad river of verdure; here houses and oxen were to be seen dotting its smooth surface as they waded about, showing little more than their backs above the grass. At San José, one of the largest cattle-farms in the district, a number of horses were driven into a kraal, and dexterously lassoed for our benefit; we were soon astride of them, and took advantage of our

fresh steeds to push on more rapidly, galloping over the turf after our picturesque guide, who despised paths and indulged in short cuts—the result being that we were either bogged in a marsh or involved in an inextricable thicket, where creepers like chain cables swung between the trees, and swept the unwary passenger from his saddle, to the infinite astonishment of himself and his steed.

After fording a considerable river, we halted upon its banks to breakfast at the large village of Pachora—a collection of reed huts, peopled by the usual mixed race of Negro, Indian, and Spaniard. It happened to be a gala-day, and some of the population were collected under the trees, dancing to the music of a drum, a tomtom, a banjo, and a fiddle; the women were sprucely attired with flowers in their hair, and interrupted their national dances on our arrival to waltz for our benefit, and show the advanced stage of their civilisation.

After leaving Pachora, our way lay through dense woods; and we progressed more slowly, but enjoyed a grateful shade. We were not encouraged at the prospect of fording another river by a huge recently-killed alligator which lay stretched

upon its banks. Snakes now and then glided across our path; and both in birds and plants a tempting field was afforded to the naturalist. This variety, both in animal and vegetable life, beguiled our somewhat fatiguing ride. I only delayed once, however, to knock over a magnificent bird as large as a turkey, and which was pronounced by our guide to be the King of the Vulture. His magnificent pale-yellow plumage and head surmounted by a golden comb, and in which black, white, and red were admirably contrasted, rendered him well worthy the respect which his dusky subjects, the common scavenger-bird of the country, pay him, and which has procured him his title of royalty.

It was evening when we spurred our jaded steeds across the bridge, and, entering the old archway, passed through the fortifications, and chattered along the narrow streets of Panama. The whole distance from Chepo is not much above fifty miles: but the villanous state of the road, or rather path, had told upon horse and rider, and made us both glad to see our journey's end; and it was with no little satisfaction that I once more dismounted at the hospitable and ever-open door of my kind host.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART VI.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER XIII.

Omne ignotum pro Magnifico—Rumour, knowing nothing of his antecedents, exalts Gentleman Waife into Don Magnifico.

THE Comedian and his two coadjutors were followed to the Saracen's Head Inn by a large crowd, but at respectful distance. Though I know few things less pleasing than to have been decoyed and entrapped into an unexpected demand upon one's purse—when one only counted, too, upon an agreeable evening—and hold, therefore, in just abhorrence the circulating plate which sometimes follows popular oration, homily, or other eloquent appeal to British liberality; yet, I will venture to say, there was not a creature whom the Comedian had surprised into impulsive benevolence, who regretted his action, grudged its cost, or thought he had paid too dear for his entertainment. All had gone through a series of such pleasurable emotions, that all had, as it were, wished a vent for their gratitude—and when the vent was found, it became an additional pleasure. But, strange to say, no one could satisfactorily explain to himself these two questions—for what, and to whom, had he given his money? It was not a general conjecture that the exhibitor wanted the money for his own uses. No, despite the evidence in favour of that idea, a person so respectable, so dignified—addressing them, too, with that noble assurance of which a man who begs for himself is not morally entitled—a person thus characterised must be some high-hearted philanthropist who condescended to display his powers at an institute purely intellectual, perhaps on behalf of an eminent but decayed author, whose name, from the respect due to letters, was delicately concealed. Mr. Williams, considered the hardest head and most practical man in the town, originated and maintained that hypothesis. Probably the stranger was an author

himself—a great and affluent author. Had not great and affluent authors—men who are the boast of our time and land—acted, yea, on a common stage, and acted inimitably, too, on behalf of some lettered brother or literary object? Therefore in these guileless minds, with all the pecuniary advantages of extreme penury and forlorn position, the Comedian obtained the respect due to prosperous circumstances and high renown. But there was one universal wish expressed by all who had been present, as they took their way homeward—and that wish was to renew the pleasure they had experienced, even if they paid the same price for it. Could not the long-closed theatre be reopened, and the great man be induced by philanthropic motives, and an assured sum, raised by voluntary subscriptions, to gratify the whole town, as he had gratified its selected intellect? Mr. Williams, in a state of charitable thaw, now softest of the soft, like most hard men when once softened, suggested this idea to the Mayor. The Mayor said, evasively, that he would think of it, and that he intended to pay his respects to Mr. Chapman before he returned home, that very night—it was proper. Mr. Williams and many others wished to accompany his worship. But the kind magistrate suggested that Mr. Chapman would be greatly fatigued; that the presence of many might seem more an intrusion than a compliment; that he, the Mayor, had better go alone, and at a somewhat later hour, when Mr. Chapman, though not retired to bed, might have had time for rest and refreshment. This delicate consideration had its weight; and the streets were thin when the Mayor's gig stopped, on its way villa-wards, at the Saracen's Head.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is the interval between our first repinings and our final resignation, in which, both with individuals and communities, is to be found all that makes a History worth telling. Ere yet we yearn for what is out of our reach, we are still in the cradle. When wearied out with our yearnings, Desire again falls asleep—we are on the deathbed.

SOPHY (leaning on her grandfather's arm as they ascend the stair of the Saracen's Head).—"But I am so tired, grandy—I'd rather go to bed at once, please!"

GENTLEMAN WAIFE.—"Surely you could take something to eat first—something nice, Miss Chapman?—(Whispering close) We can live in clover now"—a phrase which means (aloud to the landlady, who crossed the landing-place above) "grilled chicken and mushrooms for supper, ma'am! Why don't you smile, Sophy? Oh, darling, you are ill!"

"No, no, grandy, dear—only tired—let me go to bed. I shall be better to-morrow—I shall indeed!"

Waife looked fondly into her face, but his spirits were too much exhilarated to allow him to notice the unusual flush upon her cheek, except with admiration of the increased beauty which the heightened colour gave to her soft features.

"Well," said he, "you are a pretty child!—a very pretty child—and you act wonderfully. You would make a fortune on the stage; but"—

SOPHY (eagerly).—"But—no, no, never!—not the stage!"

WAIFE.—"I don't wish you to go on the stage, as you know. A private exhibition—like the one to-night, for instance—has (thrusting his hand into his pocket) much to recommend it."

SOPHY (with a sigh).—"Thank Heaven! that is over now—and you'll not be in want of money for a long, long time! Dear Sir Isaac!"

She began caressing Sir Isaac, who received her attentions with solemn pleasure. They were now in Sophy's room; and Waife, after again pressing the child in vain to take some refreshment, bestowed on her his kiss and blessing, and whistled *Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre* to Sir Isaac, who considering that melody an invitation to supper, licked his

lips, and stalked forth, rejoicing, but decorous.

Left alone, the child breathed long and hard, pressing her hands to her bosom, and sunk wearily on the foot of the bed. There were no shutters to the window, and the moonlight came in gently, stealing across that part of the wall and floor which the ray of the candle left in shade. The girl raised her eyes slowly towards the window—towards the glimpse of the blue sky, and the slanting lustre of the moon. There is a certain epoch in our childhood, when what is called the romance of sentiment first makes itself vaguely felt. And ever with the dawn of that sentiment, the moon and the stars take a strange and haunting fascination. Few persons in middle life—even though they be genuine poets—feel the peculiar spell in the severe stillness and mournful splendour of starry skies which impresses most of us, even though no poets at all, in that mystic age when childhood nearly touches upon youth, and turns an unquiet heart to those marvellous riddles within us and without, which we cease to conjecture when experience has taught us that they have no solution upon this side the grave. Lured by the light, the child rose softly, approached the window, and resting her upturned face upon both hands, gazed long into the heavens, communing evidently with herself, for her lips moved and murmured indistinctly. Slowly she retired from the casement, and again seated herself at the foot of the bed, disconsolate. And then her thoughts ran somewhat thus, though she might not have shaped them exactly in the same words: "No! I cannot understand it. Why was I contented and happy before I knew him? Why did I see no harm, no shame in this way of life—not even on that stage with those people—untill he said,

"It was what he wished I had never stooped to." And grandfather says our paths are so different, they cannot cross each other again. There is a path of life, then, which I can never enter—there is a path on which I must always, always walk, always, always, always that path—no escape! Never to come into that other one where there is no disguise, no hiding, no false names—never, never!"—she started impatiently, and with a wild look—"It is killing me!"

Then, terrified by her own impetuosity, she threw herself on the bed, weeping low. Her heart had now gone back to her grandfather; it was smiting her for ingratitude to him. Could there be shame or wrong in what he asked—what he did? And was she to murmur if she aided him to exist? What was the opinion of a stranger boy, compared to the approving, sheltering love of her sole guardian and tried fostering friend? And could people choose their own callings and modes of life? If one road went this way, another that: and they on the one road were borne farther and farther away from those on the other—as that idea came, consolation stopped, and in her noiseless weeping there was a bitterness as of despair. But the tears ended by relieving the grief that caused them. Wearied out of conjecture and complaint, her mind

relapsed into the old native, childish submission. With a fervour in which there was self-reproach, she repeated her meek, nightly prayer, that God would bless her dear grandfather, and suffer her to be his comfort and support. Then mechanically she undressed, extinguished the candle, and crept into bed. The moonlight became bolder and bolder; it advanced up the floors, along the walls; now it floods her very pillow, and seems to her eyes to take a holy loving kindness, holier and more loving as the lids droop beneath it. A vague remembrance of some tale of "Guardian spirits," with which Waife had once charmed her wonder, stirred through her lulling thoughts, linking itself with the presence of that encircling moonlight. There! see the eyelids are closed, no tear upon their fringe. See the dimples steal out as the sweet lips are parted. She sleeps, she dreams already! Where and what is the rude world of waking now? Are there *not* guardian spirits? Deride the question if thou wilt, stern man, the reasoning and self-reliant—but thou, O fair mother—who hast marked the strange happiness on the face of a child that has wept itself to sleep—what sayest *thou* to the soft tradition, which surely had its origin in the heart of the earliest mother?

CHAPTER XV.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

Meanwhile the Comedian had made himself and Sir Isaac extremely comfortable. No unabstemious man by habit was Gentleman Waife. He could dine on a crust, and season it with mirth; and as for exciting drinks, there was a childlike innocence in his humour never known to a brain that has been washed in alcohol. But on this special occasion, Waife's heart was made so bounteous by the novel sense of prosperity, that it compelled him to treat himself. He did honour to the grilled chicken, to which he had vainly tempted Sophy. He ordered half a pint of port to be

mulled into negus. He helped himself with a bow, as if himself were a guest, and nodded each time he took off his glass, as much as to say, "Your health, Mr. Waife!" He even offered a glass of the exhilarating draught to Sir Isaac, who exceedingly offended retreated under the sofa, whence he peered forth through his deciduous ringlets, with brows knit in grave rebuke. Nor was it without deliberate caution—a whisker first, and then a paw—that he emerged from his retreat, when a plate, heaped with the remains of the feast, was placed upon the hearth-rug.

The supper over, and the attendant gone, the negus still left, Waife lighted his pipe, and gazing on Sir Isaac, thus addressed that canine philosopher: "Illustrious member of the Quadrupedal Society of Friends to Man, and, as possessing those abilities for practical life which but few friends to man ever display in his service, promoted to high rank—Commissary General of the Victualling Department, and Chancellor of the Exchequer—I have the honour to inform you that a vote of thanks in your favour has been proposed in this House, and carried unanimously." Sir Isaac, looking shy, gave another lick to the plate, and wagged his tail. "It is true that thou wert once (shall I say it?) in fault at 'Beauty and Worth,'—thy memory deserted thee; thy peroration was on the verge of a break down; but 'Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit,' as the Latin grammar philosophically expresseth it. Mortals the wisest, not only on two legs, but even upon four, occasionally stumble. The greatest general, statesman, sage, is not he who commits no blunder, but he who best repairs a blunder, and converts it to success. This was thy merit and distinction! It hath never been mine! I recognise thy superior genius. I place in thee unqualified confidence; and consigning thee to the arms of Morpheus, since I see that panegyric acts on thy nervous system as a salubrious soporific, I now move that this House do resolve itself into a Committee of Ways and Means for the Consideration of the Budget!"

Therewith, while Sir Isaac fell into a profound sleep, the Comedian deliberately emptied his pockets on the table; and arranging gold and silver before him, thrice carefully counted the total, and then divided it into sundry small heaps.

"That's for the bill," quoth he—"Civil list!—a large item. That's for Sophy, the darling! She shall have a teacher, and learn French—Educating grant.—Current expenses for the next fortnight;—Miscellaneous Estimates; tobacco—we'll call that Secret Service Money. Ah, scamp—vagrant, is not Heaven kind to thee at last? A few more such

nights, and who knows but thine old age may have other roof than the workhouse? And Sophy?—Ah, what of her? Merciful Providence, spare my life till she has outgrown its uses!" A tear came to his eye; he brushed it away quickly, and recounting his money, hummed a joyous tune.

The door opened; Waife looked up in surprise, sweeping his hand over the coins, and restoring them to his pocket.

The Mayor entered.

As Mr. Hartopp walked slowly up the room, his eyes fixed Waife's; and that eye was so searching, though so mild, that the Comedian felt himself change colour. His gay spirits fell—falling lower and lower, the nearer the Mayor's step came to him; and when Hartopp, without speaking, took his hand—not in compliment—not in congratulation, but pressed it as if in deep compassion, still looking him full in the face, with those pitying, penetrating eyes, the Actor experienced a sort of shock, as if he were read through, despite all his histrionic disguises—read through to his heart's core; and, as silent as his visitor, sunk back on his chair—abashed—disconcerted.

MR. HARTOPP.—"Poor man!"

THE COMEDIAN (rousing himself with an effort, but still confused).—"Down, Sir Isaac, down! This visit, Mr. Mayor, is an honour which may well take a dog by surprise! Forgive him!"

MR. HARTOPP (patting Sir Isaac, who was inquisitively sniffing his garments, and drawing a chair close to the Actor, who thereon edged his own chair a little away—in vain; for, on that movement, Mr. Hartopp advanced in proportion).—"Your dog is a very admirable and clever animal; but in the exhibition of a learned dog, there is something which tends to sadden one. By what privations has he been forced out of his natural ways? By what fastings and severe usage have his instincts been distorted into tricks? Hunger is a stern teacher, Mr. Chapman; and to those whom it teaches, we cannot always give praise unmixed with pity."

THE COMEDIAN (ill at ease under this allegorical tone, and surprised at a

quicker intelligence in Mr. Hartopp than he had given that person credit for).—"You speak like an oracle, Mr. Mayor; but that dog, at least, has been mildly educated, and kindly used. Inborn genius, sir, will have its vent. Hum! a most intelligent audience honoured us to-night; and our best thanks are due to you."

MR. HARTOPP.—"Mr. Chapman, let us be frank with each other. I am not a clever man—perhaps a dull one. If I had set up for a clever man, I should not be where I am now. Hush! no compliments. But my life has brought me into frequent contact with those who suffer; and the dullest of us gain a certain sharpness in the matters to which our observation is habitually drawn. You took me in at first, it is true. I thought you were a philanthropical humourist, who might have crotchets, as many benevolent men, with time on their hands and money in their pockets, are apt to form. But when it came to the begging hat (I ask your pardon—don't let me offend you)—when it came to the begging hat, I recognised the man who wants philanthropy from others, and whose crotchets are to be regarded in a professional point of view. Sir, I have come here alone, because I alone perhaps see the case as it really is. Will you confide in me; you may do it safely. To be plain, who and what are you?"

THE COMEDIAN (evasively).—"What do you take me for, Mr. Mayor? What can I be other than an itinerant showman, who has had resort to a harmless stratagem in order to obtain an audience, and create a surprise that might cover the naked audacity of the 'begging hat.'"

MR. HARTOPP (gravely).—"When a man of your ability and education is reduced to such stratagems, he must have committed some great faults. Pray Heaven it be no worse than faults!"

THE COMEDIAN (bitterly).—"That is always the way with the prosperous. Is a man unfortunate—they say, 'Why don't he help himself?' Does he try to help himself—they say, 'With so much ability, why does not he help himself better?' Ability

and education! Snares and springs, Mr. Mayor! Ability and education! the two worst man-traps that a poor fellow can put his foot into! Aha! Did not you say, if you had set up to be clever, you would not be where you now are. A wise saying; I admire you for it. Well, well, I and my dog have amused your townsfolk; they have amply repaid us. We are public servants; according as we act in public—hiss us or applaud. Are we to submit to an inquisition into our private character? Are you to ask how many mutton bones has that dog stolen! how many cats has he worried! or how many shirts has the showman in his wallet! how many debts has he left behind him! what is his rent-roll on earth, and his account with heaven!—go and put those questions to ministers, philosophers, generals, poets. When they have acknowledged your right to put them, come to me and the other dog!"

MR. HARTOPP (rising and drawing on his gloves).—"I beg your pardon! I have done, sir. And yet I conceived an interest in you. It is because I have no talents myself that I admire those who have. I felt a mournful anxiety, too, for your poor little girl—so young, so engaging. And is it necessary that you should bring up that child in a course of life certainly equivocal, and to females dangerous?"

The Comedian lifted his eyes suddenly, and stared hard at the face of his visitor, and in that face there was so much of benevolent humanity—so much sweetness contending with authoritative rebuke—that the vagabond's hardihood gave way; he struck his breast, and groaned aloud.

MR. HARTOPP (pressing on the advantage he had gained).—"And have you no alarm for her health? Do you not see how delicate she is? Do you not see that her very talent comes from her susceptibility to emotions, which must wear her away?"

WIFE.—"No, no! stop, stop, stop! you terrify me, you break my heart. Man, man! it is all for her that I toil, and show, and beg—if you call it begging. Do you think I care what becomes of this battered hulk? Not a straw. What am I to do?"

What! what! You tell me to confide in you—wherefore? How can you help me? Who can help me? Would you give me employment? What am I fit for? Nothing! You could find work and bread for an Irish labourer, nor ask who or what he was; but to a man who strays towards you, seemingly from that sphere in which, if Poverty enters, she drops a curtsy, and is called 'genteel,' you cry, 'Hold, produce your passport; where are your credentials—references?' I have none. I have slipped out of the world I once moved in. I can no more appeal to those I knew in it than if I had transmigrated from one of yon stars, and said 'see *there* what I was once!' Oh, but you do not think she looks ill!—do you? do you? Wretch that I am! And I thought to save her!"

The old man trembled from head to foot, and his cheek was as pale as ashes.

Again the good magistrate took his hand, but this time the clasp was encouraging. "Cheer up; 'where there is a will there is a way; you justify the opinion I formed in your favour, despite all circumstances to the contrary. When I asked you to confide in me, it was not from curiosity, but because I would serve you, if I can. Reflect on what I have said. True, you can know but little of me. Learn what is said of me by my neighbours before you trust me further. For the rest, to-morrow you will have many proposals to renew your performance. Excuse me if I do not actively encourage it. I will not, at least, interfere to your detriment; but—"

"But," exclaimed Waife, not much heeding this address—"but you think she looks ill? you think this is injuring her? you think I am murdering my grandchild—my angel of life, my all!"

"Not so; I spoke too bluntly. Yet still—"

"Yes, yes, yet still—"

"Still, if you love her so dearly, would you blunt her conscience and love of truth? Were you not an impostor to-night? Would you ask her to reverence, and imitate, and pray for an impostor?"

"I never saw it in that light!" faltered Waife, struck to the soul; "never, never, so help me Heaven!"

"I felt sure you did not," said the Mayor; "you saw but the sport of the thing; you took to it as a school-boy. I have known many such men, with high animal spirits like yours. Such men err thoughtlessly; but did they ever sin consciously, they could not keep those high spirits! Good night, Mr. Chapman, I shall hear from you again."

The door closed on the form of the visitor; Waife's head sunk on his breast, and all the deep lines upon brow and cheek stood forth, records of mighty griefs revived—a countenance so altered, now that its innocent arch play was gone, that you would not have known it. At length he rose very quietly, took up the candle, and stole into Sophy's room. Shading the light with careful hand, he looked on her face as she slept. The smile was still upon the parted lip—the child was still in the fairy land of dreams. But the cheek was thinner than it had been weeks ago, and the little hand that rested on the coverlid seemed wasted. Waife took that hand noiselessly into his own; it was hot and dry. He dropped it with a look of unutterable fear and anguish; and shaking his head piteously, stole back again. Seating himself by the table at which he had been caught counting his gains, he folded his arms, and rooted his gaze on the floor; and there, motionless, and as if in stupified suspense of thought itself, he sat till the dawn crept over the sky—till the sun shone into the windows. The dog, crouched at his feet, sometimes started up and whined as to attract his notice: he did not heed it. The clock struck six, the house began to stir. The chambermaid came into the room; Waife rose and took his hat, brushing its nap mechanically with his sleeve. "Who did you say was the best here?" he asked with a vacant smile, touching the chambermaid's arm.

"Sir! the best—what?"

"The best doctor, ma'am—none of your parish apothecaries—the best physician—Dr. Gill—did you say

Gill? Thank you; his address, High Street. Close by, ma'am." With his grand bow—such is habit!—Gentle-

man Waife smiled graciously, and left the room. Sir Isaac stretched himself, and followed.

CHAPTER XVI.

In every civilised society there is found a race of men who retain the instincts of the aboriginal cannibal, and live upon their fellow men as a natural food. These interesting but formidable bipeds, having caught their victim, invariably select one part of his body on which to fasten their relentless grinders. The part thus selected is peculiarly susceptible, Providence having made it alive to the least nibble; it is situated just above the hip-joint, it is protected by a tegument of exquisite fibre, vulgarly called "*THE SENSITIVE ROCK*." The thoroughbred Anthropophagite usually begins with his own relations and friends; and so long as he confines his voracity to the domestic circle, the Laws interfere little, if at all, with his venerable propensities. But when he has exhausted all that allows itself to be edible in the bosom of private life, the Man-eater falls loose on Society, and takes to prowling—then "*Sauve qui peut!*" the Laws rouse themselves, put on their spectacles, call for their wigs and gowns, and the Anthropophagite turned prowler is not always sure of his dinner. It is when he has arrived at this stage of development that the Man-eater becomes of importance, enters into the domain of History, and occupies the thoughts of Moralists.

On the same morning in which Waife thus went forth from the "Saracen's Head" in quest of the doctor, but at a later hour, a man, who, to judge by the elaborate smartness of his attire, and the jaunty assurance of his saunter, must have wandered from the gay, purlieus of Regent Street, threaded his way along the silent and desolate thoroughfares that intersect the remotest districts of Bloomsbury. He stopped at the turn into a small street still more sequestered than those which led to it, and looked up to the angle on the wall whereon the name of the street should have been inscribed. But the wall had been lately whitewashed, and the whitewash had obliterated the expected epigraph. The man muttered an impatient execration; and turning round as if to seek a passenger of whom to make inquiry, beheld, on the opposite side of the way, another man apparently engaged in the same research. Involuntarily each crossed over the road towards the other.

"Pray, sir," quoth the second wayfarer in that desert, "can you tell me if this is a street that is called a Place—Poddon Place, Upper?"

"Sir," returned the sprucer wayfarer, "it is the question I would have asked of you."

"Strange!"

"Very strange indeed that more than one person can, in this busy

age employ himself in discovering a Poddon Place! Not a soul to inquire of—not a shop that I see—not an orange stall!"

"Ha!" cried the other, in a hoarse sepulchral voice—"Ha! there is a pot-boy! Boy—boy—boy! I say; Hold, there! hold! Is this Poddon Place—Upper?"

"Yes, it be," answered the pot-boy, with a sleepy air, caught in that sleepy atmosphere; and chiming his pewter against an area rail with a dull clang, he chanted forth "Pots oho!" with a note as dirge-like as that which in the City of the Plague chanted "Out with the dead!"

Meanwhile the two wayfarers exchanged bows and parted—the sprucer wayfarer, whether from the indulgence of a reflective mood, or from an habitual indifference to things and persons not concerning him, ceased to notice his fellow-solitary, and rather busied himself in sundry little coquetries appertaining to his own person. He passed his hand through his hair, rearranged the cock of his hat, looked complacently at his boots, which still retained the gloss of the morning's varnish, drew down his wristbands, and in a word, gave signs of a man who desires to make an effect, and feels that he ought to do it. So occupied was he in this self-commune, that when he stopped at length at one of the small doors in the small street, and lifted his hand to the knocker,

he started to see that Wayfarer the Second was by his side.

The two men now examined each other briefly but deliberately. Wayfarer the First was still young—certainly handsome, but with an indescribable look about the eye and lip, from which the other recoiled with an instinctive awe—a hard look, a cynical look—a sidelong, quiet, defying, remorseless look. His clothes were so new of gloss, that they seemed put on for the first time, were shaped to the prevailing fashion, and of a taste for colours less subdued than is usual with Englishmen, yet still such as a person of good mien could wear without incurring the charge of vulgarity, though liable to that of self-conceit. If you doubted that the man were a gentleman, you would have been puzzled to guess what else he could be. Were it not for the look we have mentioned, and which was perhaps not habitual, his appearance might have been called prepossessing. In his figure there was the grace, in his step the elasticity, which come from just proportions and muscular strength. In his hand he carried a supple switch stick, slight and innocuous to appearance, but weighted at the handle after the fashion of a life-preserver. The tone of his voice was not displeasing to the ear, though there might be something artificial in the swell of it—the sort of tone men assume when they desire to seem more frank and off-hand than belongs to their nature—a sort of rollicking tone which is to the voice what swagger is to the gait. Still that look!—it produced on you the effect which might be created by some strange animal, not without beauty, but deadly to man. Wayfarer the Second was big and burly, middle-aged, large-whiskered, his complexion dirty. He wore a wig,—a wig evident, unmistakable—a wig curled and rusty—over the wig a dingy white hat. His black stock fitted tight round his throat, and across his breast he had thrown the folds of a Scotch plaid.

WAYFARER THE FIRST.—“You call here, too—on Mrs. Crane?”

WAYFARER THE SECOND.—“Mrs. Crane?—you too? , Strange!”

WAYFARER THE FIRST (with con-

strained civility).—“Sir, I call on business—private business.”

WAYFARER THE SECOND (with candid surliness).—“So do I.”

WAYFARER THE FIRST.—“Oh!”

WAYFARER THE SECOND.—“Ha! the locks unbar!”

The door opened, and an old meagre woman-servant presented herself.

WAYFARER THE FIRST (gliding before the big man with a serpent's undulating celerity of movement).—“Mrs. Crane lives here?”—“Yes.”—“She's at home, I suppose?”—“Yes!”—“Take up my card; say I come alone—not with this gentleman.”

Wayfarer the Second seems to have been rather put out by the manner of his rival. He recedes a step.

“You know the lady of this mansion well, sir?”

“Extremely well.”

“Ha! then I yield you the precedence; I yield it, sir, but conditionally. You will not be long?”

“Not a moment longer than I can help; the land will be clear for you in an hour or less.”

“Or less, so please you, let it be or less. Servant, sir.”

“Sir, yours.—Come, my Hebe: track the dancers, that is, go up the stairs, and let me renew the dreams of youth in the eyes of Crane!”

The old woman, meanwhile, had been turning over the card in her withered palm, looking from the card to the visitor's face, and then to the card again, and mumbling to herself. At length she spoke:

“You, Mr. Losely—you!—Jasper Losely! how you be changed! what ha' ye done to yourself? where's your comeliness? where's the look that stole ladies' hearts?—you, Jasper Losely! you are his goblin!”

“Hold your peace, old hussey!” said the visitor, evidently annoyed at remarks so disparaging. “I am Jasper Losely, more bronzed of cheek, more iron of hand.” He raised his switch with a threatening gesture, that might be in play, for the lips wore smiles, or might be in earnest, for the brows were bent; and pushing into the passage, and shutting the door, said—“Is your mistress up-stairs? show me to her room, or—”. The old crone gave

him one angry glance, which sunk frightened beneath the cruel gleam of his eyes, and hastening up the stairs with a quicker stride than her age seemed to warrant, cried out—“Mistress, mistress! here is Mr. Losely!—Jasper Losely himself!” By the time the visitor had reached the landing-place of the first floor, a female form had emerged from a room above;—a female face peered over the banisters. Losely looked up and started as he saw it. A haggard face—the face of one over whose life there has passed a blight. When last seen by him it had possessed beauty, though of a masculine rather than womanly character. Now of that beauty not a trace! the cheeks sunken and hollow, left the nose sharp, long, beaked as a bird of prey. The hair, once glossy in its ebon hue, now grizzled, harsh, neglected, hung in tortured tangled meshes—a study for an artist who would paint a fury. But the eyes were bright—brighter than ever; bright now with a glare that lighted up the whole face bending over the man. In those burning eyes was there love? was there hate? was there welcome? was there menace? Impossible to distinguish; but at least one might perceive that there was joy.

“So,” said the voice from above, “so we do meet at last, Jasper Losely; you are come!”

Drawing a loose kind of dressing-robe more closely round her, the mistress of the house now descended the stairs—rapidly, fittingly, with a step noiseless as a spectre’s, and, grasping Losely firmly by the hand, led him into a chill, dank, sunless drawing-room, gazing into his face fixedly all the while.

He winced and writhed. “There, there, let us sit down, my dear Mrs. Crane.”

“And once I was called Bella.”

“Ages ago! Basta! All things have their end. Do take those eyes of yours off my face; they were always so bright!—and—really now they are perfect burning-glasses! How close it is. Peuh! I am dead tired. May I ask for a glass of water—a drop of wine in it—or—brandy will do as well?”

“Ho! you have come to brandy, and morning drama—eh, Jasper?”

said Mrs. Crane with a strange dreary accent. “I too once tried if fire could burn up thought, but it did not succeed with me; that is years ago;—and—there—see the bottles are full still!”

While thus speaking, she had unlocked a chiffonier of the shape usually found in “genteel lodgings,” and taken out a leathern spirit-case containing four bottles, with a couple of wine-glasses. This case she placed on the table before Mr. Losely, and contemplated him at leisure while he helped himself to the raw spirits.

As she thus stood, an acute student of Lavater might have recognised, in her harsh and wasted countenance, signs of an original nature superior to that of her visitor; on her knitted brow, a sense higher in quality than on his smooth low forehead; on her straight stern lip, less cause for distrust than in the false good-humour which curved his handsome mouth into that smile of the fickle, which, responding to mirth but not to affection, is often lighted and never warmed. It is true that in that set pressure of her lip there might be cruelty, and, still more, the secretiveness which can harbour deceit; and yet, by the nervous workings of that lip, when relieved from such pressure, you would judge the woman to be rather by natural temperament passionate and impulsive than systematically cruel or deliberately false—false or cruel only as some predominating passion became the soul’s absolute tyrant and adopted the tyrant’s vices. Above all, in those very lines destructive to beauty, that had been ploughed, not by time, over her sallow cheeks, there was written the susceptibility to grief, to shame, to the sense of fall, which was not visible in the unreflective reckless aspect of the sleek human animal before her.

In the room, too, there were some evidences of a cultivated taste. On the walls, book-shelves, containing volumes of a decorous and severe literature, such as careful parents allow to studious daughters—the stately masterpieces of Fénelon and Racine—selections, approved by boarding-schools, from Tasso, Dante, Metastasio;—amongst English au-

thors, Addison, Johnson, Blair (his lectures as well as sermons)—elementary works on such sciences as admit female neophytes into their porticoes if not into their penetralia—botany, chemistry, astronomy. Prim as soldiers on parade stood the books—not a gap in their ranks—evidently never now displaced for recreation—well bound, yet faded, dusty;—relics of a bygone life. Some of them might perhaps have been prizes at school, or birthday gifts from proud relations. There too, on the table, near the spirit-case, lay open a once handsome workbook—no silks now on the skeleton reels—discoloured, but not by use, in its nest of tarnished silk, slept the golden thimble. There too, in the corner, near a music-stand piled high with musical compositions of various schools and graduated complexity, from “lessons for beginners” to the most arduous gamut of a German oratorio, slunk pathetically a poor lute harp, the strings long since broken. There too, by the window, hung a wire bird-cage, the bird long since dead. In a word, round the woman gazing on Jasper Losely, as he complacently drank his brandy, grouped the forlorn tokens of an early state—the lost golden age of happy girlish studies, of harmless girlish tastes.

“*Basta—eno*,” said Mr. Losely, pushing aside the glass which he had twice filled and twice drained—“to business. Let me see the child—I feel up to it now.”

A darker shade fell over Arabella Crane’s face as she said—

“The child—she is not here! I have disposed of her long ago.”

“Eh!—disposed of her! what do you mean?”

“Do you ask as if you feared I had put her out of the world? No! Well, then—you come to England to see the child? You miss—you love, the child of that—of that—”. She paused, checked herself, and added in an altered voice—“of that honest, high-minded gentlewoman, whose memory must be so dear to me—you love that child; very natural, Jasper.”

“Love her! a child I have scarcely seen since she was born!—do talk common sense. No. But have I not told you that she ought to be money’s

worth to me—ay, and she shall be yet, despite that proud man’s disdainful insolence.”

“That proud man—what, you have ventured to address him—visit him—since your return to England?”

“Of course. That’s what brought me over. I imagined the man would rejoice at what I told him—open his purse-strings—lavish blessings and bank-notes. And the brute would not even believe me—all because”——

“Because you had sold the right to be believed before. I told you, when I took the child, that you would never succeed there—that I would never encourage you in the attempt. But you had sold the future, as you sold your past—too cheaply, it seems, Jasper.”

“Too cheaply, indeed. Who could ever have supposed that I should have been fobbed off with such a pittance?”

“Who, indeed, Jasper! You were made to spend fortunes, and call them pittances when spent, Jasper! You should have been a prince. Jasper—such princely tastes! Trinkets and dress, horses and dice, and plenty of ladies to look and die. Such princely spirit too!—bounding all return for loyal sacrifice to the honour you vouchsafed in accepting it!”

Uttering this embittered irony, which nevertheless seemed rather to please than to offend her guest, she kept moving about the room, and (whether from some drawer in the furniture, or from her own person, Losely’s careless eye did not observe) she suddenly drew forth a miniature, and, placing it before him, exclaimed—“Ah, but you are altered from those days—see what you then were!”

Losely’s gaze, thus abruptly invited, fixed itself on the effigies of a youth eminently handsome, and of that kind of beauty which, without being effeminate, approaches to the fineness and brilliancy of the female countenance—a beauty which renders its possessor inconveniently conspicuous, and too often, by winning that ready admiration which it costs no effort to obtain, withdraws the desire of applause from successes to be achieved by labour, and hardens egotism by the excuses it lends to self-esteem. It is true that this handsome face

had not the elevation bestowed by thoughtful expression; but thoughtful expression is not the attribute a painter seeks to give to the abstract comeliness of early youth—and it is seldom to be acquired without that constitutional wear and tear which is injurious to mere physical beauty. And over the whole countenance was diffused a sunny light, the freshness of thoughtless health, of luxuriant vigour, so that even that arrogant vanity which an acute observer might have detected as the prevailing mental characteristic, seemed but a glad exultation in the gifts of benignant nature. Not there the look which, in the matured man gazing on the bright ghost of his former self, might have daunted the timid and warned the wise. "And I was like this. True! I remember well when it was taken, and no one called it flattering," said Mr. Loesely with pathetic self-condolence. "But I can't be very much changed," he added with a half laugh. "At my age one may have a manlier look, yet"—

"Yet still be handsome, Jasper," said Mrs. Crane. "You are so. But look at me—what am I?"

"Oh, a very fine woman, my dear Crane—always were. But you neglect yourself; you should not do that; keep it up to the last. Well, but to return to the child. You have disposed of her without my consent, without letting me know."

"Letting you know! How many years is it since you even gave me your address? Never fear, she is in good hands."

"Whose? At all events I must see her."

"See her! What for?"

"What for! Hang it, it is natural that, now I am in England, I should at least wish to know what she is like. And I think it very strange that you should send her away, and then make all these difficulties. What's your object? I don't understand it."

"My object? What could be my object but to serve you. At your request I took, fed, reared a child, whom you could not expect me to love, at my own cost. Did I ever ask you for a shilling? Did I ever suffer you to give me one? Never! At

last, hearing no more from you, and what little I heard of you making me think that, if anything happened to me (and I was very ill at the time), you could only find her a burthen—at last, I say, the old man came to me—you had given him my address—and he offered to take her, and I consented. She is with him."

"The old man! She is with him! And where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Humph; how does he live? Can he have got any money?"

"I don't know."

"Did any old friends take him up?"

"Would he go to old friends?"

Mr. Loesely tossed off two fresh glasses of brandy, one after the other, and, rising, walked to and fro the room, his hands buried in his pockets, and in no comfortable vein of reflection. At length he paused and said, "Well, upon the whole, I don't see what I could do with the girl just at present, though, of course, I ought to know where she is, and with whom. Tell me, Mrs. Crane, what is she like—pretty or plain?"

"I suppose the chit would be called pretty—by some persons at least."

"Very pretty? handsome?" asked Loesely abruptly.

"Handsome or not, what does it signify? what good comes of beauty? You had beauty enough; what have you done with it?"

At that question Loesely drew himself up with a sudden loftiness of look and gesture, which, though prompted but by offended vanity, improved the expression of the countenance, and restored to it much of its earlier character. Mrs. Crane gazed on him, startled into admiration, and it was in an altered voice, half reproachful, half bitter, that she continued—

"And now that you are satisfied about her, have you no questions to ask about me—what I do—how I live?"

"My dear Mrs. Crane, I know that you are comfortably off, and were never of a mercenary temper. I trust you are happy, and so forth—I wish I were; things don't prosper with me. If you could conveniently lend me a five-pound note—"

"You would borrow of me, Jasper? Ah! you come to me in your troubles. You shall have the money—five pounds—ten pounds—what you please, but you will call again for it?—you need me now—you will not utterly desert me now?"

"Best of creatures!—never!" He seized her hand and kissed it. She withdrew it quickly from his clasp, and, glancing over him from head to foot, said, "But are you really in want?—you are well dressed Jasper; that you always were."

"Not always; three days ago very much the reverse; but I have had a trifling aid, and—"

"Aid in England? from whom? where? Not from him whom, you say, you had the courage to seek?"

"From whom else? Have I no claim? A miserable alms flung to me. 'Curse him! I tell you that man's look and language so galled me—so galled," echoed Losely, shifting his hold from the top of his switch to the centre, and bringing the murderous weight of the lead down on the palm of his other hand, "that, if his eye had quitted mine for a moment, I think I must have brained him, and been—"

"Hanged!" said Mrs. Crane.

"Of course, hanged," returned Losely, resuming the reckless voice and manner in which there was that peculiar levity which comes from hardness of heart, as from the steel's hardness comes the blade's play. "But if a man did not sometimes forget consequences, there would be an end of the gallows. I am glad that his eye never left mine." And the leaden head of the switch fell with a dull dumb sound on the floor.

Mrs. Crane made no immediate rejoinder, but fixed on her lawless visitor a gaze in which there was no womanly fear (though Losely's aspect and gesture might have sent a thrill through the nerves of many a hardy man), but which was not without womanly compassion, her countenance gradually softening more and more, as if under the influence of recollections mournful but not hostile. At length she said in a low voice, "Poor Jasper! Is all the vain ambition that made you so false shrunk into a ferocity that finds you so

powerless? Would your existence, after all, have been harder, poorer, meaner if your faith had been kept to me!"

Evidently disliking that turn in the conversation, but checking a reply which might have been rude had no visions of five pounds—ten pounds—loomed in the distance, Mr. Losely said, "Pshaw! Bella, Pshaw! I was a fool. I dare say, and a sad dog—a very sad dog; but I had always the greatest regard for you, and always shall! Hillo, what's that? A knock at the door! Oh, by-the-by, a queer-looking man, in a white hat, called at the same time I did, to see you on private business—gave way to me—said he should come again; may I ask who he is?"

"I cannot guess; no one ever calls here on business except the tax-gatherer."

The old woman-servant now entered. A gentleman, ma'am—says his name is Rugge."

"Rugge—Rugge—let me think."

"I am here, Mrs. Crane," said the manager, striding in. "You don't perhaps call me to mind by name; but—oho—not gone, sir! Do I intrude prematurely?"

"No, I have done; good-day, my dear Mrs. Crane."

"Stay, Jasper. I remember you now, Mr. Rugge; take a chair."

She whispered a few words into Losely's ear, then turned to the manager, and said aloud: "I saw you at Mr. Waife's lodging, at the time he had that bad accident."

"And I had the honour to accompany you home, ma'am, and—but shall I speak out before this gentleman?"

"Certainly; you see he is listening to you with attention. This gentleman and I have no secrets from each other. What has become of that person? This gentleman wishes to know."

LOSELY.—"Yes, sir, I wish to know—particularly."

RUGGE.—"So do I; that is partly what I came about. You are aware. I think, ma'am, that I engaged him and Juliet Araminta—that is, Sophy."

LOSELY.—"Sophy—engaged them, sir—how?"

RUGGE.—"Theatrical line, sir—

Rugge's Exhibition; he was a great actor once, that fellow Waife."

LOSELEY. — Oh, actor! — well, sir, go on."

RUGGE (who in the course of his address turns from the lady to the gentleman, from the gentleman to the lady, with appropriate gesture and appealing look). — But he became a wreck, a block of a man; lost an eye and his voice too. However, to serve him, I took his grandchild and him too. He left me — shamefully, and ran off with his grandchild, sir. Now, ma'am, to be plain with you, that little girl I looked upon as my property — a very valuable property. She is worth a great deal to me, and I have been done out of her. If you can help me to get her back, articulated and engaged say for three years, I am willing and happy, ma'am, to pay something handsome — uncommon handsome."

MRS. CRANE (loftily). — Speak to that gentleman — *he* may treat with you."

LOSELEY. — "What do you call uncommon handsome, Mr. — Mr. Tugge?"

RUGGE. — "Rugge! Sir; we shan't disagree, I hope, provided you have the power to get Waife to bind the girl to me."

LOSELEY. — "I may have the power to transfer the young lady to your care; young lady is a more respectful phrase than girl, and possibly to dispense with Mr. Waife's consent to such arrangement. But excuse me if I say that I must know a little more of yourself, before I could promise to exert such a power on your behalf."

RUGGE. — "Sir, I shall be proud to improve our acquaintance. As to Waife, the old vagabond, he has injured and affronted me, sir. I don't bear malice, but I have a spirit — Britons have a spirit, sir. And you will remember, ma'am, that when I accompanied you home, I observed that Mr. Waife was a mysterious man, and had apparently known better days, and that when a man is mysterious, and falls into the sere and yellow leaf, ma'am, without that which should accompany old age, sir, one has a right to suspect that some time or other he has done something or other, ma'am, which makes him fear lest

the very stones prate of his whereabouts, sir. And you did not deny, ma'am, that the mystery was suspicious, but you said, with uncommon good sense, that it was nothing to me what Mr. Waife had once been, so long as he was of use to me at that particular season. Since then, sir, he has ceased to be of use — ceased, too, in the unhandsomest manner. And if you would, ma'am, from a sense of justice, just unravel the mystery, put me in possession of the secret, it might make that base man of use to me again — give me a handle over him, sir, so that I might awe him into restoring my property, as, morally speaking, Juliet Araminta most undoubtedly is. That's why I call — leaving my company, to which I am a father, orphans for the present. But I have missed that little girl — that young lady, sir. I called her a phenomenon, ma'am — missed her much — it is natural, sir; I appeal to you. No man can be done out of a valuable property and not feel it, if he has a heart in his bosom. And if I had her back safe, I should indulge ambition. I have always had ambition. The theatre at York, sir, that is my ambition; I had it from a child, sir; dreamed of it three times, ma'am. If I had back my property in that phenomenon, I would go at the thing, slap bang, take the York, and bring out the phenomenon, with a *claw*!"

LOSELEY (musingly). — "You say the young lady is a phenomenon, and for this phenomenon you are willing to pay something handsome — a vague expression. Put it into £. s. d."

RUGGE. — "Sir, if she can be bound to me legally for three years, I would give £100. I did offer to Waife £50 — to you, sir, £100."

LOSELEY's eyes flashed and his hands opened restlessly. "But, confound it, where is she? have you no clue?"

RUGGE. — "No, but we can easily find one; it was not worth my while to hunt them up, before I was quite sure that, if I regained my property in that phenomenon, the law would protect it."

MRS. CRANE (moving to the door). — "Well, Jasper Loseley, you will sell the young lady, I doubt not; and when you have sold her, let me know." She came back and whis-

pered, "You will not perhaps now want money from me, but I shall see you again; for, if you would find the child, you will need my aid."

"Certainly, my dear friend, I will call again; honour bright."

Mrs. Crane here bowed to the gentlemen, and swept out of the room.

Thus left alone, Losely and Rugge looked at each other with a shy and yet cunning gaze—Rugge's hands in his trousers pockets, his head thrown back—Losely's hands involuntarily expanded, his head bewitchingly bent forward, and a little on one side.

"Sir," said Rugge at length, "what do you say to a chop and a pint of wine? Perhaps we could talk more at our ease elsewhere. I am only in town for a day—left my company thirty miles off—orphans, as I said before."

"Mr. Rugge," said Losely, "I have no desire to stay in London, or indeed in England; and the sooner we can settle this matter the better. Grant that we find the young lady, you provide for her board and lodging—teach her your honourable profession—behave, of course, kindly to her"—

"Like a father."

"And give to me the sum of £100."

"That is, if you can legally make her over to me. But, sir, may I inquire by what authority you would act in this matter?"

"On that head it will be easy to satisfy you; meanwhile I accept your proposal of an early dinner. Let us adjourn—is it to your house?"

"I have no exact private house in London; but I know a public one—commodious."

"Be it so. After you, sir."

As they descended the stairs, the old woman-servant stood at the street door. Rugge went out first—the woman detained Losely.

"Do you find her altered?"

"Whom? Mrs. Crane?—why, years will tell. But you seem to have known me—I don't remember you."

"Not Bridgett Greggs?"

"Is it possible? I left you a middle-aged, rosy-faced woman.

True, I recognise you now. There's a crown for you. I wish I had more to spare!"

Bridgett pushed back the silver.

"No—I dare not! Take money from you, Jasper Losely! Mistress would not forgive me!"

Losely, not unreluctantly, restored the crown to his pocket; and, with a snort, rather than sigh, of relief, stepped into open daylight. As he crossed the street to join Rugge, who was waiting for him on the shady side, he mechanically turned to look back at the house, and, at the open window of an upper story, he beheld again those shining eyes which had glared down on him from the stairs. He tried to smile, and waved his hand feebly. The eyes seemed to return the smile; and as he walked down the street, arm-in-arm with the ruffian manager, slowly recovering his springy step, and in the gloss of the new garments that set forth his still symmetrical proportions, the eyes followed him watchfully—steadfastly—till his form had vanished, and the dull street was once more a solitude.

Then Arabella Crane turned from the window. Putting her hand to her heart, "How it beats," she muttered; "if in love or in hate, in scorn or in pity, beats once more with a human emotion. He will come again—whether for money or for woman's wit, what care I—he will come—I will hold, I will cling to him, no more to part—for better for worse, as it should have been once at the altar. And the child?"—she paused: was it in compunction? "The child!" she continued fiercely, and as if lashing herself into rage, "The child of that treacherous, hateful mother—yes! I will help him to sell her back as a stage-show—help him in all that does not lift her to a state from which she may look down with disdain on me. Revenge on her, on that cruel house—revenge is sweet. Oh! that it were revenge alone that bids me cling to him who deserves revenge the most." She closed her burning eyes, and sat down droopingly, rocking herself to and fro like one in pain.

CHAPTER XVII.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

The conference between Mr. Rugge and Mr. Losely terminated in an appointment to meet, the next day, at the village in which this story opens. Meanwhile Mr. Rugge would return to his "orphans," and arrange performances in which, for some days, they might dispense with a Father's art. Losely, on his side, undertook to devote the intervening hours to consultation with a solicitor, to whom Mr. Rugge recommended him, as to be prompt obtaining of legal powers to enforce the authority he asserted himself to possess. He would also persuade Mrs. Crane to accompany him to the village, and aid in the exquisite investigations—entertaining, tacit but instinctive belief in the superiority of her acuteness. "Set a female to catch a female," quoth Mr. Rugge.

On the day and in the place thus fixed, the three hunters opened their chase. They threw off at the cobbler's stall. They soon caught the same scent which had been followed by the lawyer's clerk. They arrived at Mrs. Saunders'—there the two men would have been at fault like their predecessor. But the female was more astute. To drop the metaphor, Mrs. Saunders could not stand the sharp cross-examination of one of her own sex. "That woman deceives us," said Mrs. Crane, on leaving the house. "They have not gone to London. What could they do there? Any man with a few stage juggling tricks can get on in country villages, but would be lost in cities. Perhaps, as it seems he has got a dog—we have found out that from Mrs. Saunders—he will make use of it for an itinerant puppet-show."

"Punch!" said Mr. Rugge—"not a doubt of it."

"In that case," observed Mrs. Crane, "they are probably not far off. Let us print handbills, offering a reward for their clue, and luring the old man himself by an assurance that the inquiry is made in order that he

may learn of something to his advantage."

In the course of the evening the handbills were printed. The next day they were posted up on the walls, not only of that village, but on those of the small towns and hamlets for some miles round. The handbills ran invitingly thus: "If William Waife, who left—on the 20th ult., will apply at the Red Lion Inn at—, for X. X., he will learn of something greatly to his advantage. A reward of £5 will be given to any one who will furnish information where the said William Waife, and the little girl who accompanies him, may be found. The said William Waife is about sixty years of age, of middle stature, strongly built, has lost one eye, and is lame of one leg. The little girl, called Sophy, is twelve years old, but looks younger; has blue eyes and light brown hair. They had with them a white French poodle dog. This bill is printed by the friends of the missing party." The next day passed—no information; but on the day following, a young gentleman of good mien, dressed in black, rode into the town, stopped at the Red Lion Inn, and asked to see X. X. The two men were out on their researches—Mrs. Crane staid at home to answer inquiries.

The gentleman was requested to dismount, and walk in. Mrs. Crane received him in the inn parlour, which swarmed with flies. She stood in the centre—vigilant, grim spider of the place.

"I ca-ca-call," said the gentleman, stammering fearfully, "in consequence of a b-b-bill—I—ch-chanced to see in my ri-ri-ride yesterday—on a wa-wa-wall:—You—yon, I—sup-sup—"

"Am X. X.," put in Mrs. Crane, growing impatient, "one of the friends of Mr. Waife, by whom the handbill has been circulated; it will indeed be a great relief to us to know where they are—the little girl more especially."

Mrs. Crane was respectably dressed—in silk, iron-gray; she had crisped her flakey tresses into stiff hard ringlets, that fell like long screws from under a black velvet band. Mrs. Crane never wore a cap—nor could you fancy her in a cap; but the velvet band looked as rigid as if gummed to a hoop of steel. Her manner and tone of voice were those of an educated person, not unused to some society above the vulgar; and yet the visitor, in whom the reader recognises the picaresque Oxonian, with whom Waife had interchanged philosophy on the marge of the running brooklet, drew back as she advanced and spoke; and, bent on an errand of kindness, he was seized with a vague misgiving.

MRS. CRANE (blandly).—"I fear they must be badly off. I hope they are not wanting the necessaries of life. But pray be seated, sir." She looked at him again, and with more respect in her address than she had before thrown into it, added, with a half curtsy, as she seated herself by his side, "A clergyman of the Established Church, I presume, sir?"

OXONIAN (stammer, as on a former occasion, respectfully omitted).—"With this defect, ma'am!—But to the point. Some days ago I happened to fall in with an elderly person, such as is described, with a very pretty female child, and a French dog. The man—gentleman, perhaps, I may call him, judging from his conversation—interested me much; so did the little girl. And if I could be the means of directing real friends anxious to serve them—"

MRS. CRANE.—"You would indeed be a benefactor. And where are they now, sir?"

OXONIAN.—"That I cannot positively tell you. But before I say more, will you kindly satisfy my curiosity? He is perhaps an eccentric person—this Mr. Waife?—a little—" The Oxonian stopped, and touched his forehead. Mrs. Crane made no prompt reply—she was musing. Unwarily the scholar continued: "Because, in that case, I should not like to interfere. So many persons are shut up, where there is no insanity; but where there is property—"

MRS. CRANE.—"Quite right, sir.

His friends would not interfere with his roving ways, his little whims, on any account. Poor man, why should they? No property at all for them to covet, I assure you. But it is a long story. I had the care of that dear little girl from her infancy; sweet child!"

OXONIAN.—"So she seems."

MRS. CRANE.—"And now she has a most comfortable home provided for her; and a young girl, with good friends, ought not to be tramping about the country, whatever an old man may do. You must allow that, sir?"

OXONIAN.—"Well—yes, I allow that; it occurred to me. But what is the man—the gentleman?"

MRS. CRANE.—"Very 'eccentric,' as you say, and inconsiderate, perhaps as to the little girl. We will not call it insane, sir; we can't bear to look at it in that light. But—are you married?"

OXONIAN (blushing).—"No ma'am."

MRS. CRANE.—"But you have a sister, perhaps?"

OXONIAN.—"Yes; I have one sister."

MRS. CRANE.—"Would you like your sister to be running about the country in that way—carried off from her home, kindred, and friends?"

OXONIAN.—"Ah! I understand. The poor little girl is fond of the old man—a relation, grandfather perhaps? and he has taken her from her home; and though not actually insane, he is still—"

MRS. CRANE.—"An unsafe guide for a female child, delicately reared. I reared her; of good prospects too. O sir, let us save the child! Look—She drew from a side-pocket in her stiff iron-gray apron a folded paper: she placed it in the Oxonian's hand: he glanced over and returned it.

"I see, ma'am. I cannot hesitate after this. It is a good many miles off where I met the persons whom I have no doubt that you seek; and two or three days ago my father received a letter from a very worthy, excellent man, with whom he is often brought into communication upon benevolent objects—a Mr. Hartopp, the Mayor of Gatesboro', in which, among other matters, the mayor mentioned briefly that the Literary

stitute of that town had been much delighted by the performance of a very remarkable man with one eye, about whom there seemed some mystery, with a little girl and a learned dog; and I can't help thinking that the man, the girl, and the dog, must be those whom I saw, and you seek."

MRS. CRANE.—"At Gatesboro' ?—is that far?"

"Some way; but you can get a cross train from this village. I hope that the old man will not be separated from the little girl; they seem very fond of each other."

"No doubt of it; very fond; it would be cruel to separate them. A comfortable home for both. I don't know, sir, if I dare offer to a gentleman of your evident rank the reward,—but for the poor of your parish."

"Oh, ma'am, our poor want for nothing; my father is rich. But if you would oblige me by a line after you have found these interesting persons—I am going to a distant part of the country to-morrow—to Montfort Court, in —shire."

MRS. CRANE.—"To Lord Montfort—the head of the noble family of Vipont?"

OXONIAN. — "Yes; you know any of the family, ma'am? If you could refer me to one of them, I should feel more satisfied as to—"

MRS. CRANE (hastily). — "Indeed, sir, every one must know that great family by name and repute. I know

no more. So you are going to Lord Montfort's! The Marchioness, they say, is very beautiful?"

OXONIAN.—"And good as beautiful. I have the honour to be connected both with her and Lord Montfort; they are cousins, and my grandfather was a Vipont. I should have told you my name—Morley; George Vipont Morley."

Mrs. Crane made a profound curtsy, and, with an unmistakable smile of satisfaction, said, as if half in soliloquy—"So it is to one of that noble family—to a Vipont—that the dear child will owe her restoration to my embrace! Bless you, sir!"

"I hope I have done right," said George Vipont Morley, as he mounted his horse. "I must have done right, surely!" he said again, when he was on the high-road. "I fear I have not done right," he said a third time, as the face of Mrs. Crane began to haunt him; and when at sunset he reached his home, tired out, horse and man, with an unusually long ride, and the green water-bank on which he had overheard poor Waife's simple grace and joyous babble came in sight—"After all," he said dolefully, "it was no business of mine. I meant well; but—" His little sister ran to the gate to greet him—"Yes! I did quite right. How should I like my sister to be roving the country, and acting at Literary Institutes with a poodle dog. Quite right; kiss me, Jane!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Let a king and a beggar converse freely together, and it is the beggar's fault if he does not say something which makes the king lift his hat to him.

The scene shifts back to Gatesboro', the forenoon of the day succeeding the memorable Exhibition at the Institute of that learned town. Mr. Hartopp was in the little parlour behind his country-house, his hours of business much broken into by those intruders who deem no time unreasonable for the indulgence of curiosity, the interchange of thought, or the interests of general humanity and of national enlightenment. The excitement produced on the previous evening by Mr. Chapman, Sophy, and

Sir Isaac, was greatly on the increase. Persons who had seen them naturally called on the Mayor to talk over the Exhibition. Persons who had not seen them, still more naturally dropped in just to learn what was really Mr. Mayor's private opinion. The little parlour was thronged by a regular levee. There was the proprietor of a dismal building, still called "The Theatre," which was seldom let except at election-time, when it was hired by the popular candidate for the delivery of those harangues upon

liberty and conscience, tyranny and oppression, which furnish the staple of declamation equally to the dramatist and the orator. There was also the landlord of the Royal Hotel, who had lately built to his house "The City Concert-room,"—a superb apartment, but a losing speculation. There, too, were three highly respectable persons, of a serious turn of mind, who came to suggest doubts whether an entertainment of so frivolous a nature was not injurious to the morality of Gatesboro'. Besides these notables, there were loungers and gossips, with no particular object except that of ascertaining who Mr. Chapman was by birth and parentage, and suggesting the expediency of a deputation ostensibly for the purpose of asking him to repeat his performance, but charged with private instructions to cross-examine him as to his pedigree. The gentle Mayor kept his eyes fixed on a mighty ledger-book, pen in hand. The attitude was a rebuke on intruders, and in ordinary times would have been so considered. But mildness, however, majestic, is not always effective in periods of civic commotion. The room was animated by hubbub. You caught broken sentences here and there crossing each other, like the sounds that had been frozen in the air, and set free by a thaw, according to the veracious narrative of Baron Munchausen.

PLAYHOUSE PROPRIETOR. — "The theatre is the—"

SERIOUS GENTLEMEN. — "Plausible snare by which a population at present grave and well-disposed, is decoyed into becoming—"

EXCITED ADMIRER. — "A French poodle, sir, that plays at dominoes like a—"

CREDULOUS CONJECTURER. — "Benevolent philanthropist, condescending to act for the benefit of some distressed brother who is—"

PROPRIETOR OF CITY CONCERT-ROOM. — "One hundred and twenty feet long by forty, Mr. Mayor! Talk of that damp theatre, sir, you might as well talk of the—"

Suddenly the door flew open, and pushing aside a clerk who designed to announce him, in burst Mr. Chapman himself.

He had evidently expected to find the Mayor alone. For at the sight of that throng he checked himself, and stood mute at the threshold. The levee for a moment was no less surprised, and no less mute. But the good folks soon recovered themselves. To many it was a pleasure to account and congratulate the man who the night before had occasioned to them emotions so agreeable. Cordial smiles broke out — friendly hands were thrust forth. Brief but hearty compliments, mingled with entreaties to renew the performance to a larger audience, were showered round. The Comedian stood hat in hand, mechanically passing his sleeve over his nap, muttering half inaudibly, "You see before you a man"—and turning his single eye from one face to the other, as if struggling to guess what was meant, or where he was. The Mayor rose and came forward—"My dear friends," said he, mildly, "Mr. Chapman calls by appointment. Perhaps he may have something to say to me confidentially."

The three serious gentlemen, who had hitherto remained aloof, eying Mr. Chapman, much as three inquisitors might have eyed a Jew, shook three solemn heads and set the example of retreat. The last to linger were the rival proprietors of the theatre and the city concert-room. Each whispered the stranger — one the left ear, one the right. Each thrust into his hand a printed paper. As the door closed on them the Comedian let fall the papers; his arm drooped to his side; his whole frame seemed to collapse. Hartopp took him by the hand, and led him gently to his own arm-chair beside the table. The Comedian dropped on the chair, still without speaking.

MR. HARTOPP. — "What is the matter? What has happened?"

WIFE. — "She is very ill; — in a bad way; the doctor says so—Dr. Gill."

MR. HARTOPP (feelingly). — "Your little girl in a bad way! Oh, no; doctors always exaggerate in order to get more credit for the cure. Not that I would disparage Dr. Gill—fellow-townsmen — first-rate man. Still 'tis the way with doctors to talk cheerfully, if one is in danger."

d to look solemn if there is nothing fear."

WAIFFE.—"Do you think so—you've children of your own, sir?—of r age, too?—Eh! eh!"

MR. HARTOPP.—"Yes; I know about children—better, I think, an Mrs. H. does. What is the complaint?"

WAIFFE.—"The doctor says it is w fever."

MR. HARTOPP.—"Caused by nervous excitement, perhaps."

WAIFFE (looking up).—"Yes—that's hat he says—nervous excitement."

MR. HARTOPP.—"Clever sensitive children, subjected precociously to mulation and emotion, are always able to such maladies. My third irl, Anna Maria, fell into a low fever, aused by nervous excitement in trying for school prizes."

WAIFFE.—"Did she die of it, sir?"

MR. HARTOPP (shuddering).—"Die—No! I removed her from school—set her to take care of the poultry—orbade all French exercises; made her take English exercise instead—and ride on a donkey. She is quite another thing now—cheeks as red as an apple, and as firm as a cricket-ball."

WAIFFE.—"I will keep poultry; I will buy a donkey. Oh, sir! you don't think she will go to heaven yet, and leave me here?"

MR. HARTOPP.—"Not if you give her rest and quiet. But no excitement—no exhibitions."

WAIFFE (emptying his pockets on the table).—"Will you kindly count that money, sir? Don't you think that would be enough to find her some pretty lodging hereabouts till she gets quite strong again? With green fields—she's fond of green fields, and a farmyard with poultry—though we were lodging a few days ago with a good woman who kept hens, and Sophy did not seem to take to them much. A canary bird is more of a companion, and—"

HARTOPP (interrupting).—"Ay—ay—and you! what would you do?"

WAIFFE.—"Why, I and the dog would go away for a little while about the country."

HARTOPP.—"Exhibiting?"

"WAIFFE.—"That money will not

last for ever, and what can we do—I and the dog—in order to get more for her?"

HARTOPP (pressing his hand warmly).—"You are a good man, sir. I am sure of it; you cannot have done things which you should be afraid to tell me. Make me your confidant, and I may then find some employment fit for you, and you need not separate yourself from your little girl."

WAIFFE.—"Separate from her! I should only leave her for a few days at a time till she gets well. This money would keep her—how long? Two months—three? how long?—the doctor would not charge much?"

HARTOPP.—"You will not confide in me, then? At your age—have you no friends—no one to speak a good word for you?"

WAIFFE (jerkng up his head with a haughty air).—"So—so! Who talks to you about me, sir? I am speaking of my innocent child. Does she want a good word spoken for her? Heaven has written it in her face."

Hartopp persisted no more, the excellent man was sincerely grieved at his visitor's obstinate avoidance of the true question at issue; for the Mayor could have found employment for a man of Waiffe's evident education and talent. But such employment would entail responsibilities and trust. How recommend to it a man of whose life and circumstances nothing could be known—a man without a character?—And Waiffe interested him deeply. We have all felt that there are some persons towards whom we are attracted by a peculiar sympathy not to be explained—a something in the manner, the cut of the face, the tone of the voice. If there are fifty applicants for a benefit in our gift, one of the fifty wins his way to our preference at first sight, though with no better right to it than his fellows. We can no more say why we like the man than we can say why we fall in love with a woman in whom no one else would discover a charm. "There is," says a Latin love-poet, "no why or wherefore in liking." Hartopp, therefore, had taken, from the first moment, to Waiffe—the staid, respectable, thriving man, all muffled up from head to feet in the whitest

lawn of reputation—to the wandering, shifty, tricksome scatterling, who had not seemingly secured, through the course of a life bordering upon age, a single certificate for good conduct. On his hearthstone, beside his ledger-book, stood the Mayor, looking with a respectful admiration that puzzled himself upon the forlorn creature, who could give no reason why he should not be rather in the Gatesboro' Parish Stocks than in its chief magistrate's easy-chair. Yet were the Mayor's sympathetic liking and respectful admiration wholly unaccountable? Runs there not be-

tween one warm human heart and another the electric chain of a secret understanding? In that maimed outcast, so stubbornly hard to himself—so tremulously sensitive for his sick child—was there not the majesty to which they who have learned that Nature has her nobles, reverently bow the head? A man, true to man's grave religion, can no more despise a life wrecked in all else, while a hallowing affection stands out sublime through the rents and chinks of fortune, than he can profane with rude mockery a temple in ruins—if still left there the altar.

CHAPTER XIX.

Very well so far as it goes.

MR. HARTOPP.—“I cannot presume to question you further, Mr. Chapman. But to one of your knowledge of the world, I need not say that your silence deprives me of the power to assist yourself. We'll talk no more of that.”

WIFE.—“Thank you gratefully, Mr. Mayor.”

MR. HARTOPP.—“But for the little girl, make your mind easy—at least for the present. I will place her at my farm cottage. My bailiff's wife, a kind woman, will take care of her, while you pursue your calling elsewhere. As for this money, you will want it yourself; your poor little child shall cost you nothing. So that's settled. Let me come up and see her. I am a bit of a doctor myself. Every man blest with a large family, in whose house there is always some interesting case of small-pox, measles, hooping-cough, scarlatina, &c., has a good private practice of his own. I'm not brilliant in book learn-

ing, Mr. Chapman. But as to children's complaints in a practical way,” added Hartopp, with a glow of pride, “Mrs. H. says she'd rather trust the little ones to me than Dr. Gill. I'll see your child, and set her up, I'll be bound. But now I think of it,” continued Hartopp, softening more and more, “if exhibit you must, why not stay at Gatesboro' for a time? More may be made in this town than elsewhere.”

“No, no; I could not have the heart to act here again without her. I feel at present as if I can never again act at all! Something else will turn up. Providence is so kind to me, Mr. Mayor.”

Waife turned to the door.—“You will come soon?” he said anxiously.

The Mayor, who had been looking up his ledgers and papers, replied, “I will but stay to give some orders; in a quarter of an hour I shall be at your hotel.”

CHAPTER XX.

Sophy hides heart and shows temper.

The child was lying on a sofa drawn near the window in her own room, and on her lap was the doll Lionel had given to her. Carried with her in her wanderings, she had never played with it; never altered a rib-

bon in its yellow tresses; but at least once a-day she had taken it forth and looked at it in secret. And all that morning, left much to herself, it had been her companion. She was smoothing down its frock,

ich she fancied had got ruffled—oothing it down with a sort of fear-tenderness, the doll all the while ring her full in the face with its e bead eyes. Waife, seated near r, was trying to talk gaily; to int fairy tales blithe with sport and icy; but his invention flagged, and e fairies proved awfully. He had ced the dominoes before Sir ac, but Sophy had scarcely looked them, from the languid heavy eyes which the doll so stupidly fixed own. Sir Isaac himself seemed irritable; he was aware that something was wrong. Now and then he t up restlessly, sniffed the dominees, and placed a paw gently, very ntly, on Sophy's knee. Not being ouraged, he lay down again un-sily, often shifting his position as the floor was grown too hard for m. Thus the Mayor found the ee. He approached Sophy with e step of a man accustomed to sick-oms and ailing children—step ght as if shod with felt—put his and on her shoulder, kissed her rehead, and then took the doll. ophy started, and took it back from im quickly, but without a word; en she hid it behind her pillow. he Mayor smiled—"My dear child, o you think I should hurt your oll?"

Sophy coloured, and said murmur- ily, "No, sir, not hurt it, but—" e stopped short.

"I have been talking to your randpapa about you, my dear, and e both wish to give you a little oliday. Dolls are well enough for he winter, but green fields and daisy- hains for the summer."

Sophy glanced from the Mayor to er grandfather, and back again to he Mayor, shook her curls from her yes, and looked seriously inquisi- ive.

The Mayor, observing her quietly, tole her hand into his own, feeling he pulse as if merely caressing the lender wrist. Then he began to escribe his bailiff's cottage, with roodbine round the porch, the farm- ard, the beehive, the pretty duck- ond with an osier island, and the eat China gander who had a pomp- us strut, which made him the rollest creature possible. And Sophy

should go there in a day or two, and be as happy as one of the bees, but not so busy.

Sophy listened very earnestly, very gravely, and then sliding her hand from the Mayor, caught hold of her grandfather's arm firmly, and said, "And you, Grandy—will you like it?—won't it be dull for you, Grandy, dear?"

"Why, my darling," said Waife, "I and Sir Isaac will go and take a stroll about the country for a few weeks, and—"

SOPHY (passionately).—"I thought so; I thought he meant that. I tried not to believe it; go away—you? and who's to take care of you? who'll understand you? I want care! I—I! No, no, it is you—you who want care. I shall be well to-morrow—quite well, don't fear. He shall not be sent away from me; he shall not, sir. Oh, grandfather, grandfather, how could you?" She flung herself on his breast, clinging there, clinging as if infancy and age were but parts of the same whole.

"But," said the Mayor, "it is not as if you were going to school, my dear; you are going for a holiday. And your grandfather must leave you—must travel about—'tis his calling. If you fell ill and were with him, think how much you would be in his way. Do you know," he added smiling, "I shall begin to fear that you are selfish."

"Selfish!" exclaimed Waife angrily.

"Selfish!" echoed Sophy with a melancholy scorn that came from a sentiment so deep that mortal eye could scarce fathom it. "Oh, no sir! can you say it is for *his* good, not for, what he supposes, mine, that you want us to part? The pretty cottage—and all for me—and what for him?—tramp, tramp along the hot dusty roads. Do you see that he is lame? Oh, sir, I know him—you don't. Selfish! he would have no merry ways that make you laugh without me; would you, Grandy, dear? Go away, you are a naughty man—go, or I shall hate you as much as that dreadful Mr. Rugge."

"Rugge—who is he?" said the Mayor curiously, catching at any clue.

"Hush, my darling!—hush!" said

Waife, fondling her on his breast.
"Hush! What is to be done, sir?"

Hartopp made a sly sign to him, to say no more before Sophy, and then replied, addressing himself to her—

"What is to be done? Nothing shall be done, my dear child, that you dislike. I don't wish to part you two. Don't hate me—lie down again—that's a dear. There, I have smoothed your pillow for you; oh, here's your pretty doll again."

Sophy snatched at the doll petulantly, and made what the French call a *mouse* at the good man, as she suffered her grandfather to replace her on the sofa.

"She has a strong temper of her own," muttered the Mayor; "as has Anna Maria a strong temper!"

Now, if I were anyway master of my own pen, and could write as I pleased, without being hurried along, helter-skelter, by the tyrannical exactions of that "Young Rapid" in buskins and chiton, called "THE HISTORIC MUSE," I would break off this chapter, open my window, rest my eyes on the green lawn without, and indulge in a rhapsodical digression upon that beautifier of the moral life, which is called "Good Temper." Ha—the Historic Muse is dozing. By her leave!—Softly.

CHAPTER XXI.

Being an Essay on Temper in general, and a hazardous experiment on the reader's in particular.

There, the window is open! how instinctively the eye rests upon the green! how the calm colour lures and soothes it. But is there to the green only a single hue? See how infinite the variety of its tints! What sombre gravity in yon cedar, yon motionless pine-tree! What lively but unvarying laugh in yon glossy laurels! Do those tints charm us like the play in the young leaves of the lilac—lighter here, darker there, as the breeze (and so slight the breeze!) stirs them into checker—into ripple? Oh sweet green, to the world, what sweet temper is to man's life! Who would reduce into one dye all thy lovely varieties? who exclude the dark steadfast verdure that lives on through the winter day; or the mutinous caprice of the gentler, younger tint that came fresh through the tears of April, and will shadow with sportive tremor the blooms of luxuriant June?

Happy the man on whose marriage-hearth temper smiles kind from the eyes of woman! "No deity present," saith the heathen proverb, "where absent—Prudence"—no joy long a guest where Peace is not a dweller. Peace, so like Faith, that they may be taken for each other, and poets have clad them with the same veil. But in childhood, in early youth, expect not the changeless green of the cedar.

Wouldst thou distinguish fine temper from spiritless dulness, from cold simulation—ask less what the temper, than what the disposition.

Is the nature sweet and trustful, is it free from the morbid self-love which calls itself "sensitive feeling," and frets at imaginary offences; is the tendency to be grateful for kindness—yet take kindness meekly, and accept as a benefit what the vain call a due? From dispositions thus blessed, sweet temper will come forth to gladden thee, spontaneous and free. Quick with some, with some slow, word and look emerge out of the heart. Be thy first question, "Is the heart itself generous and tender?" If it be so, self-control comes with deepening affection. Call not that a good heart which, hastening to sting if a fibre be ruffled, cries, "I am no hypocrite." Accept that excuse, and revenge becomes virtue. But where the heart, if it give the offence, pines till it win back the pardon; if offended itself, bounds forth to forgive, ever longing to soothe, ever grieved if it wound; then be sure that its nobleness will need but few trials of pain in each outbreak, to refine and chastise its expression. Fear not then; be but noble thyself, thou art safe!

Yet what in childhood is often called, rebukingly, "temper," is but

a cordial and puissant vitality which contains all the elements that make proper the sweetest at last. Who amongst us, how wise soever, can construe a child's heart? who conjecture all the springs that secretly vibrate within, to a touch on the surface of feeling? Each child, but especially the girl-child, would task the whole lore of a sage, deep as Shakespeare, to distinguish those subtle emotions which we grown folks have outlived.

"She has a strong temper," said the Mayor, when Sophy snatched the doll from his hand a second time, and looked at him, spoiled child, look-

ing so divinely cross, so petulantly pretty. And how on earth could the Mayor know what associations with that stupid doll made her think it profaned by the touch of a stranger? Was it to her eyes as to his—mere waxwork and frippery, or a symbol of holy remembrances, of gleams into a fairer world, of "devotion to something afar from the sphere of her sorrow?" Was not the evidence of "strong temper" the very sign of affectionate depth of heart? Poor little Sophy. Hide it again—safe out of sight—close, inscrutable, unguessed, as childhood's first treasures of sentiment ever are!

MILITARY EDUCATION.

PART II.

MANY causes have combined to render England too long indifferent, we had almost said averse, to the systematic education of her officers. Our insular situation is one of those, which, as it seems to guard us against the risk of invasion from abroad, so it makes us undervalue the importance of almost all other military virtues than courage. That constitutional jealousy of standing armies, which even now can scarcely be said to be extinct among us, is another. But perhaps the most influential of the whole has heretofore been our steady adherence to the purchase system, which, while it brings military rank, so to speak, like any other commodity, into the market, so it seems to give to the youth who has invested a portion of his capital in that speculation, the same right to his commission which the merchant has to the profit of his trade. Now we hope and believe that this delusive notion, at least, is beginning to pass away. The honour to command her Majesty's troops may surely be dispensed by the Sovereign on any conditions which to the Crown may seem best; nor will the aspirant have the smallest right to complain when there is exacted from him, over and above the market price of

a commission, a fair amount of information, professional as well as general. Indeed, this point was fully conceded, when, in 1848, the celebrated order of the late illustrious Duke of Wellington, of which we have elsewhere spoken, made its appearance. Yet what have we done in consequence of that order? Nothing.

There exist in this country three military seminaries—the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where youths are educated for service in the Artillery and Engineers; the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where cadets are prepared for the Infantry and Cavalry; and the Honourable East India Company's Military School at Addiscombe, which educates simultaneously for the Artillery, Engineers, and Infantry services of the three Presidencies. Supplementary to these are the School of Practical Instruction at Chatham, where passed cadets from Woolwich and Addiscombe learn practical engineering; and the senior department at Sandhurst, supposed to be a Staff school, into which officers of infantry and cavalry are, under certain restrictions, admitted. It will be necessary to a right understanding of much which is to follow, that we

* See art. "Military Education," September Number, p. 265.

endeavour to draw out for our readers a sketch of the history and actual condition of these several seminaries. But as one and all they are admitted to stand sorely in want of revision, the sketch need not be either very full or very much in detail.

The Military Academy at Woolwich came into existence in the year 1741. It was created by George II., to supply a want under which the English army then suffered, by giving some instructions in matters connected with their respective arts to officers and men who served in the Artillery and in the Engineers. Its beginnings were of the humblest imaginable order. A single room in a house at Woolwich, where the Board of Ordnance used occasionally to assemble, was set apart by Government as a hall of study; and two masters were appointed to give lectures by rotation, during four consecutive hours, in three days of every week. At first only the officers of the single battalion composing the English Artillery and of the corps of Engineers were required to attend. By-and-by the room was thrown open to the non-commissioned officers and privates also, and eventually the cadets, of whom five were supposed to be on the strength of each company of Artillery, repaired thither in like manner. But the cadets being the sons of the officers of the corps, as they neither dressed in uniform, nor were under any military control, proved very difficult to manage; and the difficulty led to a great change as well in their condition as in that of the Academy itself.

In the year 1744 the cadets were, for the first time, clothed in uniform, and collected into a distinct company. Two officers, with a drum-major, undertook the management of them; and the arrangement worked, or was supposed to work, so satisfactorily, that by little and little, as the regiment enlarged itself, the numbers composing the Cadet Company were increased also. In 1782 they had grown from twenty to sixty; in 1798 to a hundred; after which, steps were taken to lodge and board, as well as to educate and drill them, apart from the residences of their

fathers. Hence, after trying for a while to accommodate some in a separate barrack, while others were billeted on private persons at a payment of 2s. a-day per head, the pile which now attracts the attention of the passer-by on Woolwich Common was erected. And by the addition of a lieutenant-governor, and a whole host of officers and professors, it grew into the sort of establishment which is familiar to most of us. In 1806 the staff of officers and teachers appointed to the Cadet Company consisted of—

1. Lieutenant-Governor.
2. Inspector.
3. Professor of Mathematics.
4. Professor of Fortification.
5. Mathematical Master.
6. Arithmetical do.
7. French do.
8. Fortification do.
9. Landscape-drawing do.
10. Figure-drawing do.
11. Second French do.
12. Fencing do.
13. Dancing do.
14. First Modeller.
15. Second do.
16. Clerk.

In 1829, the fencing and dancing masters were discontinued, and a chemical lecturer appointed. In 1836 three new masters were added; and in 1857 the staff stood thus:

Military.

- A Governor.
- One Second Captain, commanding.
- One do. for Practical Class.
- Four First-Lieutenants.
- One Quartermaster.
- One Staff-Sergeant.
- Seven Drill-Sergeants.
- One Paymaster's Clerk.
- One Assistant do.
- Servants.

Civil or Educational.

- A Chaplain.
- Inspector—a Lieut.-Col. of Artillery.
- Assistant do.—Major, R.E.
- Professor of Fortification—Lieut.-Col., R.E.
- Two Assistants—Second Captains.
- Professor of Mathematics.
- Seven Mathematical Masters.
- Master of Descriptive Geometry.
- Master for Geometrical Drawing.
- Drawing-Master for Landscape.
- Second do.

Master for Military Plan-Drawing—
 Brevet-Major, R.A.
 Instructor in Surveying and Field-
 Works—Captain, R.E.
 Assistant do.—Captain R.A.
 Instructor in Practical Artillery—
 Second Captain, R.A.
 Assistant do.—Second Captain, R.A.
 Four French Masters.
 Four German do.
 Master for History and Geography.
 Lecturer in Chemistry.
 Assistant to do.
 Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy.
 Lecturer in Practical Mechanics, Ma-
 chinery, and Metallurgy.
 Lecturer in Astronomy and Natural
 Philosophy.

Clerk.

First Assist do.—a Sergeant.

Second do.—Bombardier.

One Drill-Sergeant—Practical Class.

Modeller, Modelling-Smith, Servants, &c.

Admittance to the Academy was
 very lately, obtained only on the
 nomination of the Master-General of
 Ordnance. There was a preli-
 minary examination, it is true ;
 but this all except the dullest might
 calculate on passing, and the ages of
 trainees ranged between fourteen
 and sixteen. In 1835 the minimum
 age was raised to fifteen, the maxi-
 mum to seventeen ; while candidates
 are called up to compete for ad-
 mission in the proportion of four
 youths for every three vacancies.
 The arrangement did not avail to
 produce any radical change in the
 spirit of the institution. The preli-
 minary examination still proved to
 be a "pass," and no more ; and
 it continued till those political
 changes obtained the ascendant which
 abolished altogether the office of
 Master-General and Board of Or-
 dnance, and gave us in their place a
 Secretary of State for the War De-
 partment.

Occasions had arisen, even under
 the old regime, when young men
 were permitted to enter the service
 of the Artillery under what may be
 called exceptional conditions. Dur-
 ing the pressure of the great war of
 the French Revolution, the demand
 for officers became at one time so
 urgent, that it was found necessary
 to dispense with a regular academi-
 cal education, and to give commis-
 sions to candidates who were pro-

nounced by competent examiners
 sufficiently conversant with mathe-
 matics and physical science to enter
 upon the practical duties of their
 profession. Lord Panmure, taking
 advantage of the precedent thus fur-
 nished, threw open Artillery commis-
 sions in 1855, and has continued
 ever since to treat admission into
 the Royal Military Academy as a
 prize for which the youth of the
 United Kingdom may freely com-
 pete. For reasons to be stated by-
 and-by, we cannot say that the plan
 appears to us to be either good in
 itself, or suited to the social and
 political condition of this country.
 But it is in popular favour for the
 moment, and will doubtless continue
 to be acted upon till the time arrives
 for settling on a right principle the
 educational arrangements connected
 with our whole military system.

The subjects of study to be pursued
 in the Royal Military Academy at
 Woolwich, not less than the mode of
 dealing with them, and the text-books
 to be used, have hitherto been pre-
 scribed to the most minute particular
 by regulation. They embrace Mathe-
 matics, Fortification, Descriptive
 Geometry, French, German, Plan-
 Drawing, Geometrical Drawing,
 Landscape Drawing, History and
 Geography ; to which, during his
 continuance in what are called the
 "theoretical classes," the attention
 of the cadet is confined. When he
 enters the "practical class," the stu-
 dent is instructed, over and above,
 in Practical Artillery, Surveying and
 Field-Works, and attends lectures
 in Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology,
 and Mineralogy. As many as five
 years may be spent by a young man in
 going over this course—viz. four years
 in the "theoretical" and one year in
 the "practical" class—though the
 average period of actual residence
 does not appear to exceed two years
 and a half or three years. There are
 periodical examinations at the end
 of every half-year, the second of
 which, by its results, determines
 whether the young man shall be
 allowed to go on to a commission,
 or be removed from the Academy.

The moral tone of this military
 college has never, we regret to say,
 been of a very high order. Excel-

lent men have been at the head of it, and the ability of the professors and teachers appointed to instruct, admits of no question. Yet few right-minded officers look back upon the years spent in the cadet barracks except with disgust. It is not very difficult to account for the circumstance. Long after Continental nations had seen the absurdity of pressing upon boys the sort of training which belongs to men, we refused to be guided by their experience, and persisted, both at Woolwich and elsewhere, in our endeavour to accomplish an impossibility. "Boys of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen," says a very high authority on this subject, "require much personal supervision in order to form their characters, which young officers, very often appointed without any sufficient knowledge of their tempers and habits, cannot be expected to bestow. Such officers may indeed be able to superintend drill, but not moral training. Rarely do they draw the cadets towards them and become their advisers; more frequently repel them by a harsh dictatorial manner, the cadet being in their eyes a soldier. There has been also, during all the time I have known the Academy, great inconsistency in treating the cadets. Honour is constantly talked of, and yet doubts as to their truthfulness are not unfrequently expressed. I have heard even the lie given in rough and emphatic terms. Confidence is professedly placed, and yet offences are found out in a way that shows that no confidence existed. Hence a contest arises between the officer and cadet, and the latter becomes tricky and disingenuous."*

In these emphatic words Colonel Portlock has struck at the root of most of the evil which has long been felt and heretofore combated without success, in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Whatever is wanting in the morale of that establishment, it owes to the original sin of its constitution. We know how to deal with boys so long as we recognise their boyhood, even while appeal-

ing to the point of honour among them. But we no sooner dress them up in uniform, and affect to treat them as soldiers, than we lose all moral control over them. They smoke, drink, swear, and fall into other vices, not because they cannot overcome by any irresistible temptation, but because they look upon such acts as tokens of manhood. And the corporals, who report readily enough for insubordination, and the officers, who punish for what they call military offences, take no heed of worse things; partly because in a military point of view, they are scarcely criminal; partly because, being regarded as such, they are seldom brought under the notice of the superior authorities. How a secondary so conducted and so managed should have given to the Artillery and Engineers a body of officers distinguished, as those of both arms unquestionably are for talent, intelligence, and gentlemanly bearing, would be inexplicable, were not the fact well known, that one of the first lessons taught to the young lieutenant, after quitting the Academy, is to throw off the habits which he had contracted there, and to adopt the high moral tone and excellent habits of his regiment.

It was partly with a view to provide a palliative for this admitted evil, partly to encourage in our young Artillery officers the habit of sustained study, that they were required by a recent regulation, "to place themselves under the orders of a director of studies for half a year after obtaining their commissions. Meanwhile cadets who are appointed to the Engineers, proceed to the training-school for that arm at Chatham; where they go through a somewhat careful course of surveying, and are instructed less elaborately in architecture, civil as well as military, and in mining, sapping, pontooning, and so forth. According to the report of the Commissioners, it does not appear that they reach their new field of instruction over and above well prepared to make the most of it

* Let us not be misunderstood. The moral tone at Woolwich has not heretofore been what could be wished; but as compared with that of the Polytechnic, or any other military school on the Continent, it is purity itself.

deed, the whole of the Woolwich system is by these gentlemen condemned in terms as decided as is consistent with good-breeding.

"There is," say the Commissioners, some reason to believe that the results of the education at the Royal Military Academy have hitherto somewhat failed of that success which might have been hoped for, both as regards Artillery and Engineer officers. We do not find, from the replies we have received from Artillery officers, any specific mention of deficiencies in the education of the young officers when they join their regiment at Woolwich; but it is unquestionable that serious complaints have been made of late years, by some of the officers of that corps. In the case of the Engineers, according to the evidence we have received, the attainments of the young officers, when they join at Chatham from Woolwich Academy, are not such as might have been expected: either the instruction is not exactly what it should be—some break in its continuity occurs—or the mass of the young officers have not fully mastered the knowledge which has been imparted to them."

We believe this judgment to be correct; and are further of opinion that the shortcomings, intellectual as well as moral, which it condemns, cannot be made good by any mere tampering with the institution as it is. Wherefore we pass on to a consideration of its sister establishment, the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

It was not till the year 1804 that the propriety of training young men in ever so slight a degree for the service of the infantry and cavalry, seems to have occurred to any statesman or soldier in this country. Appointments to both arms took place for a time by purchase only, and by-and-by, when the numbers of the rank and file increased, through the weight of influence, personal, political, or social. Moreover, when the pressure of the great war was at its height, a third door of entrance to military rank was opened, and ensigncies and captaincies, and even lieutenant-colonelcies became the prize of private gentlemen who were able to bring cer-

tain fixed contingents of able-bodied men under the royal standard. So far as the candidates for commissions themselves were concerned, however, the same even-handed justice was meted out to all. Nobody took the trouble to inquire whether the candidates were qualified morally, intellectually, or physically. He might be a pimp and blockhead, or lame, or deaf, or blind; but so long as his patron had the ear of the Government, or the men whom he brought with him were able to pass muster, his commission, whatever it might be, was secure. If any of our readers care to turn up the pages of Fielding or Smollett, they will find very faithful representations there of the style of lieutenant and led-captain which was common in the days of the two first Georges, while living specimens of what the militia produced in the reigns of the two last sovereigns of that name, may still be seen, bending beneath the weight of years and imbecility, in the country towns both of England and Ireland.

To Frederick Duke of York the merit is due of having introduced many reforms into the military institutions of this country. Among these it would be unjust not to particularise the foundation of the Royal Military College. The object sought to be obtained by it was worthy of all praise; and if it failed to achieve that object, the blame may fairly be divided between the mistaken ideas of the age, in regard to what was required in such institutions, and the subsequent indifference of the nation to the real wants of its army. The Military College consisted at first, as it still consists, of two departments—one, called the Junior Department, for cadets—the other, the Senior Department, for officers desirous of qualifying for the Staff. But it had, in its original constitution, this marked advantage over the arrangement which has since been effected, that whereas now cadets and officers occupy portions of the same range of buildings, and come under the instruction of the same professors, they were, in 1804 placed, the one at Marlborough, the other at High Wycombe—each class of students having its own teachers, though both were subject to the con-

trol and management of the same military administration.

As first constituted, the junior department afforded both an asylum and a place of education for the sons of officers exclusively. Youths once admitted ceased to be a burthen to their friends, except for the necessary expenses of travelling; they were housed, clothed, and educated at the public expense. But no sooner was the great war ended than Parliament began to slacken in its gratitude to the army, and by little and little the grants for military education fell off, till in the end they ceased altogether. As a necessary consequence, the numbers of persons seeking education at the Military College fell off in like manner. And now the junior department exhibits a muster-roll of 180 cadets only, while the strength of the senior department has dwindled to nine individuals. To be sure, other causes than the withdrawal of public support from the institution have operated to produce this latter result. Whatever it might have been forty years ago, the senior department at Sandhurst is certainly no Staff school now. Indeed, the only science effectively taught there seems to be mathematics; and it is a curious fact, that though the army abounds with officers who have passed through that school, and taken high honours, the instances are rare in which Staff appointments have fallen to the lot of any of them.

Lads are admitted into the junior department at Sandhurst between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. The preliminary examination is of the most trivial kind, and the instruction communicated is, for half the course, that of a common school not of the highest order. No doubt, each youth may, if he be disposed, master more than the elements of a good deal of science; for over and above physical geography and history, instruction is given in practical astronomy, dynamics, and statics, practical mechanics, co-ordinate geometry, the differential and integral calculus, trigonometry and mensuration, Euclid's Geometry, attack and defence of fortresses, practical field-fortification, course of military surveying, the Latin, French, and German lan-

guages. Unfortunately, however, there is no compulsion to study, nor any inducement, unless the youth aspire to win for himself a commission without purchase. And even then, the mode of testing his merit by successive examinations, each on a different subject, well-nigh insures his having forgotten, about the middle of the second term, all that he had sapped up and passed creditably in at the end of the first. Besides, Sandhurst is not to the Line what Woolwich is to the Artillery and Engineers, the single avenue through which young men may enter the army. By far the larger number of the cadets obtain their commissions, by purchase or otherwise, without completing their course, while the proportion of candidates for commissions who enter at Sandhurst at all is scarcely as one to six of such as are appointed direct from civil life.

It would be an impertinent interference with our readers' time, if, under circumstances like these, we were to bore them with a detailed account of the Royal Military College: we shall have said enough about it, in both its departments, when we observe that it neither exercises, nor, in the nature of things, can exercise, any beneficial influence whatever in giving a tone to the army. We obtain from it neither our staff nor our regimental officers. The former come to us at random,—as aides-de-camp, through the good-will of general officers to their own sons, or to the sons of their connections; as military secretaries, brigade-majors, adjutant and quarter-master-generals, through the kindness of the Commander-in-chief to Lady Mary this, to Lord Alfred that, to General Sir Perigreen Pikestaff or Timotheus Twaddle, Esq., M.P. The latter owe their sword-knots, in a large majority of cases, to the length of their own or their fathers' purses—in a minority, to the merits of their relatives, social or professional, or to their own. But all alike, up to the present hour, have entered upon the discharge of their duties without the smallest care taken to ascertain whether they be qualified, either physically or morally, to bear the burthen which military rank imposes upon them; and all alike win their

ay from step to step, by dint of money and what is called interest at the Horse-Guards.

The last military educational establishment which we have undertaken notice is the Hon. East India Company's College at Addiscombe; of which it is but fair to state, that bating one grievous defect—with which, by the by, Woolwich is equally chargeable—it approaches nearer in its constitution and objects to what a military school ought to be, than any other of which we can boast in this country. It came into existence in 1818, previously to which date the Directors were in the habit of sending to Woolwich, for instruction, youths to whom they had given cadetships in the Company's Artillery and Engineers. When first founded, it was intended as a place of training exclusively for these young gentlemen; but the benefits derived from it became so obvious and so great that the Court of Directors gradually enlarged its views, and now young men are educated at Addiscombe not only for the Company's Artillery and Engineers, but for their infantry also. And herein it is that the Directors have mixed up evil with good. They consider an Engineer cadetship as their great prize, and next to that a cadetship of Artillery; and they select for these appointments, not the youths who may have exhibited special talents for either arm, but the best men, or the men reported as generally best, of their batch. The consequence is, that to the infantry—for good service in which talent is as much required as for either the Artillery or Engineers—the idlers of the College are appointed, while many a clever lad, who would have shone as an infantry officer, becomes an indifferent engineer or gunner, simply because he has been posted to an arm for the practical operation of which he has no genius.

In all other respects the Military School at Addiscombe may be fairly said to surpass both Woolwich and Sandhurst. In the first place, youths enter there almost invariably at a more mature age. Though eligible for admission after completing their fifteenth year, they seldom, if ever, come up for examination till after

they have turned seventeen. In the next place, the entrance examination is more severe than either at Woolwich or Sandhurst; and in the third and last place—and this is the most important condition of the whole—cadets must complete their course at Addiscombe in two years, unless for special reasons, such as sickness, they be allowed to prolong their stay one half-year more. Now, lads may linger on at Woolwich four, and even five years, gaining this remarkable advantage from their stupidity, that when forced to compete at last for choice between Artillery and Engineers, they compete with youths who may have had but two years' training. And at Sandhurst, the course which nominally covers four years, may, if the youth have interest at headquarters, be completed, as far as his appointment to a commission completes it, in four months.

The general education given at Addiscombe is certainly not inferior to that which the cadets receive either at Woolwich or at Sandhurst. It embraces, indeed, almost entirely the same subjects which are set down in the curriculum of the others—including lectures in geology, chemistry, and artillery. But it undeniably falls short in specialities. Hence, after completing his course at Addiscombe, the Company's cadet intended for the Engineers proceeds to Chatham, where, side by side with young men from Woolwich, he receives practical instruction in his art. For the Artillery cadet, on the other hand, there is no practical school. Like his comrade intended for the service of the Infantry, he proceeds at once from Addiscombe to India, and learns there how to turn to account the theoretical lessons which have been communicated to him at home.

Another distinction deserves to be noted between the constitution of the school of Addiscombe and that as well of the Royal Military College as of the Royal Military Academy: Though all alike put from them the eleemosynary element, at Addiscombe alone is strict impartiality in the matter of payments observed. The youth who enters there, whether he be the son of an earl or of a subaltern's

widow, must be provided with his £100 a-year, besides about £25 more to cover the cost of books, instruments, and uniforms. Both at Woolwich and Sandhurst there is a graduated scale, which exacts more from a general officer than from a subaltern, and more from a civilian than from either. The orphan of an officer dying in poor circumstances is admitted into Woolwich on payment of £20 a-year. He pays for similar privileges at Sandhurst £40. The son of a gentleman in civil life pays in both cases £125, a sum more than necessary to cover the expenses of his own board and education, but which is exacted in order that there may be a surplus out of which the deficiencies occasioned by the payments of the sons of officers shall be made good.

It will be collected, from the manner in which we have expressed ourselves while describing these seminaries, that in our opinion they by no means come up to that point of excellence which it is desirable they should attain. We would not, indeed, be understood as passing upon them all one sweeping sentence of condemnation; but, starting as they do from a false principle, and halting, so to speak, between obsolete and modern usages, the good which they accomplish they achieve at random, and in the face of difficulties which, among any other people than ourselves, would prove insurmountable. Besides, they are not interwoven as they ought to be with the heart of our military system. They affect it only in its extremities, touching the subsidiary arms of the service, and these alone. Neither our infantry nor our cavalry, nor the general staff of the army at large, derives from them the slightest benefit; for Sandhurst counts as nothing, and can never count for more so long as it remains on its present unsatisfactory footing. It appears therefore to us—and the country, we believe, has arrived at the same conclusion—that whatever remedies are applied to the evils of which we complain, must go to the root of them; that every officer of every arm must hereafter be required to give proof that he is qualified to discharge the duties of

the station to which he has attained; and that to enable him to do this, arrangements must be made for bringing the means of acquiring a fair share of professional knowledge within the reach of all classes.

We had hoped that the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty to consider the important subject now under discussion would have made their report long ago: this hope has not been realised, neither are we in a condition to guess with whom the blame of such unwise delay ought to rest. The Commissioners may have loitered over their work; the Secretary of State for War may have withheld the result of it; or somebody else may be at the root of a supineness which cannot be sufficiently deplored. But it will not do for us, whatever the truth may be, to shrink from the fulfilment of a task which was voluntarily undertaken. Gladly should we have placed ourselves under the guidance of those whose interest in this matter must be at least as great as our own. They seem, however, to hang back from taking the public into their confidence, and we are left, in consequence, to enunciate our own idea as we best may. So let it be.

And here we must begin by deprecating anything like an attempt to form establishments for military education in this country, on the scale and after the model of those which the Continental nations have set up. For reasons stated at the beginning of this paper, we hold it to be neither practicable nor desirable to copy either from France or from Prussia, from Austria or from Sardinia, in a mass. The army can never become among us more than an adjunct to our national institutions—a mere excrescence growing out of them. It must always be numerically small; it can never hold out, in a pecuniary point of view, such prizes to be competed for as shall induce talent of the highest order, combined with other and not less necessary qualifications, to seek employment therein to any large extent. Some youths you will indeed find to whom nature has given a military genius, and who, indifferent to other considerations, will under any circumstances enter

an army. But these form rare exceptions to the general rule, which induces men to adopt a profession either because it holds out to them a fair prospect of pecuniary independence,

on account of the social status which is secured by it. At present the British army stands towards the British public in the latter of these relations. Its officers, especially in the sabaltern ranks, are miserably paid; and the highest prize to which, after forty or fifty years' service, they can look forward, is a regiment with an annuity of £600 a-year. It is not, therefore, the money value of a commission, but something appertaining to it, beyond the power of money to command, which brings forward so many candidates for cornetcies and ensigncies, even when they are put up to sale. Now, we have no wish to see the nature of the connection between the British nation and its military officers changed in this respect. We think that it is at once the most honourable and the least expensive that could be devised. It gives us precisely that arrangement which, in a constitutional country, is best calculated to render an armed force not only effective but safe. We have the officers taken principally from those classes in civil life which, being accustomed from their boyhood to command, command in a generous spirit, and the ranks filled with men who, being accustomed from their boyhood to obey, render a willing obedience to those whom they acknowledge as their social superiors. The former, connected by the ties of relationship with the rank, the wealth, and the more advanced intelligence of the country, can be relied upon under all circumstances to maintain order and obey the laws. The latter, constrained to look up to their officers as much by private feeling and association as through the force of discipline, never think of entertaining opinions of which their officers disapprove. But if you bring about a violent change in all this, you must make up your minds to at least the chance of disagreeable consequences. Adopt, for example, the competitive system, and carry it to the extent to which it is carried in France, with bourses,

and demi-bourses, and outfits, and so forth, and what will follow? No doubt you may secure for the military service of the country as great a share of aggregate ability, with more extensive information and habits of study, than are now to be found among the officers of the army. But you will find these things among young men taken from a totally different class; the clever and industrious sons of tradesmen and artisans—ushers at schools—poor students at Trinity College, Dublin—servitors at Cambridge, and such like, to whom the prospect of 5s. 8d. a-day is the prospect of wealth, and who will work hard in order to realise it. And to this you will speedily be brought, if, as in France, you make your test mainly a mathematical one. For our own parts we should deeply lament such a state of things, which, we regret to learn, has followed to a considerable extent on the adoption of the competitive system at Woolwich, and which, if it prevailed throughout other branches of the service, could not fail of effecting such a moral and social revolution as would disconnect the army, in a very short time, from the general sympathy of the country.

For the same reason—viz., because we do not desire to see the British army officered largely by poor men, we must enter our protest against the establishment, at the public expense, of bourses, or demi-bourses, in our military colleges. There can be no reason why laws should be enacted to prevent individuals from founding in these colleges, as they do at Oxford and Cambridge, scholarships and fellowships, if their benevolence take that turn; and when our military colleges come to be placed upon a proper footing, we do not doubt that, from time to time, such foundations will occur. But on every principle of political economy we must raise our voice against the proposal to do for the military profession at the expense of the State, what the State never has done and never will do for other liberal professions. It is perfectly right that the public should provide schools for young men who are ambitious to

serve in the army; that the material buildings to accommodate these students should be erected at the public expense, and that an adequate staff of professors and instructors should be provided for them. It is proper, also, that the expenses to the students of residence and tuition should be settled at a scale as moderate as shall be consistent with propriety. But we see no reason at all why the British public is to be taxed for the maintenance of pupils in military more than in other schools, or the British army officered by State paupers, because the Governments of France and Austria find it convenient so to officer their armies. What we want in this country is not to divert from the service the ambition of that class of young men who have heretofore supplied us with our most dashing officers, but to awaken in them an honourable determination to distinguish themselves as much by their professional knowledge as by their gallantry; and any scheme which shall seek another object than this, will, in our opinion, prove as fatal to the tone of the army itself as it will be at variance with the spirit of the constitution under which the army exists.

This is not the occasion on which to discuss the merits of that twofold system of administration under which the British army is managed. Another opportunity may perhaps arise when this question, with others subordinate to it, such as enlistment, organisation, &c., &c., shall be considered in these pages. But in the meanwhile we must take the army as it is—commanded, so far as discipline and military arrangements are concerned, by a General holding a permanent commission from the Crown, and controlled and directed in its finance, and to an extent very imperfectly defined throughout all its departments, by a Secretary of State for War. The latter functionary, as we need hardly point out, is the mere creature of a parliamentary majority. Though appointed by the Crown, he holds office only so long as the general views of the cabinet, of which he is a member, are in accord with those of the Houses of Lords and Commons. And there is not

only no guarantee that he himself shall be an experienced officer, but there is nothing to insure that, previously to his acceptance of office, he shall ever have been present at the mounting of a corporal's guard, or have any acquaintance, however limited, with military matters.

Lord Panmure's Commission, finding that in other countries military education is under the control of the Minister of War, recommended that a similar method of management should be adopted in this country. They accordingly suggest the formation of a Board or section of military education at the War Office, by means of which military education itself may be brought under the control of one head—the Secretary of State for War. If the Secretary of State for War were among us, as he is in France and Austria, a permanent officer of the Crown, we should give our hearty concurrence to this suggestion. Under any circumstances, the financial arrangements incident to the establishment of a settled scheme must be managed at his office; and the system would be greatly simplified were it possible to conduct, under his superintendence, all the details of education itself. But this we hold to be impossible—first, because the Secretary of State has no voice whatever in appointing to the general staff of the army, or in promoting its officers; and next, because uniformity of plan and steadiness of execution, in an office of which the head is liable to constant changes, seem to be out of the question. Doubtless the members of the Educational Board need not, like their chief, be required to go out with every change of Ministers; and so far as the details of work are concerned, they may be able to keep the machine going quite as conveniently during an interregnum as at any other season. But are we not placed by this arrangement between the horns of a dilemma? If the Board be authorised to work without constant reference to the Secretary of State for War, will it not become, in point of fact, master of the occasion? If the Secretary of State alone have authority to direct, improve, and alter, are we not liable

have a new system brought in with the accession of every new minister to office? Nor is this all. Suppose the Commander-in-Chief were to refuse, on military grounds, to enforce obedience to some of the rules propounded by the Secretary of State, where are we then? We have reason to believe that the management of regimental schools by the War Office, and still more, the direct control over the education of the special corps assumed by the Secretary of State for War, have been attended with some inconveniences. Had there been less of forbearance and consideration on all sides, these inconveniences would have been largely increased. We cannot see how the machine is to work at all if some voice, at least in managing the education of officers, be not allowed to the Commander-in-Chief. And if it be found necessary to trust that high functionary in part, we believe that it will be found most convenient under the circumstances to trust him wholly. Agreeing, therefore, with the Commissioners that "it is of the first importance that military education in this country should be regarded as a whole, and that perfect unity of system and harmony in its working should be made to prevail," we are of opinion that the Board of Education which they propose to establish should be made responsible for the present to the Commander-in-Chief, and that through this Board the Commander-in-Chief should superintend and manage all the schools and educational establishments in the army, as well those which already exist at Chelsea, in the Phoenix Park, and in regiments, as others of which it remains to speak, and of which we must be content to speak very briefly.

Though we are not of opinion that in this country every aspirant for a commission should pass through a military school, we are satisfied that means should be adopted to insure, that only such as have received the benefit of a good education, and are possessed of fair abilities, with an average power of mental application, shall enter the army as commissioned officers. The scale of educational merit must of course vary, accord-

ing as it is applied to a candidate from civil life or a non-commissioned officer. From the latter no more ought to be expected than he may have found an opportunity of learning in the regimental school. But the former should be subjected to an examination—of the nature and extent of which, a better notion will be formed, after we shall have spoken of the particular institution from which, in its details, it ought to be reflected.

To manage this matter—to conduct the entrance-examinations of candidates from civil life into the army, as well as to superintend all the educational establishments connected with the army itself—four officers, distinguished for their professional acquirements, should be selected; one from each of the great branches of the service—the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery, and the engineers. That they may carry sufficient weight with them in the profession, their rank should be that of colonel or lieutenant-colonel at the least; and a general officer of practical experience—a man of ready business habits and well-known accomplishments, should be nominated to preside over them. To a board so constituted, a secretary, likewise a military man, should be appointed; and it would not be amiss if two or three civilians were added—men eminent in science and in literature—not as constituent members of the board, but as assessors, to assist in conducting the non-professional parts of examinations. With this board, through its secretary, every person engaged in any way with the education of the army should communicate; the board, in its turn, reporting to the Commander-in-Chief, and if thought desirable, in duplicate to the Secretary of State also.

We require, in this country, over and above an institution hereafter to be specified, five military schools or colleges—1st, A preliminary college for aspirants generally, whether they seek commissions in the line or in the special corps; 2d, A cavalry school; 3d, A school of practical application for artillery; 4th, A school of practical application for engineers; 5th, A staff school.

The four first of these should be open indifferently to young men intended for the Queen's and the Company's service. The fifth or staff school need not, for obvious reasons, be framed on a scale more extensive than shall supply the wants of the Queen's service only. For so long as the Queen's and Company's armies continue to be distinct, the latter ought to establish and maintain staff schools of its own, which, to render them generally useful, should be placed, one at some convenient spot in each of the Presidencies.

Looking to the requirements of the two services, we should fix the permanent establishment of our preliminary college at 400 students. This would leave ample room for entrance into both the Queen's and Company's armies from civil life, while at the same time it enabled us to exact from civilian candidates, before passing them, a sufficient amount both of general and special information. For while the Government abstains from forcing all aspirants through the same groove into the military service, it is bound to hold the balance evenly between such as avail themselves of the educational establishments which it recognises, and such as prefer or find it more convenient to be educated elsewhere. The same measure of intellectual fitness should therefore be applied to both; and the better to insure that there shall be time enough to learn all that will be required, no youth should be permitted to hold a commission till he had completed the eighteenth year of his age.

To place our preliminary college on a sound footing, a sufficient staff of governors and professors ought to be appointed. We should be inclined also to adopt the system of repetition or authorised coaching, which works so satisfactorily in the Polytechnic; and, choosing our professors from among the officers of the army itself, to employ indifferently civilians or military men as *répétiteurs*. Such an arrangement would enable us to unite the departments of government and tuition, which in foreign seminaries, are usually kept distinct—a measure not only judicious in an economical point of view, but, as all

experience proves, better suited than any other to our insular habits of thought. For, neither neglecting those exercises which give strength and flexibility to the muscles, nor overlooking the good effects of an early inturement to military discipline, we desire this college to become rather a school wherein the mental faculties of its inmates shall be enlarged, than a place which shall turn out precocious martinetts in points of military costume, or even of drill. It appears, then, to us, that the staff of the college would not be too large were it fixed at some such scale as the following:—A commandant, a colonel of infantry; a second in command, a major; four captains, eight lieutenants, sixteen *répétiteurs*, one adjutant; one sergeant-major, one riding-master, who might also instruct in gymnastics and swimming; four drill-sergeants.

The duties of the commandant and second in command are obvious enough. They should administer the general discipline of the place. The captains and lieutenants should give instruction to their classes in their lecture-rooms, and command their companies and subdivisions on the parade-ground. The functions of the *répétiteurs* require no particular explanation. The adjutant, assisted by the sergeant-major and sergeants, should instruct in drill; the riding-master attend to his own duties in the riding-school and elsewhere, which a stud of perhaps fifty horses, with cavalry soldiers to attend to them, would enable him to do. Finally, there would be required a surgeon, a chaplain, a house-steward and secretary—one or more clerks, and as many domestic servants as might be considered necessary to meet the exigencies of the case. This is a large staff, which it is very possible that the annual board of 400 students at £50 a-piece would scarcely support. But £20,000 a-year will go a great way in maintaining any educational establishment; and whatever might be wanting, the country would not grudge to supply, provided it were satisfied of the excellence of the institution to which it was called upon to contribute.

We do not think that admission

into this college should take place under the age of sixteen, or that it should be set up as a prize to be competed for by all comers, or that inducements to enter should be offered in the shape of bourses and outfits. At all events, for the reasons assigned elsewhere, we object to such bourses and outfits at the public expense. The principle on which youths are now admitted into Sandhurst, and appointed directly to the army, by purchase or otherwise, seems, of all that could be devised, the most in agreement with the social habits and civil institutions of this country. There must be some guarantee that young men, desirous of holding military commissions, deserve on other than intellectual grounds the confidence of the Crown; and the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief seems to be the best that could be devised. On the other hand, it is but just to guard against the abuse of patronage even by the Commander-in-Chief; and an examination, wisely conducted before the board of military education, offers the best, and indeed the only mode of doing so. At the same time as we are averse to making this examination competitive, so we altogether object to fixing any arbitrary scale, without attaining to which the candidate must be rejected. The wise course to be pursued is this, that the examiners take as wide a range as possible; that they exact certain conditions as indispensable — such, for example, as a fair knowledge of arithmetic, of the elements of algebra and geometry, of descriptive geography and correct writing in English; but beyond this, that they look to general information, giving higher credits for an acquaintance with history, with the classics and modern languages, than for mathematics or physical science. The great object of fixing the age of entrance so late as sixteen is, that the youth may have the opportunity of obtaining the elements of a liberal education at a public school; and it should be the business of the examiners, by their mode of conducting these examinations, to promote that object.

The course in our preliminary college ought to extend over two

years, of which the first should be devoted to pure science, and to languages; the last to subjects at once professional and practical. Under the former head may be comprised arithmetic, geometry, algebra; geography, physical as well as descriptive; chemistry, natural history, geology; mechanics; the French, German, Arabic, and Hindostanee languages; the two last voluntary, except for Indian cadets. Under the latter may be comprehended the application of all these sciences to special purposes—practical geometry, military drawing, surveying, military and civil architecture, bridge-making, pontooning, pyrotechnics, the fabrication and uses of arms, military history, with the general principles of the art of war; the writing of military memoirs, and the keeping of military accounts. Military history and strategy should, as much as possible, be studied through French and German text-books, partly because these languages are richer than our own in this species of literature, and partly because the students will thereby be rendered more familiar with the languages in which their text-books are written.

Twice in every year the schools should be examined, in order to satisfy the Commander-in-Chief and the country that teachers and pupils are alike doing their duty. The examinations should be conducted by the Board of Military Education, whom civilian assessors might assist; and a record should be kept, not only of the rate of progress which each student is making, but of the special sciences for which he exhibits a peculiar predilection; and according to this record, the students should have it in their power to select the particular branch of the service to which they might desire to be attached. Thus a taste for high mathematics, for chemistry, and mechanics, will find its best field of exercise with artillery; a taste for architecture, surveying, and mechanics, marks its possessor as intended by nature to become an engineer. It would be of the greatest advantage to the public service if young men, so distinguished, were encouraged to make choice respectively of the artillery and engineers,

and to go off at the conclusion of their course to the two schools of application, of which we shall speak more at large in the sequel.

By following this practice, our infantry regiments would be supplied with ensigns, well instructed in the theory of their profession, and of eighteen years of age complete. But as it does not always follow that youths qualified in other respects are, in their moral and even their physical habits, suited for a military life, it might be well to consider a first commission as, in every instance, probationary, till six months' experience at a depot or with a regiment had satisfied both the young subaltern and his commanding officer that the former had been guided by a sound judgment in making choice of his profession. This rule should hold good, as well with lads sent out from our probationary school, as with young men passing by direct examination from civil to military life, and when confirmed, all should alike be permitted to reckon their probationary half-year as part of their service as commissioned officers.

The second of the schools which we hope to see established is a Cavalry School, through which all young men desirous of serving in that arm, or appointed to it by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, should be required to pass. They might enter it either from the preliminary school, or directly from civil life, though not without submitting to the same sort of examination which infantry aspirants of both classes are required to pass. A year would probably suffice to communicate to them as large an amount of special instruction as is necessary. But the instruction should be at once minute and carefully impressed upon them. Cavalry tactics—including the duties of outposts and patrols—the manege—the anatomy and habits of the horse—farriery—agricultural chemistry—saddlery—horse-shoeing; all these, not less than the mysteries of grooming and feeding, should be brought home to the student's understanding. Professors of fortification, of military drawing, and of the great art of war, would not, of course, be withheld from this or from any of our

military seminaries. But the main business of cavalry students should be with the management of cavalry. For thus only may we hope to deliver ourselves from the charge which Continental nations bring against us, that with the best horses, and the bravest men in the world, we turn out a cavalry inferior to theirs in everything, except the crowning operation of the charge.

Students should enter the cavalry school as cornets—their rank, temporary so long as they continue there, to be confirmed to them on joining their regiments.

We come now to the school of practical application for the Artillery, which we should be disposed to feed, as much as possible, from our preliminary school—not compelling any youth to undertake that service against his will, but encouraging such to prefer it as have manifested, while under instruction, a taste for the art and sciences with which artillery is especially connected. There can be no room for hesitation in fixing the local situation of this seminary. It could not be better placed than at Woolwich, where every appliance necessary to the study of artillery, in all its branches, is already provided. But the course, while it extended over two years, should, we think, embrace several important subjects which have not heretofore been considered among us as in any way connected with the duties of an artilleryist. For example, we concur in the views of the best French authorities that the construction of their own batteries, and the management of the pontoon train and of flying bridges, should be handed over to the artillery. Common sense appears indeed to point out that he who is to fight a battery ought not to depend upon somebody else to select its site, and to superintend its construction; while to separate the pontoons from the only arm which an unbridged river or canal must successfully stop, is an arrangement, for the adoption of which no good reason can be assigned. But we must not be tempted into the consideration of details, to deal fairly by which would require far greater space than we can command. It is enough to point out that

esides going farther than he has yet gone into high mathematics and mechanics, and making himself master of the operations in arsenals, foundries, forges, and manufactories of small-arms, the artilleryist must be initiated into subjects which cannot be more concisely enumerated than by transferring to these pages the headings of twenty chapters from an extremely interesting and valuable work, the *Aide-Memoire à l'Usage des Officiers d'Artillerie*."

"Chap. 1. Cannon:—Their names; their principal Dimensions and Weights; their Verification; the Examination of new Pieces; their Proof; Rebushing; the Repairs of Cannon; the Spiking and Unspiking of Cannon; the Manner of rendering Cannon unserviceable; the Preservation of Ordnance; Composition of Brass Guns.

"Chap. 2. Projectiles:—Their Names, Dimensions, and Weights; the Mode of examining them; their Manufacture; the Furnaces; Mode of Preservation of Projectiles.

"Chap. 3. Gun-Carriages, Waggon, Equipage:—Names and Varieties; principal Dimensions, Weights, and various Data regarding them; Portions formed of Wood and of Iron; Painting; Preservation of Carriages.

"Chap. 4. Tools and Instruments:—Names; principal Dimensions and Weights; Mode of Stowage in the Magazines.

"Chap. 5. Gunpowder:—Constituents; Manufacture; Packing; Proof; Analysis; Re-storing; Preservation; Powder Magazines; Transport of Gunpowder.

"Chap. 6. Ammunition and Laboratory Compositions:—Laboratories; Raw Materials; Small-Arm Ammunition; Gun Ammunition; Matches; Compositions for giving Light and for causing Conflagrations; Percussion Caps; Preservation in the Magazines; breaking up Cartridges; emptying loaded Shells.

"Chap. 7. Raw Materials, and various articles required for Constructions and as Stores:—Wood, Selection of, Preservation of; Wrought Iron, Examination of; Cast Iron, Kinds of; Steel; Sheet Iron; Tin; Files; Preservation of Metals in the Magazines; Charcoal; Coal and Coke; Cordage; Tar.

"Chap. 8. Packing Ammunition, Stores, Tools, &c.:—Weights of Gun-Carriages and Waggon loaded; Ammunition of Field-pieces; Tools; Stores; Spare-Articles; Siege Carriages.

"Chap. 9. The Horse:—Purchase; Feeding; Care; Shoeing; Harness for

Horses, for Mules; Storing of Harness; Disinfection of Stables and of Harness.

"Chap. 10. Composition of a Field-Equipment:—Armament of Fortresses and of Coast Batteries.

"Chap. 11. March of Field Batteries; Parks and Convoys.

"Chap. 12. *Manceuvres de Force* (Repository Exercises):—With Field Guns; with Siege and Garrison Guns; Use of the Gun; Cordage used in these Operations.

"Chap. 13. Construction of Batteries:—Materials employed; Siege Batteries; Batteries of Guns and Howitzers of the First Parallel; Mortar and Stone-Mortar Batteries; Breaching and Counter Batteries; Armament and Supply of the Batteries; Difficulties to be overcome in the Construction of Batteries; Batteries in Fortresses; Coast Batteries; Batteries in the Field; principal Dimensions of a Fortification; Data relative to the chief Operations of the Attack.

Chap. 14. Notes on the Service in time of War; Service in the Field; Service in a Siege; Service in a Fortress; Service in Coast Defence.

"Chap. 15. Tables of Practice, and Notes on the Effects of Gunpowder and of Projectiles:—Field Guns; Siege and Garrison Guns; Coast Guns; Relation between the Charge, the Velocity, &c.; Penetration of Projectiles; Fire with Red-hot Shot; Mines.

"Chap. 16. Military Bridges:—Names and principal Dimensions; Equipment of a Bridge of Thirty pontoons; Launching; Management; Passage of Troops; Operations; Modes of anchoring; casting and heaving Anchors; Reconnaissance of Places to cross; Pontoon Bridges; Bridge of ordinary Boats; Raft Bridges; Trestle Bridges; Flying Bridges; Pile Bridges; Rope Bridges; Floating Fenders; Preservation, Repair, Destruction of Bridges.

Chap. 17. Small Arms:—Names of the most recent Arms; Tables relative to the Arms actually in use; Differences between the various Models hitherto used; Examination, Repairs, and Preservation of Arms; Preservation of the Arms in the Magazines (in charge of the Artillery); Packing of Arms; Results of Experiments; Notes on different Systems of Arms; Armament of different Corps of the Army; Table of the Principal Dimensions of Small Arms.

"Chap. 18. Field Fortification.

"Chap. 19. Military Reconnaissances.

"Chap. 20. Useful Data."

If such a course as this be not sufficient of itself to fill up two years of tolerably studious life, we must

acknowledge ourselves unable to take the measure of a common man's capacity. That it has so much in common with the pursuits of an engineer, as to justify the attempt to educate, even in part, the artillerist and the engineer together, appears to us to be a very untenable opinion. We are, therefore, strong advocates for a separate Engineer College, which, as well as the Artillery College, we should, as much as possible, feed from the preliminary school—encouraging youths to enter it who had exhibited special tastes for architecture, the application of steam-power, drawing, mechanics, geodesy, and topography. The school itself might advantageously be placed at Chatham, or wherever else the headquarters of the regiment of Royal Engineers are established, and the instruction should be as practical as the nature of the service seems to require. Besides plan-drawing and surveying, geology, hydrostatics and astronomy, the young engineer should be instructed in drawing and levelling lands, in the construction of viaducts, bridges, and docks, in the steam-engine, in civil architecture, as well as in permanent and field fortification; in carpentry and mason's work; in mining and sapping; in metallurgy and projectiles. In a word, no art, the application of which is likely to be called for by armies in the field, or by the progress of civilisation at home, ought to be altogether a sealed book to him.

We do not see any necessity for carrying engineers into the arcana of high mathematics; but besides being rendered eminently practical, ready at every pinch with a remedy for the evil, they should be trained to command and manage men, a sort of lore which they will never learn, unless, after quitting school, they be attached at intervals to companies and battalions, and called upon to do duty with them. All young men making choice of the artillery and engineer services, whether passed out of the primary school or admitted after examination into the school of application from civil life, should enter as lieutenants with local rank—such rank to be confirmed and full time allowed after they have com-

pleted their course of training, and been appointed to do duty with their respective corps.

The course of the engineer school, like that of the artillery, should extend over two years, and there should be periodical examinations in both. We would assign the same limits to the staff school, the examination for admission into which ought to be strictly competitive; and in order to qualify officers for this, arrangements must be made for affording to them opportunities of study, while doing duty with their regiments, as well in the colonies as at home. Mr. Sidney Herbert, in his speech of June 1856, has sufficiently explained how this is to be done. At the headquarters of every division, or at convenient places at home and abroad, officers of instruction should be stationed, who, by lectures and otherwise, may guide their comrades in their endeavours to render themselves accomplished soldiers. For it forms part of our plan that promotion shall not take place, from the junior to the senior ranks, without an examination; that such examination, besides being strictly professional, shall be conducted entirely upon paper; that the questions propounded by the central board in London, and circulated through the whole extent of the empire, shall be answered everywhere in the presence of a committee of staff officers, without any reference on the part of the candidates to books or notes, or even to hints or suggestions from men better instructed than themselves. We need scarcely enter more into the details of this scheme, which has been sufficiently discussed in the House of Commons and elsewhere. But we may observe, that after the machine is fairly launched, it ought to be exclusively to those whose papers in the division-schools had merited the highest marks of commendation, that the privilege of competing for entrance into the staff school should be conceded.

The numerical establishment of the staff school must, of course, depend upon the limits which are assigned to staff service in our army. We ourselves would extend these limits, so that they should embrace every officer

not employed in regimental duty; including military secretaries, adjutant, and quarter-masters-general, majors of brigade, commandants, and professors at military colleges, divisional officers of instruction, and aides-de-camp. A considerable inducement to professional study would thereby be held out to the whole army, even in time of peace; while for war we should be prepared, by having at our disposal a staff, not only well instructed, but numerous. Nor let it be said that for such posts as those of military secretary, major of brigade, and aide-de-camp, business habits, with personal activity, constitute qualifications sufficient. An aide-de-camp who is not so instructed as to understand the purpose of the order which he carries, a brigade major who is unable to help his brigade out of a military difficulty, and a military secretary whose opinion is worth nothing except in the dictation of a letter, have no business to be employed with an army in the field, or to enjoy any special privileges in some quarters. To qualify for each of these situations, therefore, as well as for employment on the general staff, an officer ought to pass with credit through the staff school; and the school should be framed on such a scale as to undertake the education of at least one hundred students at a time.

In two years, divided into four terms, the course of this school should be completed. Five-and-twenty vacancies will thus occur at the close of every term, and officers, desirous of competing for the privilege of supplying them should appear before the board of military education, and have their acquirements tested. By-and-by, when our division-schools have come fully into operation, only the individuals who have most distinguished themselves at these will be summoned; but in the meanwhile the school should be open to all who may be disposed to undergo the ordeal of a sharp professional examination, and to try their strength with other competitors.

Into the detail of studies to be pursued during these years of residence in the school, it is not necessary to enter. They should include every-

thing relating to the management and administration of armies; and not alone of armies in general, but of British armies in particular. Hence the museum should be rich in the appliances required to embark and disembark troops—in the models of boats, stages, pontoons, brigades, corduroy and other roads; in tents, huts, waggons, panniers, and hospital equipments. The topographical department should include well-executed maps of the seats of all the great wars of modern times; and the library should be furnished with military history, and treatises on tactics and strategy, in all languages. There should be professors of military drawing and surveying, of military administration, of artillery, engineering, cavalry and infantry manoeuvres; and a sufficient stud of horses should be at the command of the students, wherewith to execute military surveys with or without instruments.

Four examinations should take place between the commencement and the close of the course. To assist them in conducting these, the members of the board may be allowed to call in assessors; but they and they alone should undertake the responsibility of the issues. And a record being preserved of the places which the aspirants have taken on each occasion, individuals should be recommended for staff employment according to this order of merit. Meanwhile, to qualify for such employment, officers, on leaving the staff school, should be attached for one year to each arm of the service in which they had not previously served; and when appointed to the staff itself, they should become supernumerary in the regiments from which they had been taken. This would at once facilitate promotion in the army generally, and hinder the regimental duties which the staff officers ought to perform from being thrown upon their comrades. And the more to stimulate our young men to study, it would be well if, at the end of five years, every staff officer, with the exception of those at headquarters, should receive a step of rank, and return to regimental duty. If there be no vacancy in

his own or any other corps, he might serve as a supernumerary till such occurred; for promotion, except by purchase, should not be given out of this line, so long as any officer, returned from staff employ, remained unposted.

One word more, in order to avoid misapprehension regarding the terms in which gentlemen seeking commissions from civil life ought to be admitted. In every case they, like candidates for admission into military schools, should be nominated by the Commander-in-Chief; but in order to secure to the army the description of officers whom it needs, they ought in every case to be subjected to a pass-examination. We have read, with more of regret than of surprise, a paper put out by the Royal Commissioners with reference to this matter. It is, of course, what it professes to be—the exhibition of a temporary expedient only. But even a temporary expedient ought not to be so framed as either to mislead the public regarding the ultimate intentions of the Government, or to bring those who propound it into contempt. Whatever we exact from the youths who enter a preliminary college as qualifications indispensable to their bearing the Queen's commission, we must exact from those who decline to enter it. They must have completed the eighteenth year of their age, and be passed, both medically and by the Board of Military Education, in all the subjects which students are required to master, before receiving their commissions. Such as desire to join the infantry will, under such circumstances, accomplish their wish at once. Such as aspire to become officers of cavalry, or artillery, or engineers, must be content to do duty for a while, like other aspirants, in the practical school of

the arm which they are ambitious to adorn; for the adoption of any other course—the admission to direct appointments on terms more easy than are exacted from youths who take such instruction in the preliminary college—will defeat the very purpose for which it was set up. It will insure to the British army a body of officers, of whom only a small minority will be educated men; and narrow thereby, to a very obnoxious extent, the field of choice whence, in time of need, competent general and staff officers are to be selected.

We are well aware that we have by no means exhausted this very important subject. To do so, indeed, would require a volume. But our purpose will be sufficiently served if what we have written contribute in any degree to lighten the labour of those who have been appointed to deal with it in a practical form. They may rest assured that, though the eye of the public be upon them, it watches their proceedings in no jealous spirit. We trust that they will produce a plan which shall prove at once manageable and comprehensive; for no other will go down, either with the Parliament or the people. To warn them against the very appearance of jobbing—to caution them not to hold open a door, however narrow, to influence and favouritism, we believe to be unnecessary; for against so grievous a mistake, the high characters of the gentlemen composing the Board of Education, and still more that of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, offer sufficient security. It remains, therefore, only to wish to them success in their undertaking, and to the army itself all the good which cannot but result from such a work when it shall be completed.

CAMBRIA AND COTTONOPOLIS.

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

BRYN CEFN, *September.*

MY DEAR IRENÆUS,—Courage is great virtue; you have proved that you possess it physically. You are not afraid of the showers of the grape, and I conclude you would not be afraid of a shower of grape. Yet a shower of rain—I mean a shower, in the Irish sense, of a fortnight's duration—puts you to flight. In more than one meaning you are the driest fellow of my acquaintance. Like a cat, you have the inconsistent qualities of being fond of fishing, and afraid of getting your feet wet. Ergo, after staying with me a week, and flogging the brooks like a very bushy of fish, you turn ignominious tail, and return to the flesh-pots of Merrifield. And then you most unreasonably expect your poor Achates, deserted like Ariadne by Theseus, to write once a-week, and send you news. News indeed! You are at the fountains of news, and I am at the fountains of the Llugwy.

News does not come up to spawn at the heads of rivers as the fish do. Like you, I get those horrible telegrams from India. The word seems to have been expressly invented for a telegraphic despatch full of horrors. And people say these frightful nightmares of unspeakable things are true in fact, true in life—and death! The other evening, once in a way, we had a fair sunset. The west was calm, and lighted with the setting sun-glory. But in the east hung a thunderstorm, black and ominous, with a stain on it as of blood. I could not dwell with delight on the calm, when I knew the storm was at my back. And the thunder growled of a pampered soldiery, whom we had treated like angels, turning on us like fiends; of men, Englishmen, tortured as never were early Christians tortured by Roman emperors; of infants, English infants, butchered as the holy innocents were butchered by Herod; of women, English women,

Scotchwomen, Irishwomen, matrons, mothers, maids who, like the Spartan women of old, had never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp

Was that a whisper of Satan in my ear? was it whispered in my ear alone? or in the ear of the nation? or say, was not the foul abomination proclaimed trumpet-tongued on the house-tops of domestic innocence? And when this flood of wickedness came pouring over us, what was the conduct of our estimable rulers? If they were not exactly marrying and giving in marriage, they were doing worse. They were discussing the clauses of a Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Bill. When the dissolution of our empire was threatened, the Whigs, true to themselves, were considering the dissolution of Holy Matrimony. I have skipped all the debates on this, at present, not intensely interesting question. I have made up my mind that, in comparison with other countries, matrimonial relations here are good. I think it best to let well alone. The thought of the possibility of a dissolution tends to make members of Parliament contented with their seats, but a similar thought tends, in practice, to make married people discontented with their partners. People who may live anywhere in the world, are much more apt to grow dissatisfied with their present location, than those who are fixed to it by circumstances. You take a wife for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, &c. You are blindfold or open-eyed, as the case may be, but you make up your mind at the time that you jump into eternity. You can no longer be the same man. A free Briton still, you have thrown away your fancy-freedom as I would the freedom of your city, unless it were offered me in a gold box. From this consideration I remain a bachelor. If I looked on marriage as a sea on which you

might venture for a morning's trip, and come back to dinner, without committing yourself to her Majesty's service, I might have ventured; but knowing it a sea without visible shores, and with a wholesome fear of press-gangs in crinoline, and female literal Ironsides not quite of Cromwell's kind, I prefer the dry land, owning myself deficient in the necessary hardihood. I put aside the arguments from Holy Writ about the dissolubility or indissolubility of marriage. Such are questions for divines rather than dilettanti. At all events, I am quite satisfied that marriage is not a state into which dissolute people ought to enter, at least without a firm resolution to be dissolute no longer. On the whole, though I have not read the bill, I am sure it means mischief. You are too gallant a man to tell me that this is rather a ladylike way of treating the subject. But I should like for you and me to put our sage heads together, and concoct a divorce bill such as it ought to be. Of course, the legislation of Parliament, unaided by a ladies' committee, must be one-sided and unfair in this matter. The ladies would project, as causes of divorce, it is impossible to say what frivolous things,—the possession of a latch-key, smoking in the conjugal residence, belonging to a club, napping after dinner, asking friends without notice given and leave obtained, Free-masonry and Odd-fellowship, indifference to the beauty of babies, &c. &c. The gentlemen would add to these, renunciation of accomplishments, dowdiness, cold dinners with servants' godliness for excuse, and even such slight offences as constant repetition of the same logical proposition, a shrill tone, Brepholatry (this word, lady-readers, is as good as telegram; it means, exaggerated worship of a small household Llama, generally the last in order of arrival.)

Allowing both of these classes as causes of divorce, marriage would be impossible as a permanent institution; allowing, on the other hand, such causes only as both men and women would agree upon, things would remain much as they are.

Divorce is possible now, but very

select indeed. Repudiation for a million will never do. Saturday-night wife-beaters would be divorced on Monday as regularly as Monday came, and re-married as regularly the next Sunday three weeks. The wives want Protection and not Free Trade. And I should be sorry to see the myth, so devoutly believed in by our friends on the other side of the Channel, of Smithfield and its wife-market, made true in fact. The whole question is nugatory. But a certain potentate will find mischief for idle Whigs to do, and this is times, above all others, when the helmsman of the State ought to be at his post and wide awake.

That Mutiny is truly an awful business. The classics would have seen in it the hand of Nemesis. We see more. We seek quarrels with Persia and China, and we find a quarrel in India not of our seeking. Yet more. I believe in the justice and necessity of the Russian War. Just it was, because Russia was robbing, and it was the duty of the powers that keep the peace of the world to stop her; it was necessary, because the success of Russia would have upset the balance of power, and blocked up the highway to the East. But these were not the reasons why the war was generally popular; it was believed to be the opportunity of the revolutionary party. Now was the time for all opposed nationalities to rise. The oppressed nationalities rose not, but pampered and petted nationalities rose on us the speakers of these idle words, and made us rue them. Then, again, there was some diplomatic cant about the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. What is the Ottoman Empire to us? Time was when it was an abomination to all Christendom. And now the Mussulman has risen against us in India, though the Sultan, in his private generosity, sends a thousand pounds to the Indian sufferers. The same religionists perpetrated the massacre of Scio who perpetrate the massacres of Delhi and Cawnpore.

But this heart-rending mutiny will do us national good. The Crimean lesson was sharp but short. Our soldiers perished there by hun-

ombs, because preparedness for war was not considered the habitual duty of a nation's life. The Indian Mutiny reads us the same lesson in larger letters, even in the shattering of our household gods, the desecration of our wives and maidens. Who but a nation thinking too lightly of its military duties would have placed such implicit confidence in a mercenary army? The only similar instance that I recollect, is the mutiny of the mercenaries of Carthage recorded by Polybius, which brought that state to the brink of ruin. That state blindly stuck to the system notwithstanding, until its eyes were rudely opened by the Scipios. Sadly does the soft place in our character want annealing. Men were becoming indifferent to wickedness. It was but a curable form of mental disease. None but idiots pule about mercy now. George Fox the Quaker, himself, had he lived now, would have petitioned for a hangman's place, regretting that he could only kill. Not to kill in such cases as the present would be a crime. God's earth must not be polluted for one unnecessary moment. But for our own sakes, we cannot torture, although our instinct suggests impalement and tearing by wild horses. We must put to death, and leave the real punishment to other powers. It is hard to believe how bad or how good man may be.

Here we have Nana Sahib, [the ever-accursed through dominions on which the sun never sets; there we have the gallant Havelock, our British Joshua, said to be descended from the Danish Vikings. Here we have the cowardly legions of worse than Canaanites, strong only in lust, rapine, and murder, and timid as hares in fight; there the sacred band of God-fearing sons of the north, the noble Highlanders, driving them like chaff before the wind, and only thinned by heat and pestilence. If this Indian mutiny has unsealed the blackness of a bottomless pit of villany, it has also brought to light a strange diamond-mine of human heroism. Think of the chaplain of the Church of England, at Cawnpore, reading the service for the burial of the dead to his rank-fellows, in momentary expect-

tation of the volley which was to slay them all!

How can any sane man doubt of the ultimate issue? We shall be stronger than ever in India. But the question of its future government will arise. I should certainly like to see Queen Victoria also Empress of Hindostan. But her present advisers would turn the great golden opportunity of doing good into a gigantic job. "Remember Dowb." When were the Whigs ever false to their be-draggled colours?

Some may still presume that, with all its shortcomings, Leadenhall Street may be able to govern India better than Downing Street. We could not get through the Crimean war without insulting Canada in her noble offer of assistance; and as yet the Prime Minister has to prove his capacity to govern, by electric telegraph, 200,000,000 of people on the other side of the world. What a mercy it is that the Russian war and the Persian war were over when this mutiny broke out! The mutineers would have preferred that our hands should be as full as possible. And what a mercy it is that they were idiots enough to revolt before they had generally obtained possession of that tremendous arm, the Enfield rifle, and on a question of the cartridges to be employed in its use! The men of peace talk about division of labour. Every man cannot be a soldier; they have not time for military exercises; why not pay soldiers to fight for them? Indeed, why not? Why not, buy a machine, like that of the priests of Tibet, to say their prayers for them? Is there no other personal duty which might be done by proxy in the same way?

A speaker in Parliament quotes authority as to the discipline of the Bengal army, to the effect that it was the custom for the individuals of the guard who were not actually standing sentry, to pile their arms, "divest themselves of every article of clothing," and go to sleep. This seems the normal state of John Bull when not actually fighting. After a great war comes a great disarmament, and John makes himself comfortable, and nods off till he is awakened by some distant thunder-clap. What we im-

peratively need for the preservation of our Empire, is a really military spirit in our population—not a vain-glorious love of mere soldiering, but a fixed idea that war is as much a part of every man's duty as prayer.

A complication of contingencies might have arisen, in which every man in Great Britain must have turned soldier for the defence of the country, whether he liked it or not. I wish the *Times* would take up and keep up this question. It is of no use to take up a subject one year, and let it drop the next. One year the *Times* ran a-muck at the hotels: the landlords put their heads together, and bowed before the storm for a while, but now they are erect as ever. In Wales, at any rate, the bad old system prevails. A dun knows that incessant dunning alone will secure payment from a spendthrift. A man of original character once asked a crossing-sweeper why he always touched his hat to him, seeing that he never gave him a halfpenny. Broom replied, "You never have, sir; but you will," and of course got sixpence. This is why I am always harping, in a manner to you perhaps tiresome, on the harsh note of the necessity for a general armament of Great Britain even in times of peace. I would arm Irene like Minerva, lance in hand, and sword by side, attended by the bird of wakefulness, and set up her statue on the white cliffs of Britain.

The Athenians of old confided the security of their city to the goddess of Wisdom, War, and Watchfulness, and fell only when they lost sight of the inseparableness of her attributes. Under the shadow of her protection, there was abundant room for commerce and the fine arts to flourish; but the temple of Athene Polias ever stood on the height of the Acropolis, that all men might see it, and read the lessons which were written on the lucent tables of its immortal marble.

I suppose it is with you as it is with me;—the Indian mutinies fill my dreams with horror, even when I can chase them from my waking thoughts. While avowing my indignation against the maudlin humanity that would show mercy in such a case,

or blunt for one-eighth of an inch the sword of the destroying angel, they impress vividly on my feelings the utterly detestable nature of all cruelty, and even careless infliction of suffering. What holds good in the case of man, holds good also in the case of the inferior creation. I have often defended field-sports. As war is noble and justifiable under certain circumstances, and it is lawful for man to destroy his neighbour, so is it lawful for him to slay the beast of the field for his maintenance—nay, even for his healthful recreation. But it is not lawful to give any of them one instant of unnecessary pain. The death that a partridge dies, when shot through the head, is a more painless one than the death of nature. But when a bird is unfortunately wounded, it suffers terror, and pain, and the sportsman's first care should be to put it out of suffering. I believe that you always make a point of knocking your trout on the head as soon as you take them, while another friend of mine says that he likes the sensation of the fish leaping in his basket; and when the fish are rising fast, it seems to be waste of time to stop to kill them. But if you observe the trout which die of simply being taken out of the water, you will see that they have died with their mouths open, gasping and in mortal agony. This ought to be quite sufficient to teach a merciful man the proper course. It is not, as I believe has been abundantly proved, the hook in the lip or gills that gives the fish pain, but the being removed from the element necessary to its existence.

To jump from small things back again to great, a gentleman has addressed a letter to the *Spectator*, advocating the exhibition, in perpetuity, of the monster Nana Sahib (if we catch him), as a human specimen of a Bengal tiger, in the tower or elsewhere. I should especially reprobate such a proceeding. After passing a certain line, a human being has put himself out of the pale of human pardon or mercy. We have no right to keep him alive, and we have, at the same time, no right to put him to an instant's needless pain. No ends of justice can be served thereby—no end can be served

out the satisfaction accruing to others from his pain. Such a perpetual exhibition would probably be a torture more refined than any physical torture. If so, we should be only imitating the conduct of the Indian nutineers in inflicting it; if not, we should be only entailing on the nation the useless expense of the creature's keep. Society has a right to kill a man under a great variety of circumstances; when it kills him, it dismisses him at once to the tribunal of his Maker. We know that the lives most precious to the community are those most freely offered on the shrine of duty. Why such tenderness with lives that are worthless, and worse than worthless? The value of a villain to the visible creation certainly can not be greater than that of a hero; and if we respect his life under the pretext of giving him time for amendment, we in some sort put a premium on crime. We would not therefore, have the gallows decried, unless some death can be found which will remove a malefactor from the world with a smaller amount of pain. I have just been reading Cardinal Wiseman's remarks at Salford on the Indian insurrection. The only thing in what he says worth serious notice is a fact that he mentions in the matter of the greased cartridges. If it be true that the contractor put some animal grease (an abomination to Hindoos) in the cartridges, in order to turn a penny by its superior cheapness, it is a parallel instance to the rotten hay which was packed for the horses in the Crimea—an illustration of the working of that base venal spirit in English minds, by which, unless it is corrected, England may one day be undermined to her destruction. The grand mistake of English administration abroad is, that it is too commercial, and not sufficiently military. The reproaches often directed against us by foreigners are closely akin to those directed against good-tempered easy individuals in situations of power. They are accused of browbeating and bullying when their only fault is remissness. The situation of British India is probably without a parallel in history. It is a case of a subject people with the arms of subjection in their

hands. India was won by the sword, and has been augmented by conquest, but it has been kept together by bands of red tape. It did not require the strength of a Samson to burst them. Suppose that the Danes and Normans, when they conquered this country, had peacefully settled themselves down in counting-houses or bungalows, with comfortable civil establishments, and simply transferred the armies of the Saxon kings to their own standards, how long would they have affected the destinies of this country? They acted far otherwise. They built themselves strongholds, they kept all the stores and munitions of war, and all the superior arms, in their own hands, intrusting their subjects with the inferior only. And the Roman system was, to hold a country by the expedient of suffering no nationality to grow to a head. They posted a cohort of Spaniards in one place, of Gauls in another, of Dacians in another, and kept the various nationalities as well as the subject people in order, by playing them all off one against the other. Yet, with all their caution, they were sometimes taken by surprise and massacred, as happened in Britain; and the legions sometimes mutinied, as recorded by Tacitus, and brought the Empire, even in its palmiest days, to the verge of destruction. How it fell we all know. The barbarian legionaries in the Imperial service had much more sympathy with Franks and Huns and Allemannians than they had with Cæsar in all his purple. They took oaths in the name of Odin to serve Jupiter Capitolinus, and of course broke them when they found it to their interest to do so. This will not do now. The population of India must in future be ruled by a rod of iron as palpably as Van Amburgh's tigers. Do not let us insult their nonsensical religion, but neither, for Heaven's sake, confirm them in it by paying deference to their ridiculous notions. Away with such moonshine as the application of liberty of the press, trial by jury, and *habeas corpus* to a population of two hundred millions of ferocious children. The advantage of these things to us, in our full-grown civilised manhood, is perhaps even now an open

question with some not bitterly misanthropic spirits. Our most highly civilised neighbour has shown herself scarcely capable of using freedom without abusing it. We have tried to govern India with the scales of Justice without her sword—an amiable weakness, similar to that of those who would dismiss corporal punishment from our schools and the crank from our jails, and govern scholars and prisoners by purely moral influences; but the case is even worse, for we have handed over the sword into the very hands we ought to have tied up from mischief. With respect to the religion of the people, we, or rather the Hon. East India Company, have done two wrong things—we have winked at proselytising by Government functionaries, and, at the same time, at the existence of anti-Christian societies; thus imitating the action of a man who eats crude viands, and then takes a dram to correct them, rather than of one who abstains at once from the pastry and the brandy. Let India be governed on those principles of justice and equity on which Christianity is based. Let her superstitions be simply ignored, except when they clash with common humanity and morals, and then let them be strongly put down, and a door of quite sufficient width will be opened to the efforts of the missionaries, who ought to be all under the eye of Government; for the most zealous and well-intentioned of mankind are unfortunately not always the most judicious. When a people has found from long experience that Christians have governed them better than any other class of men, they will be apt to ask themselves whether the religion they profess has not something to do with the goodness of the government. Perhaps John Company is open to the charge of making his interests the foreground of the picture he presented to the natives, and keeping his principles, for fear of offence,

"In the blue distance, many a mile away."

It is no longer by prestige founded on commercial preponderance that India must be ruled, but by the stern uncompromising justice of a clear conscience and a sharp sword. The

suppression of this mutiny will be an affair of more or less time, but, if not complicated with foreign wars, is as certain as the next eclipse of the moon. After the suppression of this mutiny, we shall have for some time an amount of military credit to live on like that which followed the battles of Plassy and Assaye; but it will not serve our purpose, as we have fatally seen, to trust to prestige alone. The sword must guard its gain. Probably the difficulty of permanently garrisoning India with European troops has been overrated. They have proved that they can fight, if need be, in the hot season as well as in the cold; and there are an abundance of places in the hill-countries where Europeans can live, wife, and thrive, and where permanent military colonies might be established, not only to the advantage of our rule in India, but to that of the emigrating classes in populous Great Britain. We sometimes forget the facilities which will be given by the introduction of a railroad system, and the application of the electric telegraph, to our Eastern dependencies. India will be governed after this disturbance is settled and these improvements are made, with increased ease, but on the probable condition that John Company must open his hand and allow a considerable influx of the uncovenanted classes. Perhaps such a change would be, in the end, fatal to his rule, but it is better that he should die a natural death in his bed, than be murdered by mutineers, or compelled to desperate suicide by the Government at home, which has ever appeared fatuous and wrong-headed in its domestic policy, but tenfold more so in its foreign and colonial relations;—just as a man may set his own household by the ears without attracting much notice; but when he begins to make a noise, and hustle passengers in the street, his conduct is apt to end in a general row.

But what has all this to do with my summer sojourn at Bryn Cefn? you may well ask, and cry, as the Athenians did when Tragedy took up general subjects, What has this to do with Bacchus? I came here again, because I passed a pleasant time before. But nothing is more

precarious than enjoyment. You may find it where you expect it east; you are almost sure to miss it when you expect it. The pleasant party which made even the wet days pass cheerily at Bryn Cefn has never met again. One young artist of much promise will never return there, for he died last year in France of a sudden attack of fever, true to the last to that romantic medieval faith which he looked upon, at all events, as essential to the artistic character. Outhbert Chase only remains, hurting his eyes with microscopic studies from nature, and breaking his heart with the hopelessness of imitating her to the life. I respect from the bottom of my heart his courage and perseverance; but nature is too much for man with her infinite varieties of form and colour, and myriads of microcosms in a nutshell. Those old masters, sly fellows! took her yoke upon them very jauntily, and did much as they pleased while pretending to perform her service. They did not observe much for themselves, but followed some still older master, giving up their pictorial conscience to his keeping, as Lord Palmerston is said to make Lord Shaftesbury his conscience-keeper in the appointment of bishops. Hence the followers of Claude became more Claudian, those of Salvator more Salvatorial, and those of Poussin more Poussinesque. English ideas of art invested them with infallibility. Turner was the first who had the boldness to rebel. He followed them all for a time, caught them all up, and then, from want of something else to do, fell to work sketching from nature, and painting, not what people showed him, but what he saw. These are not first-hand ideas, but notions gathered from association with Chase, and occasional visitations from Reginald Queensbury, the Art Missionary, who carries Turner's drawings about on the back of his pony, in the manner of tracts, and with the view of converting unbelievers. It is hard to say what the school to which these gentlemen belong can be called in landscape-painting. Pre-Raphaelitism will not do; for the original pre-Raphaelites never

attempted to paint a landscape except in subordination to figures, and then neglected all rules of drawing, if not advisedly, at least with unconscious contempt for the subject. But this school, which we may call, for want of a better name, the Naturalistic, applies to landscape the same principles that the pre-Raphaelite brethren apply to figures. As far as I can understand it, they claim the credit of improvement, not so much in method of handling as in manner of work. Instead of mixing colours, they put in pure colour in points, with the object of producing at the right focus of sight some homogeneous colour of brighter aspect than could be produced in any other way. They stipple and cross-hatch instead of washing, glazing, scumbling, &c. And every impartial person must allow that this method produces unwonted brilliancy of effect, albeit at the price of an enormous amount of labour. But the strong point of the school is, that they know no master besides Nature, not even Turner. They appeal to a stone in a wall or a boulder in a brook, show how it presents a hundred tints in the space of a square inch, and triumphantly ask how it is possible to suppose that such stone or boulder can be represented by a hasty blot, except as a subordinate part of a composition, in which it should appear in a painting of the same degree of indistinctness that it presents in nature to the eye which is looking at something else. In their view, Art should have no existence except that of a mirror of nature. It should have no trick of trade, no system of ciphers or symbols to be understood only by the initiated. Yet imagination is not excluded from the *pictura*. The study should present nature as seen in her naked beauty by the unbiased eye—the *picture*, nature draped and leaving room for the display of taste and skill in the graceful arrangement of her folded robes. Truth at any price and at any pains is the war-cry. Outhbert Chase will march off with his heavy materials five miles from home, and sit down in a cold wild glen, to bring back one faithful line. But the fugitive efforts must still as

ever be shot flying; and the painter who is destitute of memory and imagination must thus stop short of the highest achievement, and be satisfied, if he is encouraged to go on at all, with the bare avoidance of falsehood. This method, if believed in, will have the effect of reducing most amateurs to despair. But if tried, though unsuccessfully, it will give a new sense of the infinite beauties of the landscape, and the details of which it is made up. At all events, it was time that the principle should be enunciated, that painting is not a mere boarding-school accomplishment, but an earnest work of life, to be as devoutly followed as any other, if excellence would be obtained. Cuthbert Chase is too hard upon the old masters of landscape-painting—like Mr. Ruskin, who, I believe, called Salvator a ruffian, and painter of ruffians. Considering the age in which they lived, one of the most deplorably fictitious in all time, it is a wonder that they could do so much. It is only very lately that natural science has been admitted to constitute a school of honours at Oxford; and in the time of the old masters natural science was only known in the shape of alchemy or astrology. It is the accurate physiological study of nature, originated by Bacon, that has opened men's eyes to the unending vistas of improvement that lie in the path of the landscape-painter, and the incomparable superiority of beauty in the truth of things to beauty in man's imagination. The poor old masters did their best. They knew no better; they had no older masters to look to, for the classic ancients and the old pre-Raphaelites only painted conventional landscapes. We ought to be very much obliged to them for beginning to paint landscape, and thankful to their memory for what they did accomplish. Poetry sprung into perfection at once in the book of Job and Homer, like Pallas armed from the head of Jove; but this advantage resulted from the fact that its muse only wanted to know the heart of man, and to see the actions of his life. Perhaps the case was much the same with figure-painting, for the Greeks, at least, in consequence of

their gymnastic games, &c., could not fail to become accurately acquainted with the human form. With landscape-painting the case was far otherwise. Moses was no geologist; Solomon was no botanist, in the modern sense. They only wondered and adored God in nature. Aristotle still believed that the she-bear licked her cubs into shape. It was reasonable to expect that landscape-painting, depending so much as it does on the accurate investigation of the forms and relations of nature, should be the latest development of art. So peace be to the mares of the old masters; and may Claude and Turner shake hands in Elysium!

North Wales is thronged this summer by tourists, but a tourist can see but little of North Wales. Chase and I find the Snowdonian district alone infinite in novelty and variety. Snowdon is ascended by every one because it is the highest top; no one seems to ascend the other mountains but the shepherds of the country. Snowdon is the Righi of Wales, with a trifle worse inn at the top. We clomb him one night to see the sun rise, observed some lovely effects of early light, and then found three ruffians of the sporting kind, apparently unearthed from some London betting-shop, playing three-card loo on the summit. Such incidents make one prefer the other mountains. Snowdon does not stand quite alone even for sublimity of precipices. The Cwn Llafar, or Wonderful Glen, under the crest of Carnedd Dafydd, with its columnar rock-architecture, is finer, to my mind, than anything about Snowdon. Of all the ascents, that of Moel Siabod repays the requisite toil best. Almost all the mountains have beauties of their own. The Trifaen is difficult to scale, but by no means dangerous. Is a huge pyramid of basalt, with two strange stones on the top, to leap from one to the other of which, although an easy enough feat, I do not recommend to Paterfamilias, unless he has insured his life heavily. I found a Welsh tract upon each stone, secured by a pebble, enjoining, as my landlady told me, the observance of the Sabbath. The two Glyders,

the cold bleak plain between air tops, are savage in the extreme. There are piles of pointed rock exactly such as the Jove of Æschylus would have selected for the punishment of Prometheus, enchainning him to them first, and impaling him on them after his defiance. The mere tourist has no time to visit the beautiful series hid away in the folds of the mountains;—for instance, the lakes awaunedd at the feet of Siabod, the Ffynnon Llugwy looking up to arnedd Llewellyn, Boch Llwyd stling in the side of the Trifaen loer, or the Moon Lake, under the mpestrous crest of Carnedd Dafyd; it he may easily see the Arcadian raffant by walking from Tripiw on the Conway to Capel Curig—a path of unparalleled attractions throughout its whole extent. But there is the glen—I will not name its real name, for it is Cuthbert Chase's own reserve. I shall call it Glen Mystery. We saw an artist once sitting sketching near its opening, and made a detour and hid ourselves, that he could not see us enter the lock of the pass. It is the finest example of the Glacial period in Geology. All the Snowdonian crests, which were once probably much higher than now, were once festooned with glaciers such as we see in the Alps at this day. Glen Mystery was evidently filled with one of enormous size. Its passage, before its dissolution, when the climate of the earth changed, has modified the structure of the rocks so as to produce most beautiful and fantastic forms. There are ships as large as "The Great Eastern" turned bottom upwards, rmed out of enormous slabs scored in lines by the rocks imbedded in the travelling ice. But above all, we are struck with the ecclesiastical character of the whole place. Numerous runlets descended from the precipices, and fell into so many basins of holy water, clear as air, and paved with iridescent pebbles. There was a structure in the midst, of Gothic aspect, which we called the Cathedral; it was rather the chief interior chapel of one vast cathedral, like in kind to those you may see in St. Peter's at Rome, but as large as that famous church itself. And there was

a high altar, and minor altars fit for the offices of priestly Anakim. The sky appeared so weird over our heads that we were fain to uncover them; the earth so lovely with its carpet of fern and club-moss, that had we been of an Eastern creed, we must have taken our shoes from off our feet. I prophesy that Cuthbert Chase will tell the world all about it some day, and I will not anticipate the credit justly due to the discoverer of this beautiful spot. Not that all would see its beauty. Its religious character did not strike me at first, yet it seemed in the setting sun somewhat like Petra.

"That rose-red city, half as old as Time,"

as Mr. Burgon finely said in his Newdegate prize-poem. A contrast to the gorgeous solemnity of this place is found in the so-called Devil's Kitchen, at the head of Llyn Idwal. It would be hard to imagine a gloomier chasm. But is it not written in all the guide-books? One great advantage that North Wales possesses over Switzerland is, that it gives such infinite variety of scenery within the compass of a few hours' walk, whereas in the Alps one often finds oneself in the finest parts shut in by mountain-barriers which take a day's journey to transcend.

In richness of foreground detail Wales can only yield the palm to Italy, and then the detail is of a different kind. Even the Italian sun cannot produce the endless luxuriance of ferns, mosses, and such like undergrowth, which is due to the constant rains and ever-brooding mists of Snowdonia. But to write with effect in such soaked scenery, a painter must have the constitution of a Welsh pony. The three months' summer sojourn is coming to an end. Bright red leaves are peering out among the green of the birches. The ferns are mixed of green and red. The sedge is turning vermilion. It was a glorious life of liberty. The living was hard but healthy, and my rod often furnished a supper of small but sweet trout, with an occasional pound-fish from the lake as a treat. Plague on that horrible poaching otter! and may the nonconforming parson, curer of souls and mender of soles, who plies

the infernal machine so assiduously, be plagued by the furies of trout in purgatory! The otter, Irenæus, as I suppose you know, is not the beast of that name, but a board furnished with artificial flies, and allowed to sail before the wind into the middle of a lake from the hands of the recreant pot-fisherman. Delightful to me was that lucid interval of three months in the insanity of shaving—delightful the three months' furlough from the rigid service of society in a round hat and dress-coat. Delightful now the bath of a morning, or at sultry noon, in the pool of the waterfall. But beware of noon. We were once within an ace of being surprised in our devotions to the Naiad by a party of lionising ladies. It would have been the case of Actæon and Diana reversed. Farewell, Naiads, Oreads, and Dryads! "Au revoir," perhaps next summer, and "au reservoir." Byron said,

"Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens held me heart and soul."

And the memories of Cambria are dear to me in my flight, not to Constantinople, but Cottonople.

MANCHESTER, October.

What a pity it is, Irenæus, that bad taste has done so much hurt to the model town of Conway! I know of no place in the United Kingdom exactly like it, with its girdle of Saracenic towers and perfect castle. It reminds me now of Chiavenna or Bellinzona at the foot of the Alps. And I was asked to admire the manner in which a railway bridge had been built out of the very stones of the old wall, and crowned with corresponding battlements! Such Vandalism is irreparable. Llandudno, too, is a model watering-place, with its Corinthian advantage of situation between two bays, one rough and the other smooth; and its synoptical view of the Welsh mountains. If we may judge by its "Café Restaurant Française," it does not seem inclined to be left behind in the race of the nineteenth century.—How do I like Manchester? Well, I like it much. Manchester is a grand fact. It, with its environs, constitutes the great beating heart of England. You

are surprised. I went there prejudiced, and its hospitality coaxed my eyes. If Chester made a beast of me with its railway worry, Manchester made a man of me again. The cotton-lords are trumps. Instead of being democrats and Red Republicans, many of them are even Tories. Surely there is truth in the existence of the aristocracy of trade, and I believe in cotton-lords as well as blood-lords. There remains but one aristocracy now which I cannot accept, that of mere titled men, such as Whigs ennobled for the unconstitutional purpose of smuggling bills through Parliament which would not otherwise pass. Blessings on the head of my kind Amphitryon, whom, from his resemblance to the Wizard of the North, I shall call Mr. Abbotsford! I may tell you in confidence an incident which happened at his table. The butler asked me if I would take some perry, and I assented, as I like it, but with some wonder at the homeliness of the beverage, considering my host's magnificence. Such perry I never tasted, and no wonder. The butler had Anglicised that fine sparkling Rhone wine Saint Pèr. Mr. Abbotsford is a man of peace, as you were, Irenæus, before your strange practical conversion. I beg that you will know each other, for my sake as well as your own, when next you meet. And to tell you the truth, I like the working classes of Manchester, as far as they came under my notice. They are not courteous, but they are obliging. They will not touch their hats or "Sir" you; but if you want a direction, they will instruct you definitely.

They appear to me very honest. I knew the cab fares, and no cabman tried to overcharge me. Perhaps we are apt to lay too much stress on mere civility. It certainly greases the wheels of life, and prevents their creaking, but they can go without it. And there appears to me a deep quiet well of humour in the Lancastrian or Mancunian nature which is infinitely amusing. One day, as I heard on good authority, a worthy incumbent in the county was roused from his sleep at five in the morning by loud talking at the side of a fish-pond in his grounds. His

reverence put his night-capped head at of window, and saw three men standing by the side of his pond. "What are you doing there?" said he. "Fishing," said they. "But you are trespassing on my land; you must go away." "Go to bed again," was the rejoinder; "your Master was not in the habit of sending away poor fishermen." The good clergyman could of course only laugh, and turn in again. The Exhibition, too, has exhibited some specimens of this humour. Two women from the mills stopt before the picture of the death of King Lear. "What is that, Mary?" said one. "There's life in the old dog yet," said the other.

The people of Manchester itself looked, generally speaking, rather stolidly and well-fed than otherwise, and I heard that the recruiting sergeant was able to pick up there some uncommonly fine lads willing to serve Her Majesty. But I am at the door of the Exhibition of Art-Treasures. It has no external pretensions. You pay your shilling, and go in. At once you are bewildered with the currents of human beings, dazzled with pictures and stormed with music. It is too much of a good thing. The Manchester men are determined to revenge themselves on that part of the world who thought that they believed only in cotton. It is said that the effect of the Exhibition on lovers of Art is a strange cerebral excitement called Exhibition madness. Consider one single fact, if you please. All other exhibitions ever shown, have been collections; this is a selection. The gems in other galleries are all plentifully diluted with trash; these, in the estimation of some connoisseur or other, are all gems. So life in the Exhibition is like breathing laughing-gas or pure oxygen. It dazzles, entrances, intoxicates, but does not quietly please. Come with me into the Saloon of Italian Masters, and look at that "Riposo" of Fra Bartolomeo. I cannot help thinking it more beautiful than all the Raphaels, but its name is strangely inconsistent with the effect of the Exhibition. Look at the sumptuous "Cleopatra" by Vasari. That is heaven, this indeed is earth. It is no sentimental Cleopatra breaking her heart over

the mortally-wounded gallant, as the common engraving represents her; it is the Cleopatra of history invested in the mature charms of Maga, yet still very charming—scorning life, yet pettish with the asp whose bite is to divorce her from her Antony. It is the Cleopatra of Horace,—

"Scilicet invidens
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis muller triumpho."

Why does Giorgione paint that sweet wife of his—immortalised by Byron as "love in life"—as the daughter of Herodias? Could he get no other model? If it was the effect of a quarrel, the fault must have been entirely on his side. But do you expect me to take you through the catalogue, Irenæus? Then I tell you flatly, I will not, for I cannot. I have only time to shoot a few shafts of criticism off at random. Most religious of all the moderns appears the French artist Ary Scheffer. But those two martyred ladies, with the instruments of torture lying by them, touch us too nearly in these times. Why, they actually make the lookers-on weep! Back to our English Turner. Find fault with him as you may, no painter can find so much room on the same space of canvass—no painter was ever made so free of God's light and air. If you wish to get out of the throng, go into the room where the drawings are, and look at those miraculous vignettes. In the space of the palm of my hand you may see indicated almost all the glories of the kingdoms of the earth. And then, if you wish to get into a crowd, come with me into that room, containing the pictures so liberally and abundantly contributed by Lord Hertford. There is one picture by Sir Joshua which pleases equally peer and peasant. The room is full of good pictures; but,

Nell O'Brien, Nell O'Brien,
Keeping me your quiet eye on;
Looks and lips to live and die on,—
You are certainly the lion.

I do not know who Nell O'Brien was, but she must have been an Irish maid, from whom, in the pride of her purity, a tiger would have fled.

Irenæus, do you like the pre-Raphaelites? No. Then take my advice. Look at them, and into them, and do

this till you like them. Wash your eyes in innocence before you look. If the whole seems repulsive, take a small bit and examine it. I am speaking now of the moderns of that school. Come and look at that well-known picture, "The Awakening Conscience," by Holman Hunt. "Good moral, but plain woman!" I hear you mutter. Look again. Does it not come out? The libertine is not an Englishman, he is a Southern American, and what a scoundrel! and the leman is an auburn-haired quadroon, whose tinge of dark blood just entitles him legally to keep her in slavery, at the same time investing her with that terrible beauty described so vividly by the anatomical pen of Sue. The mirror in the background is rather a puzzle. Perhaps the painter meant it to be symbolical of what art, in his belief, should be, a literal transcript of nature. Now try the same plan with "Claudio and Isabella," and see the wonderful earnest gleam that comes from the lady's eye. Look at them all honestly. You will find stiffness of outline, but you must consider that the hand of the painter was fettered by a new manner of working. The stiffness will pass away, and then his fingers will play with his forms as unconsciously as

'Your own run over the ivory key,"

or I should rather say, your daughter's. I do not like "Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet," but the work is delicate, though the subject is treated in a degrading manner. Did you ever see landscapes so fresh and breathing of the real seasons as Linnell's? I have; but not on canvass. Well, you have had enough of pre-Raphaelites. Come away and look at that exquisite bit of *genre* painting, "A little Touch of Heart Complaint," by O'Neil. What a good kind man that doctor is! He is a country doctor. His boots are waiting for him, to ride through the rain to some pauper's bedside, five miles off. Yet irritation there is none in his manner. There is an anxious mother waiting for his answer, as he feels the pulse of a trembling child of sixteen, whose eyes just glimmer with the bursting shower. With the most fatherly expression in the world, he

quietly insinuates that it is "a little touch of heart-complaint;" and the painter fixes that telling moment on his canvass. It is as much as I can do, Irenæus, to look at it without making a fool of myself. Now, what would you have me do? If I pretend to tell you half what I saw, I shall pass over a hundred or two of the best pictures. How can I do justice to Clarkson Stanfield, with his glorious sea and mountain landscapes; or Creswick, or Egg, or Herbert, or a whole galaxy of brilliant celebrities? They are all represented here; but their fame is world-wide. Ask me which picture I love best in the whole Exhibition, and I do not fear to tell you that it is Poole's "Troubadours." Why I love this picture so much I hardly know. Perhaps it is on account of the rapt air of the scene, and the thoroughly poetised expression of the faces. But the crowd of people was so great that I could see no picture fairly. I will only tell you about one more picture. In this case it is not invidious to select, for no one can do otherwise. That of which I would speak is a drawing by Cattermole, and a small one, but it struck me forcibly. The subject was a sombre cavalry conflict, with a sky in keeping. Never did I see a sterner treatment. With what manhood the mounted foes hurl themselves on each other! There can be no mistake about their nationality. Both sides are English. It is a conflict of Puritans and Cavaliers, and my friends the Cavaliers I am sorry to say, are breaking, not flying—no! nor about to fly, but about to be broken and crushed. That dress of the Puritan warrior was certainly the most workmanlike ever worn by soldier. Perhaps this and Cromwell's discipline just made the difference. The Cavalier drest to conquer his enemies as if he meant to assault the heart of his fair one. He took war too easily and jauntily, and despised his enemy too much—a common fault with too many of us even in these days. Men he would have driven, but these were Ironsides, who talked like angels and fought like demons. And they come down like thunderbolts from the clouds, and there is a crash like that recorded at Leuctra between Thebans and Spartans, or

other like the still greater crash of creaking locomotives in our own days. What wonder if the Cavaliers go down? for flesh cannot stand against iron; but our heart is with them nevertheless. If we give Satan his due, it is impossible not to allow that the regicide was the grandest of all created villains. I cannot stop or fault-finding in this Exhibition. The miasma from dead men that evidently surrounds the Brobdignagian rears of Etty could hardly have enhanced their attractions to the senses of Ulysses; perhaps this is why his face wears the expression of a bad avant pirate, and he looks ready to poniard the unnatural creatures. And if you had selected a model for John the Baptist, you would not have taken one whose sensual underlip convicted him of living on something very different from locusts and wild honey.

Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," in spite of the verdict of the multitude of connoisseurs, I cannot help looking upon as an ingenious bore. I cannot longer endure this bewildering place. I am not an opium-eater, nor have I tasted of the famous intoxicating

drug of Egypt, and I am innocent of the Siberian thorn-apple. But pictures on pictures crowd on my optic nerve and retina, and jostle each other in my brain. They rob me of sleep. I must be off to the wilds of Derbyshire, that Anglo-Saxon Switzerland, and have a quiet day. In that strange cluster of limestone precipices between Buxton and Bakewell, ply old-fashioned coaches still. The coachman still stops to drink old-fashioned rum and milk, and you may look from the box-seat into the gulfs. But on the fantastic faces of the cliffs dance faces of Titian and figures of Velasquez, and the real English landscape is strangely mixed up and jumbled with the creations of Turner. Derbyshire passes like a dream; and, now I am at home, my reason asks if I have seen it at all. I recollect Haddon Hall, but it is plain that I have suffered from the *delirium tremens* which afflicts the audacious mortal who makes himself, of his own free-will, "dazzled and drunk with beauty."

Your loving Friend,

TELEPOLEMUS.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE KHYBER.

PESHAWUR, August 1857.

DEAR EBONY,—Perhaps it would interest you and some of your readers to know how we have fared at Peshawur during the mutinies. Peshawur, as you are aware, is our extreme north-west frontier station. The celebrated Khyber, once so fatal to our arms, is distant about fifteen miles; and all around us are beautiful ranges of hills inhabited by the various tribes of Momunda, Khuttucks, Affreedees, &c. &c. The cantonment faces the Khyber, and contained on the 1st May the following force:—

- 2 Troops of European Horse Artillery.
- 2 European Field Batteries.
- 3 Reserve companies European Foot Artillery.
- 1 Regiment Native Regular Cavalry.
- 2 Regiments " Irregular.
- 2 " European Infantry.
- 5 " Native Infantry.
- 1 Company Native Sappers and Miners.

About a mile and a half from cantonments is the city, containing about 100,000 inhabitants; and between the two, and so situated as entirely to command the latter, is a small fort, which was originally built by the Sikhs, and has since been improved by us: it has now twelve guns mounted for its defence. Within a circuit of twenty-five miles from Peshawur are six other small forts, situated at important points, at the foot of the nearest ranges of hills; these are garrisoned partly by an irregular native infantry regiment, divided amongst them, and partly by detachments of regiments from Peshawur. About half-way between Peshawur and the Indus is the station of Nowshera; here were stationed a native mountain-train battery, one native irregular cavalry regiment, one regiment of European, and one regiment of native infantry. Now it is

evident, from the position of Peshawur, and from the number of native troops in it and its environs, that any mistake here would have been fatal; in fact, the loss of Peshawur would have entailed the loss of the Punjab, and the loss of the Punjab that of India. Had the native troops here been allowed to rise *en masse*, and taken us by surprise, they would have been joined by all the city people, and by all the hill tribes in thousands; they would have massacred every European in the place, seized the guns and treasure, and marched triumphantly southwards. At every station they would have stained their hands deeper in English blood; every magazine and treasury would have been sacked; and of course every regiment, company, and detachment of the native army, would have joined them; so that by the time they reached Delhi, they would have formed a force which would have been strong enough (denuded as the country then was of European troops) to carry everything before them, even up to the walls of the City of Palaces. That all this did not happen is owing, under Providence, to the electric telegraph, and to the fact that the chief military and civil authorities at Peshawur were men—real men—instead of being the elderly females who unfortunately occupied those posts in some stations down the country. The men I mean are Brigadier Sydney Cotton, Colonel H. Edwards, and Colonel Nicholson,—men wise in council and daring in action, with heads to plan and hands to do. No fear, no indecision, no weakness or vacillation for a moment was perceptible here; the safety of India was committed to their charge, and well did they acquit themselves of the trust. The electric telegraph was a great point in our favour, and though of course the rebels tried to destroy it as much as they could, still, to the credit of the authorities, and of the telegraph department, be it said, the communication between Delhi and Peshawur has never once been entirely cut off. On the 11th and 12th May we received our first intimation of the disturbances, by getting telegraphic accounts of the mutinies at Meerut and Delhi on the

10th and 11th respectively; so much startled we were—~~quite~~—dulous, in fact, when the first message arrived: for though some of the Barrackpore proceedings, and the existence of a disaffected spirit in portions of the native army, we had never entered into the heart of any one of us to conceive that the spirit would ever show itself in the shape of open mutiny, accompanied by actual violence to the European officers; least of all could it be supposed possible that such an outbreak would take place at a station so full of European troops as Meerut was. However, anticipated or not, there it was; and the only inference to be drawn by any sensible man was, *ex uno disce omnes*; that is, these regiments, some of which were generally supposed to be the best in the service, had broken out, no confidence was to be placed in any body of natives; that the whole army was tainted; and that there was no reason to suppose that the regiments at Peshawur would prove more loyal than the others. Such is the inference, I say, that any sensible man would draw from what had occurred, in contradistinction to that drawn by certain men to whom that epithet could not with strict justice be applied. There were two or three of this class here, chiefly colonels of native regiments, and the only conclusion they could come to was, that, though every other regiment in the service might mutiny, still their own particular corps would remain faithful and loyal to the end: that they placed implicit confidence in their men, and were ready and willing to prove it by placing themselves and their families entirely in the power of the Sepoys. While regretting the infatuation of these old gentlemen, it is impossible not to feel for them. There is no better feeling in a soldier than *esprit de corps*; and their delusion was entirely caused by this feeling. It was hard, certainly, that they should be told to look with distrust and suspicion on men with whom they had been in constant association for the last thirty years of their lives—men with whom they had marched, with whom they had fought, with whom

ey had conquered from one end of dia to the other; it was hard to ar these men branded as traitors id mutineers; they at least would t doubt them until they actually d mutiny; through good report and ough bad report their regiments ere their regiments still, until, by eir own overt acts, they should for- it their title to this confidence. uch was the feeling among the old epy officers, and, as I said before, ey are hardly to be blamed for it. ur chiefs, however, were not of this amp: a council of war was imme- iately held, and active precautionary easures resolved on. The treasure nd military stores were placed in e fort under charge of an experi- ced officer; the European portion f the garrison was increased, and art of the natives withdrawn. In antonments, precautions were taken gainst a sudden rush at the artillery ark; divisions of guns were placed t points commanding the lines of e native infantry regiments; the rigradier and his staff were assembled t a central spot, from which orders ould at once be issued; a place of endezvous was appointed for the women and children in case of an alarm; certain liberties were taken with the Sepoys' letters in the post-office; and last, though not least, evies of the hill tribes were raised— a bold and hazardous experiment this! But *fortuna favet fortibus*—it was eminently successful, the hill-men hating the Hindoostanee Sepoys considerably worse than they hate us; and though, in the event of a *successful* rise on the part of the Sepoys, these levies might, and most probably would, have joined them against us, still, as things have turned out, they have been very useful, and the Sepoys have a most religious dread of them. Every precaution, in fact, which could suggest itself to three intelligent and experienced officers was taken. Then day by day came in rumours and reports of station after station, regiment after regiment, having joined the rebels—of gross and culpable mismanagement on the part of men high in the service; then came news of murders treacherous and cowardly; day by day one name after another would be mentioned, and day

by day had friend after friend to be deplored; and soon were heard darker whispers of darker and more loathsome deeds—of deeds that cannot be described—of deeds we shudder now to think of—whispers that raging lust and hate had spared neither sex or age in its fury—that indignities and mutilations that none but devils could conceive, and none but double devils could execute, had been perpetrated on helpless women and children; and then burst forth the cry for vengeance—then arose that thirst for blood, that actual longing for slaughter, which now fills the heart of every European in the country, from the Governor-General himself to the smallest drummer-boy. And who shall blame us?

"We are not wood—we are not stones, but men;

And being men, and hearing of such deeds,
It doth inflame us—it doth make us mad."

The slaughter of a man is comparatively nothing; we are made for it—are paid for it, and all we have to do is to see that we take it like men when it does come; but it is too sickening to think of delicate, refined women—women we have known, have laughed with, danced with, flirted with, perhaps wept with,—to think of their dying such deaths by such hands is too much. But patience! the day of reckoning is at hand!

Well, the days wore on in this way until the 21st, when it was reported that the native infantry regiment at Nowshera (twenty-five miles from Peshawur) had mutinied; and it was also discovered, by the Grahamish proceedings in the post-office, that the 22d was the day fixed on by our faithful and loyal Sepoys for the massacre of every European man, woman, and child in the station. Accordingly, on the morning of the 22d, every native regiment was ordered to parade simultaneously on its own private parade-ground; and by a judicious division of the European artillery and infantry and the hill levies, each regiment found itself confronted by a force quite sufficient to crush it in case of resistance. They were then ordered to surrender their arms. Being taken entirely by surprise, having no time to communicate

with other regiments, and not relishing the close approximation of the guns to their wretched carcasses, they had no choice; so gave up their arms with a growl of baffled impotent rage. On this occasion four native infantry regiments, and one cavalry, were disarmed. There being no evidence against the 21st N. I. and 7th and 18th Irregular Cavalry, they were allowed to retain their arms; and all these have remained staunch up to the present day. That there had been a regular conspiracy to murder us all on the 22d there is, I believe, no doubt; it was fully proved by the intercepted correspondence. One fact is very significant: the Sepoys had sent away all their women and children into the city, and on the morning of the 22d the most perfect, deathlike stillness pervaded the lines of all the disaffected regiments. The arms taken from them were safely lodged in the fort. During the night, seeing that the great game was lost, that their conspiracy was detected, and themselves disarmed, distrusted, and disgraced, a number of Sepoys deserted in hopes of making their way down to Delhi, and joining the rebels congregated there. All were, however, captured, brought back, and placed in irons to await trial. The greatest praise is due to the authorities for the manner in which this disarming was carried out: the project was kept a profound secret until the very moment for action arrived; and so the Sepoys had not the least inkling of what was going to take place. The distribution of the European troops was first-rate; had there been any attempt at resistance, it must have been crushed and subdued at once: in fact, the whole proceeding affords a most pleasing contrast to similar affairs in other stations. In two stations in the Punjab, the two officers in command, with ample means at their disposal, could not disarm a single regiment without bungling. In one case they nearly failed altogether; and in the other did fail altogether, and that not without the loss of several valuable European lives. Now, I have to relate a melancholy instance of the implicit confidence and delusion to which I

have formerly alluded. The 55th Regiment, Native Infantry, was, at the commencement of the outbreak, stationed at Nowshera; but although reported by the colonel as perfectly staunch, loyal, &c. &c., it was considered expedient, about the 15th, for good and sufficient reasons, to send them to a fort called Murdan, which is situated in the Eosuffzi valley, and is about thirty-seven miles from Peshawur. Two companies were, however, left at Nowshera till the 22d, on which day there is no doubt that these two companies were in, what would be called by most unprejudiced men, a state of open mutiny. However, the colonel sent for these companies, and managed to induce them to join the rest of the regiment at Murdan, and still reported them all staunch and loyal. That very evening intelligence is brought to us at Peshawur that the 55th is in a mutinous state—that the colonel, poor fellow, had died from sheer anxiety—and that the lives of the officers with the regiment were in great jeopardy. A force under Colonel Nicholson was immediately despatched from here, and arrived at Murdan on the following day. On hearing of its approach, the 55th broke open and plundered the regimental treasure-chest and magazine, armed themselves, and, taking as much ball and ammunition as they could carry, left the fort, and made off towards the hills. About one hundred remained staunch, rallied round their officers, and saved their lives. The fugitives were pursued, and about two hundred killed, a hundred-and-twenty taken prisoners, and the rest escaped into the hills. Of the prisoners, seven, who were known to be ringleaders, were shot on the spot by sentence of a drum-head court-martial; the remainder were brought into Peshawur to await trial. It was discovered afterwards that this regiment had been in correspondence with the Archbund of Swat (the biggest blackguard in these parts) for the last six months; and yet, during all that time, no doubts of their loyalty were entertained by any one of their officers; and the regiment, to all outward appearance, was well-conducted and

respectful in the extreme. Large rewards were offered for every Sepoy brought in from the hills, and as any one who captured them was also allowed to appropriate all he could find on the person of the mutineer, several of them were thus recovered. The remainder, after wandering about in the hills from one chief to another (all possibility of their escaping down country across the Indus being carefully guarded against), have lately been captured, half-starved, in Hazara, and duly executed.

And now commenced the work of retribution at Peshawur. Courts-martial were sitting all day, and after all that occurred here and down country, you may be sure that the officers composing them were in no very merciful mood. The first for trial were the Sepoys who deserted during the night after the disarming. They were let off rather easily, only one native officer and twelve non-commissioned officers and men being sentenced to death. These were accordingly hung in presence of the whole force. The remainder were sentenced to various terms of transportation and imprisonment. The next for trial were the mutineers of the 55th, who had been taken in the very act, with arms in their hands: of course no court-martial could arrive at any but one decision regarding them; they were all sentenced to be blown away from guns. A very proper sentence, and one that, in my humble opinion, should have been at once confirmed and carried out. Remember these men were soldiers — had all solemnly sworn fidelity, loyalty, and obedience to their officers — and now they had been guilty of rank, open mutiny, the worst crime a soldier can commit. Guilty, too, of robbery — and of what further atrocities they would have been guilty, had they been successful, we can only judge too surely by the acts of their brethren down country. Remember, too, that there were 5000 men in Peshawur ready and willing to break out in the same way the moment they could get a chance, and to whom it was, of course, a subject of some interest to see how we were going to treat the crime of open mutiny. These men

required an example — a terrible example — that would have struck fear into their souls, and effectually suppressing all ideas of committing the same crime and incurring the same penalty. One would have thought that, taking these points into consideration, the just sentence passed on these men would have been carried out on all of them, without a single exception. But no — Exeter Hall ideas, and a dread of public opinion in England, were powerful even up here at the Khyber, and it was decided that two out of three of these justly forfeited lives should be spared, and that only one in three should be executed. I gladly acquit the Peshawur authorities of this grand mistake: this squeamishness in inflicting due punishment on murderous mutineers emanated from a higher authority than any here. Well, then, forty men were to be blown away. I presume, Ebony, that this is a sight which, in your manifold experience of the world, you have never witnessed. It was an awfully imposing scene! All the troops, European and native, armed and disarmed, loyal and disaffected, were drawn up on parade, forming three sides of a square; and drawn up very carefully, you may be sure, so that any attempt on the part of the disaffected to rescue the doomed prisoners would have been easily checked. Forming the fourth side of the square, were drawn up the guns (9-pounders), ten in number, which were to be used for the execution. The prisoners, under a strong European guard, were then marched into the square — their crimes and sentences read aloud to them, and at the head of each regiment; they were then marched round the square, and up to the guns. The first ten were picked out — their eyes were bandaged, and they were bound to the guns, their backs leaning against the muzzles, and their arms fastened to the wheels. The port-fires were lighted, and at a signal from the Artillery-Major, the guns were fired. It was a horrid sight that then met the eye: a regular shower of human fragments of heads, of arms, of legs, appeared in the air through the smoke, and when that cleared away, these fragments lying on the ground —

fragments of Hindoos, and fragments of Mussulmans, all mixed together, were all that remained of those ten mutineers. Three times more was this scene repeated; but so great is the disgust we all feel for the atrocities committed by the rebels, that we had no room in our hearts for any feeling of pity; perfect callousness was depicted on every European's face; a look of grim satisfaction could even be seen in the countenances of the gunners serving the guns. But far different was the effect on the native portion of the spectators; their black faces grew ghastly pale as they gazed breathlessly at the awful spectacle. You must know that this is nearly the only form in which death has any terrors for a native. If he is hung, or shot by musketry, he knows that his friends or relatives will be allowed to claim his body, and will give him the funeral rites required by his religion: if a Hindoo, that his body will be burned with all due ceremonies; and if a Mussulman, that his remains will be decently interred, as directed in the Koran. But if sentenced to death in this form, he knows that his body will be blown into a thousand pieces, and that it will be altogether impossible for his relatives, however devoted to him, to be sure of picking up all the fragments of his own particular body; and the thought that perhaps a limb of some one of a different religion to himself might possibly be burned or buried with the remainder of his own body, is agony to him. But notwithstanding this, it was impossible for the mutineers' direst hater not to feel some degree of admiration for the way in which they met their deaths.

Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving of them. Of the whole forty, only two showed any signs of fear, and they were bitterly reproached by the others for so disgracing their race. They certainly died like men. After the first ten had been disposed of, the next batch, who had been looking on all the time, walked up to the guns quite calmly and unflinching, and allowed themselves to be blindfolded and tied up without moving a muscle, or showing the slightest signs of fear, or even

concern. Whence had these men this strength? Their religion, be it as it may be and is, in all other points, at least befriends them well at the hour of death; it teaches them well that great and useful lesson, how to die. It is their religion that supports them, for there is no native, however low in the scale of society—however deeply sunk in vice, in debauchery, and in crime—but acknowledges and practises the form of some sort of religion. Even in the midst of his crimes he acknowledges a God, and calls on that God to sustain him at the hour of his death. We had several execution parades after this, but all on a smaller scale. At one of these, a havildar (native sergeant), who had been convicted of seditious correspondence with one of the hill tribes, and sentenced to be blown away, was tied up to the gun, and then offered his life if he would turn Queen's evidence, and give up the names of the other traitors in his regiment. With his back leaning against the cold muzzle of the gun which he knew was loaded for his death, and with the smell of the lighted port-fire in his nostrils, he hesitated for a short time, and was almost giving in; but no—the feeling of honour, of loyalty to his comrades, to his fellow-traitors, was stronger in him than fear of death. Faithless as he had been to us, he was faithful to them; he refused to reveal anything, and met his doom with a firmness worthy of a better cause.

But while punishing the disloyal and faithless, we have not forgotten to reward and encourage the faithful and loyal. Promotion and honours have been bestowed on several native officers and men of the regiments I have before mentioned as having remained staunch. These rewards were of course bestowed on them publicly, in presence of all the troops; and doubly valuable and precious must these rewards have been to their fortunate recipients, from the fact that the ladies of Peshawur generally graced these rewarding parades with their presence. The ladies of Peshawur! Yes, Ebony, we have a show of ladies here which would do credit to any town in Eng-

and. Up here, at the mouth of the Khyber, we have no lack of bright eyes, red lips, and rosy cheeks, to inspire each and all of us to do his best with head, and heart, and hand, to preserve them from any suspicion of harm; and incomplete indeed would be any narrative of our doings, were due meed of praise withheld from the ladies of Peshawur, for the firmness and courage they have displayed throughout the disturbances. True daughters of the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle, have they proved themselves, and higher praise than that I know not. A pleasant, cheering contrast it was, to turn from the anxious careworn faces of the men, and from their incessant wearying demand for news—more news—to look at a party of the Peshawur ladies out riding on a bright summer morning, with the rising sun, not much brighter, in all his Indian glory, than their own beaming eyes, shining gladly on them—and to hear them laughing, as they canter along, as merrily and cheerily as if no such animal as a mutineer was in existence. Alas! alas! these mutinies will do us no good as far as female society is concerned. Many ladies will now be sent home by prudent husbands and fathers, never to come out again; and there will be no new importations from England for the next half-dozen years or so. Indian officers used to be rather at a premium in the matrimonial market at home—they will now be at a sad discount; and there will thus be a perceptible decrease in the number of ladies in every station in India—an event much to be deplored; for softening and refining as female society is, always and everywhere, nowhere is it more required than in India to keep men up to the proper mark of true courtesy and gentlemanly feeling. God forbid that we should ever revert to the state of society prevalent out here fifty years ago!

But to return to Peshawur and the mutinies. Since the righteous distribution of rewards and punishments, we have not had much to excite us, beyond the daily telegraphic messages from the camp before Delhi; and as they almost invariably

begin and end with "Nothing new—slight skirmishing," the excitement caused by them is not very intense. These public messages, in fact, always undergo a culinary process before they are published, any bad news being carefully suppressed. Private letters from the camp are much more interesting; but the supply of them does not nearly equal the demand. We indulge in vague surmises as to what is going on at Lucknow, Cawnpore, Allahabad, and hundreds of other places, all communication with which is entirely cut off. Our disarmed native regiments have been further deprived of every description of private weapon that could be found in their lines; they are kept under the strictest surveillance, and are so disposed about the station as to be entirely under the control of the European force. We are also raising new regiments of Sikhs and Pathans, who are as firmly to be relied on against the Hindoostanee Sepoys as our own Englishmen. And we are now, I think, quite safe from any outbreak, if matters go on well down country. Any decided reverse there (of which, of course, there is no chance) would perhaps excite the Sepoys to try their luck against us; but even then we should be quite a match for them, and able to crush them without much difficulty.

A strange feature in these mutinies is, that the Punjab, instead of being, as at first sight would appear most probable, an element of weakness, has been to us a tower of strength. It would have been the opinion of most men that a newly conquered country, whose inhabitants, once our bitterest enemies, are hardly yet thoroughly broken in to our rule, would have added considerably to our embarrassments upon such an occasion as the mutiny of the native army; and the fact that this was not the case, but that without the Punjab we should have been in great danger of losing India altogether, speaks volumes in favour of the much-abused annexation policy, and is an undeniable proof of the administrative skill of those to whom the government of the province has been intrusted since the annexation. Yes,

the two great brothers, Henry and John Lawrence, whenever assailed by the tongue of envy and detraction, may well point with pride to the attitude of the Punjaub during these disturbances—no other vindication of their policy would be necessary.

Alas, alas! even while the above lines were being penned, came, flashing up by the telegraph, tidings which not one English heart in India can hear unmoved. Sir Henry Lawrence is dead—dead of a wound received in action with the mutineers. After such a life to die by such hands—the soldier's friend to meet his death at the hands of a soldier—horrible, most horrible! You in England cannot estimate all that Sir Henry Lawrence was. He was one of our own Indian heroes, one whom the whole of India delighted to honour; and not to honour only, but to love and respect and venerate also. He was the skilled governor, the gallant soldier, and, above all, the great and good man combined in one. He it was who was held out as a bright example for all young politicals to imitate; his name was mentioned most often when there was talk of brave and daring deeds: he was the true Christian, the true philanthropist, the true father of the fatherless. He is dead. The same Providence which has permitted the slaughter of helpless women and children, has also allowed the rebels even this triumph. The gallant soldier has been called to his rest; the faithful Christian has been called to receive his reward. He is gone, but his works remain—"exegit monumentum ære perennius." In that noble institution, the Lawrence Asylum, he has left to posterity a true record of himself. Let us now do our duty; let us take care that this monument which he has left shall be really "ære perennius." We have all been hitherto too slack in this matter; let us now come forward, and show that our professions of regard for Sir Henry Lawrence came not only from our lips, but from our hearts; and let us prove that regard by acting as he would rejoice to see us act, were he now alive—namely, by supporting to the utmost, as far as lies in the power of each one of us, that institution which

he founded and supported so liberally and by means of which

"Semper honos, nomenque suum, laudisque manebunt."

I was saying that the Punjaub had been to us an element of strength rather than of weakness. To prove this, I have merely to mention that the only reinforcements the army before Delhi has as yet received have been from the Punjaub. We have sent them down four European regiments, five or six trustworthy regiments of the Punjaub Irregular Force, a regiment of Goorkhas, and our incomparable corps of Guides, whose march of six hundred miles in twenty-two days will bear comparison with anything of the kind recorded in history, and who have done as good service before Delhi as any of their white-faced comrades. To replace these regiments, we are raising new ones all over the Punjaub; recruits of all classes—Sikhs, Pathans, Punjaubees, Musulmans, Affreedees, &c., are pouring in plenteously. They require less pay and make much better soldiers than the Hindoostanees, whom, moreover, they hate with a strong and bitter hatred—a most excellent quality in these times. It is hard to say in what condition India would have been at this moment if we had not been in possession of the Punjaub. My own opinion is, that the Punjaub has saved India; and that the successful holding of Peshawur has alone enabled us to retain the Punjaub. Too much praise, then, cannot be lavished on those whose skill and courage have brought us safely through this crisis. They have nobly persevered in the right course, although discouraged by opposition, and weak, wavering, timid counsel, from those who ought to have been foremost in supporting and encouraging them to uphold the honour and prestige of their country. However, such counsel was disregarded, and India is now safe; and that she is so, is, I again repeat it, due, under Providence, to the courage and skill of the civil and military authorities at Peshawur.

We have just heard authentic accounts of the Cawnpore massacre,—two hundred and sixteen women and

children butchered in cold blood. Oh for the day of retribution! It appears a long time coming, but come it must; and when it does come—when the rebellious city is taken, I fancy that even the most rabid Exeter Hall maniac will hardly counsel the showing any mercy to one of the accursed butchers. Every man who had a wife, a sister, or a child, has an absolute right to demand vengeance on these murderers of women and infants; and vengeance will most assuredly be taken on them. It will not be in the power of man to restrain the European soldiery when once they get inside the city; quarter will be neither asked nor given; we have no wish to embarrass ourselves with prisoners, and fire and steel must do their deadliest, for nothing but the actual extermination of the mutineers will satisfy us. Not one stone should be left on another to tell posterity that this was Delhi; but in its room should be built a new city with a new name—a city, not full of Hindoo temples, and Mohammedan mosques, but beautiful with Christian churches, chapels and schools; a city dedicated, not to Krishnu, to Jeeva, or to Mahomet, but to the God of the Christians, the only true God—the God who has delivered His people from the power of their enemies, and from the hands of those that rose up against them. Fit retribution, indeed! that the city which has been for centuries the stronghold of Islamism in India, and in which was hatched this last great conspiracy against the Christian religion, should be utterly destroyed; and that on its site should be built another city, to be the centre from which victorious Christianity should radiate to every point from north to south, from east to west, from Bombay to Calcutta, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.

Until the appearance of the blue books, which will of course contain the results of the investigations which have been going on in every district as to the real origin of the mutinies, it is not much use speculating on the subject; but there is no doubt whatever that the conspiracy is entirely of Mussulman origin, and

that the Hindoos have regularly been befooled into joining it; and to this last fact they are now beginning to open their eyes, and dimly to perceive that they have recklessly thrown away their fortunes and their lives merely to advance the cause and the religion of the Mussulmans. The Mohammedans have always been true to the spirit inculcated by their religion—namely, deep and bitter hatred against all unbelievers; and it now appears that, for the last fifty years, prophecies have been current amongst them, to the effect that the Christian rule in India was only destined by Allah to last for one hundred years; that it would cease and determine on 23d June 1857, the centenary of Plassey; and that in its room the Mohammedan empire and religion would once more be established throughout the country, and the Mogul emperors sit once more on the throne of their ancestors in Delhi. These visions were quite enough to excite to mutiny the Mohammedan portion of the army, ignorant, credulous, and fanatic as they are; but to stir up the Hindoos it was necessary to invent some other fable. The Enfield rifle was just being introduced;—what could be easier than to spread a report among the Hindoos that the new-fashioned cartridges were greased with cows' fat? that not only had innumerable numbers of the sacred animals to be slaughtered for the preparation of the cartridges, but that they, the high-caste Brahmins and Rajpoots, would have to put these cartridges to their mouths, and thus be actual accessories to the death of the animal sacred to Brahma? They were also told that, before the new Governor-General came out, he had pledged himself to the English Government that the whole army should be converted to Christianity before the expiration of his rule; and that when their caste had once been broken by the use of the cartridges, they would all be made Christians by force (by what mysterious process this was to be accomplished, deponent saith not). By such stories as these the Hindoos, more ignorant and credulous, if possible, than the Mohammedans, were induced to join in the conspiracy, altogether forgetting that,

in the old days of the Mohammedan empire, all kinds of indignities had been forced on them and their religion, and that thousands, *volentes volentes*, had been violently made Mussulmans (that religion allowing of forcible conversions); forgetting also that, under the English rule, their religious prejudices had never once been interfered with—that they had ever been allowed to worship their idols in their own way, without let or hindrance, and that no attempt to convert them had ever been supported by Government. The religious feelings of both sects being thus deeply excited, no reader of history can be astonished at the zeal, spirit, and vindictiveness with which they have entered into and carried out the insurrection. The atrocities, however, that they have committed, are, I believe, without a parallel in the history of the world. This is not the place to enter into any detail of them—it is bad enough to read them; to write an account of them would be impossible to me. Bad news always travels fast, and I have no doubt they will find their way into the English papers, and stir up every English heart to the same desire for vengeance which we feel out here.

The rebels have fought much better than was expected: they certainly never fought in any of our battles half so well or so stoutly as they are fighting now for themselves. This, though only natural, is still aggravating, and serves to show how little we have made ourselves acquainted with the real character of the people over whom we have ruled for the last century. They have already made some twenty-five sorties from Delhi, and, though repulsed on every occasion, still they have faced Europeans with a certain degree of pluck for which no one ever gave them credit. By the last accounts, however, they are beginning to show less and less inclination to come out, as they feel and know that the time is drawing near for us to go in; and when we do go in, they know well enough what the consequences will be. Native accounts say that the Hindoos and Mussulmans are already fighting among themselves; that

they are full of remorse for their conduct, and acknowledge the futility of ever hoping to succeed in overthrowing our Government. Too late—too late! The present generation of Sepoys is doomed; no penitence—no remorse—can avail them now. It will not be possible, for a long time, to find out what the actual loss of life has been since the first outbreak; but I fear it will double that of any recent campaign. Of the extent of the mutiny it is not so difficult to form an opinion, as I believe that the 21st N. I. at this station is the only regiment of the *regular* native army that has remained staunch. There may be portions of others, but I don't think that there is another entire regiment still true to its colours. As soon as the last mutineer has been executed, and quiet has been restored to the land, will commence the task of reorganising the native army, a task which will demand the ablest men in India, for any mistake will most probably only eventuate in another mutiny fifty years hence. There are men in India equal to the task—let us hope that Government will have the good sense to select them: above all, save us from any Horse-Guards appointments!

While believing that the insurrection was meant as a lesson to us, I also believe that by it a great blow has been struck at the Mohammedan religion—a blow from which it will never recover in India. Tens of thousands of its most bigoted supporters will lose their lives; the king of Delhi, the head of the religion, will infallibly be hung; and the city itself, the great stronghold of the faith, will be utterly destroyed. This mutiny, I believe, will be the death-blow of Islamism; and from its ashes will spring up and flourish that only true religion which is destined to overshadow the whole earth. But why, say some, could not these ends have been brought about without such a fearful sacrifice of life? There is a remarkable passage in Kingsley's last work, *Two Years Ago*, which bears upon this: "Verily, however important the mere animal lives of men may be, and ought to be, at times in our eyes, they never have

seen so, to judge from floods and earthquakes, pestilence and storm, in the eyes of Him who made and governs us all. It is a strange fact; better for us, instead of shutting our eyes to it, because it interferes with our modern tenderness of pain, to ask honestly what it means." True enough, but who shall answer that question? Better for us—for those

of us at least who are old-fashioned enough to believe in an overruling Providence—better for us, I say, to trust humbly in that Providence, and not vainly attempt to pry into the ways and thoughts of Him who has said—"As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

THE COMPANY'S RAJ.

"THE Company's Raj is ended! The English have been long in the country, but they know little of us!" Such were the oracular sentences—worthy of the first Napoleon—which fell upon the astonished ears of the officers of the 22d Bengal Native Infantry, when, one morning in June last, they found the usual relations of military discipline suddenly inverted, and themselves awaiting, from the mouth of a subadar, the doom so mercilessly inflicted on their compatriots at other stations. Happily the revolt was conducted at Fyzabad in a spirit which stands out in bright relief upon the gloomy mass of Sepoy treachery. Guards had been placed to prevent any pillage of public or private property. The former was taken possession of for the "King of Delhi," the latter was placed at the disposal of the officers. Boats were provided to convey them down the Gogra to the Ganges, and money offered to defray their charges; all which being despatched in the most business-like manner, the "grave subadar" turned out his guard, and bade adieu to his former superiors with the general salute! We trust that some way will be found of remembering the gentle Moslem's courtesies, should he survive to meet his European friends again upon the ancient footing.

Meantime his words have found an echo in quarters which the subadar never dreamt of. We do not now allude to the *Univers*, whose rabid Popery shrieks with delight at Protestant suffering and humiliation; nor to that small portion of its Celtic co-religionists, whose pitiable insanity has earned the well-merited designa-

tion of Irish Sepoys. Even in England, where neither the press nor the public is wont, under the severest pressure, to give itself up to absolute forgetfulness of truth and right, a disposition has been manifested to traduce ourselves in respect to the acquisition and government of our Indian Empire to an extent at once highly foolish and unjust. It is nothing new for us to perform with ostentatious publicity a piece of household work which other nations—like decent individuals—confine to their back premises. Our dirty linen is always hung out in the face of the world, and that gentleman and his wife formally invited to take notice of our determination to expunge every spot, pay what we may for salt and soda. The British public, in such moments of introspection, is eminently conscientious; it accuses itself with a prodigality of censure which would be ill borne from another quarter. Perhaps it ought rather to be said that one portion of it accuses the rest; for it must be owned that the public, like the private conscience, has a tendency to that most popular of all penances, the confession of other men's sins. In the Crimean troubles, the Secretary of the Admiralty acknowledged with edifying candour the shortcomings of the Horse Guards; and in the same spirit, a portion of the press has begun to prepare for a national whitewashing, by making a scapegoat of the East India Company.

Our Indian possessions (we are told) have been too long sacrificed to the commercial spirit of a mercantile corporation. The "double

government" which impedes the development of a truly imperial policy must be swept away; the British nation will no longer tolerate the timid policy which, for the sake of gain, has deferred so shamefully to Hindoo idolatry, and obstructed the spread of civilisation and Christianity in the East. It was a sin to permit a company of merchants to invade a distant continent, and go on adding province to province in the British name. This national offence must be now repaired by at once transferring the natives to the protection of the Crown, so allowing free scope for the intelligence and energy of Parliament to ameliorate their condition, and consolidate our power in the interests and affections of the indigenous races. Such is the language not unfrequently heard in circles that ought to be ashamed of the dense ignorance on which it is based. The *Times*, which claims to be the instructor of the public mind both in England and Europe, informed the world, at the close of the week in which our National Humiliation was performed, that "what is called public opinion, is taking in hand Indian affairs"—"a more public and responsible management is already resolved on; and when Parliament reassembles, it will treat the subject with as little reserve, and with as direct an appeal to the responsibility of the Minister, as if it were a purely domestic question." The same article talks of "the mysterious and unapproachable body which actually governs India," declaring "that no Minister will be henceforth permitted to throw on the shadow of a company or a board the responsibility of measures or neglects in which we are all as deeply concerned as in the welfare of our own metropolis."*

Now, it is only natural that those peers and representatives of the nation, who have always emptied the benches of Parliament as if a grenade had been cast among them the moment an Indian question was mooted, or hailed the rising of the President of the Board of Control to open the Indian budget, as the most legitimate of dinner-bells,

should be in utter ignorance of the actual government of India;—though this ignorance, unhappily, offers small impediment to the post-prandial eloquence which helps to confuse the minds of their constituents during the recess. The *Times*, however, is well aware that no portion of the national possessions is more directly under the control and administration of the Queen's ministers than British India is, and has been ever since the establishment of the Board of Control in 1784. The despatches, which bear the signatures of the Directors, and are dated from the East India House, are really the orders of the Queen's responsible minister, the President of that Board. If originated at the India House, they are jealously scrutinised and remorselessly altered by the President; whole paragraphs are struck out and others introduced, changing the entire tenor and effect of the original draft. Drafts, again, are freely originated by the President himself; and cases are not wanting when the Directors have been compelled to affix their signatures to a despatch altogether composed at the Board of Control, and from every word of which they earnestly dissented. So absolute is this power, that it has actually been enforced on the Directors by *mandamus*. Nay, the President often orders despatches to be signed by the "Secret Committee" (consisting of the Chairman, Deputy-Chairman, and one other Director, bound to secrecy), which are transmitted to India without the knowledge of the Court of Directors. All the power, in short, which the East India Company or their Directors ever had in the political government of India, was to submit their opinions to the consideration of the Queen's ministers; and as the Company always comprised the persons in England best acquainted with Indian affairs, this was, in effect, but to surround a minister, whom the exigencies of party politics often placed at the head of a department of which he was wholly ignorant, with sources of information which he would have sought for in vain in either House of Parliament.

A more substantial voice was possessed by the Company in the management of its commercial affairs, so long as it continued to be a corporation of merchants; but this character together disappeared at the parliamentary review of its charter in 1833-4. The Company then ceased to be a trading body; its commercial assets were transferred to the nation, subject to the fixed dividend payable on the capital stock; and the "East India Company" has since designated simply the holders of a certain species of public stock, who are privileged to elect the Directors to execute the function we have described in advising the Board of Control. This privilege, again, was considerably abridged at the review of 1858-4, when the number of Directors was reduced from twenty-four to eighteen, and the appointment of one-third of the body was lodged with the President of the India Board. This change may possibly have tended to shorten the discussion (if that be any advantage) of the President's measures; but it was certainly not required to give him absolute authority over the ultimate decision. Lord Ellenborough, when questioned on this point, answered, "While President of the Board of Control, I governed India." And Lord Broughton was not less explicit on the operations which, of all our military proceedings in India, admit of the worst defence: "I made the Affghan war," said that nobleman—whose qualifications for the post were not so much superior to Mr. Vernon Smith's,—"*the Court of Directors had nothing to do with it.*" Again, the Directors were not only not consulted in regard to the late Persian war, but the Company's troops were ordered on that expedition, without their assent, by the present Ministers of the Crown. In the face of these facts the public is urged to secure "a more public and responsible management of Indian affairs," by abolishing the Directors, whose function it has been to make the interests of India heard in the strife of party politics at home, and so occasionally to protect the natives from the ignorance

or rashness of an inexperienced Minister of the Crown.

It is in the authorities in India itself, however, much more than in the Home Government, that the administration is practically lodged. Here, again, under the name of the East India Company, the Ministers of the Crown are absolutely and exclusively responsible. The Court of Directors have about as much to say to the appointment of their Governor-Generals, Governors, and Commanders-in-Chief, as a dean and chapter to the election of their bishop. The individual is first named by the President to "the chairs," and then her Majesty's approval is formally requested by the Directors for his appointment. Where there is a personal quarrel, as in the case of Sir C. Napier, the Directors may resist an appointment; but the effect is only to continue in power the previous nominee of the Crown, and even delay is at last overborne by the weight of the royal authority. Or, as in the case of Lord Ellenborough, the Directors can *recall* a Governor who drives them to that extremity of indignation; but the unwonted paroxysm only renders the Court more supple and obsequious towards the next nominee of her Majesty's Ministers. It is by the Governor-General, we say, and by the Governors and Commander-in-Chief over whom he exercises supreme authority, far more than by the despatches from home, that India is and must be ruled. The home despatches themselves arise out of their acts, proceed on their representations, and depend largely on their discretion in the carrying out, or modification, of the line of proceeding laid down in this country. The Governor-General, in fact, is invested by Parliament with *legislative* powers not accorded either to the Board of Control or the Court of Directors; and we suspect that when Lord Ellenborough wielded that authority, which has no equal in the world, save perhaps in the imperial crown of Russia, he discovered that he ruled India far more practically and extensively than while presiding at the Board of Control.

Now the only share accorded to

the Court of Directors in the constitution of the Indian governments, is the nomination of a moiety of the *Council* with which the governors are to advise in the execution of their functions. The Supreme Council at Calcutta consists of the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, and a legal member, nominees of the Crown, together with three of the civil or military servants of the Company, nominated by the Court of Directors. The Councils at Madras and Bombay are in like manner composed of two nominees of the Crown (the Governor and the Commander-in-chief,) and two civil servants of the Company appointed by the Directors. In all cases the Governor has a casting vote: and he is further privileged, by simply entering a minute to that effect, to act in any matter on his own sole responsibility *against* the united opinion of the rest of the Council. These extensive powers it has been found necessary, from experience, to lodge in the persons selected by the Queen's Ministers to govern India; and it is far more likely they should be still further extended and consolidated, by uniting the officers of Governor and Commander-in-Chief, than abridged through any changes consequent on the present disturbances. The abolition of the Court of Directors, then, would only take away an existing check on the selection of the persons to administer these extensive powers in India, in order to vest the patronage exclusively in Downing Street and the Horse-Guards.

It is strange that such a proposal should proceed from the very quarter which so vehemently censured the imbecility and corruption of the Government offices in the conduct of the Crimean war: stranger still that it should be based on the alleged determination of that "public opinion" which so short a time since called for the infusion of *middle-class* energy and intelligence

into the affairs of Government. For this is precisely the function discharged by the East India Directors in the management of our Indian empire. They are themselves, to a man, sprung from the middle classes: being either City merchants or retired Indian officers, presenting a striking contrast to the "junior lords" who are supposed to aid the labours of the Premier and the head of the Admiralty. The patronage of the Directors flows, in like manner, almost wholly to the middle classes. In their service there is neither purchase of commissions, nor the cold shade of aristocratical influence, to check the career of merit. Their civil and medical services are now open to unrestrained competition, and their cadetships are bestowed on the sons of officers, clergymen, attorneys, surgeons, merchants, and even tradesmen, enabling many a gallant spirit to earn the highest distinctions in India, who might have pined and died in obscurity before a way had opened to its aspirations through the avenues of Whitehall.* For this reason, if for no other, we should venture to demur to the authority which has re-echoed in England the shortsighted sentence of the deluded subadar at Fyzabad,—"*the Company's Raj is ended.*"

The title and character of the British rule in India, even more than the authorities by which it has been administered, have likewise been made the theme of misrepresentations, for which ignorance is no excuse. Before preachers or members of Parliament attempt to make a clean breast for the nation at the expense of the East India Company, they are bound to ascertain not only the authority really responsible for the alleged misdeeds, but the existence of the guilt they deplore. On this point, so lugubriously reiterated in our public confessions, we meet with nothing but empty declamation or insinuations ludicrously out of place. A senator in one place censures the East

* "There cannot be found in the history of Europe the existence of any monarchy which, within a given time, has produced so many men of the first talents in civil and military life as India has first trained for herself, and then given back to their native country."—*Speech of Mr. Canning at a Public Dinner to Sir John Malcolm, 13th July, 1827.*

India Company for having kept up an inordinate army, with the view of acquiring territory by unjust conquest; when it is matter of notoriety that our Indian possessions were mostly acquired by Governors-General, *against* the repeated injunctions and protests of the Company, and that the Indian armies are *smaller*, in proportion to the population and territory they have to defend, than that of the least warlike nations of the West.* At another time the people are called on to repent of the national guilt in displacing the ancient dynasties of India, and intruding a foreign government on the oppressed natives. It is no doubt very natural for speakers, who must be conscious they have bestowed no attention on the history or actual condition of British India, to be visited by misgivings that all is not right in a country where we are now subjected to such unheard of calamities; but really some inquiry ought to be made into the fact before the sufferers are concluded to have been "sinners above all men."

Some account of the spirit in which our Indian possessions were really being governed at the moment of the Sepoy insurrection, appeared in *Maga* of December last; the rise and progress of the Sepoy rebellion was traced in September, and we shall now proceed to furnish the materials for a sounder judgment than "what is called public opinion" (to adopt the phraseology of the *Times*) would appear as yet to have been

able to form on the questions it professes to have "taken in hand."

So far from supplanting the ancient and legitimate rulers of India, it is matter of history that no power retaining even the semblance of such a title existed in India when the foundations of our empire were laid. The Mohammedans, from whom our first acquisitions were made, were neither an indigenous, an ancient, nor a legitimate government. Their power rested neither on natural right, nor on possession consolidated by time and the consent of the natives. From the middle of the tenth century to the close of the twelfth, they were nothing but robbers invading the land in a succession of predatory expeditions, conducted by different tribes, and marked by ferocities greatly exceeding those of the Saxons in Europe. After Kutb-oo-deen had established a Mohammedan throne at Delhi in 1193, the land was equally far from finding rest under its shadow. Three Affghan or Patan dynasties succeeded one another, the advent of each being emblazoned in characters of blood and flame, till Tamerlane plunged all government again in destruction, killing 100,000 prisoners in cold blood before the walls of Delhi, and delivering up the city to incredible massacre and pillage, A.D. 1398. Out of the anarchy which ensued, two Mohammedan kingdoms arose in the Deccan—Golconda and Beejapore—wholly independent of the empire of Delhi. Bengal and Gujerat were also independent governments, and at

* The effective strength of the Bengal army in 1856, was as follows:—

European Officers,	2070
Do. Non-Commissioned rank and file,	21,522
Natives, Regular,	95,642
Do. Irregular,	48,311

162,545

The Madras and Bombay armies were, in all, 120,325

Total British Troops, 282,870

Add the contingents of native princes, 32,300

And the light troops of our allies available on emergencies, 58,918

Making a total of 724,088

for the defence of 180 millions of people, or not quite one soldier to 250 persons. The army in France is as one to 100; and even in the United States, the numbers trained to military employment, and available for the defence of 23 millions of people, amount to 1,923,280, costing, in time of peace, £3,139,438.

war with their neighbours. The Mogul dominion was not founded till 1526, when Baber took Delhi; nor consolidated till 1686, when Aurungzebe subjugated Beejapore, and exhibited for the first time a single Mohammedan empire in India. Aurungzebe, whose personal character was detestable, and his long reign one series of bigoted persecution of Hindoo faith and worship, died in 1707; and the eleven succeeding years witnessed the violent ends of eleven princes of his blood, six of whom had attained, and the other five were competitors for, the royal title. In the midst of these intestine commotions, Nadir Shah once more carried fire and sword through Hindostan, delivered up the city of Delhi to another indiscriminate massacre, and returned to Persia with treasure to the amount of twenty millions of money.* The Affghans broke in again after his retirement. The Mogul emperor was reduced to a puppet in the hands of his revolted feudatories, and incurable anarchy overspread the land. The Mahrattas were at the gates of Delhi twenty years before the battle of Plassey.

Our territories were really acquired, first, from the Nabob of Bengal, a revolted feudatory of the Great Mogul, who attacked us while in the peaceable pursuit of commerce, in factories erected under the plighted protection of the Imperial Government, and perpetrated the massacre of the Black Hole;—secondly, in defending the Nabob of the Carnatic, in whose territory Fort St. George was founded, against the usurpation of the Nizam assisted by the French;—thirdly, in chastising the unprovoked aggression of Tippoo Sultan, who had deposed the Hindoo Rajah of Mysore and usurped his dominion;—fourthly, in repressing the Mahrattas, a Hindoo clan, who, originally driven by the persecutions of Aurungzebe to take refuge in the Western Ghauts, founded a state at

Sattara, from which they issued in clouds of light-horse to levy *chout* or tribute on every territory they could reach. These were, in effect, professed freebooters, and the tradition of their origin is still preserved in the domestic ceremonies of a Mahratta chief. On some occasions it is "custom" to send out his retainers to plunder some neighbouring bazar—paying, indeed, for the articles abstracted, and only seeking, by this fictitious robbery, to keep alive the memory of "the good old rule, the simple plan," which formed the glory of his ancestors. We are almost ashamed to be obliged thus to recall to English memories the character of the enemy whom Wellington defeated at Assaye. To talk of *injustice* in rescuing the population of India out of hands like these, is much like accusing the good Samaritan of man-stealing, for bearing away to his inn the exhausted victim of thieves and assassins.

It is perhaps not drawing too heavily on the memory of "what is called public opinion," to assume that it has not forgotten the Burmese, from whom we acquired the Tenasserim coast in 1824; or the Sikhs, who, having overrun the Punjab under Runjeet Singh, and been treated as British allies while their leader lived to restrain their audacity, poured across the Sutlej on his death, and, after the usual routine of defeat, treaty, breach of faith, renewed hostilities, and final conquest, have since reposed in great prosperity under the Company's Raj.

Exceptions may doubtless be taken to this summary statement of the growth of the British empire in India. We do not pretend that every part of its history is free from a charge that can be brought against almost every country in Europe; but we deny that any war of simple acquisition was ever undertaken, that any nationality was ever obliterated, any franchises de-

* Among the spoil then abstracted was the Koh-i-noor, which had been found in the mines of Golconda, and presented to the father of Aurungzebe. From Nadir it descended to the Dooranee monarchs of Affghanistan, from the last of whom, Shah Soojah, it was wrested by Runjeet Singh, and being found in the Lahore treasury on its capture in 1849, was presented by the victorious army to Her Most Gracious Majesty.

stroyed, any injury or degradation inflicted on the natives.*

Our conquests, if they may be called so, have differed from all others in being limited to the assumption of the sovereign power, without violence to private rights or national institutions. When the Normans conquered England, a foreign nation was permanently intruded upon the native population. Castles, manors, and freeholds changed hands; the Saxon heiress was forcibly given in marriage to the Norman adventurer; the native bishops and thanes were ejected to make room for foreign prelates and barons. The whole constitution in Church and State was subverted, and the conquered race became the serfs of the conqueror. Similar were the effects of the Mohammedan invasion of India, and of the Spanish conquests in America. The British occupancy of India, we say, is altogether of another character. It plants no foreign colony in the land, invades no man's property, alters no public usage, civil or religious.† Instead of reducing the conquered race to serfdom or bondage it zealously uproots the slavery it found existing in the country. Far from subverting, it occupies itself in searching out, re-establishing, and enlarging, whatever popular rights existed in olden times; while its every act of interference is designed to bestow, or to educate for, yet higher advantages. The only charge alleged with any shadow of truth in this particular, is, that our Government has not yet secured for its native subjects all the benefits which a never-flagging zeal for civilisation and christianity might have been able to develop. That it has *deprived* them of a single comfort or privilege—that it has not vastly improved their condition, both mor-

ally and materially,—are assertions never hazarded but by the most ignorant, as well as the most unnatural calumniators of their country.

We propose to lay before our readers some few of the many facts which incontestably establish the character of British administration in India. And first as regards the native princes. India contains at this day upwards of two hundred Hindoo and Mohammedan potentates, exercising jurisdiction over territories more or less affected by our supremacy. Some are subsidiary, some protected, some independent—subject, therefore, in various degrees, to British interference, but even the latter class obliged to acknowledge us as the paramount State, and the sole arbitrator of peace or war. The total area of the native states is returned at 627,910 square miles, while British India covers 888,019 square miles, making respectively about 3-7ths and 4-7ths of the whole. These native rulers comprehend the representatives of every dynasty, ancient or modern, which could on any pretext lay claim to authority; they may well be supposed ready to take advantage of the first opportunity to throw off a foreign and oppressive yoke. Nine months have now elapsed since symptoms of open discontent appeared in the Bengal army, and five since it broke out into a bloody revolt, and planted the Mohammedan flag upon the walls of Delhi. Our stations were never so bare of European troops. The native army has disappeared, or taken up arms against us; and the cruellest tortures—designed expressly to dishonour as well as to afflict—have been endured by our officers and their families, while England has as yet seemed powerless to avert or avenge them. How many

* These remarks refer to our progress toward the position of paramount power in India, proclaimed by Lord Hastings after the close of the Mahratta war. Since then we have occupied a position which brought with it its own necessities and obligations, by which the various "annexations" of minor territories are to be judged. We must add, that we have no intention of apologising for the invasion of Afghanistan, or the appropriation of Scinde. These were the acts of the Crown Ministers, protested against by the Directors.

† The "twenty four Pergunnahs" (the district in which Calcutta is situated), was granted in property by a *sunnud* of the Nabob's. But the native proprietors alleging their claim, Mr. Hastings was convinced of the illegality of the grant, and restored them to their rights.

injured princes, we ask, have appeared in the field to exult and assist in the destruction of their oppressor? How many subsidiary powers have rushed to secure their independence? How many independent allies have taken advantage of our moment of weakness to chase the foreigner out of the land? The answer to these questions is almost incredible. *Not one* native ruler has repaired to the standard of the Padishah at Delhi! The contingents of Holkar and Scindia have yielded to the mutinous example of our own Sepoys; but both those Maharajahs, though at the mercy of their troops, are firm to our cause, have protected our officers, and rendered most material assistance in keeping open the communications. Rumours reached the Calcutta papers of apprehended intrigues by the old Begum of Bhopal, and some agitation has been manifested at Hyderabad. The latest intelligence reports all now quiet, and the Nizam (the most likely head of a Mohammedan rising) our friend; but nothing as yet implicates even these Mohammedan rulers in the "conspiracy," so gratuitously imagined in this country, against the British power. A few Nawabs and Khans have robbed and murdered on their own account; but the high spirited princes of Rajpootana, Malwa, Bundelcund, and Gujerat, with the Sikh rulers on both sides the Sutlej, are entirely with us; while our independent allies, the Rajahs of Nepaul and Cashmere, afford both sympathy and succour. The position of some of these states was such as absolutely to cut away the base of our operations against the mutineers in Delhi, had they been so disposed. The communications between the North-western Provinces and the Punjab were in their power, on one side; they could have interposed against reliefs from Calcutta, on the other. Had they been actuated by any common hostility, it was in their hands to have absolutely extirpated our countrymen through the whole sphere of the revolt. Instead of attempting this, they have stood loyally forward to our assistance. Where, then, are those "time-honoured" thrones subverted by British aggression? Where are the

princes whom we have alienated by injustice and perfidy?

Positively only *three persons* of any pretensions to the title have as yet engaged, or been suspected of engaging, in the Sepoy insurrection. These are the Padishah at Delhi, the ex-king of Oude, and the miscreant Dhundoo Punt, called the Nana Sahib. The stories of these men are alone sufficient to justify the government which they have so basely assailed in a moment of difficulty. Mohammed Batsdur Padishah is the grandson of the Shah Alum whom the British rescued from the hands of the Vizier of Oude in 1765, and restored to a territory yielding £200,000 a-year, in return for a former grant of the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, then actually in our possession by the defeat of the revolted nabob. The return he made for our assistance was to go over to the Mahrattas, under whose protection he entered Delhi, to find himself the prisoner of Scindia. At sixty-five years of age, one of his jailors, a Rohilla chief, offended by his complaints to Scindia, fell upon the unhappy emperor, struck out his eyes with a dagger, and subjected the females of his family to plunder and outrage. When Delhi was taken by General Lake in 1803, this poor blinded representative of the "Great Mogul" was found in the most abject destitution, and being again received into British protection, was released from captivity, and settled with the royal name and honours in the palace at Delhi (described by Bishop Heber as only second to Windsor Castle), with an annual allowance of twelve lacs, or £120,000. In this condition of comfort and affluence, exceeding all he had ever known before, Shah Alum died at the age of eighty-six, and was succeeded by his son Ackbar in 1806. The prestige attending the title of the Mogul, and still more the possession of Delhi, (which, under the name of Indraprestha, was the seat of Hindoo royalty before the Christian era), rendered it advisable to retrench some of the legal customs observed towards the nominal Padishah. It was, in fact, a serious mistake to allow him the semblance of a throne, or indeed an abode within the city, which is venerated alike

by Moslem and Hindoo throughout India. It could scarcely have been foreseen, however, that the pride of the puppet Mogul would have been wounded by Lord Hastings taking a seat in his pensioner's presence when Governor-General! Lord Ellenborough further affronted his present majesty by finally forbidding, though not without pecuniary compensation, the presentation of *nuzzurs* or royal offerings by Government functionaries. But the summit of British oppression was reached when the descendant of Timour was required to pay his debts to the members of his numerous family. His poor relations complained that their share of the allowance designed for the maintenance of the royal family and household was withheld; and after some remonstrances, the Padishah was prevailed upon to accept an addition of three lacs to his revenue (making £150,000 per annum), with the condition of providing for the claims of his dependants.* This unpalatable stipulation constitutes the grievance, upon the strength of which this traitor hailed the arrival of the blood-stained mutineers from Meerut; admitted them into the city through the palace; supplied them with scaling-ladders to attack the magazine; and personally ordered the slaughter of Mr. Fraser, Captain Douglas, the Rev. Mr. Jennings, his daughter, and some others, who were conducted to the palace alive.† It is quite in keeping that he is said to have subsequently offered to surrender the place, with all the mutineer Sepoys, to British justice, on condition of his allowance being augmented to thirty lacs! If the Sepoys discover the proposal, they may probably anticipate his benevolent intentions; otherwise,

we trust that General Neil and his provost-marshal may have been charged to award his majesty his deserts on the capture of the devoted city.

The ex-king of Oude owed the title of which he has been deprived to the same authority which has adjudged its forfeiture. His ancestor was the revolted vizier whom we utterly defeated and reduced to submission, after occupying Lucknow in 1765. After the settlement then agreed upon with the Mogul, he became an ally, and eventually a subsidiary, of the British Government, with whose consent he assumed the title of King in 1818, thereby formally renouncing his long-expired dependence on the Great Mogul. These relations appear to have been maintained in perfect amity down to 1837, when a disputed succession to the throne occasioned some internal disturbances. On the accession of a new king in 1842, the British resident was instructed to press for the reforms requisite to restore tranquillity and security. Promises were made and broken; nothing had been effected at the death of this prince in 1847; and his successor, Wajid Ali Shah, proving weaker and more profligate than his predecessors, the ultimate resource long threatened was carried into effect by Lord Dalhousie, and the territories of Oude were annexed to the British empire. To dispute the justice of this proceeding was the object of the queen's visit to this country, and her cause is intrusted to an advocate who will not fail to give it every effect in the House of Commons. We shall not here anticipate Sir Fitzroy Kelly's case, or the reply; but we may at once dispose of the notion that the pro-

* Such is the statement given in that most accurate compilation, *Thornton's Gazetteer of India*. But the total amount returned as paid to the "Royal Family" in 1855-1856 is £180,988, of which £95,776 is the stipend and allowance of "His Majesty," and £4407 of the heir-apparent.—*Parl. Paper*, 135, 26th June, 1857—*House of Commons*.

† The statement of the native informant transmitted by the supreme Government in subsequent despatches, corrects the many painful and inconsistent accounts current in different parts of India respecting the details of this horrible tragedy. It mentions that their bodies were seen at the palace, where they had been killed by order of the king, without any allusion to the further barbarities reported in some private letters. It may be hoped, therefore, that no additional outrages were really perpetrated. Brigadier Graves also, who, when we wrote in September, was believed to be among the murdered, escaped with his life.

ceeding complained of was any cause of the Sepoy rebellion, by observing that neither Mohammedans nor Hindoos, beyond his own family, could take any deep interest in the fortunes of Wajid Ali. By the former he is regarded as a rebel against the Great Mogul, who, as was remarked by the intelligent subadar at Fyzabad, "never made a King of Oude." To the Hindoos he is of course a natural enemy as a Mohammedan, and notwithstanding its long subjection to Mohammedan rule, by far the greater portion of the inhabitants of Oude are Hindoos. The *Sepoys* in this district, as in others, may have gladly hailed a military revolt, and, from the disbandment of a large portion of the late monarch's ineffective army, there was doubtless an excess of the inflammable element scattered over the territory. Still the delivery from Mohammedan oppression of one of the earliest seats of Hindoo government and civilisation, could not in itself be other than satisfactory to the Brahmins and Oshatriyas, who still muster strong within its borders.

The third and most infamous of the three native chiefs implicated in the revolt, is the Nana Sahib,—a name, or rather a title,* not unknown in Mahratta history. This man is the adopted son of Bajee Rao, the last *Peishwah* of the Mahrattas. The nominal sovereign of these freebooters was the Rajah of Sattara; but the *Peishwah* (a title nearly equivalent to *vizier* among the Mohammedans, though originally inferior to another functionary called the *Priti Nidhi*) had long become virtually supreme. Bajee Rao falling into difficulties with Holkar and Scindia, powerful chiefs of his own race, was saved from utter destruction by a treaty concluded with the British at Bassein, in 1803. Faithless and cruel as Hindoo princes in general, he again provoked hostilities in 1818, which resulted in his casting himself on the British mercy, after his country had been reduced, and his own deposal from power formally proclaimed. He received, through the misplaced gener-

osity of Sir John Malcolin, a pension of eight lacs, together with the Jaghire of Bithoor, a place on the Ganges sacred to Brahma, who is said to have there sacrificed a horse on the completion of the act of creation. The pin of his slipper believed to have been left behind on the occasion, is still worshipped in one of the steps of the splendid ghât which rises from the sacred stream. Here Bajee Rao quietly ended his eventful career in 1851. Having no son, he adopted for his heirs three nephews, of whom Dhundoo Punt is the eldest, and in virtue of this adoption he laid claim to a continuance both of the pension and the jaghire granted to the deceased. Lord Dalhousie being advised that adoption, though valid by Hindoo law for the performance of funeral rites,—and on that account usually resorted to when there are no heirs of the body,—never conveys political rights without the sanction of the paramount power, disallowed the claim, granting him, however, permission to reside at Bithoor, though the civil and criminal administration of the jaghire was resumed by Government. This is one of the acts for which his lordship's administration is severely censured. The pension was granted to Bajee Rao and his heirs, and the adoption of the nephews was formally made by will some considerable time previous to his decease. The jaghire also is said to have been granted expressly in order to exempt the princesses of his family from the jurisdiction of British courts; and the indignity of its resumption is supposed to have suggested to the diabolical heart of the Nana the infamous outrages perpetrated by his orders on the helpless females of the British nation. It seems certain that neither one view nor the other was taken in the decision of Lord Dalhousie. The pride and covetousness of the Mahratta were deliberately wounded; and then, with our usual criminal indulgence towards extinct or supposititious royalty, the pretender was allowed to continue in his strong-

* *Nana* literally means maternal grandfather, and is used by the Mahrattas simply as a title of honour. The same designation was borne by the Nana Farnavee, the great opponent of Bajee Rao and his father in their struggle for the supreme power.

hold, to assume the title of Peishwah, and to surround himself with troops and guns!* The bitter fruits of this halting between two opinions were reaped by the unhappy fugitives from Futteghur and the murdered garrison of Cawnpore.

We were unwilling, in September, to stain our pages with the ghastly story then floating doubtfully in the Indian papers; but it is, alas! too true that 126 men, women, and children, who had effected their escape from Futteghur in a boat, were intercepted by this ruffian a short distance from Cawnpore, and butchered in cold blood in his presence. The account of a native eyewitness, sent home by the Government, states that "one young lady, daughter of a general, told the Nana it was cowardly to butcher women and children, told him to remember that the day of retribution would come, and it would be severe; she was then murdered!" the second wholesale massacre of the gallant Sir Hugh Wheeler, who, wounded and dying, was prevailed on to capitulate, and then basely slaughtered with the whole remains of his garrison, also took place in the presence of this fiend in human shape. He looked on unmoved by the agony of wives who were torn from the arms of their husbands, or the expostulations of the betrayed victims, with many of whom he had lived in friendly intercourse and hospitality. He could even order the clergyman's bonds to be loosed for the purpose of consecrating their last moments with Christian offices, and then slaughter the pastor and his flock together without remorse. Finally, it was by

his personal order, and probably in his presence that, the ladies and children, reserved from that massacre, were ruthlessly butchered—ay, literally *butchered*, by the men and weapons fetched from the *shambles*, the evening before Havelock reached Cawnpore. Altogether, *a thousand* British lives have fallen a prey in cold blood to this villanous Mahratta—the genuine type of his race, and of the "princely dynasties" which British arms are blamed for overthrowing.

Turning now from the princes to the *people* of India, we are in a condition to show, from the most unmistakable evidence, their appreciation of John Company's Raj. The most decisive test of the permanent character of any government, is the increase or decrease of the population under its sway. Under a harsh and oppressive rule, the subject either sinks into bondage and pauperism, or saves himself by emigration. In either case a decrease in the population uniformly attests the pressure on their freedom and resources. Apply, then, this rule to British India, and particularly to the districts which have been longest under our sway. There is now before us a printed statement, dated at the East India House, in February last, showing the area and population of each division and presidency of India, according to the latest returns. The importance of this document can hardly be overrated, since it alone affords the materials for the completest refutation of the charges made against British administration. The following are the totals:—

	Area in square miles.	Population.
Under the Supreme Government of India,	246,050	23,255,972
Under the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal,	222,609	41,212,562
Under Lieut.-Governor of N. W. Provinces,	105,726	33,216,365
Bengal, &c.,	574,885	97,684,899
Under the Madras Government,	132,090	22,437,297
Under the Bombay Government,	131,544	11,790,042
Total British India,	838,019	131,912,238
Native States,	627,910	48,423,830
French and Portuguese,	1,254	517,149
Total,	1,467,183	180,853,017

* The whole question of these "Political Pensions" ought to undergo a thorough revision. They are returned in the Parliamentary paper before quoted, at

Let us compare these results with the condition of Christendom. Excluding Russia and the lesser states of the Baltic, the area of the remaining portions of Continental Europe is 1,202,173 square miles, and the population 161,446,854, giving an average of 134 to the square mile; while that of British India, including all its wide tracts of jungle, marsh, desert, and mountain, is as high as 124. If we pursue the comparison into the details given at the foot of the page,* we shall find that Bengal, our most ancient possession in India, presents an area considerably less than Austria, yet is equal in population to Austria, Switzerland, and Holland put together. The North Western Provinces contain almost as many inhabitants as France, though only half its dimensions. The Presidency of Madras, greatly exceeded in territory by Spain, has a population outnumbering Spain, Portugal, and Belgium put together. The Bombay Government, if we exclude its recent acquisitions of the Sattara mountains and the sandy deserts of Scinde, rules over a territory about the area of the united kingdoms of Bavaria, Hanover, Wir-

temberg, and Saxony, and the population is only about a million less than that of these select portions of Germany. In short, if to these monarchies of Europe we add the last member of their family, Turkey with her European principalities, and compare the whole with British India (including every recent and unsettled acquisition), it appears that the mis-ruled government of the East, which the Company retains, on an area smaller by 100,000 square miles, a population exceeding the Western administrations by twelve millions of souls!

Against this comparison it may be urged that the East is naturally more populous than the West; an objection not sustained, however, by the condition of the oriental portions of Europe under Muscular rule. Let us carry the comparison, however, to the East, and to obtain all imaginable ground of disparity, let us compare India with India—the British with the native states possessing the same climate, and inhabited by the very same races and tribes. It appears, then, that while British India includes about seven-sevenths of the whole area, it contains

£1,244,498; a heavy charge on the public revenue, and consumed for the most part by individuals who represent no genuine royalty or nationality, and whose "courts" and "palaces" are dens of immorality and intrigue against the Government.

	Area.	Population.
* Austria,	256,784	35,750,521
Swiss Confederation,	14,907	2,392,740
Holland,	13,671	3,397,831
	285,262	41,541,213
France,	201,961	35,783,170
Spain,	144,698	14,216,219
Portugal,	36,510	3,412,500
Belgium,	11,369	4,359,090
	192,577	21,987,609
Bavaria,	29,327	4,559,452
Hanover,	14,802	1,819,253
Wurtemberg,	7,508	1,732,263
Saxony,	5,759	1,987,832
	57,391	10,099,800
Add Turkey in Europe,	210,583	9,645,000

Total Twelve States of Europe, 947,774 119,036,991

The European population are taken from the valuable little compilation before referred to, "*India and Europe compared*," by Lieut.-General John Briggs, F.R.S.

more than *five-sevenths* of the total population. The native states, though containing less territory naturally uninhabitable, present an average population of only 77 to the square mile, to set against the 124 belonging to British sway.

Now, the people being the same in blood, religion, and habits of life under both dominions, and possessing the most absolute facilities of migration, we conceive this test to be perfectly decisive as to the native appreciation of the respective systems of government. Naturally, the domination of the foreigner, the white man, and the Christian, must be objectionable to the native, whether Mahomedan, Hindoo, or aboriginal. Some great counter-attraction must exist to account for the disproportion we have exhibited; and the material conditions of soil and climate being the same, it can only be the superior protection afforded to life and property under British authority which occasions the augmented population. The verdict thus pronounced by the natives themselves, outweighs all the declamation of preachers and orators in England.

We have yet a further use to make of these instructive statistics. British India, as already observed, includes, in its vast diversity of climate and soil, a considerable extent of uncultivated territory. To render the comparison thoroughly effectual, we should select the districts most approximating to each other in the natural conditions which necessarily influence population. The returns do not afford the means of examining more closely the condition of the native states of India. But if we turn again to the European world, the results are most astonishing. The most thickly populated country in Europe is Belgium, the paradise of agricultural fruitfulness; and next to it stands England, with its swarming hives of manufacturing industry. Belgium, then, exhibits a population of 337 persons to the square mile, and England 304. Ireland has 242, Holland, 231, France but 147, and Scotland only 110. Now, in Bengal, taking the average of five of the most populous and five of the least populous districts, while the lowest gives

118 persons to the square mile, the highest yields 698! Again, in the North-Western Provinces, the lowest average is 200, and the highest 673; in Madras, the lowest average is 117, and the highest 324; while in Bombay the average ranges from 124 to 243. Thus, while there is no portion of cultivated India presenting so thin a population as Scotland, it has many districts more than twice as thickly populated as the most populous portions of Europe!

The decisive character of this test has induced us to dwell upon it at greater length than we can assign to others only second to it in importance. Few things, to an English mind, are better tests of the character of a government than the amount of *taxation* levied from the subject. Under Aurungzebe—the Great Mogul, whose dominion immediately preceded our own, and is often contrasted with it in utter ignorance of its real character—the imperial revenue is stated to have amounted to £37,724,615—a sum by no means extravagant in the gross, when compared with the extent of his dominions; though, if that amount were actually realised to the imperial exchequer, it must imply, under Mohammedan collectors, a vastly larger sum wrung from the tax-payer. Now, the Mogul empire was at no time nearly so extensive as the British, the gross revenue of which amounts to only £28,821,192; less than four-fifths of the revenue of Aurungzebe. This is the total amount paid by the hundred and thirty millions of our native subjects in India for all the purposes of government: when contrasted with the number of persons who pay it, the result is incredibly small. In England, in the year 1852, the taxation was at the rate of £1, 19s. 4d. a-head; in France it is £1, 12s.; in Russia, 19s. 3d.; but in British India the average payment is only 4s. 4d. It is true that the value of money, as compared with the necessities of life, is widely different in India and in Europe. The wages of labour, which represent the cost of living and the means of paying taxes, are on a different scale. Let us adjust the comparison, then, accordingly. The price of labour in India may be taken

at about seven shillings a month, and in England at ten shillings a week, or about six times as high; but the taxation in England is *nine times* greater than in India. While in this country, then, the charges of government demand from each individual an annual sum equivalent to nearly *four* weeks of labour, in India they require only *two and a-half*.

Moreover, of the total revenue so accruing, £26,599,461 is spent in India itself, in the military defence of the country, the administration of justice, and the civil and political expenditure of Government; only a very few of the agents employed being Europeans, and they expending a large part of their incomes on

native servants and dealers. The charges for military stores and other payments in England amount to little more than three millions, leaving a deficit of about a million.

General Briggs, in fact, censured the Government for having overlooked several items of taxation always levied under native governments, and sanctioned by the Institutes of Menu, declaring that "there would be no difficulty in creating new sources of revenue."

From the Parliamentary paper before quoted, we have compiled a brief abstract, which we here annex, of the total income and expenditure of the year ending 30th April, 1856:—

RECEIPTS.	
Land revenue, . . .	£17,840,416
Customs, . . .	1,974,999
Salt, . . .	2,485,738
Opium, . . .	4,871,227
Stamps, Post-office, and all other items, . . .	1,648,814
	£28,821,193
Deficit (reduced to £972,971 by gain on exchange and other casualties), . . .	1,042,892

£29,864,090

EXPENDITURE.	
Charges of collection, re- payments, &c., . . .	£6,743,561
Civil and political estab- lishments, . . .	2,976,521
Judicial and police, . . .	2,510,072
Public works, . . .	1,881,564
Military charges, . . .	10,411,220
Indian navy, &c., . . .	5,908,000
Mint and miscellaneous, . . .	127,068
Interest on debt, . . .	2,044,330
	£26,599,461

Charges paid in England,
including military
stores, transport of
troops, furlough pay,
and dividend of
£632,689 to East In-
dia proprietors, . . .

3,264,635

£29,864,090

More than half the taxation of India, it will be seen, is raised from the land, the tenure of which is well known to be of a very complicated nature, and has given rise to an abundance of misplaced censure on the Government. Whatever may be thought either of the Zemindarry or the Ryotwar systems (and they have each their champions to the present day), it is certain that neither Lord Cornwallis in adopting the one, nor Sir Thomas Munro in the other, were actuated by any but the most generous intentions towards the natives. The question was never regarded by either as one of advantage to the State, but entirely as one of justice to the proprietor and cultivator. The

difficulty arose in great measure from the obscurity which Mohammedan oppression had thrown over native institutions; and if, with the light which has now been shed upon the question by subsequent researches of the Company's officers, we are now inclined to view with greater favour the system applied by Sir Mark Cubbon with signal success to the embarrassed territories of Mysore, and more or less followed in our latter acquisitions and the north-western provinces of Bengal, it is surely no reproach to the East India Company or their servants, that, having done their best in former times with the information then available, they have steadfastly

ured, both by inquiry and experiment, after a better system, and the Government departments at home, have been ready to adopt every improvement that was discovered.

We proceed to another head. Nothing is more common than to hear the "company's government" censured by the snatterers at home for their neglect of *Public Works* in India. It is taunted with the magnificent illustrations of the Mogul emperors, particularly with respect to *irrigation*, than which nothing is so important to tropical agriculture. Now, to happen to have learned something of these imperial works, from a description given of them in a recent publication of Colonel Baird Smith, U.S., now Chief Engineer in the camp before Delhi. An important canal was made by the Emperor Akbar Toghluks in the middle of the sixteenth century, but more to water the gardens of his favourite hunting-place of Hissar, than to supply the wants of the people over whom he reigned. This canal ceased to flow shortly after the death of its projector. Nearly two centuries after it was reopened by Akbar, but closed again in 1707, the year of Aurungzebe's demise. This canal was the more important for running through a country bordering on the desert, which returned to its original sterility on its stoppage. The famous Delhi canal was only finished under Shah Jehan in 1626, and ceased to flow at Delhi in 1753. In short, all the boasted canals of Mogul construction were practically extinct before the British came into possession. The country they had entered was, for years before our acquisition of it in the opening of the present century, the battle-field of the Mohammedans and Mahrattas, and still exhibits the traces of the ruin effected in their desolating wars. No sooner had this region come under British sway, than engineer officers were employed to report on the means of restoring the irrigation. Military engineers had, of course, but little

experience to guide them, and the operations were difficult as well as novel. It is no wonder, then, that their schemes were conflicting; and the Nepal and Mahratta wars ensuing, no progress was made up to the year 1817. The works were then vigorously pushed forward, and in the thirty years ensuing, upwards of half a million sterling was expended on canals to the west of the Jumna, and nearly £200,000 on those to the east. When the difficulty of the work is fairly considered, with the danger of mistakes,* this implies no inconsiderable amount of exertion. Some account of that stupendous work, the Ganges Canal, opened on the 8th April 1854, was given in our issue for December last. Applicable to the double purpose of irrigation and navigation, it extends over 525 miles in length, measuring in its greatest depth 10 feet, and in its extreme breadth 170 feet. Viewed as a means of irrigation, it is five times as long as all the main lines of Lombardy and Egypt put together. As the channel of navigation, it nearly equals the aggregate length of the four greatest canals in France, greatly exceeds all the first-class canals of Holland put together, and is larger by one-third than the greatest navigation canal in the United States of America. The different branches in progress will extend this unparalleled monument of British engineering skill to a total length of 900 miles, affording irrigation to 1,470,000 acres of land. The cost of this splendid work amounted in 1854 to £1,400,000.

Under the government of Madras, also, though the minor presidencies always complain of the restrictions laid on their expenditure by the Supreme Government, and for some years the public works were in fact greatly neglected, yet a commission of inquiry, issued by the Court of Directors, has been attended by the most gratifying results. In the province of Tanjore, which has been better cared for than others, the yearly expenditure on works of irri-

* The town of Lalpur, whose extensive ruins are still visible in a hollow near Rohtuk, was entirely destroyed by the inefficiency of the line originally given by Ali Murdan Khan to the Delhi canal. The accumulated waters burst the banks, and overflowed the country with a widespread devastation.

gation, from 1831 to 1850, averaged £9152, effecting an increase of cultivation to the extent of 79,869 acres, with an aggregate addition to the land-revenue of £277,525—the value to the proprietors being of course augmented in proportion. Colonel Arthur Cotton, the Chief Engineer at Madras, gives the result of fifty years' work in Tanjore, as involving an expenditure of £250,000 on *new* works and improvements, effecting an annual increase of revenue of £4000, and an addition to the value of the land of £200,000 a-year. On the banks of the Godavery the same talented officer projected, in 1844, a scheme of irrigation involving the construction of a dam or weir across the bed of a broad river, with no foundation but loose sand. Adopting a native method, he succeeded in erecting a structure which required the labour of 10,000 workmen, and the laying of 200,000 bricks per diem for four months consecutively. The part of the country irrigated by these works is estimated at 1,200,000 acres; an increase of £35,000 per annum has already accrued to the land-tax, and the ultimate result is expected to add £8,320,000 to the annual value of the land.*

Of the munificence displayed by the "cheesemongers of Leadenhall Street," in fostering this department of national improvement, a striking illustration is afforded in the volumes of Col. Baird Smith, published under the orders of the Honourable Court of Directors. This distinguished officer was despatched by the Court on a mission, in 1850, to examine that "classic land of irrigation," Northern Italy—the only country in Europe possessed of any system of the kind worthy of scientific investigation. To a personal narrative of much interest he has annexed historical and descriptive details of the canals of irrigation in Piedmont and Lombardy, with a careful examination of the practice and legislation in both kingdoms, and a comparison of their systems with those of Northern and Central India. When "public opinion" in this country shall have enlightened itself by the perusal of these

volumes, it will perhaps be less inclined to sneer at the supineness of the East India Company and its servants.

We are not the indiscriminate advocates, however, of any government. We neither conceal nor defend the little attention as yet bestowed on the other great requisite for the development of internal resources—the construction of roads. In this department the Indian Government have certainly not kept pace with the demands of the age or with the practice of other conquerors. It is chiefly on this point that the tribe of detractors, whose one idea of India is as a rival to the United States in the supply of cotton for the Manchester market, are enabled to give the semblance of justice to their complaints. It is true that much has been done to promote the growth and improve the cleaning of cotton in India, but the want of good roads ruinously cripples every other scheme for the development of native industry. The want is the more remarkable, since it is just the kind of public work most required for the political exigencies and the personal comfort of the governing race. It is quite unaccountable how English governors and commanders-in-chief should have gone on so long, sending troops across the country with an enormous train of camp-followers, at the rate of ten miles a-day, and wasting three precious months themselves on a river-voyage from Calcutta to Delhi, when the system of roads with which they were familiar in England might at once have quadrupled the despatch (and therefore the efficiency) of their armies, administering, moreover, in no small measure to their own health and convenience—at the same time that it developed internal resources certain to repay all the cost a hundredfold. The only apology that can be made lies in the extent and variety of the labours which an Indian Government is expected to undertake. We need hardly remind our readers that English roads are the product of private skill and capital. Even in the construction of railroads,

* *Baines' India and Europe compared.*

which the other nations of Europe have instinctively assigned to the province of government—so deep-rooted is our distrust of "government work" that we have insisted on retaining them to private enterprise, at a ruinous loss (as it has proved) of land, money, and system. It is, after all, then, but a national peculiarity which the Indian authorities have unfortunately not been free from. They have been actuated too much, instead of too little, by the views which make up what is arrogantly called the "wisdom of Parliament." And the remedy would seem to be, not to sink the Indian administration deeper in the vortex of "public opinion" in England, but to withdraw it more carefully to the special and distinctive peculiarities of India.

It must be borne in mind, too, that the principles of British government do not admit of the *forced labour* by which less scrupulous masters constructed the highroads of antiquity. The traces of Roman skill and enterprise are still patent in this island: but no records remain of the hundreds of thousands of British bondmen whose lives may have been sacrificed in penetrating the forest or the marsh, and whose bones lie unnoticed in the foundations of the conquerors' roads. Still this is unquestionably the department that most presses for improvement in India. Railroads in particular ought, were this, to have extended widely in a country which they are so certain to ameliorate at every point of national life. A railroad from Calcutta to Lahore would have either prevented the Sepoy insurrection, by affording the means of instantaneous removing wavering corps from the contaminating atmosphere, and overawing the disaffected, or would at least have crushed it in the bud, by concentrating the small available European force on the scene of the first outbreaks. A public work, so certain to add almost indefinitely to the power of Government as well as the riches of the country, must no longer be delayed by the reluctance of British capitalists to invest in India without a Government guarantee, nor by the hesitation of Government, however natural, to extend a

guarantee where they are not able, or not permitted, to exercise a corresponding amount of superintendence. Whether the respective parties would be likely to come to a speedier agreement, by transferring this discussion from Leadenhall Street to Whitehall, may well be doubted by those who have been initiated in the mysteries of patent-seeking, or cooled their heels in the "Circumlocution Office."

From the material departments of Government let us now ascend to the higher regions of mind. The foremost object—the very *raison*—of all government is the *administration of justice*, and that not so much for the equitable adjustment of individual claims, as for leavening the public mind with the great principles of moral rectitude. Few, perhaps, reflect how much the strong sense of right and wrong which actuates the English mind is owing to the operation of our courts of justice, daily bringing the rules of equity in a practical form to the experience and observation of the masses who attend their sittings. There is, hence, in the generality of Englishmen, such a sense of the sacredness of justice that it seems a light thing to say it is never *bought* among us. The man who would see little harm in quietly pocketing a *doucor* from a candidate for his seat at an election, would indignantly spurn a five-pound note to say Guilty or Not Guilty in the jury-box. We should all rise up in one shout of horror if it were but hinted that a British judge was open to a *bribe*. It may seem little, then, to advance, that this national incorruptibility of justice has accompanied its administration in India. Yet it may be remembered that our forefathers found it necessary to bind their kings, in the Great Charter, not to sell as well as not to delay justice—that the great Lord Bacon was not free from this vice—and that in fact judicial bribery has more or less tainted the administration of all countries except our own, under the light of its present improved state of public morals. In the East, from the days of Solomon downward, the "wicked man has taken a gift out of his bosom to pervert the ways of judgment."

(Prov. xvii. 28). In India this practice is so rooted in native ideas, that it governs the ordinary forms of salutation. In place of grasping your right hand in frankness and truth, the native accosts you with a present. If it be only a worthless lime, the form must be preserved, "to make your honour's face white;" so attesting the universal conviction that neither kindness nor justice is to be obtained *gratuitously*. Such forms are the straws which show the current of public feeling. When royalty is approached, they take the more substantial form of *nuzzur*—i.e. gold pieces—to anoint the hand which is the fountain of justice; and the spirit indicated in such compliments may be judged of by a little anecdote related to us in the Mysore territories, where the Rajah, sitting in the hall of justice, and pronouncing on the complaints of his subjects in that Oriental and paternal simplicity which dispenses with professional judges, advocates, and forms, *decided the same case five times over—terque, quaterque*, reversing his former judgment, as a confidential agent whispered in the royal ear the sum by which the litigants kept alternately bidding for victory!

It is not so small a thing, then, we say, to have practically taught the natives of India the great lesson of judicial integrity. A book has just appeared called the *Autobiography of Lutfullah*, a Mohammedan gentleman who travelled through much of British India, visited England, and has written his observations in our language. Such a work is alone enough to indicate a revolution in native mind and practice, not effected in all the previous centuries since the Christian era. The views of the author are generally favourable to the Company's government: in particular he fails not to note that, wherever he went, he always heard, "The Feringhees were *very just*." The general conviction is farther attested by the resort of litigants to

our several courts. One of the delusions with which we love to cheat ourselves in this country is, that all the world stands enraptured at the sight of our "free institutions," hastening, like flies to a sugar-cask, to partake of their blessings the moment they are exposed to view. But there is, perhaps, not one "institution" of ours which the "benighted Hindoo" does not consider vastly inferior to his own. He has not the slightest respect for our laws—he greatly prefers his *punchayet* to our jury—laughs to scorn the notion of deciding by the evidence which, he quietly remarks, can be manufactured at pleasure—deems the subpoenaing of witnesses on a public prosecution, in which they have no interest, an intolerable interference with private affairs—and marvels incessantly how a wise judge can let a notorious criminal escape for such simple reasons as a flaw in the indictment, or even a defect in the evidence. What the native does respect is, that—hampered, and foolish, and blundering as he deems our modes of procedure—the British judge is above the suspicion of corruption. He trusts the Englishman for what he never found nor expected in any native,—judgment without gift or respect of persons. It is this which fills the courts in India with crowds of litigants, for whom we could heartily desire a better provision than at present exists.

This is a province which peculiarly belongs to the Crown, and the royal prerogative was very early exerted, under parliamentary sanction, in the establishment of a Supreme Court of Judicature at each of the three Presidencies. We consider these courts to be decidedly the worst in the country. Presided over by Queen's judges with enormous salaries, they have seldom secured even a decent amount of professional knowledge on the bench, while the bar is, of course, proportionally second-rate. Barristers of fame or promise at home, will seldom* forego the career that opens in Westminster Hall and

* The names of Sir Edward Ryan and Sir Laurence Peel forbid us to say *never*; and doubtless other individuals might be named [very superior to the system they belonged to.

St. Stephen's. The crimson silk, silver sticks, and "barbaric gold" of the Indian judge, are the insignia of acknowledged mediocrity—not seldom of proved incapacity—in English law; they always decorate ignorance of native usages and even speech. Such courts are mere caricatures of Westminster Hall: their absurdity was conclusively demonstrated when it was found necessary to exclude them from all jurisdiction over the members of Government, and persons acting under their orders; for it is only as a check on the Company's government that a royal court could have a *locus standi* in the country. The indispensable denial of such powers should have taught the Legislature the folly of erecting such a court. Yet, like the carrier in the fable, Sir Erskine Perry's main idea of Indian reform seems to be the unlimited importation of English lawyers!

The courts presided over by the Company's civil servants are undoubtedly anomalous in their composition, and burdensome in their procedure; while courts-martial, which, in stations not included in British territory, are obliged to exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction over British subjects, are naturally unqualified for the cognisance of any but military causes. Perhaps the system of administration best adapted to native wants is that which obtains in the Mysore territories, where the courts of the Rajah are continued under the native judges, but superintended at every point by the Commissioner and his European assistants. The whole judicial system of India, however, undoubtedly demands a searching and consistent reform.

On the efforts of the Company's government to promote the education of the natives in the Sanscrit, the vernacular, and the English languages, we have already spoken.* They are confessedly experimental, and hampered by the great question of religion, which we are presently to notice. No one can fairly charge the Government—apart from this question—with any want of zeal or

honesty in their several exertions. It is probably the fact, also, that the results are far greater than is usually supposed. In the army, however, and among the mass of agricultural natives, but little seems as yet to have been attempted. The Sepoy, in particular, is in general childishly ignorant; very few can read their own language. Even the native officers often cannot write their names. As a necessary consequence, their minds, when off duty, are left to fluctuate between dull vacant stupidity and the wild fictions of their legendary faith. This state of mind is of course liable to a credulity more than childish, and to outbreaks of passion bordering on frenzy. To this cause may in great measure be attributed the readiness with which the cartridge grievance was accepted, and the atrocious outburst of "heathen rage" that ensued. It seems to us, however, that the Indian Government, like too many friends of education at home, have been aiming too high—traveling, in fact, too fast instead of too slow, in the race of secular instruction and civilisation. Far from thinking that our century of British rule has done little for India, we are lost in astonishment at the extent and progress of the movement attempted.

Next to Religion, the greatest of educational agencies is *legislation*; and the legislation of British India during the last fifty years has introduced new principles of thought and action, exceeding probably what any other people have had to grapple with in any century of the world's history. It may be doubted whether England herself during the sixteenth century, which changed the entire relations of Church and State, and subjected the whole literature of the land to the influence of the Holy Scriptures, experienced a greater or more rapid revolution of public opinion. Shock after shock has been administered to minds to which change was unknown for a thousand years. The ancient rite of *Suttee*, which, though nowhere positively enjoined as a religious ordinance, had been the *decus et testamen* of female honour in the highest ranks, as far as

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To these demands on Hindoo "public opinion," for centuries so immobile, we have lately added a further assertion of "woman's rights," in releasing young widows from the bondage of an enforced celibacy; and lastly, that prodigious leap out of darkness into light taken by the famous *lex loci*, passed 11th April, 1850. This latter act, for brevity and range of application, is positively without parallel in the field of legislative reform. Its text is as follows: "So much of any

law or usage now in force, within the territories subject to the government of the East India Company, as inflicts on any person forfeiture of rights or property, or may be held in any way to impair or affect any right of inheritance, by reason of his or her renouncing, or having been excluded from, the communion of any religion, or being deprived of caste, shall cease to be enforced as law in the courts of the East India Company, and in the courts established by royal charter within the said territories." In these few unostentatious words was established at one sweep the completest liberty of conscience and faith among 130 millions of human beings, with whom, a century ago, conscience had no existence, and a change of religion was not only impossible, but inconceivable!

If to all this innovation we add the effect of Government operations, conducted on principles of rectitude and good faith exceeding the highest pitch of native opinion, yet criticised and condemned by a *free press*, with a license that would disgust in England, there is surely little cause to complain of any want of *stimulus* in the march of Hindoo civilisation. Rather may it be feared lest a too eager advance on so many different points at once should provoke a reaction in the direction aimed at by the *Dharma Sobha*.†

To judge aright of the effects produced and in progress under the East India Company's government, we must view the question not so much with European as with Asiatic eyes. The very propagation of our language in the Government schools is an enormous instrument of national education, though censured, and we think with justice, for that over-rigid view of impartiality which proscribes all use of the Scriptures. These schools are judged by the educated native, and even by the missionaries

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Dr. Percival, in adducing these extracts, rejects, of course, the fallacious inference, that the missionaries should adopt the Government system; "but," he adds, "we cannot reject his testimony as to the efficacy of the means of enlightenment which detached him and others from their ancestral faith. It is a most interesting fact (he continues), that in almost every part of India—I mean its chief cities—the spread of the English language and literature is rapidly altering the phases of the Hindoo mind." The alteration, indeed, is taking a direction which neither the

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Dr. Percival, in adducing these extracts, rejects, of course, the fallacious inference, that the missionaries should adopt the Government system; "but," he adds, "we cannot reject his testimony as to the efficacy of the means of enlightenment which detached him and others from their ancestral faith. It is a most interesting fact (he continues), that in almost every part of India—I mean its chief cities—the spread of the English language and literature is rapidly altering the phases of the Hindoo mind." The alteration, indeed, is taking a direction which neither the

Christian nor the statesman can contemplate without alarm. The most evident tendency of such education hitherto has been, to generate a "sceptical infidel cast of mind," which, while it is far from effecting the moral regeneration aimed at by the Gospel, is ominous in relation to the stability of British power. Still this condition of mind is regarded by many friends of Christianity as not only constituting a peculiar call upon the Church (whose office more than the State's it is to supply direct Christian instruction), but also as affording some assistance to her labours. Dr. Percival adduces the following from the pen of a gentleman, himself many years resident in India, as worthy of the most serious consideration:—

"At Calcutta, and in the great cities of Bengal, the Government have founded colleges and seminaries to instruct natives in European knowledge, and to fit them for the very responsible and high offices in the public service to which they are now eligible. But the knowledge so imparted is not confined to the few who draw the higher prizes in the lottery of Indian official life, nor even to the larger number who hope, by fitness, to open the way to selection for office; it will have imparted its tone to all who come within the scope of its operations, and of its results; and it is accordingly acknowledged that the native mind is awakened and inquisitive on matters to which it was formerly utterly indifferent. The truths of science, and the philosophy of real history, cannot consist in the same mind with Pauranic fables, and the abominations of mythology and idolatry; but it is too well known that they may consist with the profession of benevolent atheism, or still more with the seductive and self-applauding discoveries of natural religion. It is to the native mind, in this advanced state of cultivation, that it becomes important that Christianity should be presented with its saving truths in the effulgence of Divine light."

This latter extract conducts us to that part of the East India Company's administration, which is just

* *The Land of the Veda*, p. 472. By the Rev. PETER PERCIVAL.

the influence of Brahmanism extended, has been abolished by an act of the Legislature throughout the British dominions, and almost entirely abandoned, in consequence of our representations, in the native states. *Infanticide*, tolerated if not licensed by Roman civilisation, and based among the Hindoos on the sanctions of religion, has in like manner been declared illegal; and though not yet absolutely exterminated,* is in process of entire abolition. *Human sacrifices*, judged essential, and systematically offered among the hill-tribes, have been utterly prohibited to the extent of British influence, and numbers of victims devoted to the knife have been released and provided for. *Thugges*, defended by the sanctions both of caste and creed, has been put down with a remorseless hand, and the worshippers of the divinity from whom Calcutta itself derives its name, are sent to the gallows as murderers. *Slavery*, which had subsisted since the Brahmanists reduced the aboriginal races to serfdom, more than thirty centuries ago, has been wholly abolished. These acts alone involve an enormous amount of progress, declaring, to a certain extent, the equality of sexes and races, putting human life above the demands even of religious worship, and proclaiming the laws which defend it more sacred than the most binding obligations of custom and caste.

To these demands on Hindoo "public opinion," for centuries so immobile, we have lately added a further assertion of "woman's rights," in releasing young widows from the bondage of an enforced celibacy; and lastly, that prodigious leap out of darkness into light taken by the famous *lex loci*, passed 11th April, 1850. This latter act, for brevity and range of application, is positively without parallel in the field of legislative reform. Its text is as follows: "So much of any

law or usage now in force, within the territories subject to the government of the East India Company, as inflicts on any person forfeiture of rights or property, or may be held in any way to impair or affect any right of inheritance, by reason of his or her renouncing, or having been excluded from, the communion of any religion, or being deprived of caste, shall cease to be enforced as law in the courts of the East India Company, and in the courts established by royal charter within the said territories." In these few unostentatious words was established at one sweep the completest liberty of conscience and faith among 180 millions of human beings, with whom, a century ago, conscience had no existence, and a change of religion was not only impossible, but inconceivable!

If to all this innovation we add the effect of Government operations, conducted on principles of rectitude and good faith exceeding the highest pitch of native opinion, yet criticised and condemned by a *free press*, with a license that would disgust in England, there is surely little cause to complain of any want of *stimulus* in the march of Hindoo civilisation. Rather may it be feared lest a too eager advance on so many different points at once should provoke a reaction in the direction aimed at by the *Dharma Sobha*.†

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Neither history, geography, astronomy, medicine, nor natural philosophy can be taught without impugning some established tradition, or even some direct statement of their religious standards. Such contradictions, it seems, do not shock the native conscience, which appears to have the faculty of combining contradictions; there is no reason why we should find it in scruples which it does not challenge for itself. It is another question how far the sim-

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All these practical questions are lost sight of in blaming the Indian Government for not enabling us as a nation to extend our religion among the natives. A nation is represented in two ways, by the State and by the Church; the executive government is the organ not of the

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India fuller churches and more attentive audiences than he believed exist in any other part of the world.

In the present day, we need hardly inform our readers that churches and chaplains are to be found in the military stations, and in many the civil ones, and as a general rule, religious duties are even more carefully observed in India than in England. A clergyman who officiated there as a chaplain for several years, and now fills an important position in a large town at home, assures us that he had always a larger attendance, both at church and sacrament, than is usual in this country; that the general tone of society there is more religious than our own; and that numbers both of the civil and military servants of the Company are eminent for their Christian life and conversation. We rejoice to circulate such a testimony at the present juncture, proving that the gallant hearts whose unparalleled sufferings and heroic deeds have filled all Europe with sympathy and admiration, were not so deficient in yet higher duties, nor, we reverently trust, so devoid of their consolation in their bitter extremity, as some ungenerous detractors would insinuate.

What then is the accusation? That the Company's government has taken no step actively to promote Christianity among the natives? Here again we are obliged to demand *what* steps they ought to have taken? Only on one point can we find anything like a tangible complaint, viz. the exclusion of the holy Scriptures and generally of Christian books from the Government schools. This exclusion is enforced, however, not from any reluctance on the part of Government to acknowledge its own religion, but from a fear of interfering with the religion of the natives. It is really nonsense to talk of a government being afraid to acknowledge its religion, which at the same moment is engaged in a deadly struggle,

occasioned by a widespread suspicion in the minds of its native soldiers of an intention to effect their conversion to Christianity. Can it for a moment be imagined that the 80,000 Sepoys who have broken out in rebellion from this suspicion, or the much larger and more intelligent portion of the native population by whom it was shared, supposed the Government to be indifferent to its own religion? Mr. Colvin reports that the opinion of the Sepoys, "was held, however unwisely, by the mass of the population, and even by some of the more intelligent classes. Never was a delusion more wide or deep."* The English press has chosen to think the "cartridge grievance" a mere pretext, put forward to conceal a plot of another description; but whatever may have been "the plot" (which remains to this day as great a mystery as Titus Oates's), it is certain that the cartridge was the spark which fired the train, and the train itself was the general suspicion of an intention on the part of Government to bring the natives over to Christianity. Mr. Colvin reports this as the unanimous view of his best officers, produced by acquaintance with the native feeling through a variety of sources. The general conviction, he says, was expressed by a Brahmin, who said that having reduced all India to one government, it was intended also to reduce it to one religion, and that was impious. Now it is simply impossible that such a state of feeling should have existed, had it been true that our Governments were afraid to exhibit their faith. The native suspicions, however mistaken in the particular fact, demonstrate a knowledge on their part both that the Government was Christian, and that Christianity laid claim to be a universal religion. It was because of this knowledge that they would not receive the disclaimers made to them by the Government and its officers.

It is manifestly unjust, then, to stigmatise the exclusion of the Christian Scriptures from the Government

sought for men of character from every quarter to fill offices of trust. He avowedly encouraged and contributed to the translation of the Scriptures into the native languages, and wherever he went paid a strict regard to divine worship on the Sunday."

* See Appendix to Papers first presented to Parliament, p. 381.

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latter, but the former. As long as the nation is united in Church and State, the Government may act for both; but when many churches are included in one State, this is plainly impossible. To preach the Gospel is the province of the Church, not of the Government: the latter can only engage in it by founding a Church. The Portuguese Government did this in India, because that nation owned only the Roman Catholic Church. The Dutch and the Danes had the same facility, because each nation recognised but one form of Protestant Christianity. The English East India Company probably intended to pursue a similar course, when it was provided in their charter that Chaplains of the English Church should be maintained in every factory and settlement, who should learn "the Gentoo language," in order to instruct the native servants and dependants in the Protestant religion; and it is only necessary to recall the names of Brown, Buchanan, Martyn, Corrie, Thomason, Fisher—all Chaplains of the Company—to be aware that the original conception was never extinguished. It was in England, not in India, that its modification commenced. The regiments of the royal army ceased to take out chaplains, and were consequently thrown on the clergymen employed by the Company. When it was first proposed to make provision for missionaries proceeding to India, the Imperial Parliament negatived the clause; and it was argued, even by a bishop, that we had no right to "interfere with the religion, the laws, and the local customs of the people of India!" In 1818, Parliament, in granting the desired permission for missionaries to resort to England, endorsed the principle that the Government chaplains were intended chiefly for their European servants; and as many of these were of the Presbyterian communion, chaplains of the Established Church of Scotland were then provided at

each Presidency. Subsequently the Legislature has sanctioned, on the same principle, grants to Roman Catholic priests for the soldiery of that Church.

It was clearly impossible, in such circumstances, even if it had been desirable, for the Government of India to engage in efforts at the conversion of the natives. These were left—and, we conceive, properly left—to the missionaries sustained by the voluntary contributions of those who feel an interest in their sacred undertaking. They neither desire co-operation from Government, nor could it be granted to any without provoking both the jealousy of others and the just complaints of the natives. The duty of Government is to protect all in the peaceable pursuit of their calling; and whatever may have been the objections in former days, when missionary feeling was at a lower pitch both at home and in India, there is little now to complain of. The Governments not only permit, but, by various indirect methods, assist the prosecution of such labours; while the removal of all legal disabilities in the way of conversion is the most important help that could have been rendered to the cause of truth.

On the whole, we see little to complain of on the score of neglecting Christianity. Far heavier is the charge of actively countenancing idolatry. It is not to be denied that this has taken place to a lamentable extent. The details may be found in the appendix to a memorial presented to the Government of Madras by Bishop Corrie in 1836, and afterwards published in a pamphlet, which is now lying before us.* It is there stated, and proved by instances—1. That salutes were fired by our troops in honour of heathen and Mohammedan festivals, and that not unfrequently on the Lord's day;† 2. That Christian soldiers were compelled to attend in procession at such festivals. 3. That in some places the

* *Connection of the East India Company's Government with Idolatry, &c.* Hatchard, 1838.

† We shall not easily forget hearing the clergyman's voice drowned the first time we attended the Holy Communion in India, by the thunder of the cannon fired from the neighbouring ramparts in honour of an idolatrous festival!

pagodas were actually managed by Government; the revenues and endowments being vested in their hands, so that all the ceremonial, including the appointment of priests and dancing girls, the decking of the idol, its procession, &c., was directly ordered and paid for by the European officers of Government. At Madras an idol which had been forgotten by the natives for thirty years, was evoked from its obscurity by the zeal of the European superintendent of police, and its festival re-established in great splendour at the cost of the Government; the admiring Hindoos positively refusing to pay the trifling charge demanded of them for this piece of ancestral worship. 4. Direct acts of worship were publicly performed to the idols by the officers of Government, in the name and on behalf of the British nation. Lord Olive, in person, offered a jewel worth £400 to the idol at Conjeveram, a temple stated to be "assumed by the Government, and the festival performed by the Honourable Company." The Collector publicly adored "the Madras goddess" with the offer of a *tales* (a necklace used for the same purpose as our *ring* at a marriage), in the revived festival of 1818. In Canara the Collector customarily ordered *Poojah* (worship) to the idols in time of drought, "for the protection of the ryots and the coming of rain." It is needless to enter further into details.

This connection with idolatry appears to have been carried further in the Madras Presidency than in any other. It originated apparently with one Mr. Place, a collector, whose zeal was moved by the peculation of the Brahmins, and the indifference of the ryots to the duties of their religion. The Pagodas being largely endowed with lands and offerings, he found the Brahmins appropriating the revenue and starving the idols. The ryots, on the other hand, whose tenures bound them to attend and drag the cars, preferring their ease to their religion, often left the gods in the lurch. The church revenues (as Mr. Place singularly denominated them) were disappearing—the "clergy and church-wardens" all corrupt—the irreligious peasantry sinking fast

into infidelity. In good truth there was some reason to think that, had it been let alone, Hindoo idolatry would have perished, in some places, under its own corruption. But extensive endowments could not be allowed to disappear in this way. British equity demanded the due execution of trusts, and Mr. Place set himself to enforce their obligations on the reluctant trustees. It was impossible, however, to make the Brahmins honest, or to inspire the people with a proper sense of religion; so it ended in "assuming" the pagodas for Government, taking the revenues into their own administration, appointing the officers, providing for the ceremonies, fetching in the worshippers by gentle messages through the collectors' peons, and—such is the excellence of British administration—carrying a very pretty "surplus" to the public account, after "performing the festival" with a magnificence unknown to the Hindoos. Never was there such an example of the maxim, "Do as you like, or I will make you." Mr. Place's toleration extended to a pretty active coercion of the "spiritless outcasts," who would not stand up for their rights; and, seriously speaking, there is no doubt that an energy was thus infused into the idolatrous system, which was a scandal to the cause of Christianity.

Happily we can speak of these blots on our Government in the past tense. The celebrated despatch indited by the present Lord Glenelg at the India Board, on the 20th February, 1838, entered fully into the question, and laid down the principles on which it ought to be regulated for the future. The Madras Memorialists complained, with justice, of the delay in carrying out the directions of that despatch. But we believe that in principle, if not in every detail, it now regulates the proceedings of all the governments, and the practices complained of are no longer in existence.

The Court of East India Directors has doubtless been largely leavened with the views which originated these objectionable practices, and still more with the "timidity" which shrunk from rescinding them when

established. On the other hand, many of the leading Directors have been eminent as advocates and liberal supporters of Christian missions; the Court of Proprietors, by whom the Directors are elected, repeatedly protested against the idolatrous policy; and its debates contributed materially to the more enlightened views which have eventually prevailed. There is no pretence, therefore, for charging the East India Company's government with any special perverseness in this matter; certainly we have little reason to think the national guilt would have been less, or the prospects of Christianity more cheering, if the entire administration had been vested in the Ministers of the Crown. We do not find higher principles obtaining in the colonies so ruled. The Cape of Good Hope was acquired just three years after the taking of Delhi by General Lake; but to this day the British Government, enlightened by all the wisdom of Parliament, has not only done nothing for the conversion of the Hottentots, Caffres, and Zoolus, but has not even made provision for the religious wants of the Christian settlers. The bishops, archdeacons, and chaplains in India, are liberally sustained from the public revenue. The scanty pittance of our South African bishops and clergy are drawn entirely from voluntary contributions. This contrast by no means warrants the persuasion that the unchecked administration of the Crown is the surest way to purge the national conscience. If a director be found still struggling for the "traditional policy," is it to be overlooked that the great opponent of the Directors—the minister, who, at the India Board, was most absolute, and who, from his great knowledge and vigour of mind, would at this moment be the most popular appointment to supreme authority—not only publicly honoured Hindoo idolatry by bringing back the gates of Somnâth, but has attributed the present rebellion to missionary exertions, and declared a Governor-General unfit for his post who contributes even a private subscription to their support?*

These examples show that great questions of this sort cannot be disposed of simply through being "taken in hand by what is called public opinion." They demand that patient and concentrated attention from experienced minds which the Directors of the East India Company have hitherto supplied with so much benefit to the general character of our government in India, but which would certainly be looked for in vain amid the tempests of parliamentary strife, or the intrigues of political office. In religion, as in everything else, India demands the whole soul of the department which administers its government. Its material, moral, and social features must be ever present to the mind that rules it. We have a problem to solve there never presented to any other age or people. Brahmins, Moslems, Romanists and Dutch, had all a royal road to conversion. They simply supplanted the native worship with their own, proselytising by force or fraud, and treading out remonstrance with oppression. Our harder, higher, holier task is to evoke a conscience in the heathen, and then convince it. We have to govern men whose one idea of power is the subjugation of others, on the principles of civil liberty. We are to proclaim equality of sects and religious freedom in a country where faith is swallowed up in caste, and moral purity consists in degrading the rest of mankind. Moreover, while exercising an impartial government over all, we are called as Christians to propagate a religion which allows of no rival; which, tolerating and compassionating the idolator, cannot cease to attack his idolatry; which, gentle and courteous to all men, is ever striving to tread under its foot the dearest distinctions of Hindoo life. There is no human example to guide us in the twofold office. The two swords were never before lodged with rulers so sensible of the distinction between the civil and the spiritual ministry. Never had nation so much need of a watchful eye and steady hand to bear them evenly. The short-sighted prejudices of faction, and the blunders of ignorance or imbe-

* See Lord Ellenborough's Speech in the House of Lords, 8th June, 1857. —

cility, easily rectified in England or in a colony by the sense and courage of the subject, may in India kindle a flame that shall spread moral ruin through the East.

What is wanted, then, is not the abolition, but the revision and improvement of a system which, drawing its raw material from the middle classes, has trained up statesmen and generals to adorn the annals of England without depriving India of their mature attention. No country ever produced a nobler band of public officers than are found in the civil and military services in India. Taken from the bosom of our Christian families in England, educated in our schools and colleges, glowing with all our English sentiments, they carry out to India a spirit which draws its every inspiration from the great mother in whose lap they were nurtured, and in whose arms they hope to die. Such men are not unworthy to be England's agents in the elevation of her native subjects; nor, when their powers have been ripened and enlarged in the glorious work, of being listened to in her councils at home.* To these,

however, the doors of Parliament must be closed; their services are unknown, their aspirations incomprehensible, to the constituencies whose "sweet voices" give admittance to the Imperial senator. We do not wish to see them dangling, either, in the ante-chamber of a minister. We trust, therefore, that both the Subadar and the *Times* are mistaken, and that "the Company's Raj is *not* over." The country will be slow to change an instrument of proved advantage during the shock and crisis of a calamity, the origin and cause of which is shrouded in so much uncertainty. It is easy to say that a form of government has failed, which, after steadily rising amid the convulsions of party conflict and colonial revolution at home, and culminating in the admiration of the world, is now obscured by one sad disaster; but it is not so easy to devise another which shall promise more glory to the sovereign country, more benefit to the subject races, or a more sure and steady progress in the advancement of Christian civilization throughout the East.

* It would be unjust not to add that the East India House has known how to secure talents of the highest order on its home establishment also. Sir James Melvill, the present Secretary, though never in India, has raised himself, by extraordinary ability devoted to its affairs, to be the highest authority, perhaps, at this moment, on every branch of Indian administration. The general character of the establishment may be judged of by a fact which strongly contrasts with the waste and confusion complained of in the Crimean war. In the last year, not less than 72,000 cases of military supplies were made up at the East India House and despatched to India, every one of which arrived with perfect regularity at its destination, and was found, on examination, in good order, and without damage or defect.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DVI

DECEMBER, 1857.

VOL. LXXXII.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

CONQUEST has ever been the easiest and most frequent of man's achievements—the consolidation and administration of conquest the most difficult and least successful effort of his genius. It has ever been easier to win empire by the sword, than to establish it by the law of order and government—easier to enslave the body than subject the will—to enforce submission to the conqueror than obedience to the legislator. It is common to man to recognise the action of force in the destroying agencies of fire and sword, and to yield to the might of the stronger hand the possession and subjection which make the law of conquest; but he will not so readily accept or acknowledge a legislation, the principles of which conflict with the customs, laws, and religion of his race. The supremacy of might is a practical thing. The supremacy of government has to contend with all the differences which divide man from man, tongue from tongue, nation from nation, creed from creed. The conquerors are often the few, the conquered the many; they are generally aliens in blood, strangers in feeling, and though a warlike spirit may obtain superiority in the battle, it is hard for one man planted here and there amid a mass to stamp out the marks of ages, and

impress instead his own image and superscription. It has been easy to organise a conquest, to divide it into satrapies, to erect systems and form corporations; but the amalgamation of feelings, beliefs, customs, languages, literatures, and nationalities, which can alone constitute an united state betwixt victors and vanquished, is a thing which the world seldom witnesses. Our own land furnishes the most perfect instance. Genius has failed again and again to effect this fusion. The universal sovereignty of Alexander soon broke up into the old divisions of localities and races; so did the empire of Charlemagne; so did the kingdoms of Napoleon. Force has been still less successful. Wars of extermination and persecution have seldom made man conform to a creed which he denied, or customs he repudiated. The Romans adopted as the polity of their conquests, the incorporation of the conquered with themselves, according them rights and privileges, and granting them an heritage in the power and glory of the nation in which they were absorbed. This produced a certain amalgamation until the empire outgrew itself, and the title of Roman citizen became rather a reproach than an honour. They had, however, struck the right key. The only principle on which

conquest can be consolidated, is by that of a government which shall aim at raising the governed to the state of the governors; which shall respect their customs and religions; which shall rule them intermediately by laws made sacred through time-honoured usage; which shall inculcate civilisation by contact; and shall, by giving them community and individual interest in the welfare of the State, involve them in its prosperity and progress. Against this principle arises ever the belief, innate in most nations, that their own institutions are the best, and, that their universal adaptation must be for the benefit of man. Thus the ox would fit his yoke on the racer, and the racer again would fain bit and saddle the ox.

Nowhere have all the phases of conquest been so thoroughly illustrated as in that vast tract which we call India. It has been the great stage on which the great drama has been acted in all its successive scenes and acts. Conquests which have broken over its boundaries like an inundation, and receded, leaving only a debris; conquests which have rolled over it wave on wave, sweeping races on races, and laying them in layers like ribs of sand on the sea-shore, mixed with weed and shell; wars of annexation, wars of spoliation, wars of dynasties, and wars of races, wars of creeds and intrigues—all have passed on and off the land, leaving their consequences and effects; yet in no time was the consequence or effect, consolidation of empire or amalgamation of race. War in its every shape, conquest in its every character, have been there exhibited, and as if it were destined to witness their phenomena as well as their wonted courses, there also was produced a novelty in conquest, an anomaly in empire. Invaders with vast hordes at their back, rushing over countries, toppling down thrones, dynasties, and peoples, and establishing a government of force—a dominant race fixing themselves by the sword, and ruling from a centre by lieutenants, satraps, and deputies, by soldiers, taxation, and prestige—an enlightened despot giving to despotism its best form by

organised laws, order, and justice, were things often repeated in the annals of mankind. The Mahimonds, Tamerlanes, Babers, Achars, and Nadir Shahs were representatives of systems of conquest, and systems of empire, which the world had often witnessed. But it was new to the traditions of the land—new, perhaps, to the history of man—to see a small band of traders—pedlars with their packs—who, at their first coming, bowed humbly at musnuds, and licked the dust at the feet of rajahs and omrahs, asking for a small space to spread and store their wares, for harbourage for their ships, growing gradually, by the force of necessity, into soldiers and legislators;—now wielding the ell-wand, now the sword; now prescribing treaties, now entering bills of lading; then becoming, by the stern destiny of advance, conquerors and annexers of kingdoms, and, finally, masters of the land, building up, stage by stage, and story by story, a great Babel of empire, which towered above and overshadowed the grand old dynasties and magnificent institutions of the past.

It is the moral of the old story in the *Arabian Nights*, of the fisherman who found a vessel sealed, and on opening it there issued a thin smoke, which expanded into the vast presence of a genie, filling all the surrounding space.

This novelty in conquest, this anomaly in empire, was the British power in India. How it arose, and how it grew, are questions of deep import now—now that it is becoming a problem how it shall be maintained and confirmed. History opens suddenly on India. We look upon it when it first appears as geologists suppose one might have looked on the world during one of its stages of creation, covered with vegetation and moving forms of life, and see it in no crude state of barbarism or confused transition, but rejoicing in richness of luxuriance and ripeness of civilisation. From the boundaries of the Indus and the Himalaya to the sea-shores of its peninsula, we see a vast area watered by mighty rivers, and divided by gigantic mountain-ranges, gorgeous in its character, grand in the

vastness and proportion of its features, glorious with sunshine, rich in all the forms of animal and vegetable life, various in its climates, and almost universal in its productions. On the broad plains, along the banks of its rolling streams, on the table-lands of its grand hills, by the sides of its wild thick jungles, and by the shores of the ocean, are settled a race of men high in their characteristics, and advanced in polity and arts. So advanced, indeed, that they ranked with the Hebrews, Egyptians, and Chinese as the great primitive civilisations. Nature had prescribed for their country a geographical unity within grand boundaries; but the minor divisions of localities, and the influences of climate on habits of life and thought, had broken them into sovereignties and sects, though they still owned a common origin for themselves and their creed. From the conception of this origin sprang a religious and social system peculiar and remarkable even among the old faiths and politics—remarkable for its character and influences, and for the vitality with which it has existed amid the vicissitudes of conquests and internal revolutions, the contact with other races, and the effects of time; and which now offers itself as a resisting element to progress and amalgamation. It stands before us as a memorial of the primitive ages, and looms onwards as a dark cloud in the future. This system, which gave to social distinctions the sacredness of religious ordinances, was the well-known (though not well-understood) institution of castes. It would seem superfluous to describe an institution so frequently discussed, were it not that its operation on the present, and its bearings on the future destinies of our Indian Empire, give it a grave import; and that in its peculiar nature and action may be found a clue to much that has been hitherto difficult and mysterious in the people whom we govern. This institution divided mankind arbitrarily into four classes, all separate, and differing in rank, degree, and privileges; and asserted as its principle, that this division emanated from Deity itself. There was the first or superior class, to whom was attached a holiness

which was supposed to place them above the common laws of humanity. These issued forth, 'twas believed, from the mouth of the god, and were the expressions of his will and wisdom, and to them was intrusted the interpretation and legislation of Divine laws. They were the Brahmins, the hereditary priests, judges, and legislators, who alone had access to the holy books, and to whom was attributed a sanctity and precedence which placed any one of the order, however low his office might be, above kings, princes, or civil dignitaries. From the arm, the limb of might, came the Kshukuas, the representatives of power, the warriors, the rulers, the executors of law and property. These formed the second order. The Brishyas, the artists, artisans, traders, agriculturists, sprang from the thigh, and constituted the order of industry and skill. From the foot, the lowest member, crawled the Soodras, the hewers of wood and drawers of waters, the diggers and delvers, the men whose destiny it was to serve their brethren. Here we have a priesthood, an aristocracy, a middle and lower class—no uncommon ordination among men. But in the hereditary transmission of a class, in the inviolable maintenance of its privileges and distinctions, we see a principle which has seldom been long adhered to in the politics of the world. The same distinctions have often existed, but they have generally been established by circumstances, and been open to change and competition, and been attached to position. The king was king in rank and authority; the noble was noble in station and precedence; the trader stood according to his grade; and any man rising from one class to the other would assume the superiority of the grade which he had attained. The system of caste fixed at a man's birth the class to which he and his were to belong for ever. No circumstance, no individual energy or act, could change his destiny. Crime might degrade him, but no merit could raise him. The law of caste did not (as is often supposed, and as it did in the polity of Egypt) restrict men to their hereditary pursuits, but it enacted that the distinction should cling to him, whether king

or menial. The Soodra might, and did, especially in the latter days, attain power and sovereignty, but he was still a Soodra. The lowest Brahmin beggar would despise him as inferior, and refuse to eat with him, or sit on the same mat. It is hard to conceive how men ever acquiesced in a classification which doomed many of them to perpetual degradation, except by supposing that it was enforced at a time when conquest had placed inferior races in subjection to a dominant one, and that it was afterwards interpreted to posterity as the ordinance of their religion, and the law of their god. One other cause which led to its preservation was, that each caste had its rights, and that even the lowest was considered superior to any other race or people. The Hindoo Soodra regarded himself as a being more favoured by the Deity than the Mohammedan conqueror who slew his cattle, burnt his shed, and drove him to the woods.

This institution was reflected, also, on the civil polity as well as on the social relations of life. It originated a constitution similar to the feudalism of the middle ages, save that it was more simple in its conditions. The village or municipality was the first element; over this reigned a Thakoor as lord, who was responsible for its rule, order, and taxation; then, again, there were lords of ten villages—a hundred—a thousand—and at the head of all was the sovereign, the great feudal lord, the holder of the great fief. From those immediately below him he demanded the conditions of military service and taxation, and they again exacted them from those next in gradation; so that the will and necessities of the State passed on link by link through the chain of society until they reached the ryot or cultivator. The government was chiefly local and municipal. The chief or pottail of each village superintended its affairs, regulated the police, and collected the revenue. The inhabitants saw or knew little of any authority save his; recognised no administration save that which emanated from him; and felt no laws or interests save those appertaining to their own localities. The few square miles of land about them made their

country and their nation. The municipal system was perfect in itself; and though the isolation it produced gave it a permanence amid the change of dynasties and the succession of feudal masters, yet it tended to break down nationality, and destroy the community of race.

Beside and above the king, amid noble, trader, and serf, moved the Brahmin, holy and supreme, the intercessor betwixt God and man, the custodian of the sacred books, the interpreter of them, the councillor of princes, without whom no law or edict could be passed; himself absolved from the obligation of law; his person sacred; and his power unlimited. That a class endowed with such power by virtue of hereditary descent, and not from any sacerdotal fitness or from superior learning, should endeavour to maintain a system by which they profited so largely, was natural; and that such a system could have been perpetuated through so many ages only by basing it on religion and superstition, we know from our experience in human error. Even by such means an institution so repellant to the natural development and aspirations of man could not have been conserved, had it not been somewhat suited to the nature and condition of the people on whom it was imposed. The natural effects of an institution which ignored the natural and moral differences of man, and substituted for them arbitrary and superstitious distinctions, were to repress all emulation and enterprise, all energy and progress, and reduce men's minds to an abject and passive state of apathy and stagnation. The municipal polity, acting with caste, by narrowing the sympathies and interests, and by confining man's thoughts and hopes to his own small plot and his own small community, also begot a low tone of morality; nor did a religion of forms, customs, pilgrimages, and penances, a religion sensual and metaphysical, tend to incite moral or intellectual development. Thus we find that the Hindoos, though exhibiting a certain refinement, a certain excellence in the arts, and certain passive virtues, were never capable of a great national effort, never able to achieve greatness

as a people, or maintain their empire as a nation.

Such was India—such the Hindoos, when the Greeks saw it and them. The pomp of its kings, the polity of its peoples, and the mysticism of the religion, were even to them then a wonder and a speculation. The Greeks and their conquest became a tradition. Several shocks of invasion followed, but the empire remained intact. Solar and lunar dynasties, descendants of the sun and the moon, succeeded each other and exercised a nominal sovereignty over the whole land, though even then the geographical divisions had led to the formation of separate kingdoms, and the growth of separate races. These divisions, with little alteration, have existed through all the changes, and correspond, in some measure, with our Presidencies. In the district between the desert and the Vindaya hills lived and ruled the Rajpoot princes, the purest and highest branch of the Hindoo race. In the Deccan, enclosed by its hills and its jungles, the Mahrattas grew into a confederacy of independent states and soldier tribes. In the south, and along the shores, the kingdom of Bizanagur existed almost in isolation, little disturbed and little affected by the primal conquests. In all these principalities, again, the feudal system acknowledged rajahs and territorial lords of different degrees.

The great movement and migrations of people directed on India and its kings an invasion, which was destined ultimately to make a greater impression, and introduce a more permanent change of rule, than had been felt since the Hindoos themselves were conquerors and settlers. This invasion impelled on the country the Mohammedan power. Sultaun Mahmoud, of Ghizni, was the forerunner and leader of the conquest. As the termination of his exploits he penetrated into India, defeated king after king, collected treasure, "waged war with men and idols," and though withdrawing after his incursions, yet leaving a foothold of dominion, which enabled his race to establish an empire at Lahore over several Indian provinces. Then the sceptre began to pass from the Hindoo. His race,

though always numerically the inhabitants of the land, was never again the dominant one. There was, ever after, to be the foot of a foreign master on his neck. The northern hills and steppes ever, furnished hordes of brave and barbarian people, ready to hurl themselves wherever wealth and weakness tempted them, and these temptations Hindostan ever offered. The wealth was in the hands of the few—the many had little impulse to resist invasions which found and left with them the same poverty and subjection. The loose organisation of feudal forces prevented, too, any great combination of the race or nation. An invader met merely the power of the locality on which his attack was directed, and one battle generally settled the supremacy. The Ghiznivid dynasty ran the usual course of Eastern destiny—grew, flourished, declined, and then fell before a younger and fresher power. The Affghans, or Patana, ever men of might and valour, were the next rulers. From Delhi as a centre they extended the sway of an alien race and the dominance of a strange religion even to the fastnesses of the Deccan. The faith of Islam overshadowed the creed of Brahm; the Koran was mightier than the Vedas. Mosques rose in the place of or beside pagodas; omrahs were lords instead of rajahs, and the Mohammedan was associated with the Hindoo as master and ruler. Renewed by constant pourings of their countrymen, the Affghans long retained their vigour and vitality; but they yielded at last to the common fate; and divisions, anarchy, intrigues, assassinations—slaves becoming sultans, omrahs ruling their masters, robbers in the ascendant, the people suffering—showed that the time was come for another conqueror. He came in the person of Tamerlane, who broke with his hordes over the mountain-barriers like a torrent, and swept over the plains and valleys, conquering, slaying, robbing, burning, and devastating; and then passed back with his plunder, leaving behind only the shadow of sovereignty. The Patan dynasty survived even this shock, and lingered on through several successions, but effeminacy had fallen on the race, and dissolution

on their empire. Lords and people, conscious of no restoring power in themselves, looked abroad for a master who should give them at least the security of power.

Such an one appeared in the Sultan Baber; a man born to a throne, but who, through the vicissitudes of fate, became an adventurer, a soldier of fortune, and then ended by achieving the most powerful empire India had ever known, and by establishing a dynasty which acted the most brilliant period of its history. Dominion, not plunder, was the aim of his invasion—the consolidation of empire the object of his rule. Acbar, who, like his ancestor, had tasted of adversity, went beyond him in his policy, and attempted the administration of conquest. He organised the laws and the revenue, “divided the country into soubahs or provinces, these again into circars, and circars into pergunnahs, and what each had and required was ascertained to the minutest district;” improved the arts; impelled industry; lightened taxation; and erected a despotism, which exhibited at the same time the strength and the beneficence of government. Though inferior in moral greatness, Aurungzebe followed the principles of his race; yet even amid the pomp and power of his splendid reign was seen the handwriting on the wall which foretold the coming doom of the Mogul line. Even the wisdom, enlightenment, and valour of the house of Baber could not effect or secure stability of empire; and there must have existed in the Mohammedan rule and the Hindoo policy elements, which resisted and repelled state unity or the amalgamation of races. The closing scene of the Mogul power was dark and turbid with rapine and strife and bloodshed. The seeds of moral debasement sown through many centuries of conquest and oppression, bore a deadly crop. The bands of society were loosed; law and order were extinct; the power of the ruler was a nullity; and nowhere did there exist any principle of cohesion or authority. Omrahs set up their own standards. In every province there was a smaller Tamerlane. Every man who had a horse and spear went forth to exert the right of

the strong over the weak. Outcasts banded together as pillagers. The Great Mogul was bandied about from hand to hand; set up by one party, and thrown down by another; again set up, and again thrown down,—a mockery, merely a pageant of sovereignty. Nadir Shah and other invaders passed over the land like avenging blasts, shaking yet more widely apart the disrupted atoms. Yet ere the end came there was to be a final struggle of races for the supremacy which neither had vitality enough to maintain. Ere the reign of Aurungzebe ceased, there appeared a new power on the arena. The Hindoos of Upper Hindostan, who lay in the highway of invasion, had seldom risen above a desultory effort of resistance, save when tempted by some time of weakness and degeneracy. But there were men born in the rugged hills and amid the wild fastnesses of the Deccan, nurtured in hardihood, and bred in the love of war, in whom the long pressure of submission had not deadened the spirit of soldiership. These were the Mahrattas, who, impelled by internal movement, or foreseeing that the shadow of the imperial sway was growing less and less, burst through their mountain-passes in swarms of wild horsemen, and swept over the plains of Central India. Their organisation was that of a military migration. The tribes were led by their heads, and all acknowledged a loose allegiance to a chief or Peishwa, who was of the pure Brahmin tribe. The famous Sevagee was their great chief and founder of their power. After they had progressed in their conquests, and turned their predatory inroads into permanent dominion, two leaders of the families of Scindiah and Holkar—one of the Soodra tribe of cultivators, and the other of the shepherds—became pre-eminent, and, though admitting the supremacy and reverencing the character of the Peishwa, were henceforth the real leaders of the Mahratta race.

As the Moguls declined, the Mahrattas advanced until they had surrounded the throne at Delhi with their armed bands. The Mohammedans, trembling for their supremacy, summoned Ahmed Shah to aid the

cause of Islam. He came with his Duranees, a brave and conquering race, and around the same standard rallied the fierce Rohillas. These with the Nawab of Oude, and other Mohammedan chiefs, stood in array on the field of Paniput : against them were encamped the Mahrattas, with their auxiliaries the Jâts, the Pindarees, and all the low castes and outcasts whom love of plunder had drawn to the war. The Hindoo and Mohammedan race stood face to face in battle-gage. The Mahrattas came as a population, with their wives, their children, their plunder, and their cattle ; the Duranees as warriors, free and unencumbered. The battle was fierce and long, but the vigour and discipline of Islam prevailed, and the last chance of ascendancy was lost to the Hindoo.

From hence onwards the Mogul power swayed and tottered, until a master came to seize the fallen sceptre. It would seem superfluous to recapitulate facts and events so well known, were it not that it is on the past we must place the fulcrum by which we would move our future. "It is only by continually reverting to the past that we can hope for success in the future," says a high authority (Sir J. Malcolm). By studying the past of another race ruling over the same country and the same people, and by gathering the harvest of their experience, we may undoubtedly gain some interpretation of our present, and some lessons for the future, which open such a great and difficult path before us.

This period of Indian history closes upon us with the conclusion that neither in the Mohammedan nor the Hindoo system was found the vital principle which could consolidate so widespread a dominion, or extend a permanent empire over its peoples. The Hindoo system was essentially wanting in combination ; when left to itself, it was ever the unbound bundle of sticks ; there was no union, no cohesion in the parts. The Mohammedan, though more based on the science of government, though containing more elements of progress, and being continually refreshed by the inpourings of fresh impulses from master minds and master races, had not the vitality

of endurance, and sank ever into effeteness and dissolution when no longer stirred by the incitement of conquest. From the dawn of its history up to this time, every fact in its annals asserts that the rulers of the land, the men who should evolve order out of the chaos, were yet to come. The Mohammedans, like ourselves, were conquerors ; they, like ourselves, had to contend against a diverse religion, against superstition and caste. The leading principle of their rule was the right of conquest. They had conquered by the sword, and they ruled by the sword. It was the symbol of their right and their might, and they kept it in their own hands. Everywhere and in everything they assumed a supremacy. Theirs was the dominant race ; theirs the dominant power ; theirs the dominant creed. The Hindoos, indeed, were admitted into place and power, and held high offices of state, but it was ever as agents of the ruling people. From the centre of empire issued *soubahdars* and *nabobs*, all carrying with them into their districts the shadow of the throne. They were ready to respect existing ranks, states, and institutions, but they must be subordinate. Islam was to be paramount. Though agents of a proselytising faith, and guilty at times of savage persecution, they appear, on the whole, to have given the creed of Brahm a fair degree of toleration. It was toleration, however, not patronage. Such ceremonies and customs as were contrary to the dominant faith and the dominant laws, were repressed. They respected the civil politics and local institutions, and were content to collect their taxes and administer local governments by existing exigencies. Their justice, though irresponsible often, and irregular, was quick and summary, free from the uncertainty and suspense of delay. The power of the sword they held as their own, and trusted it not to the conquered. In the days of their strength this principle was maintained in reality ; in the days of their weakness they upheld the semblance of it. And the Hindoo ever bowed down to the reality, and kicked at the semblance. He

never recognised or respected any other sign of a superior race than strength. How could one who hugged to himself the pretensions of caste respect any other? He felt that. Throughout his history we find the Hindoo ever the same—ever
 * abject under oppression, submissive to power, rebellious and insolent to weakness; neither tyranny nor persecution, taxation nor subjection, could rouse him to resistance or rebellion; no advantages of justice or civilisation could ever win or attach him; but the instant that the sceptre grew light or wavering, he was ready to start up, to slay, to ravage, and spoil. The annals of the race prove the attributes of meekness and gentleness, so often ascribed to it, to be fallacies. The Hindoo was supple and humble ever when the strong hand was upon him, and the yoke pressed heavily on his neck; but in the hour of opportunity he would rush forth to lap blood like a tiger. Cruelty
 * and love of torture were a nature grafted on him by his religion. Such were briefly the principles of Mohammedan rule, though seldom wholly asserted or carried out; and such would seem to be reasonably adapted for the domination of a conquering over a conquered race. But principles require a fitness in their execution as well as in their adaptation—a fitness and a power; and in these the Mohammedan failed. Wherein they failed, and how they might succeed, it will be for us to consider when we compare them with our system.

With the decay of the Mogul power came the exhaustion of the warrior conquerors. The great tribes had expended or diffused themselves, and were no longer hanging around in hordes ready to prey on India's weakness.

Meanwhile, amid the turmoil of invasions and the changes of dynasties, there had been slowly and steadily advancing on the land another line—that of the merchant conquerors.

The wealth of India was ever the temptation to its conquest. The wealth of treasure, the Koh-i-noors, the peacock thrones, the elephant furniture, the jewelled idols, lured the

warrior races. The wealth of produce, the spices, the gems, the ivories, brought the traders of the world, by all possible routes, to the land where such things could be bought. The dominant races of the East were ever, for a time at least, the masters of the country. The great merchant city of the age ever possessed its commerce. Whilst the inrush of soldiers passed over mountain-barriers and across rivers, from Tyre and Alexandria, from Genoa and Venice, in succession, came small bands of traders by the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, by inland seas and rivers, by caravan routes over plains and deserts. The difficulties of the way daunted them not, but they circumscribed their numbers, prevented settlement, and compelled them to come and go as traffickers merely in the more precious commodities. The enterprise of discovery opened the route by the Cape of Good Hope, and the sea became henceforth the great roadway of commerce, and the maritime nations gathered round the land to fight for and over it as their prey. The Portuguese, as discoverers, were first settlers, but their lust of empire made their aggression premature, whilst the native powers were in their strength, and able to repel and crush it. The Dutch came next; and then the English merchants, anxious to share in the profits of Eastern traffic, sent forth their ships. The adventurers of the age went with them, half traders, half buccaneers, with bales in their holds and culverins on their decks, with swords by their sides and invoices in their desks, ready to fight or trade according to circumstances.

The dangers and perils to this trade, from the hostility of rivals and the opposition of the natives, and the inadequacy of individual capital for such extensive speculations, suggested combination. A body of wealthy merchants consequently petitioned Queen Elizabeth that they might be formed into a corporation, with exclusive powers and privileges, for the purpose of carrying on the trade with India. On the 30th of December 1600 a charter was granted to them under the title of "Governors and Company of Merchants trad-

ing to the East Indies." The sign-manual constituted a corporation of merchants. It was little foreseen at the time that it was also inaugurating a great power, and that the nation was thereby accepting for its posterity a vast empire and a gigantic responsibility. By this charter the Company was to be directed by a governor and twenty-four directors, nominated at first by the Crown, and afterwards to be elected by the body of proprietors; and in them, their sons when of age, their apprentices, servants, and factors in India, was vested the privilege of an exclusive trade "into the countries and parts of Asia and Africa, and into and from all the islands, ports, towns, and places of Asia, Africa, and America, or any of them beyond the Cape of Bona Esperanza or the Straits of Magellan, where any traffic may be used, and to and from every of them."

The general assemblies of the Company were empowered to make laws and regulations for the conduct of their concerns, and to inflict punishments which should not be at variance with the laws of the realm; to purchase lands without any limitation, and to export goods free of duty for four years. This charter was granted for fifteen years, the Crown reserving the right of resuming the grant should it not prove advantageous to the country. Some years after, it was made perpetual.

Such was the beginning of the government which has spread over 1,870,000 square miles, over 160 millions of subjects, and which it is now taxing all our energies to confirm, and concentrating all our thoughts to reconstitute and re-form.

With such powers the first fleets sailed, but the want of settlements and forts for the protection of their servants and property was soon felt. Embassies were sent to Delhi, imperial permission was obtained, and factories were established at Surat, Cambay, &c. The Company then stepped from the position of buyers and sellers to that of territorial possessors. Fortuitous circumstances favour their plans of acquisition. A physician cures the favourite daughter of Shah Jehan the emperor; in

gratitude is granted the right of free trade, which he cedes to the company, and by which they are enabled to erect a factory at Hooghley, and found that settlement in Bengal which has since proved the source of their greatness and prosperity. The king, Charles II., gets the isle of Bombay as a dowry with his wife, hands it over to the Company, and here again another factory arises. In 1686 a settlement had been effected also at Madras. These factories soon grew into forts, the factors into governors, the clerks and servants into soldiers. Thus, in little more than half a century from its institution, we find this corporation of merchants firmly planted at three points of the great empire of India. And strangely enough, these points, though chosen with a view to commerce as the harbourage of ships, were those best adapted for the military occupation of the country by a maritime power. Placed in central parts of the three great divisions of the country, they formed bases of defence and aggression for men whose great base was the sea, and gave them a power of commanding separately the peoples and states which occupied these territories.

Thus the Company goes on for years, suffering vicissitudes of success and prosperity. A rival company starts up, and, after some run of competition, is incorporated with the old under a new charter, "by which the courts of directors and proprietors were regularly constituted, and their respective relations and duties clearly defined." The three factories were created into Presidencies, governed under the directors by a president and council, and at each was established a judicial court of a mayor and nine aldermen, empowered to decide in civil cases of all descriptions, and having jurisdiction over every offence save high treason. Thus judicial rights follow territorial and political assumption.

"It is fair to state," says Sir J. Malcolm, "that while we find, in the first century of the history of the East India Company, abundant proofs of their misconduct, we also discover a spirit of bold enterprise

and determined perseverance, which no losses could impede, and no dangers subdue. To this spirit, which was created and nourished by their exclusive privileges, they owed their ultimate success. It caused them, under all reverses, to look forward with ardent hopes to future gains; and if it occasionally led them to stain their fame by acts of violence and injustice towards the assailants of their monopoly, it stimulated them to efforts, both in commerce and in war, that were honourable to the character of the British nation."

It is not our purpose to pursue this history, nor to recount the well-known fact how the French and ourselves struggled long for supremacy in the Carnatic; how, after severe and doubtful contests, it was secured to us by the valour of the Olives, Lawrences, and Fordees; how those contests drew us into alliances and treaties with native powers, and involved us in the web of Eastern policy; how our power and our existence were threatened in Bengal, how they were preserved by a great soldier at Plassey, and afterwards expanded and perpetuated by the wisdom and firmness of a great statesman. Our object is rather to trace the growth of the policy which created our present system, and this will lead us to the period when, as territorial lords and under a fresh charter, the Company began to take a different position, and assume a place among the sovereignties of the land. Our Indian system—the political and the military—sprang from two men of genius. Olive was first Commander-in-Chief, Warren Hastings the first Governor-General. In them originated the principle of holding subject and ruling the conquered country through itself. But it must be remembered ever that these men adopted their respected systems to meet great emergencies. Olive wanted men to meet the masses opposed to him. Europeans were few, and with the ready genius of a soldier, he seized on the most available materials. Next to Europeans, natives, under European discipline, were the best resource. The natives of India he knew to be destitute of national feeling—to be ready to attach themselves

to the strongest power, to be susceptible of subjection to superiors, and alive to the advantages of high pay. Out of such materials he believed it easy to raise a force which, under rigid discipline, and inspired by the prestige of success, would give a numerical and physical support to his British battalions in the field against native enemies. The principle of his organisation—and it must be the principle of all conquerors ruling by the conquered—was to give the Sepoy in the British ranks, and under British pay, a status and a feeling higher and better than he could enjoy in his own social state, and to make him feel that the prestige of the superior race was resting on him. This principle, upheld by the strong men of his school, and whilst the system was fresh from his hand, sufficed to create a military body, faithful and efficient, out of the population of conquered provinces; but it was one which must fail the instant that any influence paramount to the soldier spirit was allowed to prevail, or that the rigour of discipline and subordination was relaxed. It depended on the impress of our supremacy, and on this impress being made deep and lasting. This military system was the best which could be adopted at the time, and with the disposable means. That it has effected so much and endured so long was a proof in itself of the genius of its creator. That he intended it to be so extended or so trusted is very doubtful.

The political system, like the military, was one of necessity and expediency. It grew naturally out of our position. The protection of trade had necessitated occupation; self-defence had made it military. Self-defence, based on armed occupation of a foreign territory, begets, as a matter of course, interference and aggression—is in itself aggression. From the moment that the Company cast off the character of mere traders, and became legislators, soldiers, and territorial rulers—from the instant that they mounted a gun on their forts, enrolled armed bands, made laws, accepted jaghires of lands and villages, and collected revenues—aggression became a destiny. It impelled them onwards and onwards,

leaving them no alternative save progressive conquest or expulsion and annihilation. The hostility of foreign rivals first gave action to their self-defence. The alliances with native powers, and the interference with native politics, compelled it to be aggressive. The directors and government of the Company accepted this destiny reluctantly. War and conquests interfered with mercantile profits. The lure of revenue and the illusion of wealth, raised by the fortunes which their servants made, tempted them for a while; but these were soon found to be fallacies, and they fell back on the old policy of non-interference and non-aggression. This discrepancy between the will of the governors and the necessity which impelled their servants, gave a character of timidity and vacillation to their conquests. They shrank from the bold and open course of annexation, and adopted the expedient of protecting and subsidising. They placed their armies in the conquered provinces, their residents in the Council. They collected their revenues and dictated their policy, but left intact the throne and the paraphernalia of Royalty. They took the substance and left the shadow; grasped at the advantages and evaded the responsibility of conquest; aimed at the power of state, and hung its duties on the shams and illusions of sovereignty. They sucked out the juice and the pulp, and left mere empty culibashes and dry gourds.

This intermediate system, this halting between the reality and semblance of conquest, has been the great and standing evil of our Indian rule. It has repressed the vigour of government, begotten a temporising and temporary policy, kept us alternating ever between force and conciliation, and led only to doubtful and unconfirmed results. In 1774, again, a change takes place in the constitution of the governing Company. The Court of Directors were henceforth to be elected for four years; the qualification stock was raised. A supreme court of judicature, consisting of a chief and three puisne judges, was appointed by the Crown, with great and extended powers of cognisance over the civil and criminal jurisprudence of the

subjects of England, their servants and dependants, within their territories in Bengal. A Governor-General and four councillors were appointed to Fort William, and vested with full powers over the other Presidencies. In this Council all matters were to be decided, and the opinion of the majority was to be decisive. Reports of their proceedings were to be transmitted regularly to the Directors, and from them to one of the Secretaries of State; and also copies of any rules and ordinations which they should have made, and these, if disapproved by the Crown, were to become null and void. Here we have great changes: the centralisation of the English power, the irresponsible authority of a Governor divided with a Council, and his acts and those of the Directors controlled by a Minister of State.

These were all steps towards sovereignty. The nation was identifying itself with the Company and their conquests. Warren Hastings was first Governor-General. This was an era in Indian history. He had before been Governor of Bengal. He found the system of aggression established, but existing feebly under pretences and subterfuges of vassalage and homage. Real masters of Bengal, the Company chose to rule under other names and dignities than their own. He saw that, amid the anarchy and confusion of a dissolving empire, the power which would stand must become paramount. It must be first or nothing. He saw that the English must either strike their flag, embark their stores, and abandon their possessions, or prepare to be the first and boldest among the combatants for empire. To stand still was to fall. He would not fall. To stand, it was requisite to extend the political and military system—to be adding more sepoy battalions to our army, and more territory to our dominions. The fair provinces of Bengal, of Bahar, Orissa, and Benares, were held in surer possession, and formed our dominion. The system worked surely and well. A district was required. It was made our ally. Then we subsidised it, and gave it an army; then we protected it, and seized the control of both power and

purse; then, if expedient, we annexed it. Generally we left a pageant of royalty; and thus there sprang up a double government—the real and the seeming, the substantial and the shadowy. In such states there was a European, unattended by pomp or dignities, who directed the armies, regulated the finance, and administered the government; this was the reality. There was, again, the native prince, rejoicing in his robes of honour, his trains of elephants, his forms, his jewels, and his zenanas; this was the shadow. By just and by unjust means, by force and diplomacy, by vigour and expediency, did Hastings extend this subsidising and protectorate system, until the British stood prominent among the great powers of India. He did not originate the system, but gave it its most vivid action and development. If he left it as a destiny to posterity, he left also the vitality to fulfil it.

There were, then, three great powers in India: the British, numerically weak, but strong in combination, discipline, and resources; the Mohammedan, represented by the Emperor of Delhi; the Mahratta, by the Rajah of Sattara and the Peishwa. These last were mere shades of defunct powers and dynasties, which appeared among the living as corpses do in the catacombs with their robes and their flowers—dead things wrapped in the externals of life. The two races owned but a seeming allegiance to their respective heads; their real strength lay in the detached kingdoms set up by Viceroy, Viziers, and Rajahs. The Mohammedan powers were the Nawab of Oude, whose possessions extended within forty miles of Delhi, but were under British control and superintendence; the Nizam or viceroy who held the Deccan, comprising part of Berar, the Guntorr Circar, and Hyderabad; the Sultan of Mysore, Hyder Ali, who, from a soldier, had become general and sovereign, and had erected for himself a principality from the Eastern Ghauts to the sea. These were, however, divided by position and interest—had no general principle of cohesion or power of combination.

The Mahrattas were spread over

all Central India. From near Delhi to the Krishna southwards, and from the Bay of Bengal to the Arabian Sea, along the line of the Nerbudda, their tribes held sway. They occupied at this time, with more or less of tenure, the principal part of Orissa, Malwa, Candeish, Rejapoor, the greater part of Ajmeer and Guzerat; and portions of Dowlahabad, Allahabad, and Agra. The shaking of the nations had broken down with them the restrictions of caste, and the chiefs who founded their states were herdsmen and slipper-bearers. Guickwar, the goatherd, had planted his family and tribe at Baroda in the province of Guzerat. The house of Scindiah were "actual sovereigns from the Sutlej to Agra"—were possessors of two-thirds of Malwa, and some of the finest provinces in the Deccan. That of Holkar ruled at Indore, and held large domains in the Deccan, and a considerable part of Candeish. The Western Mahrattas professed to be under the Rajah of Poonah. The Bhonsla family of Nagpoor were chiefs of Mahratta tribes, and the wild mountain races who occupied the district of Berar. The Rajpoot princes, the representatives of pure Hindooism, were scattered in petty states over Ajmeer, subject and tributary to the Mahrattas. Of the native powers the Mahrattas seemed most formidable. Their territory was most extended and concentric for attack or defence; but they had no unity among themselves. The independent chiefs had independent interests and ambitions. Their organization was more suited to a foray than to permanent conquest; they knew not that to combine was to conquer—that to divide was to fall.

With all these powers the British came into collision. Viziers and Nabobs had tried our strength in Bengal; Hyder had swept the country, and appeared under our guns at Madras; the Mahrattas had risen in hostility; every danger had threatened, every peril environed it; ruin had impended over it; yet at the close of the first era of our occupation it stood firm and ascendant.

The adventurous soldiers and statesmen who made this era, marked it with deeds of enterprise, energy,

and endurance, which stir our blood with wonder and admiration, and also with many an act which conscience can only recognise as the results of a stern necessity. In the beginning it exhibited "the strength of civilisation without its mercy," subjection without protection, aggrandisement without compensation; but, ere it closed, there had evolved out of the dark elements a wondrous fabric of order, justice, and power. It may not, it could not, leave in the country an impress of our faith, but it left the prestige of our strength. Clive and Hastings were representatives of this era. They were able, "thorough," relentless in purpose, sometimes unscrupulous in the use of means to an end; but they were strong, they were successful, they were resolute, and the Hindoo and the Mohammedan respected them.

A second era commences. Territorial acquisition had made us a State in India. The three little factories had grown into so many seats of empire. Power had begotten responsibilities, external and internal. Self-defence was involved in political relations, alliances, and the balance of power. This great change of position necessitated a change of government. The nation, alarmed by the past, and anxious for the future, came forward to interfere in an administration which was incurring for it a vast responsibility. The result was Pitt's bill, passed in 1784, and amended in 1786.

By this a new power was constituted—the Board of Control; consisting of six Privy Councillors, with a Secretary of State as President. These commissioners were to be appointed and be removable at the pleasure of the Crown, and were vested with a control and superintendence over all civil, military, and revenue affairs of the Company. The chief government in India was by this Act to consist of a Governor-General and three Councillors. The subordinate Presidencies were to be similarly governed, but were to be entirely under the rule of the Governor-General in Council on all points connected with negotiations with the country powers—peace or war, and the application of their revenues and forces.

Governors-General and Governors were also vested with the discretionary right of acting on their own responsibility in extraordinary cases, without the concurrence of their Councils. This Act, too, asserted strict neutrality as our policy, and declared that the pursuit of schemes of conquest was repugnant to the wish, honour, and interests of the British nation.

Lord Cornwallis was the first person intrusted with this form of government. To him it soon appeared that the neutral and moderation principle was impracticable, and inconsistent with our safety or our reputation. The native powers which had recognised our existence and place among them, looked upon us as a people who might become either allies or foes. These powers were all military despotisms, bound by no tie of policy save interest or ambition, and by no permanent principle of action. To be neutral with these was to be subject to their combination, or to the attack and hostility of any power which might become predominant among them. The balance of power became a political necessity to us. Lord Cornwallis found three States existing which might be brought into collision with us or with one another; and as these all bordered on our different Presidencies, it would be fatal to look on their aggressions and policies with indifference or apathy. These were the Soubah of the Deccan, under the Nizam of Hyderabad—the kingdom of Mysore, under the Mohammedan adventurer and usurper, Tippoo Saib—and the Mahratta confederacy. The government of Mysore was known to be hostile to us, and the antagonism of the Mahrattas was ever to be expected. The Nizam became our safest ally. The alliance took the usual course towards him, and a subsidiary force was granted him. This was the first step. Henceforth we were committed to all the conflicting struggles and policies of Central and Southern India. Cornwallis encountered this responsibility boldly and firmly; and during his administration the Mahrattas were repressed, Mysore humbled, the Nizam protected, and the British

power exalted to the paramount rank in the eyes of the people of India. His successor adopted the conciliation and forbearance system; neglected our obligations; forsook our allies; stood aloof from all contests; suffered the Mahrattas to grow insolent and overpowering; and left the British name as low as it had been high and formidable before.

A witty writer says that, in the succession of our aristocracy, it has ever been the fate of one peer to spend, and the next to starve, in expiation of the excesses of his predecessor. So it would seem that it was the destiny of one Governor-General to aim at peace and economy, and for his successor to meet the consequences in expenditure and war. It was ever the effect of moderation and neutrality to accumulate around us complications and confusions, and to raise over us dangers which threatened our very existence. Such was the consequence of Sir J. Shore's administration. Fortunately there came after him a man equal to the redress of the evils which had been created. He found, in addition to other dangers, a new enemy in the field. The French were carrying on negotiations with Tippoo; and in the Mahratta and Nizam territories they wielded the force of the armies which they had organised and disciplined. The schemes of to-day might be the plans of to-morrow. The danger was to be met, and 'twas met vigorously. Tippoo was crushed; a Hindoo prince restored to the throne; the alliance with the Nizam was strengthened; the French influence destroyed. Success demanded further action. "There was no choice save to retreat or advance. The first of these courses offered a temporary exemption from present evils at the price of future security: the second led through difficulty and embarrassment to peace and prosperity." Lord Wellesley hesitated not which to adopt. The Mahrattas came next. They, through the ability of our generals, Lake and Wellesley, were beaten and subdued. The moderation system interfered to prevent their entire subjection, and checked the operation of the preventive principle, which might have at once settled a people whom it cost

us expensive wars afterwards to overcome. The extension of the subsidiary system was his policy, "as it gave us an increase of force without increase of expenditure, and gave us the most commanding military positions to secure the general peace of India." The Peishwa was by him included in it. The neutral system was fairly tried by Lord Minto's government, and pronounced to be fallacious. Its advocacy by Directors and Boards of Control, and its rejection by the Executive authorities, proved the difference between theory and practice. The Marquess of Hastings gave it the *coup-de-grace*. Like Lord Wellesley, he felt that "the fame and prosperity of the British could only be maintained by its commanding influence and power." In pursuance of this sentiment, the Mahratta confederacy was utterly broken—its members subjected to the different degrees of the subsidiary and protective system—the Pindarees and other leagued bands of robbers were annihilated; and, as the great result of all, British supremacy was proclaimed; the British power declared "to be arbiter of all disputes, and the conservator of the general peace." From hence onwards the course of events is too well known to need record. The destiny of conquest swept on. Scinde was annexed, Gwalior subdued, the Punjab conquered, small states coerced, predatory tribes exterminated—until we reigned as sole masters within the great old boundaries of river, mountain, sea—over an area of 1,370,000 miles, and a population of 160,000,000 beings. And within that vast country there existed not a chief or sovereign, a state, a people or tribe, which was not subject to us in dependence or alliance. Such was the mighty end of the small beginning in the few storehouses at Surat.

This Empire, acquired as it was by successive steps, and in spite of the will and wish of the conquerors, must exhibit many anomalies. The resistance itself to the destiny we had evoked would produce these necessarily. The temporising idea, which thought that every stage was an end, and every expedient a finality, impelled us "to the non-exercise of the commanding and paramount power

we enjoyed," and thereby deferred the consolidation and administration of our conquest. This shrinking from the responsibility we had incurred, produced intervals of anarchy and confusion, which desolated the fairest provinces of the land; spread suffering among its peoples; and raised difficulties of fearful magnitude in the path of civilisation. An offspring of this temporising policy was the subsidiary system. It was based on the principle of making the conquest maintain itself, and was doubtless expedient at the time, when our direct rule would have required an exertion of force, a boldness of action, and an abundance of resources, which our nation and the times were not capable of. The system in itself was false and corrupt. It was an evasion of our duties as conquerors. It was a subterfuge—a weakness. It involved us in the petty policy and diplomacy of states, obstructed uniform or permanent forms of government, and introduced into the courts of native princes the deterioration of dependence, sloth, and luxury. It debased and unsettled the people, and gave bitterness to the humiliation of conquest, by parading the poor mockeries and shams of defunct dignities and powers before their eyes. The system was necessary—perhaps inevitable; "but like all other human arrangements, it bore within it the sources of its own decay, and required the application of corrective measures to obviate its natural and progressive tendency to dissolution."*

Another great anomaly was the native army. We were reigning mainly through native titles, and we were ruling by soldiers taken from the population. Conquest so established could be maintained only by the force of opinion or the power of the sword. How had we aimed at securing either?

Our rule comprehends about one hundred and ninety millions. Of these, about one hundred and forty millions belong to the British territories, the remainder to the native subordinate states and foreign settlements. In this mass the Mohammedans are in the proportion of one

to seven, and the reigning race is represented by about twenty thousand individuals, exclusive of soldiers. It must, therefore, be evident that the empire of opinion must depend on other than social influences and contact with a superior people; for, with all our pride of civilisation, we could scarcely expect that such a small body would leaven such a mass. It must arise from the acknowledged justice of our government—the beneficial effects of our rule, and its fitness to the wants and institutions of the people—and its superiority over any other to which they had been subject. It is thus, and thus only, that such a minority could expect to rule the many by their own will and choice. Is our government of India compatible with such a purpose, and such an end? Does it answer the great requirements of justice, security, and prosperity—of strength and permanence? We have already spoken of its nature and constitution. From the peculiarity of its origin there sprang a double and divided action. The legislative, and the administrative or executive powers were subject to different motives and influences. The legislative had in view the profits of trade, and were guided chiefly by abstract principles in their adoption of measures and laws. The executive were impelled by the force of events—the exigencies of the time, and naturally formed their plans of administration on local experiences. This discrepancy was felt by the people in the delay and incompleteness of all schemes of improvement.

The legislative power was embodied in the Court of Directors, who decided on all questions civil, political, and military—who elected and could dismiss, subject to the consent of the Crown, Governors-General, Commanders-in-Chief, &c.—in the Board of Control, who revised all decisions and elections, and in the body of proprietors who were consulted on all financial changes. The administrative, or *executive*, comprised, as was stated, a Governor-General in Council—Governors of Presidencies—residents at the different courts, vested with duties and authorities according

* Lord Minto's Minute.

to the degrees of dependency—a corps of civil servants, in charge of the revenue and judicial administration of the country. In 1818 the privilege of monopoly was withdrawn; and in 1838 the nation decided on the transfer, by the Company, of the Indian territory, in consideration of an equivalent payment by the legislature, and the continuation of the government of India to them, on these conditions, for twenty years.

The application of such machinery to a country fifteen thousand miles distant, and to a people entirely alien in habits, thoughts, temperament, and religion, was necessarily in many respects defective. Our courts of justice were little adapted to the usages of the land. They were too slow, too expensive. Their processes or principles were not understood or comprehended. They promoted litigation. Consequently these courts “were viewed as grievances by the higher classes, and not considered as blessings by the lower. To the latter they were hardly accessible from their expense, and nearly useless from their delays.” Our mode of managing the revenue was also founded on hasty and mistaken notions of the tenure of property, and our fiscal system disturbed rights and usages which had existed before the Mohammedan conquest. In its general operation, however, our administration was beneficial and just. The private injustice, rapine, and extortion, which had characterised our first era of possession, had been speedily and effectually repressed. Predatory bands were extinct; order prevailed; property was secure; prosperity and improvement were manifest. Seeing, in such a state, a consummation of our conquest—seeing no enemies without, and no danger within—we looked with complacency around us—folded our hands, and said—All is well. Suddenly there fell upon us a calamity, terrible as a curse, and fearful as a visitation of wrath—a calamity, at the thought of which the heart sickens and the blood curdles—at the hearing of which our children will grow pale. Our army—the sepoys whom we had disciplined and trusted; who had eaten our bread; had fought by our sides; had shared our

prosperity and perils—rose in rebellion against us—not in the rebellion of men resisting wrong and asserting right, but in the rebellion of fiends and demons, wild with lust, ferocity, and bloodthirstiness. Dark as the world’s history is with crime and woe, they have made it darker still. Horrors, such as men have seldom perpetrated in cold blood, outrages on women and children, atrocities and cruelties devilish in their kind—murder, treachery, rapine, mutiny—have been the expression of their rebellion. Here and there a spark of heroism or flash of generosity gleamed through the blood-red episode, enough to speck, but not to lighten it.

Had the princes whom we deposed, the officials whom we displaced, the people whom we misruled, done this, we might have bowed our heads and said, “It is just—we have sinned.” But these men—our servants—bound to us by allegiance and oath, to whom we have ever been true and faithful masters, where are their wrongs!—where their plea for vengeance! They have not a wrong, not a shadow nor a tradition of a wrong. However our rule has fallen on other classes, to them it has been just, generous, and even gentle. To them our yoke has been easy, our hand light. And yet, for these murderers, ravishers, traitors, rebels, a mandlin cry for mercy and leniency has arisen! It has not come from the pulpit, where words of mercy under any circumstances might have been pardoned. The ministers of God’s Word have told us, with the boldness of truth, that vengeance belongeth unto the Lord, and they have summoned us as His vicegerents in the land we rule—as delegates of His justice—not to suffer crimes which He has denounced to go unpunished. Murder is death by God’s law. Mutiny is death by the law of nations and the law of armies. All these men—mutineers and murderers—have forfeited their lives. We say not that all lives should be taken—that this extreme expiation should be demanded: the gallows is perhaps the worst sight a land can see: “hanging is perhaps the worst use a man can be put to.” Nor do we advocate indis-

criminate slaughter, ravage, or extermination by fire and sword. But we do say, that every man who has imbrued his hands with blood, or stood in the ranks of mutiny, should be seen no more in the land. None should be left to boast of their atrocities, or as records of the iniquities which have been inflicted upon us. Expatriation should be the slightest doom on those whose lives are spared. Other countries—the West Indies and the Cape—would gladly hail an accession to the labour-market. The doom, whatever it be, should fall with the speedy effect of retribution. It should come by law, but not through its delays and procrastinations. The assertion of our power demands this—the exercise of justice demands it. “Here the highest political expediency and the purest justice are one.”*

Many were the warnings of dangers to our Empire. Some pointed to foes without, some to hidden causes within; but no finger was turned towards the quarter from whence the evil came. Great Indian authorities are alike in this. Munro deprecates the precaution of mixing European troops with sepoys to insure their fidelity. Napier, who has lately attained the dignity of a prophet, though engaged in repressing mutiny, again and again asserts his faith in the loyalty of the sepoy, and ridicules the idea of any apprehension of their combination on being massed. Their own officers to the last were confident, unsuspecting, and trusting, until the bayonets were at their breasts, and the bullets whizzing around them.

Many are the causes to which the catastrophe is attributed—the resentment of the people at the deposition of their princes—at the annexation of Oude, the fear of forced conversion, the superstitions of religion, the hatred of our rule, the machinations of the Mohammedans for a return to power. There must, however, be some relation between cause and effect; and from none of these causes do the effects naturally or probably belong, according to the facts and results. A Mohammedan revolution would have shown itself

in the population; a rising against oppression would have manifested itself in the masses throughout the land; an assertion of the rights of native princes would have met with countenance from themselves. Yet nowhere are there signs of such movements or such feelings. The land, its princes, and its peoples, passively deny and repudiate it. All these causes may have aided the development and incited the extension of the mutiny; but in none of them is to be found its true origin according to the laws of probability and fact. If there be no clue in the present, we may find it in the past. Throughout their history the Hindoos have never risen in support of their princes—have never shown attachment to them, even when they claim it from legitimacy of rank and superiority of caste; the Mohammedans seldom. Oppression has never roused them; indignity, open and violent, to their religion, has only on one or two occasions stirred them to resistance; but both races, ever and at all times, have been ready to perceive and to use the opportunity of relaxed rule or declining power. Our Indian rule has of late relaxed. There were no imminent dangers, no trying difficulties, to incite the impulses or stir the energies, and apathy had seized on all departments—civil, military, and judicial. This relaxation was to the natives weakness; our conciliation, our moderation, our temporising policy, our toleration even, were to them signs of their coming opportunity. Where the weakness was most apparent, there demonstration was first made; and this was in the Bengal army. Year by year the traditions of the Clives, Cootes, and Munros, had grown fainter among the sepoys; the example of the superior race from circumstances less and less impressive; the authority of their commanders more and more restricted; the interference of civil and central authority in the control of military power and discipline more manifest; their fanaticism more developed; the consciousness of their own power more and more decided; and, with the instincts

* Cumming's Sermon on the Fast Day.

of their race, they rose at the temptation of weakness. The discontent spread among other classes, and the plottings of the Mohammedans doubtless affected them; doubtless the influence of the Brahmins, who saw in the progress of our power the decline of their own, incited them; but these causes alone would not have prompted them to revolt. In the laxity of our rule and the suppression of our power were the true causes which led our soldiers to defy their masters, and prepared other classes to abet them. The history of the mutiny is well known—the details are in every mouth—they are graven deeply on some hearts. When our soldiers shall have stamped it out, and the work of retribution be finished, it will behove us to look solemnly and manfully at the future, and to address ourselves to the work before us—the consolidation and administration of our conquest.

How is this work to be done? Let us turn to the wisdom and experience of those who have studied and known the country and its people well, for maxims and leading principles. We quote from Malcolm, Munro, and Metcalfe.

"For if, in the pride of power, we ever forget the means by which it was attained, and, casting away all our harvest of experience, are betrayed, by a rash confidence in what we may deem our intrinsic strength, to neglect the collateral means by which the great fabric of our power in India has hitherto been supported, we shall, with our own hands, precipitate the downfall of our authority. But that event is still more likely to be accelerated by the opposite error, which should lead us to disown our greatness, and, under an affected and unwise humility (ill suited to our condition), to pursue a policy calculated to discourage friends and give confidence to enemies, and in its consequences to involve us in those very wars and conquests which it pretends to disclaim.

"Between these extremes there is a mean which we must follow if we desire that our empire in India should be durable; and that mean must combine the unshaken firmness and dignified spirit of an absolute but tem-

pered rule, with the most unceasing attention to the religious prejudices and civil rights of our Indian subjects. Their condition it must be our continual study to improve, in the conviction that our government, on the great scale upon which it is now established, cannot be permanent but by these means; and that it is not in nature that they should contribute their efforts to its support unless they are, by a constantly recurring sense of benefit, made to feel a lively and warm interest in its prosperity and duration."*

"There are two important points which should always be kept in view in our administration of affairs. The first is, that our sovereignty should be prolonged to the remotest possible period. The second is, that whenever we are obliged to resign it, we should leave the natives so far improved, from their connexion with us, as to be capable of maintaining a free, or at least a regular government among themselves."†

"Our power in India is so strangely constituted, that unless we take advantage of all opportunities to increase our strength, we may meet some day with unexpected reverses, and have our power shaken. It is doubtful, I think, how long we shall preserve our wonderful empire in India; but the best chance of preserving it must arise from our making ourselves strong by all just means; not from an absurd system which would affect to look on with indifference at the increasing strength of others, and to trust for our existence to the unattainable character of unambitious, amiable innocence and forbearance.

"Let our policy be guided by justice and moderation, but let us take every fair opportunity of securing and aggrandising our power.

"Our power in India rests upon our military superiority. It has no foundation in the affection of our subjects. It can only be upheld by our military prowess; and that policy is best suited to our situation in India, which tends in the greatest degree to increase our military power by all means consistent with justice."‡

These practical observers and pro-

* Sir J. Malcolm.

† Sir T. Munro.

‡ Lord Metcalfe.

found statesmen agree in the belief that our empire in India must be consolidated by power and administered by moderation. But we must consolidate ere we can administer—we must be strong ere we can be moderate. The empire of the sword must precede the empire of opinion.

The great principle of Indian rule must be strength. The past reveals it, and the present confirms it. Strength, open strength, the manifestations of which shall make patent throughout the land that we are a dominant and abiding race. This can be shown only by an absolute sway and undivided supremacy. We must be supreme, sole masters. The temporising policy must be abandoned. Its real vitality has been long extinct. We can no longer rule under the musnud. We have incurred the guilt of conquest, and now, before God and in the face of man, must boldly assume its responsibilities. The shams and puppetries of sovereignty must be swept away, and the real rulers must come forth. We must bury our dead. The annihilation of the native states and the deposition of native princes would doubtless excite the outcry of injustice and wrong. And towards the states and princes who have remained faithful, such an act would perhaps be a sin against faith and honour, which the direst necessity, much less expediency, would not justify. If, however, "policy and justice require that we should govern a considerable part of India through the agency of its native princes and chiefs, it is our duty to employ all our moral influence and physical power to strengthen, instead of weakening, these royal instruments of government. If compelled by circumstances to depart from this course, it is wiser to assume and exercise the immediate sovereignty of the country, than leave to such mock and degraded instruments any means of avenging themselves on a power who has rendered them the debased tools of its own misgovernment.* We must elevate them in their own eyes and in the eyes of their people; we must compensate them for the loss of splendour; we must rescue them

from deterioration by making them the active agents of a beneficent and powerful rule.

To effect this, there must be uniformity of system. "We must speak by our actions the same language to all ranks; till princes trembling for their sovereignty, chiefs doubtful of their continued independence, and all who dread further encroachment, have their minds tranquillised by the steady contemplation of an uniform and consistent system of rule, instead of being disturbed and distracted, as they must be, by arrangements differing in form, if not in substance, in almost every province."†

In all things, however, as a first consideration, our supremacy must be manifest; our name and ascendancy supported; for our strength must not be even doubted. In the centre of the ancient states and races, under our immediate rule, must stand the palace, the citadel, the judgment-seat, the church, as signs that our state polity, our law polity, our military polity, our church polity, are supreme—are those of the dominant race. This, it may be said, will provoke and revive anew the dread of national subjection and conversion. Be it so. As long as we hold the land, we must be ever jarring with these feelings. It is better to meet them openly and boldly at once. We can never have a fitter time than now, when an overt act of revolt has challenged us to the issue, and given us the plea of re-conquest.

Such supremacy must be supported by a strong Executive. The chief who is to rule such an Empire must have great and extended powers, and he should have freedom and opportunity to exercise them. He should be, as now, a Governor-General; but a Governor-General, in fact, who could maintain a broad and general supervision over the whole, and be therefore free from the details of local government and the claims of bureaucracy which cling ever round our executive like an ivy entwining the oak. The country should be subdivided into governments, each within the limit of man's control, and defined chiefly by the localisation of customs, and races. There might be a governor

* Malcolm.

† Malcolm.

for Bengal, another for Agra, as at present, presiding over the North-western Provinces, both subordinate to the Presidency at Calcutta. Hyderabad and Berar might form another government, dependent on Madras. Malwa or Gwalior might be the centre of authority over the Mahrattas, subject to Bombay. Ajmeer and its rajpoots might be attached to the north-western district. The Punjab would remain as now. The Governors or lieutenant-governors of these districts should be absolute as to the details of government, referring only to the central authority for general principles and exigencies. Such an executive must be allied with military occupation, and this must be based on the massing of troops at the commanding points and stations of the different districts. The dispersion of corps and the cantonment system should be abandoned, and barracks constructed on the principle of defence, and with a view to the health of the soldiers. These barracks would be citadels throughout the land—centres of attack and places of refuge in times of disaster.

Large bodies of troops should be assembled in these, and columns might be moved backwards and forwards between them. They should be connected by roads—railroads if possible; and as the military posts would correspond generally with the seats of government and the principal towns on the high-road, this would be feasible enough, and would dovetail with the requirements of traffic. Railways are open to the objection of being easily destroyed by people holding or rising in the country; but they will always be available for a time, and to a certain degree, and would provide for the concentration of a force to meet an emergency. The rivers should everywhere be made use of. Steamers should be stationed at the chief points, and the gun-boats should move up and down betwixt them, defending the roads or railways whenever they are within their range, and at any rate keeping the communication safe and open. Sir C. Napier, in his plan of defence, named several bases; but his plan was formed with the intent of resisting a foreign invader and defending our frontier.

For the occupation of the country itself, the real bases must be the Presidencies, as thence must come supplies, resources, reinforcements. The grand base must be England. Military occupation suggests the reconstruction or replacement of that army which has dissolved itself. Whether it can ever be drawn again from the same resources, or whether it would be expedient, are questions at present. The causes of the Bengal mutiny will be lessons to us, if such a thing be attempted. The limited power of commanding officers, the obstruction of discipline by appeals and references, the little intercourse betwixt the soldier and his chief, the mode of promotion from the ranks, the excessive feeling of caste, the influence of the Brahmin element, all tended to produce the catastrophe. Should this body be again re-formed, we must return to the discipline of Clive and Coote and Munro. The European must assert the superiority of his race by superior vigour, energy, and endurance; the intermediate authority of the native subordinate must become obsolete, and the communication between officer and man be direct and complete; the hands of chiefs must be strengthened, and their power of reward and punishment summary and manifest; the men must be chosen from the soldier races, such as the Ghoorkas, Sikhs, Rohillas—men who are more soldiers than religionists, and whose feelings of class would be superior to caste. The Bengalees could scarcely be trusted again; nor need he. The sources named would meet the required demand. It is doubtful whether we should ever need again so large a native force. It was raised chiefly to resist attacks from without, and to control the military powers within. The necessity of preparing against a foreign foe, at least one contiguous to our dominions, no longer exists. The experience of the present shows us how small a body of Europeans can make a stand, and hold a country against the natives; and when massed, concentrated, and organised, with these fortified barracks as citadels, it is evident, that the land could be controlled by fewer soldiers than have been hitherto necessary. Those

in Bengal should be chiefly Europeans. The English soldier is costly, but he is valuable in proportion, and reliable. In the other Presidencies also, perhaps it would be advisable to increase the proportion of British gradually. The soldier, too, should be a soldier, and nothing more—should perform only the soldier's duties. The troops, no longer scattered, would experience "the immense enhancement of military discipline, and the perfection at which large masses of troops arrive by being collected in numbers." "All the moral feelings of an army and its physical powers are increased by being assembled in large masses." This would be peculiarly the effect on native soldiers mixed with Europeans, for the danger of their combination would be more than counterbalanced by the influences which would cherish in them the soldier spirit, and beget the principle of comradeship, and would be less probable than the disaffection gathered by dispersion in detachments. In the event of invasion by a European power, our reinforcements could be sent from home as speedily as his. And home, England, must be ever the grand reserve. Here, by means of militia, volunteer corps, and other resources, must be kept the reserve from which aid can be drawn in time of need. All these plans are open to the objection of expense. It may be so. But we think with Lord Metcalfe that "views of economy and retrenchment should be secondary to those of safety and power." The old system, however, of residents, politicals, cantonments, camp-followers, &c., had its expenses, which would go far to maintain a well-organised and concentrated system of government and possession.

Thus we believe, that by the open resolute assertion of our supremacy, and military tenure, we might consolidate our empire.

The empire of the sword once established, the empire of opinion begins. This can be created—so says experience, so say the authorities—only by moderation—by elevating the native subject, by respecting his laws and customs, by identifying his interests with our own, by firmness, consistency, and by justice. This

must depend partly on governmental, partly on social influences. The governmental must be constructed on broad abstract principles, capable, however, of adaptation to local feelings, laws, and habits. The social evils most felt, and most irritating to the poorer classes, especially, are the collection of the revenue and the administration of justice. These both, though not unjust in themselves, from our want of knowledge in their institution, militate against old rights, old claims, old privileges, usages, and prejudices. A code of general laws, formed by an inquiry into the leading principles of the past, and capable of adopting the details and forms peculiar to each district, would, by restoring content and prosperity, tend much to the amelioration of the lower orders. In regard to the higher classes, Sir T. Munro, who had thought deeply on that subject, says, "Various measures might be suggested for their improvement, but no one appears to me so well calculated to insure success as that of endeavouring to give them a higher opinion of themselves, by placing more confidence in them, by employing them in important situations, and perhaps by rendering them eligible to almost every office under the Government. It is not necessary to define at present the exact limit to which their eligibility should be carried, but there seems to be no reason why they should be excluded from any office for which they are qualified, without danger to the preservation of our own ascendancy." This seems reasonable and just to the class itself, and calculated to win us the empire of opinion, by securing at least their support and interest in our work. Such changes must be slow, slowly progressive; and in making such changes, we must remember ever that we are stepping beside men centuries behind us, and that we must regulate our pace to theirs. Patience, discretion, and consistency can alone achieve results here.

The social influences, in their operation on our amalgamation with the native race, must be slower still. We are the few among the multitude, and shall long be so. Experience has proved that the English cannot be reared in the plains of India; Eng-

land must be the nursery of our children; mixed races degenerate, so do races born and bred under the influences of an uncongenial climate;—we should gain nought by repeating the West Indian classes and castes; so that we can never hope to constitute such a proportion to the population as could impress civilisation by contact. We must be content therefore, so far, with its outward influences—give to the people the blessings of repose, security, and justice, the benefit of example, the opportunity of development, and trust society to work out its own improvement. “Great and beneficial alterations in society, to be complete, must be produced within the society itself. They cannot be the mere fabrication of its superiors, or of a few who deem themselves enlightened.”

The same reasons would affect colonisation; and besides the difficulties attending the occupation of land, and the fact of a colonist being brought into competition in the labour market with a man whose whole existence costs twenty-five shillings a-year, would effectually prevent its being carried out to any great extent, or with any great result.

The last and greatest agent in the consolidation and administration of our conquest must be Christianity. By this alone we can hope to break down the barriers of caste and the difference of race. A community of faith could alone beget a perfect union betwixt the conquerors and the conquered, the governors and the governed. Such a consummation in the existing relations betwixt the two, seems difficult, and far distant. Yet as a Christian people we are bound to look upon it as the great end of our conquest, and to consider deeply how it can be attained. As rulers, it is our duty, doubtless, to assert our own faith; to support and maintain its worship among the Christian inhabitants of our territories; to place our religion side by side with our state, side by side with our power; but how far its active propagation among the native population by government would consist with the toleration guaranteed to them, and with the furtherance of our object,

is a grave question. Throughout the world's history, propagandism by power has ever failed—it has ever made faith more firm, and bigotry more obstinate. Those who have lived long in the land as statesmen and as rulers, have declared, as the result of their experience, that such propagandism would arouse in India a spirit of fanaticism and hostility which would effectually defeat the purpose of conversion, and endanger our power and influence—that the only rational hopes of success in propagating Christianity consist in a more general diffusion of knowledge; in the voluntary labours of missionaries and evangelists, who shall go forth “trusting to their own efforts, and the support of the Almighty;” “in gaining the attachment and confidence of our Indian subjects, by a pure administration of justice and general good government;” and “by maintaining and founding institutions for their improvement, trusting that better knowledge may hereafter dispose their minds to renounce their own errors and superstitions, and to embrace the doctrines of the Gospel, when capable of appreciating their real character.” This they deem the true path to our object. We would not temporise in such a cause, nor would we precipitate such a work. We must undertake it steadfastly and conscientiously, using the fittest agencies for its fulfilment, and then leave the issue in God's hands.

If we thus stand up manfully and calmly to the work before us, firmly maintaining our power, and honestly respecting the rights and interests of the peoples whom we govern, we may hope that our children, or our children's children, will read in history how their ancestors planted themselves in a vast country; how step by step they conquered it, and how a fearful catastrophe befell them; how then at last they consolidated this empire in power, and administered it in justice, and how they left the land happy and prosperous, civilised and Christian.

Dare we hope that such bright things are written in our future? By God's help and a strong nation's will, we may do so.

PHRENOLOGY IN FRANCE.

PHRENOLOGY is of German origin: Vienna was its birthplace, Gall and Spurzheim its progenitors. But it was in France that it acquired its European eclat. It was to the French Academy that Gall submitted his discovery, and this Academy appointed a commission to report on it. The Report, as every one knows, was very unfavourable; but Phrenology was not to be crushed by a Report; and Gall continued to lecture in Paris. In Paris he published his two remarkable works, and in Paris, if anywhere, we might expect to find his system flourishing, from that illumination of many minds which a great intellectual capital can furnish. However reasonable such an expectation, we do not find it justified. Phrenology is at a discount in France. We must look to England and America if we would discover any indications of vigorous partisanship, and extensive acceptance given to phrenological doctrines. In France, as well as in Germany, the science has scarcely standing-room. There are no teachers, few adepts; here and there a stray believer may be stumbled against; but we have only to look to the publishing lists to perceive that these countries are not centres of active propagandism, like England and America.

There are doubtless many causes at work producing this result; one of them, and in our opinion the chief, arises from the absence of a peculiar class of the thinking public which is numerous in England and America. Owing to the system of education adopted abroad, the persons who interest themselves at all in psychology, are invariably either psychologists or physiologists—that is to say, they have studied the psychological systems taught in various universities, or they have studied the brain as a branch of the general physiology of the nervous system. The consequence is easily foreseen. Phrenology can never find favour in the eyes of any metaphysical system, being, as it is, in avowed and absolute anta-

gonism to all such systems, and to the metaphysical method. Nor is it less emphatically opposed by Physiology; for although it might reasonably expect an impartial hearing from men of science, being, as it asserts, the only true physiology of the brain, yet the fact is, that the overwhelming verdict of scientific authority is unequivocally against Phrenology; and inasmuch as all the eminent physiologists of Germany and France are ranged among the opponents or despisers of this system, we can easily understand how the weight of such authority should prevent the scientific public from bestowing much attention on it. Thus rejected by both classes, it has no third class to address.

In England and America the case is different. There also we find metaphysicians superbly scornful, and physiologists more or less antagonistic; but, besides these classes, there is a very large class of what may be loosely styled the general thinking public, formed of men not specially trained either as metaphysicians or physiologists, yet interested in all philosophical speculations, and willing to give all systems a fair hearing. It is from this class that teachers and adepts of Phrenology are formed; and as the class is numerous, and contains many capable men, it reacts upon the medical profession, and enables many to disregard the verdict of authorities, and to judge for themselves. While, therefore, on the Continent, Phrenology has but two classes likely to bestow attention on it, and finds itself ridiculed and opposed by these, in England and America it has a third and larger class, which it can make a court of appeal from the verdicts of its antagonists. It is of no avail for Phrenology to assert that prejudice and ignorance blind metaphysicians and physiologists in Germany and France; let it be never so eloquent and indignant, it can obtain no hearing. The decision has been given, and there is no court of appeal. The trial must close; the

defeated suitor has no resource beyond private grumblings. In England and America a court of appeal exists, and is very freely invoked. Phrenology tells the metaphysicians that their science is a vain array of words; and the general public is quite ready to believe this. Phrenology further says, that, instead of word-splittings, it brings forward *facts* which can be tested; and the general public is willing to see what the facts are like. To the physiologists it says, "You would espouse Phrenology if you were not afraid;" and as the general public knows not fear, it buys treatises, attends lectures, collects skulls, and manipulates heads.

We have not the slightest intention of discussing the principles of Phrenology in this article. Were there no other reason, the impossibility of doing justice to such a subject within our limits would deter us from the attempt. Our purpose is restricted to the bringing under the reader's notice some rather startling objections to the phrenological doctrines which have been advanced by M. Louis Peisse, the well-known translator of Sir William Hamilton, in a series of articles just republished by him in his two agreeable and suggestive volumes of medical essays,* which will serve to explain the discredit that Phrenology has fallen into in France, and may furnish us with a text for some reflections on the future of that science. M. Peisse does not examine the principles of Phrenology, he simply takes a few striking examples, as they arise, and examines how far they are in accordance with phrenological teaching. This is meeting phrenologists on their own ground. One of their favourite arguments is, that their system is no *a priori* logical construction: it was founded on striking unequivocal facts, and is alone competent to explain those facts. Sir John Forbes, in his well-known article on Phrenology in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, without pronouncing for or against the doctrine, called attention to the mass of facts which phrenologists had col-

lected, and judiciously remarked that anti-phrenologists were bound to collect an equal mass of contradictory facts, if they seriously meant to refute the doctrine. It is clear, however, that the anti-phrenologists would not take the trouble to collect such a mass of evidence to disprove what they already condemned. The trouble was great, the motive was not sufficiently strong. Ordinary observation supplied them with instances of failure too unequivocal to permit their acceptance of Phrenology, and they left to others the onerous burthen of collecting an imposing array of counter-evidence. M. Peisse has supplied us with no great array of facts, but those selected by him are sufficiently significant, and make up in quality for their deficiency in quantity. Indeed, after reading his accounts of Napoleon, Fieschi, Lacenaire, the calculating boy, and the young Indian girl, we can feel no surprise at Phrenology being discredited in France. From these we shall select such points as admit of easy apprehension, and do not entangle us in tortuous discussions. A few words, by way of preliminary clearance of the ground, are all we shall need.

Gall formed his system from facts furnished by *exceptional* manifestations of each particular faculty: By which we mean, that, aware of the perplexing complexity of mental phenomena, he only felt himself on safe ground when some particular phenomenon was brought into distinct relief, when it stood in unmistakable isolation from the others, obtruding itself on the notice. The man in whom benevolence amounted to an overruling impulse; the man in whom imagination was the distinctive trait; the man whose musical genius surpassed that of all around him—these men were more likely to indicate the peculiar cranial conformation which was sought, than the men of ordinary benevolence, ordinary imagination, and ordinary musical aptitude. The very isolation of the faculty implied a corresponding betrayal of the organ. And the mass of facts which Gall and his successors have collected, certain-

* *La Médecine et les Médecins. Philosophie, Doctrines, Institutions, Critiques, Mœurs, et Biographies Médicales.* Par M. LOUIS PEISSE. Paris, 1857.

ly establishes this much—namely, that a *causal relation* of some kind must exist between the conformation of the skull and the peculiarities of the character. No one, we think, can be aware of the evidence, and suppose that the facts observed are simply cases of coincidence; they are too numerous and too definite for that. If a hundred men, notoriously distinguished for benevolence, for example, be found to have an eminence on a particular part of the skull; and if a hundred men, notoriously remarkable for their want of benevolence, be found to have a depression in this very part of the skull; and if, finally, a hundred men, undistinguished for benevolence, or the want thereof, be found to have neither eminence nor depression on this part of the skull—inductive logic forces the conclusion that *some causal relation* must exist between benevolence and this peculiar cranial development. So far, all is clear, and we may assume that phrenology has rigorously established these facts, without by any means admitting that, because a causal relation has been detected, therefore *the* causal relation is the one phrenologists promulgate as the truth. Rules in science admit of no exception; one exception destroys the rule. If one clear and authentic case be found in which the correspondence, hitherto observed between cranial development and mental peculiarity, positively fails—if one man notoriously musical has a depression, and another man notoriously inapt at music has an eminence on the spot assigned as indicating the organ of music—this single case will not, indeed, set aside the conclusion reached through hundreds of observations all pointing one way,—namely, that a causal relation exists, but it will assuredly prove that *the* causal relation has not yet been seized. This is a point of inductive logic too often overlooked. The opponents of phrenology are too apt to reason as if the exceptional cases destroyed the cases of observed correspondence; the advocates of phrenology almost universally argue as if the exceptions were simply unexplained phenomena, by no means impugning the legitimacy of their principles. They cling

to the facts of correspondence, and aware of the logical error of their opponents, aware that no amount of exceptional cases can destroy the evidence which proves a causal relation to exist, have overlooked the equally imperative conclusion, that one exceptional case points to an incompleteness in their generalisation, points to the irresistible proof of their not having detected *the* causal relation.

The reader will observe that we have stated the case in the terms most favourable to Phrenology; we have assumed that the three hundred instances of correspondence have been absolute and unequivocal, while the exception has been a single one. Every unbiassed person knows that the exceptions are really very numerous, perhaps as numerous as the correspondences, but they have not been collected with the same diligence. For the sake of the argument one case is enough. It should rouse phrenologists to a fresh investigation of their ground. But instead of re-investigating the subject, they attempt to get rid of the difficulty by “explaining” it, and this enables them to retain their formula undisturbed. Unhappily, explanations are facile; any system will explain anything; and some of the phrenological explanations are perfect models in the eel-like art of adroitly slipping through the grasp of an objector. But nothing is really gained thereby. Nature is not altered by our evasions. Facts take no denials. Such a case as that of Mangiamela, the calculating boy, recorded by M. Peisse, were it solitary, would suffice to prove a radical imperfection in the phrenological system, which no “explanation” will get rid of.

Mangiamela, who astounded the Académie des Sciences by his marvellous powers of calculation, was only eleven years old. The son of a shepherd, he was himself a shepherd boy. From his infancy this young Sicilian had given indications of a remarkable power of calculation; but had not been taught the arithmetical methods, nor indeed anything of the science of numbers. He was entirely self-taught. Yet the rapidity with which he solved the most

intricate arithmetical problems, "sans le secours d'aucune opération graphique, prouve que sa science est fort mystérieuse." Here was a crucial instance for Phrenology: a faculty so exceptional in its vigour must have a corresponding development of the organ, and according to Gall, a corresponding development of that part of the skull which lies over the part of the brain constituting the organ. And, observe, not only is this faculty manifested in most exceptional activity, one therefore specially suited to phrenological investigation, but it is also a faculty the action of which is definite, precise, not to be simulated by other faculties. A man may exhibit some of the actions of benevolence from love of approbation, more than from any direct impulse of benevolence; but he calculates because he has the calculating faculty well developed, just as he is a great musician because he has the musical faculty well developed: no other faculty will simulate calculation, or music; no motive could make a man rapidly solve an arithmetical problem, unless he had the organ of Number well developed. This case of Mangiamele, therefore, so exceptional in the vigour of the faculty, and so unequivocal in the specialty of that faculty, is, as we said, a crucial instance, and the reader will learn with interest that M. Peisse pointed to the skull of this boy, and showed a decided *depression* at that particular spot where the organ of Number is placed—a depression instead of a remarkable eminence! The reader will learn, moreover, with increasing interest that this contradiction between theory and fact was confirmed by the phrenologists themselves; for, instead of denying the depression, they endeavoured, as usual, to *explain* it.

Broussais and Dumoutier undertook to remove the difficulty by declaring that Mangiamele really had no special development of the faculty of Number; but effected his calculations by other faculties. They began their explanation by affirming that the talent of this boy was not one of memory, it was no mechanical faculty exclusively limited to combinations of numbers. M. Dumoutier spoke

with admiration of the boy's *genius* which divined science; of the power and grandeur of his *imagination* and his *character*, and of his extraordinary powers of *induction and generalisation*. "Nature has imprinted on his brow the seal of a Pythagoras, an Archimedes, a Euclid, a Newton, a Kepler." All which is very possible, but is it true? As M. Peisse remarks, "On what evidence are these hyperboles founded? They do not tell us; unless we are to accept as proofs of transcendent genius, the intrepidity displayed by the little fellow in suffering M. Dumoutier to take a cast of his head, après avoir toutefois un peu pleuré, ce qui est, du reste, très excusable chez un Pythagore de dix ans." And even if the boy had given evidence of possessing faculties such as are thus gratuitously placed to his credit, the absence of correspondence between the faculty of Number, and the special part of the skull where the organ is localised, retains its full force as an objection to Phrenology; because, if Mangiamele could add, subtract, divide and multiply with such astonishing rapidity and precision by means of the faculties of Causality, Comparison, Eventuality, or Individuality (which were invoked), it is quite clear that the organ of Number is useless; or (as this would be overthrowing too many observations, because the organ was originally established by Gall from examination of the heads of celebrated calculators, and the cast of George Bidder's head is one of the *pièces authentiques* of the Phrenological Society)—we must admit that one faculty may take on itself the specific duty of another; and a man totally destitute of Tune, may nevertheless be a great musician in virtue of his Causality; another, totally destitute of Wit, may convulse all Europe in virtue of his Comparison; a third, totally destitute of Philoprogenitiveness, may fill his house with squalling children, and live with them, prompted by his Adhesiveness, or his Love of Approbation. In short, if one faculty can take upon itself to perform with astonishing vigour and spontaneity the office of any other faculty, the whole groundwork of Phrenology is destroyed. We can

never say to what faculty any action is to be ascribed; we can never guess what deficiencies a man's character may present, because the deficient organs may be supplied by others. B. has an obvious depression at Conscientiousness, but his Causality and Comparison are good, and these will demonstrate to him that honesty is the best policy. D. has a great defect in Caution, but you may safely trust him with all your secrets, for his Benevolence and Causality are large. H. has certainly no development of the organ of Number, but you may trust to his Causality or Eventuality for a correct calculation. Now this *reductio ad absurdum* is really often advanced as a serious argument by Phrenologists, when they have to "explain" any facts contradictory to their system. And while it is quite true that the conduct of an individual is the result of a "composition of forces"—that the action of one faculty is modified, or even kept in abeyance, by the action of another—a truth which enables Phrenology to explain many cases otherwise in contradiction to its principles; it is no less true that, even on phrenological principles, no faculty can be *replaced* by another. A large Conscientiousness will *control* a large Acquisitiveness, and prevent theft, but it will not replace Acquisitiveness, and make the man who is deficient in the faculty exhibit the actions of that faculty. A man deficient in Tune cannot be made a musician by any combination of other faculties; nor can a man deficient in Number solve arithmetical problems by means of Causality and Comparison. The case of Mangiamela, therefore, is a striking contradiction to the phrenological localisation of the organ of Number; and one such case would suffice to show some radical incompleteness in the phrenological system. But there are numerous cases pointing to the same conclusion.

Let us, with M. Peisse, examine the case presented by Napoleon. A few hours after his death, a cast of Napoleon's face and the anterior half of the skull was taken by Dr. Antomarchi. It is not often that the actual skull of a great man is thus offered to our inspection. Busts and

portraits are utterly untrustworthy. We know few more instructive lessons, in this respect, than is afforded by the juxtaposition of the actual skull with the bust, or portrait, which friends assure you is "exactly like." We were one day examining the bust of Schiller, by Danneker, in company with a person who knew Schiller well; and on our remarking that the sculptor had given the poet's head a very different shape from what we remembered having noticed in the skull, we were assured that, on the contrary, the sculptor had given the most truthful representation of the head, as every one would certify. "Is there not a cast of Schiller's skull in the Library?" we inquired. "Let us bring it here, and compare it with the bust." On making the comparison, we were both amused to see how utterly the sculptor had falsified nature; there was scarcely one characteristic point reproduced. Instead of the narrow and sloping forehead, the sculptor had made it broad and square; instead of the very large animal and emotional regions, he had moulded a moderate and graceful contour. And so, we may be pretty sure, all artists idealise nature. The real skull, therefore, or a cast, is of some value to the phrenologist; no bust, or portrait, can be accepted as evidence.

In Napoleon's cast it is greatly to be regretted that we have only half the skull. That half comprises, indeed, the greater number of the phrenological organs, and all those of the higher faculties; but it is a pity that we have no trace of the others. What exists, however, is remarkably unfavourable to phrenological localisations. We learn from M. Peisse that some phrenologists disavowed the fidelity of the cast, taken as it was by one not expert in the art. Faithful or not faithful, it is the only authentic cast which exists; and even its errors, supposing there are errors, cannot much affect the general masses and characteristic details. The first remark made by M. Peisse is, that all the portraits of Napoleon are unfaithful: those made of him on his return from Egypt most resemble the cast; for although his fame was then splendid, the artists had not

begun to idealise him as they subsequently did, when "on était très-disposé à croire qu'un grand génie ne pouvait habiter une petite tête, et l'on sent que pour Napoléon il ne fallait pas épargner l'espace." But what says the cast? The head is decidedly a small one. "Ce qui frappe d'abord dans la tête véritable de Napoléon, c'est la petitesse du crâne." Canova's bust, that also by Chaudet, and the heads on all coins, have so exaggerated the dimensions of Napoleon's skull, and principally those of the frontal region, that, compared with the ideal head, this real cast appears miserably small. It is, however, extremely well proportioned. Its circumference being 20 inches 10 lines (French measurement), its dimension is by no means remarkable:* out of every ten skulls, the half of them would present a circumference of 20 to 21 inches. So that, as regards size, the skull of Napoleon was not more remarkable than that of his chamberlains; and Victor Hugo talks nonsense, as well as bad phrenology, when he speaks of

"Ce front prodigieux, ce crâne fait au moule
Du globe impérial."

"I am aware," adds M. Peisse, "that the measure of the horizontal circumference does not suffice to determine the absolute capacity of the skull, and that we must also estimate its diverse diameters. I have taken these, and they furnish but insignificant results." He gives the measures; and concludes that, although well proportioned, the skull is not remarkable in any respect of size. Not that M. Peisse lays much stress on this matter of size; he is aware that phrenologists themselves lay more stress on the development of particular proportions than on that of the general mass; but, inasmuch as they point with triumph to those cases in which a large skull corresponds with a great intelligence, it is but right that the contrary cases should be noted also, and great intelligences with small skulls have

their place—as in the cases of Descartes, Voltaire, Raphael, and Napoleon.

We must interrupt our analysis of M. Peisse's essay to observe that Mr. Combe (and, we presume, other phrenologists) states, as if it were a simple matter of fact, that Napoleon's head was large; and, indeed, he cites Napoleon as an example of the correspondence between size of head and force of character.† Not having taken the measure of the skull, we cannot pretend to judge which of these two statements is correct. But there are three reasons which strongly dispose us to believe that M. Peisse's statement is correct. In the first place, he gives precise measurements: Mr. Combe gives none, but contents himself with stating that the head is "large." In the second place, a phrenologist, Dr. Imbert, published a reply to M. Peisse's article, but appears to have directed his attacks entirely to different questions, leaving that of size untouched. In the third place, Mr. Combe has no hesitation in speaking of organs as large or small, when their size must be wholly hypothetical, since that part of the skull on which they reside is *not* represented in the cast. "In him," says Mr. Combe, "all the organs—animal, moral, and intellectual (Conscientiousness, and, perhaps, Firmness, excepted)—*seem to have been large*; great activity was added; and hence arose commanding energy, combined with profound and comprehensive intellectual capacity." It is possible that the organs absent from the cast were large; but we are totally without the evidence which could enable us to assert the fact; and such evidence as we do possess—namely, the organs which are given in that portion of the cast open to our inspection—does not speak in favour of Mr. Combe's general statement, if we are to believe M. Peisse.

The faculty of ideality or imagination, for example, was certainly large in Napoleon; but the skull shows no remarkable development in the region

* M. Peisse has not explained how he arrived at this precise measurement in the absence of the back part of the skull; but, from the specific size given, we presume he had some positive data.

† *System of Phrenology*, Third Edition, pp. 31, 563, 564.

marked as that of Ideality; while the organ of number has a strongly-marked depression. "Cette dépression des tempes est, en effet, un des caractères les plus appréciables dans la configuration du crâne de Napoléon." A depression in the region which embraces Number, Constructiveness, and Order, is surprising, M. Peisse observes, in Napoleon, so remarkable for his mathematical tendencies. We should add, however, that neither Spurzheim nor Mr. Combe considers Number to be the mathematical organ; they limit Number to arithmetic. But if Napoleon may have derived his mathematical aptitude from other faculties, Phrenology is still called upon to show that, with this depression of Number, Order, and Constructiveness in the skull of Napoleon, there was a corresponding absence of these faculties in his intellect; that he was really deficient in the calculating faculty, that he was really deficient in the sense of order, and that he was really deficient in constructive organising power. Few will have the hardihood to make such assertions.

The organs of Causality and Comparison, which are such eminent organs in matters of pure intelligence, and which are so often invoked by Phrenologists to explain little discrepancies, were not more developed on the skull of Napoleon than they are on the skulls of ordinary men. It is precisely this part of the skull which artists and sculptors have so absurdly exaggerated. Dr. Antomarchi has given a medallion of Napoleon, as Emperor, on the lower part of the cast. The contrast is striking between the real and the ideal heads. M. Peisse has measured the frontal angle, and finds it 75° ; in the medallion it is 15° more; and we may imagine how easy it was for artists to give the Emperor an Olympian head by an exaggeration of 15° . "In truth, the forehead of Napoleon, phrenologically speaking, was quite mediocre, of which any candid observer may convince himself. Simple inspection suffices to assure us of this fact, and the measurement (75°) is a geometrical proof." M. Peisse sums up his investigation, of which we have given but a few details,

with remarking that the veritable skull of Napoleon, studied according to phrenological principles, so far from confirming Gall's doctrine, completely refutes it. "Je souhaite fort que les phrénologistes se tirent avec honneur de ce mauvais pas. Il est extrêmement fâcheux que la tête de l'homme le plus extraordinaire des temps modernes soit si mal assortie avec leur système."

Two French Phrenologists, Drs. Imbert and Bailly, endeavoured to "explain" this case also. M. Peisse examines their explanations; but when we add, that these writers give up the frontal region, which *has* been modelled, and seek their explanations in the regions which have *not* been modelled, it will be obvious to every reader that, on ground so entirely hypothetical, science can find no footing. M. Peisse is willing to concede, that the organs of which we have no cast were of any dimensions phrenologists please to imagine; but he maintains that the organs presented by that part of the skull which has been modelled, are in flagrant contradiction with phrenological principles.

Still more striking is the case of Descartes. There will be differences of opinion respecting the value of Descartes' theories, physical and metaphysical; but these differences can hardly exist respecting the rare philosophical powers which are displayed in the *Discours sur la Méthode*, the *Méditations*, and the *Principia*. In him, if in any man, we may be sure that the reasoning faculties were enormously developed. He was not, like Plato, or Bacon, or Schelling, a thinker whose power was greatly derived from the imagination; it was a power like that of Spinoza or Kant, derived from pure ratiocination. In 1831, M. Peisse, in company with M. Mignet and others, were taking lessons in phrenology from Dr. Spurzheim, who showed them the cast of Descartes' skull, which he had recently received from Sweden. "We were immediately struck by the notable smallness of the anterior and superior regions of the forehead. Spurzheim made the same remark; but on our saying that such a depression of the ratiocinative faculties was very singular in a mind of that order, Spurz-

heim replied, that there was nothing astonishing in such a configuration, for Descartes was not so great a thinker as he was held to be." *Descartes n'était pas un aussi grand penseur qu'on l'a cru!* Is not this an amusing example how men arrange facts to suit their systems? But if Descartes was really a mediocre thinker, and the world has all this while grossly overrated him, he was surely not so miserably deficient in reasoning power as to range phrenologically below many a Mr. A. whose causality is "large?" We find Mr. Combe citing among the examples of large causality Dr. Thomas Brown, Wordsworth, and the painters Haydon and Wilkie. As Dr. Thomas Brown wrote a book on "Cause and Effect," we are entitled to presume that Causality was large in him;* but that it was so much larger than in Descartes is difficult of belief; and why Descartes should be below Wordsworth, Haydon, and Wilkie—overrated as he may have been—is really not intelligible.

There are other cases cited by M. Peisse, but those especially of Fieschi, Lacenaire, and Avril, although quite as contradictory of phrenological doctrines, are less easily manageable. A great calculating power, with a decided deficiency of the "organ" of Number, and a great ratiocinative power, with a decided deficiency of Causality, are cases which do not admit of equivocation, and can be chosen as points for discussion with more chance of agreement, than cases so complicated as that of the character of a murderer. We therefore content ourselves with those already cited, and refer to M. Peisse's volumes for further details. What we have cited suffices to bear out our introductory intimation, namely, that Phrenology must necessarily fall into discredit in a country like France, where the leading men of science speak of it with contempt, and the leading medical journal publishes examples such as those

given by M. Peisse: from verdicts like these there is no appeal in France. In England and America, we repeat, such verdicts, however multiplied, do not suffice. There is a court of appeal in the general body of the public. And we think it eminently calculated to favour the progress of truth that there is such a court of appeal. With the utmost respect for Science, and the authority of Science, we cannot be blind to the fact that men of Science have steadily, persistently, often recklessly, opposed the introduction of some of the clearest and most important truths which now form the stereotyped phrases of all text-books. Men of Science have repeatedly and collectively denied facts easy of verification, and have persisted in the denial instead of attempting the verification; they have rejected doctrines having evidence the most conclusive, and rejected them because these doctrines contradicted others having no evidence at all. All the engineers of England scornfully rejected Stephenson's idea of locomotive travelling, even when a locomotive was daily at work; and there was no end to the scientific ridicule and demonstrative argument brought to bear against his plan of carrying the railway over Chatmoss.† Dr. Elliotson was ridiculed and abused for employing the stethoscope, which is now in the hands of every parish surgeon. Even in cases of simple matter of observation, the observer runs great risk of hearing a denial on all sides, if the fact happen to be one not obviously fitting in with the facts already known, or supposed. Dr. Martin Barry observed the entrance of the spermatozoon into the ovum. He published his observation, and all Europe cried out that he had seen no such thing; the fault was sometimes laid on his microscope, sometimes on his powers as an observer; the possibility of his having seen what he described was point-blank

* This presumption, however, would not accord with what we have understood to be the decision of phrenologists concerning Dr. Brown's theory of cause and effect, which is said by them to presuppose a small organ of Causality; the function of Causality being to detect that very *efficiency* of cause which his theory denies.

† Mr. Smiles's admirable biography of George Stephenson is crowded with such lessons, if men could be taught.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART VII.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER XXII.

The object of Civilisation being always to settle people one way or the other, the Mayor of Gatesboro' entertains a statesmanslike ambition to settle Gentleman Waife: no doubt a wise conception, and in accordance with the genius of the Nation.—Every Session of Parliament, England is employed in settling folks, whether at home or at the Antipodes, who ignorantly object to be settled in her way; in short, "I'll settle them," has become a vulgar idiom, tantamount to a threat of uttermost extermination or smash.—Therefore the Mayor of Gatesboro', harbouring that benignant idea with reference to "Gentleman Waife," all kindly readers will exclaim, "Dil, Mellora! What will he do with it?"

THE doll once more safe behind the pillow, Sophy's face gradually softened; she bent forward, touched the Mayor's hand timidly, and looked at him with pleading, penitent eyes, still wet with tears—eyes that said, though the lips were silent—"I'll not hate you. I was ungrateful and peevish; may I beg pardon?"

"I forgive you with all my heart," cried the Mayor, interpreting the look aright. "And now try and compose yourself and sleep while I talk with your grandpapa below."

"I don't see how it is possible that I can leave her," said Waife, when the two men had adjourned to the sitting-room.

"I am sure," quoth the Mayor seriously, "that it is the best thing for her; her pulse has much nervous excitability; she wants a complete rest; she ought not to move about with you on any account. But come—though I must not know, it seems, who and what you are, Mr. Chapman—I don't think you will run off with my cows, and if you like to stay at the Bailiff's Cottage for a week or two with your grandchild, you shall be left in peace, and asked no questions. I will own to you a weakness of mine—I value myself on being seldom or never taken in. I don't think I could forgive the man who did take me in. But taken in I certainly shall be, if, despite all your mystery, you are not as honest a fellow as ever stood upon shoe-leather! So come to the cottage."

Waife was very much affected by this confiding kindness; but he shook

his head despondently, and that same abject, almost cringing humility of mien and manner which had pained, at times, Lionel and Vance, crept over the whole man, so that he seemed to cower and shrink as a Pariah before a Brahmin. "No, sir; thank you most humbly. No, sir—that must not be. I must work for my daily bread, if what a poor vagabond like me may do can be called work. I have made it a rule for years not to force myself to the hearth and home of any kind man, who, not knowing my past, has a right to suspect me. Where I lodge, I pay as a lodger; or whatever favour shown me spares my purse, I try to return in some useful, humble way. Why, sir, how could I make free and easy with another man's board and roof-tree for days or weeks together, when I would not even come to your hearthstone for a cup of tea?" The Mayor remembered, and was startled. Waife hurried on. "But for my poor child I have no such scruples—no shame, no false pride. I take what you offer her gratefully—gratefully. Ah, sir, she is not in her right place with me; but there's no use kicking against the pricks. Where was I? Oh! well, I tell you what we will do, sir. I will take her to the Cottage in a day or two—as soon as she is well enough to go—and spend the day with her, and deceive her, sir! yes, deceive, cheat her, sir! I am a cheat—a player—and she'll think I'm going to stay with her; and at night, when she's asleep, I'll creep off, I and the other dog. But I'll leave a letter for

tigator is arrested by such contradictions, and feels that, whatever truth there may possibly be in Phrenology, some radical imperfection must exist; and when he finds phrenologists unwilling to admit such imperfection, he is apt to quit the whole inquiry in disgust.

We think, therefore, that it is the bounden duty of all earnest phrenologists to cease for the present their accumulation of *corroborative* instances, and direct all their efforts to the accumulation of *contradictory* instances. They have already corroborative facts enough to prove that *some* causal relation exists between configurations of the skull, and psychological characteristics. The contradictions, however, are so numerous, that we may be certain the causal relation is not expressed in their doctrines. Let them collect a large amount of contradictory instances, and from these light may dawn. Instead of a half-truth they will then present us with a whole truth.

An illustration may make this plain. Insanity is rightly considered as a disease of the brain. There are many who assert that it is *always* a disease of the brain; that the cause of the deranged faculties is some lesion in the substance or the membranes of the brain. Facts are accumulated which show the correspondence between such lesions and derangement. But, on the other hand, facts frequently present themselves which seem flatly to contradict such a conclusion. The patient is undeniably insane, but, on examination, his brain presents *no* trace of lesion. One such case would suffice to impugn the validity of the first conclusion. If the inquirer is so prepossessed by the conviction of the lesion-theory being true, as not to give due weight to counter-evidence, he will say, "There is a lesion here too, only our means of detecting it do not allow us to demonstrate it." But this is very unphilosophical. Let the fact receive its due attention; let our inquirer explore other parts of the organism, and he will find the stomach or the kidneys are in fault. *There* lies the disease, and in consequence of such disease the brain is

affected; it no longer performs its healthy functions, and the patient is as veritably insane as if the disturbance of the cerebral functions arose from a lesion of the cerebral substance. What is now our conclusion? It is that insanity is caused by a disturbance in the cerebral functions; this disturbance may arise in *various* ways, and the way most generally observed is that of lesion of the brain's substance. A physiological truth is thus elicited in place of a half-truth. But if we persisted in our half-truth, and stoutly maintained, against all evidence, that lesion of the brain was *the* cause of insanity, and every case of insanity must arise from a lesion, whether demonstrable or not, we should greatly retard the cause of truth, and greatly diminish our means of cure.

Phrenology, in the hands of philosophical investigators, would soon grow into a science commanding the respect of all men. At present it makes pretensions to a certainty and completeness which disgust inquirers, and hence it is treated with a contempt, assuredly not merited, both in Germany* and France; nor even in England and America, where its partisans are numerous, has it gained the respect of its opponents. Whatever causes may produce this result, we are sure that a very different result would be attained if Phrenology were cultivated in a more candid and philosophical spirit, and if phrenologists would content themselves with asserting that they had half-truths of great importance to communicate, and hoped in course of time to arrive at whole truths. They have only frankly to say, Our psychology, we know, is imperfect, but we are trying to perfect it; our physiology is at present in its infancy, but we await the results which science will furnish us; our facts of cranial conformation are somewhat discrepant, because we have not yet seized the right clue to their interpretation, but we are anxious for assistance—will you lend us aid? Let them say this, and mean this, and all cultivated minds will urge them to go on and prosper.

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her—it will soothe her, and she'll be patient and wait. I will come back again to see her in a week, and once every week till she's well again."

"And what will you do?"

"I don't know—but," said the actor, forcing a laugh—"I'm not a man likely to starve. Oh, never fear, sir!"

So the Mayor went away, and strolled across the fields to his Bailiff's cottage, to prepare for the guest it would receive.

"It is all very well that the poor man should be away for some days," thought Mr. Hartopp. "Before he comes again, I shall have hit on some plan to serve him; and I can learn more about him from the child in his absence, and see what he is really fit for. There's a school-master wanted in Morley's village. Old Morley wrote to me to recommend him one. Good salary—pretty house. But it would be wrong to set over young children—recommend to a respectable proprietor and his parson—a man whom I know nothing

about. Impossible! that will not do. If there was any place of light service which did not require trust or responsibility—but there is no such place in Great Britain. Suppose I were to set him up in some easy way of business—a little shop, eh? I don't know. What would Williams say! If, indeed, I were taken in!—if the man I am thus credulously trusting turned out a rogue"—the Mayor paused and actually shivered at that thought—"why then, I should be fallen indeed. My wife would not let me have half-a-crown in my pockets; and I could not walk a hundred yards but Williams would be at my heels to protect me from being stolen by gypsies. Taken in by him!—No, impossible! But if it turn out as I suspect—that contrary to vulgar prudence, I am divining a really great and good man in difficulties—Ah, what a triumph I shall then gain over them all. How Williams will reverse me!" The good man laughed aloud at that thought, and walked on with a prouder step.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A pretty trifle in its way, no doubt, is the love between youth and youth—Gay varieties of the dabble spread the counter of the Great Toy-Shop—But thou, courteous Dame Nature, raisethine arm to yon shelf, somewhat out of everyday reach, and bring me down that obsolete, neglected, unconsidered thing, the Love between Age and Childhood.

The next day Sophy was better—the day after, improvement was more visible—and on the third day Waife paid his bill, and conducted her to the rural abode to which, credulous at last of his promises to share it with her for a time, he enticed her fated steps. It was little more than a mile beyond the suburbs of the town, and though the walk tired her, she concealed fatigue, and would not suffer him to carry her. The cottage now smiled out before them—thatched gable roof, with fancy barge-board—half Swiss, half what is called Elizabethan—all the fences and sheds, round it, as only your rich traders, condescending to turn farmers, construct and maintain—sheds and fences, trim and neat, as if models in wax-work. The breezy air came fresh from the new haystacks—from the woodbine round the porch—from the

breath of the lazy kine, as they stood knee-deep in the pool, that, belted with weeds and broad-leaved water-lilies, lay calm and gleaming amidst level pastures.

Involuntarily they arrested their steps, to gaze on the cheerful landscape and inhale the balmy air. Meanwhile the Mayor came out from the cottage porch, his wife leaning on his arm, and two of his younger children bounding on before, with joyous faces, giving chase to a gaudy butterfly which they had started from the woodbine.

Mrs. Hartopp had conceived a lively curiosity to see and judge for herself of the objects of her liege lord's benevolent interest. She shared, of course, the anxiety which formed the standing excitement of all those who lived but for one godlike purpose—that of preserving Josiah Hartopp from be-

ing taken in. But whenever the Mayor specially wished to secure his wife's countenance to any pet project of his own, and convince her either that he was not taken in, or that to be discreetly taken in is in this world a very popular and sure mode of getting up, he never failed to attain his end. That man was the cunningest creature! As full of wiles and stratagems in order to get his own way—in benevolent objects—as men who set up to be clever are for selfish ones. Mrs. Hartopp was certainly a good woman, but a *made* good woman. Married to another man, I suspect that she would have been a shrew. Petruchio would never have tamed her, I'll swear. But she, poor lady, had been gradually, but completely, subdued, subjugated, absolutely cowed beneath the weight of her spouse's despotic mildness; for in Hartopp there *was* a weight of soft quietude, of placid oppression, wholly irresistible. It would have buried a Titaness under a Pelion of moral featherbeds. Mass upon mass of downy influence descended upon you, seemingly yielding as it fell, enveloping, overbearing, stifling you—not presenting a single hard point of contact—giving in as you pushed against it—suppling itself seductively round you, softer and softer, heavier and heavier, till, I assure you, ma'am, no matter how high your natural wifely spirit, you would have had it smothered out of you, your last rebellious murmur dying languidly away under the descending fleeces.

"So kind in you to come with me, Mary," said Hartopp. "I could not have been happy without your approval—look at the child—something about her like Mary Anne, and Mary Anne is the picture of you!"

Waife advanced, uncovering; the two children, having lost trace of the butterfly, had run up towards Sophy. But her shy look made themselves shy—shyness is so contagious—and they stood a little aloof, gazing at her. Sir Isaac stalked direct to the Mayor, sniffed at him, and wagged his tail.

Mrs. Hartopp now bent over Sophy, and acknowledging that the face was singularly pretty, glanced graciously towards her husband, and said, "I see the likeness!" then to Sophy, "I

fear you are tired, my dear; you must not over-fatigue yourself—and you must take milk fresh from the cow every morning." And now the bailiff's wife came briskly out, a tidy, fresh-coloured, kind-faced woman, fond of children—the more so because she had none of her own.

So they entered the farmyard—Mrs. Hartopp being the chief talker; and she, having pointed out to Sophy the cows and the turkeys, the hen-coops and the great China gander, led her by the one hand—while Sophy's other hand clung firmly to Waife's—across the little garden, with its patent beehives, into the house, took off her bonnet, and kissed her. "Very like Mary Anne!—Mary Anne, dear." One of the two children owning that name approached—snub-nosed, black-eyed, with cheeks like peonies. "This little girl, my Mary Anne, was as pale as you—over-study; and now, my dear child, you must try and steal a little of her colour. Don't you think my Mary Anne is like her papa, Mr. Chapman?"

"Like me!" exclaimed the Mayor; whispering Waife—"image of her mother!—the same intellectual look!"

Said the artful actor, "Indeed, ma'am, the young lady has her father's mouth and eyebrows, but that acute, sensible expression is yours—quite yours. Sir Isaac, make a bow to the young lady, and then, sir, go through the sword-exercise!"

The dog, put upon his tricks, delighted the children; and the poor actor, though his heart lay in his breast like lead, did his best to repay benevolence by mirth. Finally, much pleased, Mrs. Hartopp took her husband's arm to depart. The children, on being separated from Sir Isaac, began to cry. The Mayor interrupted his wife—who, if left to herself, would have scolded them into worse crying—told Mary Anne that he relied on her strong intellect to console her brother Tom; observed to Tom that it was not like his manly nature to set an example of weeping to his sister; and contrived thus to flatter their tears away in a trice, and sent them forward in a race to the turnstile.

Waife and Sophy were alone in

past and present "as much as in acting plays—they were absorbed in the future—innocent simple future—innocent as the future planned by two infants fresh from Robinson Crusoe or fairy tales.

"I remember—I remember; just the place for us," cried Waife suddenly. "It is many, many, many years since I was there; I was courting my Lizzy at the time—alas—alas! But no sad thoughts now!—just the place, near a large town, but in a pretty village quite retired from it. 'Twas there I learned to make baskets. I had broken my leg—fall from a horse—nothing to do. I lodged with an old basket-maker; he had a capital trade. Rivulet at the back of his house; reeds, osiers, plentiful. I see them now, as I saw them from my little casement while my leg was setting. And Lizzy used to write to me such dear letters; my baskets were all for her. We had baskets enough to have furnished a house with baskets; could have dined in baskets, sat in baskets, slept in baskets. With a few lessons I could soon recover the knack of the work. I should like to see the place again; it would be shaking hands with my youth once more. None who could possibly recognise me could be now living. Saw no one but the surgeon, the basket-maker, and his wife; all so old, they must be long since gathered to their fathers. Perhaps no one carries on the basket trade now. I may revive it and have it all to myself; perhaps the cottage itself may be easily hired." Thus, ever disposed to be sanguine, the vagabond chattered on, Sophy listening fondly, and smiling up to his face. "And a fine large park close by; the owners, great lords, deserted it then; perhaps it is deserted still. You might wander over it as if it were your own, Sophy. Such wonderful trees—such green solitudes; and pretty shy hares running across the vistas—stately deer too! We will make friends with the lodge-keepers, and we will call the park yours, Sophy; and I shall be a genius who weaves magical baskets, and you shall be the enchanted princess concealed from all evil eyes, knitting doyleys of pearl under leaves of emerald, and catching no sound

from the world of perishable life, except as the boughs whisper and the birds sing."

"Dear me, here you are—we thought you were lost," said the bailiff's wife; "tea is waiting for you, and there's husband, sir, coming up from his work; he'll be proud and glad to know you, sir, and you too, my dear; we have no children of our own."

It is past eleven. Sophy, worn out, but with emotions far more pleasurable than she had long known, is fast asleep. Waife kneels by her side, looking at her. He touches her hand, so cool and soft—all fever gone; he rises on tiptoe—he bends over her forehead—a kiss there, and a tear; he steals away, down, down the stairs. At the porch is the bailiff, holding Sir Isaac.

"We'll take all care of her," said Mr. Gooch. "You'll not know her again when you come back."

Waife pressed the hand of his grandchild's host, but did not speak.

"You are sure you will find your way—no, that's the wrong turn—straight on to the town. They'll be sitting up for you at the Saracen's Head, I suppose; of course, sir? It seems not hospitable like, your going away at the dead of night thus. But I understand you don't like crying, sir—we men don't; and your sweet little girl, I dare say, would sob, ready to break her heart, if she knew. Fine moonlight night, sir—straight on. And I say, don't fret about her; wife loves children dearly—so do I. Good night."

On went Waife—lamely, slowly—Sir Isaac's white coat gleaming in the moon, ghostlike. On he went, bundle strapped across his shoulder, leaning on his staff, along by the folded sheep and the sleeping cattle. But when he got into the high-road, Gatesboro' full before him, with all its roofs and spires, he turned his back on the town, and tramped once more along the desert thoroughfare—more slowly, and more; more lamely—and more; till several milestones were passed; and then he crept through the gap of a hedgerow, to the sheltering eaves of a haystack; and under that roof-tree he and Sir Isaac lay down to rest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Laugh at forebodings of evil, but tremble after daydreams of happiness.

Waife left behind him at the cottage two letters—one intrusted to the bailiff, with a sealed bag, for Mr. Hartopp—one for Sophy, placed on a chair beside her bed.

The first letter was as follows,—

"I trust, dear and honored sir, that I shall come back safely; and when I do, I may have found perhaps a home for her, and some way of life such as you would not blame. But, in case of accident, I have left with Mr. Gooch, sealed up, the money we made at Gatesboro', after paying the inn bill, doctor, &c., and retaining the mere trifle I need in case I and Sir Isaac fail to support ourselves. You will kindly take care of it. I should not feel safe with more money about me, an old man. I might be robbed; besides, I am careless. I never can keep money; it slips out of my hands like an eel. Heaven bless you, sir; your kindness seems like a miracle vouchsafed to me for that child's dear sake. No evil can chance to her with you; and if I should fall ill and die, even then you, who would have aided the tricky vagrant, will not grudge the saving hand to the harmless child."

The letter to Sophy ran thus,—

"Darling, forgive me; I have stolen away from you, but only for a few days, and only in order to see if we cannot gain the magic home where I am to be the Genius, and you the Princess. I go forth with such a light heart, Sophy dear. I shall be walking thirty miles a-day, and not feel an ache in the lame leg; you could not keep up with me—you know you could not. So think over the cottage and the basket-work, and practise at samplers and pin-cushions, when it is too hot to play; and be stout and strong against I come back. That, I trust, will be this day week—'tis but seven days; and then we will only act fairy dramas to nodding trees, with linnets for the orchestra; and even Sir Isaac shall not be demeaned by mercenary tricks, but

shall employ his arithmetical talents in casting up the weekly bills, and he shall never stand on his hind-legs except on sunny days, when he shall carry a parasol to shade an enchanted princess. Laugh, darling—let me fancy I see you laughing; but don't fret—don't fancy I desert you. Do try and get well—quite, quite well; I ask it of you on my knees."

The letter and the bag were taken over at sunrise to Mr. Hartopp's villa. Mr. Hartopp was an early man. Sophy overslept herself; her room was to the west; the morning beams did not reach its windows; and the cottage without children woke up to labour, noiseless and still. So when at last she shook off sleep, and tossing her hair from her blue eyes, looked round and became conscious of the strange place, she still fancied the hour early. But she got up, drew the curtain from the window, saw the sun high in the heavens, and, ashamed of her laziness, turned, and lo! the letter on the chair! Her heart at once misgave her; the truth flashed upon a reason prematurely quick in the intuition which belongs to the union of sensitive affection and active thought. She drew a long breath, and turned deadly pale. It was some minutes before she could take up the letter, before she could break the seal. When she did, she read on noiselessly, her tears dropping over the page, without effort or sob. She had no egotistical sorrow, no grief in being left alone with strangers; it was the pathos of the old man's lonely wanderings, of his bereavement, of his counterfeit glee, and genuine self-sacrifice—this it was that suffused her whole heart with unutterable yearnings of tenderness, gratitude, pity, veneration. But when she had wept silently for some time, she kissed the letter with devout passion, and turned to that Heaven to which the outcast had taught her first to pray.

Afterwards she stood still, musing a little while, and the sorrowful

shade gradually left her face. Yes; she would obey him—she would not fret—she would try and get well and strong. He would feel, at the distance, that she was true to his wishes—that she was fitting herself to be again his companion;—seven days would soon pass. Hope, that can never long quit the heart of childhood, brightened over her meditations, as the morning sun over a landscape that, just before, had lain sad amidst twilight and under rains.

When she came down stairs, Mrs. Gooch was pleased and surprised to observe the placid smile upon her face, and the quiet activity with which, after the morning meal, she moved about by the good woman's side, assisting her in her dairy-work and other housewife tasks, talking little, comprehending quickly—composed, cheerful.

"I am so glad to see you don't pine after your good grandpapa, as we feared you would."

"He told me not to pine," answered Sophy, simply, but with a quivering lip.

When the noon deepened, and it became too warm for exercise, Sophy timidly asked if Mrs. Gooch had any worsteds and knitting-needles, and being accommodated with those implements and materials, she withdrew to the arbour, and seated herself to work—solitary and tranquil.

What made, perhaps, the chief strength in this poor child's nature, was its intense trustfulness—a part, perhaps, of its instinctive appreciation of truth. She trusted in Waife—in the future—in Providence—in her own childish, not helpless, self. Already, as her slight fingers sorted the worsteds, and her graceful taste

shaded their hues into blended harmony, her mind was weaving, not less harmoniously, the hues in the woof of dreams: the cottage home—the harmless tasks—Waife, with his pipe, in the arm chair, under some porch, covered, like that one yonder—why not?—with fragrant woodbine. And life, if humble, honest, truthful, not shrinking from the day, so that, if Lionel met her again, she should not blush, nor be shocked. And if their ways were so different as her grandfather said, still they might cross, as they had crossed before, and—the work slid from her hand—the sweet lips parted, smiling:—a picture came before her eyes—her grandfather, Lionel, herself; all three, friends, and happy; a stream, fair as the Thames had seemed—green trees all bathed in summer—the boat gliding by; in that boat they three, borne softly on—away—away—what matters whither?—by her side the old man;—facing her, the boy's bright, kind eyes. She started. She heard noises—a swinging gate—footsteps. She started—she rose—voices;—one strange to her—a man's voice,—then the Mayor's. A third voice—shrill, stern;—a terrible voice—heard in infancy—associated with images of cruelty, misery, woe. It could not be!—impossible! Near—nearer came the footsteps. Seized with the impulse of flight, she sprang to the mouth of the arbour. Fronting her, glared two dark, baleful eyes. She stood—arrested—spell-bound—as a bird fixed rigid by the gaze of a serpent.

"Yes, Mr. Mayor; all right—it is our little girl—our dear Sophy. This way, Mr. Losely. Such a pleasant surprise for you, Sophy, my love!" said Mrs. Crane.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER I.

In the kindest natures there is a certain sensitiveness, which, when wounded, occasions the same pain, and bequeathes the same resentment, as mortified vanity or galled self-love.

It is exactly that day week, towards the hour of five in the evening, Mr. Hartopp, alone in the parlour behind his warehouse, is locking up his books and ledgers preparatory to the return to his villa. There is a

certain change in the expression of his countenance since we saw it last. If it be possible for Mr. Hartopp to look sullen—sullen he looks; if it be possible for the Mayor of Gatesboro' to be crestfallen—crestfallen he is.

That smooth existence has surely received some fatal concussion, and has not yet recovered the shock. But, if you will glance beyond the parlour at Mr. Williams giving orders in the warehouse, at the warehousemen themselves, at the rough faces in the tan-yard—nay, at Mike Callaghan, who has just brought a parcel from the railway, all of them have evidently shared in the effects of the concussion; all of them wear a look more or less sullen; all seem crest-fallen. Nay, could you carry your gaze further on—could you peep into the shops in the High Street, or at the loungers in the city reading-room; could you extend the vision farther still—to Mr. Hartopp's villa, behold his wife, his little ones, his men-servants, and his maid-servants—more and more impressively general would become the tokens of disturbance occasioned by that infamous concussion. Everywhere a sullen look—everywhere that ineffable aspect of crestfallenness! What can have happened? is the good man bankrupt? No—rich as ever! What can it be? Reader, that fatal event which they who love Josiah Hartopp are ever at watch to prevent, despite all their vigilance, has occurred! Josiah Hartopp has been **TAKEN IN!** Other men may be occasionally taken in, and no one mourns—perhaps they deserve it! they are not especially benevolent, or they set up to be specially wise. But to take in that Lamb! And it was not only the Mayor's heart that was wounded, but his pride, his self-esteem, his sense of dignity, were terribly humiliated.

For as we know, though all the world considered Mr. Hartopp the very man born to be taken in, and therefore combined to protect him, yet in his secret soul Mr. Hartopp considered that no man less needed such protection; that he was never taken in, unless he meant to be so. Thus the cruelty and ingratitude of the base action under which his crest was so fallen, jarred on his whole system. Nay, more, he could not but feel that the event would long affect his personal comfort and independence; he would be more than ever under the affectionate tyranny of Mr. Williams—more than ever be an object of universal surveillance and espionage. There would be one thought paramount throughout Gatesboro'. "The Mayor, God bless him! has been taken in—this must not occur again! or Gatesboro' is dishonoured, and Virtue indeed a name!" Mr. Hartopp felt not only mortified but subjugated—he who had hitherto been the soft subjugator of the hardest. He felt not only subjugated, but indignant at the consciousness of being so. He was too meekly convinced of Heaven's unerring justice not to feel assured that the man who had taken him in would come to a tragic end. He would not have hanged that man with his own hands—he was too mild for vengeance. But if he had seen that man hanging, he would have said piously, "Fitting retribution," and passed on his way soothed and comforted. Taken in!—taken in at last!—he, Josiah Hartopp, taken in by a fellow with one eye!

CHAPTER II.

The Mayor is so protected that he cannot help himself.

A commotion without—a kind of howl—a kind of hoot. Mr. Williams—the warehousemen, the tanners, Mike Callaghan, share between them the howl and the hoot. The Mayor started—is it possible! His door is burst open, and, scattering all who sought to hold him back—scattering them to the right and left from his massive torso, in rushed the man who had taken in the Mayor—the

fellow with one eye, and with that fellow, shaggy and travel-soiled, the other dog!

"What have you done with the charge I intrusted to you? My child—my child—where is she?"

Waife's face was wild with the agony of his emotions, and his voice was so sharply terrible that it went like a knife into the heart of the men, who, thrust aside for the moment,

now followed him, fearful, into the room.

"Mr.—Mr. Chapman, sir," faltered the Mayor, striving hard to recover dignity and self-possession, "I am astonished at your—your—"

"Audacity!" interposed Mr. Williams.

"My child—my Sophy—my child! answer me, man!"

"Sir," said the Mayor, drawing himself up, "have you not got the note which I left at my bailiff's cottage in case you called there?"

"Your note—this thing!" said Waife, striking a crumpled paper with his hand, and running his eye over its contents. "You have rendered up, you say, the child to her lawful protector? Gracious heavens! did I trust her to you, or not?"

"Leave the room, all of you," said the Mayor, with a sudden return of his usual calm vigour.

"You go—you, sirs; what the deuce do you do here?" growled Williams to the meaner throng. "Out!—I stay; never fear, men, I'll take care of him!"

The bystanders surlily slinked off, but none returned to their work; they stood within reach of call by the shut door. Williams tucked up his coat-sleeves, clenched his fists, hung his head doggedly on one side, and looked altogether so pugnacious and minatory, that Sir Isaac, who, though in a state of great excitement, had hitherto retained self-control, peered at him under his curls, stiffened his back, showed his teeth, and growled formidably.

"My good Williams, leave us," said the Mayor; "I would be alone with this person."

"Alone—you! out of the question. Now you have been once taken in, and you own it—it is my duty to protect you henceforth; and I will to the end of my days."

The Mayor sighed heavily—"Well, Williams, well!—take a chair, and be quiet. Now, Mr. Chapman, so to call you still; you have deceived me."

"I—how?"

The Mayor was puzzled. "Deceived me," he said at last, "in my knowledge of human nature. I thought you an honest man, sir. And you are—but no matter."

WAIFE (impatiently)—"My child, my child! you have given her up to—to—"

MAYOR—"Her own father, sir."

WAIFE (echoing the words as he staggers back).—"I thought so—I thought it!"

MAYOR—"In so doing I obeyed the law—he had legal power to enforce his demand." The Mayor's voice was almost apologetic in its tone, for he was affected by Waife's anguish, and not able to silence a pang of remorse. After all, he had been trusted; and he had, excusably perhaps, necessarily perhaps, but still he *had* failed to fulfil the trust. "But," added the Mayor, as if reassuring himself—"but I refused at first to give her up, even to her own father; at first insisted upon waiting till your return; and it was only when I was informed what you yourself were, that my scruples gave way."

Waife remained long silent, breathing very hard, and passing his hand several times over his forehead; at last he said more quietly than he had yet spoken—"Will you tell me where they have gone?"

"I do not know, and if I did know, I would not tell you! Are they not right when they say that that innocent child should not be tempted away by—by—a—in short, by you, sir?"

"They said! Her father—said that!—he said that! Did he—did he say it? Had he the heart?"

MAYOR—"No, I don't think he said it. Eh, Mr. Williams? He spoke little to me!"

MR. WILLIAMS.—"Of course he would not expose that person. But the woman—the lady, I mean."

WAIFE—"Woman! Ah, yes. The bailiff's wife said there was a woman. What woman? What's her name?"

MAYOR—"Really you must excuse me. I can say no more. I have consented to see you thus, because whatever you might have been, or may be, still it was due to myself to explain how I came to give up the child; and, besides, you left money with me, and *that*, at least, I can give to your own hand."

The Mayor turned to his desk, unlocked it, and drew forth the bag which Waife had sent to him.

As he extended it towards the Comedian, his hand trembled and his cheek flushed. For Waife's one bright eye had in it such depth of reproach, that again the Mayor's conscience was sorely troubled, and he would have given ten times the contents of that bag to have been alone with the vagrant, and to have said the soothing things he did not dare to say before Williams, who sate there mute and grim, guarding him from being once more "taken in." "If you had confided in me at first, Mr. Chapman," he pathetically, "or even if now, I could aid you in an honest way of life!"

"Aid him—now!" said Williams, with a snort. "At it again! you're not a man, you're an angel!"

"But if he is penitent, Williams."

"So! so! so," murmured Waife.

"Thank Heaven it was not he who spoke against me—it was but a strange woman. Oh!" he suddenly broke off with a groan. "Oh—but that strange woman—who, what can she be? and Sophy with her and him. Distraction! Yes, yes, I take the money. I shall want it all. Sir Isaac, pick up that bag. Gentlemen, good day to you!" He bowed; such a failure that bow! Nothing ducal in it! bowed and turned towards the door; then, when he gained the threshold, as if some meeker, holier thought restored to him dignity of bearing, his form rose, though his face softened, and stretching his right hand towards the Mayor, he said:—"You did but as all perhaps would have done on the evidence before you.

You meant to be kind to her. If you knew all, how you would repent! I do not blame—I forgive you."

He was gone; the Mayor stood transfixed. Even Williams felt a cold comfortless thrill. "He does not look like it," said the foreman. "Cheer up, sir, no wonder you were taken in—who would not have been?"

"Hark! that hoot again. Go, Williams, don't let the men insult him. Do, do. I shall be grateful."

But before William got to the door, the cripple and his dog had vanished; vanished down a dark narrow alley on the opposite side of the street. The rude workmen had followed him to the mouth of the alley, mocking him. Of the exact charge against the Comedian's good name they were not informed; that knowledge was confined to the Mayor and Mr. Williams. But the latter had dropped such harsh expressions, that bad as the charge might really be, all in Mr. Hartopp's employment probably deemed it worse if possible, than it really was. And wretch indeed must be the man by whom the Mayor had been confessedly taken in, and whom the Mayor had indignantly given up to the reproaches of his own conscience. But the cripple was now out of sight, lost amidst those labyrinths of squalid homes which, in great towns, are thrust beyond view, branching off abruptly behind High Streets and Market Places, so that strangers passing only along the broad thoroughfares, with glittering shops and gas-lit causeways,—exclaim, where do the Poor live?"

CHAPTER III.

Ecco iterum Crispinus!

It was by no calculation, but by involuntary impulse, that Waife, thus escaping from the harsh looks and taunting murmurs of the gossips round the Mayor's door, dived into those sordid devious lanes. Vaguely he felt that a ban was upon him; that the covering he had thrown over his brand of outcast was lifted up; that a sentence of expulsion from the High Streets and Market Places of decorous life was

passed against him. He had been robbed of his child, and Society, speaking in the voice of the Mayor of Gatesboro', said, "Rightly! thou art not fit companion for the innocent!"

At length he found himself out of the town, beyond its straggling suburbs, and once more on the solitary road. He had already walked far that day. He was thoroughly exhausted. He sate himself down in

a dry ditch by the hedgerow, and taking his head between his hands, strove to re-collect his thoughts, and rearrange his plans.

Waife had returned that day to the bailiff's cottage joyous and elated. He had spent the week in travelling—partly, though not all the way, on foot, to the distant village in which he had learned in youth the basket-maker's art! He had found the very cottage wherein he had then lodged, vacant, and to be let. There seemed a ready opening for the humble but pleasant craft to which he had diverted his ambition.

The bailiff intrusted with the letting of the cottage and osier-ground, had, it is true, requested some reference—not, of course, as to all a tenant's antecedents, but as to the reasonable probability that the tenant would be a quiet sober man, who would pay his rent, and abstain from poaching. Waife thought he might safely presume that the Mayor of Gatesboro' would not, so far as that went, object to take his past upon trust, and give him a good word towards securing so harmless and obscure a future. Waife had never before asked such a favour of any man; he shrunk from doing so now; but for his grandchild's sake, he would waive his scruples or humble his pride.

Thus, then, he had come back, full of Elysian dreams, to his Sophy—his Enchanted Princess. Gone—taken away, and with the Mayor's consent—the consent of the very man upon whom he had been relying to secure a livelihood and a shelter! Little more had he learned at the cottage, for Mr. and Mrs. Gooch had been cautioned to be as brief as possible, and give him no clue to regain his lost treasure, beyond the note which informed him it was with a lawful possessor. And, indeed the worthy pair were now prejudiced against the vagrant, and were rude to him. But he had not tarried to cross-examine and inquire. He had rushed at once to the Mayor. Sophy was with one whose legal right to dispose of her he could not question. But where that person would take her—where he resided—what he would do with her—he had no means to conjecture. Most

probably (he thought and guessed) she would be carried abroad—was already out of the country. But the woman with Losely, he had not heard her described; his guesses did not turn towards Mrs. Crane; the woman was evidently hostile to him—it was the woman who had spoken against him—not Losely; the woman whose tongue had poisoned Hartopp's mind, and turned into scorn all that admiring respect which had before greeted the great Comedian. Why was that woman his enemy? Who could she be? What had she to do with Sophy? He was half beside himself with terror. It was to save her less even from Losely than from such direful women as Losely made his confidants and associates that Waife had taken Sophy to himself. As for Mrs. Crane, she had never seemed a foe to him—she had ceded the child to him willingly—he had no reason to believe, from the way in which she had spoken of Losely, when he last saw her, that she could henceforth aid the interests, or share the schemes, of the man whose perfidies she then denounced; and as to Rugge, he had not appeared at Gatesboro'. Mrs. Crane had prudently suggested that his presence would not be propitiatory or discreet, and that all reference to him, or to the contract with him should be suppressed. Thus Waife was wholly without one guiding evidence—one groundwork for conjecture—that might enable him to track the lost; all he knew was, that she had been given up to a man whose whereabouts it was difficult to discover—a vagrant, of life darker and more hidden than his own.

But how had the hunters discovered the place where he had treasured up his Sophy—how dogged that retreat? Perhaps from the village in which we first saw him. Ay, doubtless, learned from Mrs. Saunders of the dog he had purchased, and the dog would have served to direct them on his path. At that thought he pushed away Sir Isaac who had been resting his head on the old man's knee—pushed him away angrily; the poor dog slunk off in sorrowful surprise, and whined.

"Ungrateful wretch that I am!" cried Waife, and he opened his arms to the brute, who bounded forgivingly to his breast.

"Come, come, we will go back to the village in Surrey. Tramp, tramp!" said the cripple, rousing himself. And at that moment, just as he gained his feet, a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder, and a friendly voice said—

"I have found you! the crystal said so! Marvellous!"

"Merle," faltered out the vagrant. —"Merle, you here! Oh, perhaps you come to tell me good news: you have seen Sophy—you know where she is!"

The Cobbler shook his head. "Can't see her just at present. Crystal says nout about her. But I know she was taken from you—and—and—you shake tremenjous! Lean on me, Mr. Waife, and call off that big animal. He's a suspicating my calves, and circumtittivating them. Thank ye, sir. You see I was born with sinister aspects in my Twelfth House, which appertains to big animals and enemies;—and dogs of that size about one's calves are—malefics!"

As Merle now slowly led the cripple, and Sir Isaac, relinquishing his first suspicions, walked droopingly beside them, the Cobbler began a long story, much encumbered by astrological illustrations and moralising comments. The substance of his narrative is thus epitomised; Rugge, in pursuing Waife's track, had naturally called on Merle in company with Losely and Mrs. Crane. The Cobbler had no clue to give, and no mind to give it, if clue he had possessed. But his curiosity being roused, he had smothered the inclination to dismiss the inquirers with more speed than good-breeding, and even refreshed his slight acquaintance with Mr. Rugge in so well-simulated a courtesy, that that gentleman, when left behind by Losely and Mrs. Crane in their journey to Gatesboro', condescended, for want of other company, to drink tea with Mr. Merle; and tea being succeeded by stronger potations, he fairly unbosomed himself of his hopes of recovering Sophy, and his ambition of hiring the York theatre.

The day afterwards, Rugge went away seemingly in high spirits, and the Cobbler had no doubt, from some words he let fall in passing Merle's stall towards the railway, that Sophy was recaptured, and that Rugge was summoned to take possession of her. Ascertaining from the manager that Losely and Mrs. Crane had gone to Gatesboro', the Cobbler called to mind that he had a sister living there, married to a greengrocer in a very small way, whom he had not seen for many years; and finding his business slack just then, he resolved to pay this relative a visit, with the benevolent intention of looking up Waife, whom he expected from Rugge's account, to find there, and offering him any consolation or aid in his power, should Sophy have been taken from him against his will. A consultation with his Crystal, which showed him the face of Mr. Waife alone, and much dejected, and a horary scheme which promised success to his journey, decided his movements. He had arrived at Gatesboro' the day before, had heard a confused story about a Mr. Chapman, with his dog and his child, whom the Mayor had first taken up, but who afterwards, in some mysterious manner, had taken in the Mayor. Happily, the darker gossip in the High Street had not penetrated the back lane in which Merle's sister resided. There, little more was known than the fact that this mysterious stranger had imposed on the wisdom of Gatesboro's learned Institute and enlightened Mayor. Merle, at no loss to identify Waife with Chapman, could only suppose that he had been discovered to be a strolling player in Rugge's exhibition, after pretending to be some much greater man. Such an offence the Cobbler was not disposed to consider heinous. But Mr. Chapman was gone from Gatesboro', none knew whither; and Merle had not yet ventured to call himself on the chief magistrate of the place, to enquire after a man by whom that august personage had been deceived. "Howsoever," quoth Merle, in conclusion, "I was just standing at my sister's door, with her last baby in my arms, in Scrob Lane, when I saw you pass by like a shot. You were gone while I

ran in to give up the baby, who is teething, with malefics in square—gone—clean out of sight. You took one turn, I took another; but you see we meet at last, as good men always do in this world—or the other, which is the same thing in the long-run."

Waife, who had listened to his friend without other interruption than an occasional nod of the head or interjectional expletive, was now restored to much of his constitutional mood of sanguine cheerfulness. He recognised Mrs. Crane in the woman described, and if surprised, he was rejoiced. For much as he disliked that gentlewoman, he thought Sophy might be in worse female hands. Without much need of sagacity, he divined the gist of the truth. Loosely had somehow or other become acquainted with Rugge, and sold Sophy to the manager. Where Rugge was, there would Sophy be. It could not be very difficult to find out the place in which Rugge was now exhibiting; and then—ah, then! Waife whistled to Sir Isaac, tapped his forehead, and smiled triumphantly. Meanwhile the Cobbler had led him back into the suburb, with the kind intention of offering him food and bed for the night at his sister's house. But Waife had already formed his plan; in London, and in London alone, could he be sure to learn where Rugge was now exhibiting; in London there were places at which that information could be gleaned at once. The last train to the metropolis was not gone. He would slink round the town to the station; he and Sir Isaac at that hour might secure places unnoticed.

When Merle found it was in vain to press him to stay over the night, the good-hearted Cobbler accompanied him to the train, and, while Waife shrunk into a dark corner, bought the tickets for dog and master. As he was paying for these, he overheard two citizens talking of Mr. Chapman. It was indeed Mr. Williams explaining to a fellow-burgess just returned to Gatesboro', after a week's absence, how and by what manner of man Mr. Hartopp had been taken in. At what William said, the Cobbler's cheek paled. When he

joined the Comedian, his manner was greatly altered; he gave the tickets without speaking, but looked hard into Waife's face, as the latter repaid him the fares. "No," said the Cobbler, suddenly, "I don't believe it."

"Believe what?" asked Waife, startled.

"That you are——"

The Cobbler paused, bent forward and whispered the rest of the sentence close in the vagrant's ear. Waife's head fell on his bosom, but he made no answer.

"Speak," cried Merle; "say 'tis a lie." The poor cripple's lip writhed, but he still spoke not.

Merle looked aghast at that obstinate silence. At length, but very slowly, as the warning bell summoned him and Sir Isaac to their several places in the train, Waife found voice. "So you too, you too desert and despise me! God's will be done!" He moved away—spiritless, limping, hiding his face as well as he could. The porter took the dog from him, to thrust it into one of the boxes reserved for such four-footed passengers.

Waife, thus parted from his last friend—I mean the dog—looked after Sir Isaac wistfully, and crept into a third-class carriage, in which luckily there was no one else. Suddenly Merle jumped in, snatched his hand, and pressed it tightly. "I don't despise, I don't turn my back on you; whenever you and the little one want a home and a friend, come to Kit Merle as before, and I'll bite my tongue out if I ask any more questions of you; I'll ask the stars instead."

The Cobbler had but just time to splutter out these comforting words, and redescend the carriage, when the train put itself into movement, and the lifelike iron miracle, fuming, hissing, and screeching, bore off to London, its motley convoy of human beings, each passenger's heart a mystery to the other, all bound the same road, all wedged close within the same whirling mechanism; what a separate and distinct world in each! Such is Civilisation! How like we are one to the other in the mass! how strangely dissimilar in the abstract!

CHAPTER IV.

"If," says a great thinker' (*DEMOCRANDU, Du Perfectionnement Moral*, chap. ix. "On the Difficulties we encounter in Self Study")—"If one concentrates reflection too much on oneself, one ends by no longer seeing anything, or seeing only what one wishes. By the very act, as it were, of capturing oneself, the personage we believe we have seized, escapes, disappears. Nor is it only the complexity of our inner being which obstructs our examination, but its exceeding variability. The investigator's regard should embrace all the sides of the subject, and perseveringly pursue all its phases."

It is the race-week in Humberston, a county town far from Gatesboro', and in the north of England. The races last three days; the first day is over; it has been a brilliant spectacle; the course crowded with the carriages of provincial magnates, with equestrian betters of note from the metropolis; blacklegs in great muster; there have been gaming-booths on the ground, and gypsies telling fortunes; much champagne imbibed by the well-bred, much soda-water and brandy by the vulgar. Thousands and tens of thousands have been lost and won; some paupers been for the time enriched; some rich men made poor for life. Horses have won fame; some of their owners lost character. Din and uproar, and coarse oaths, and rude passions—all have had their hour. The amateurs of the higher classes have gone back to dignified country-houses, as courteous hosts or favoured guests. The professional speculators of a lower grade have poured back into the county town, and inns and taverns are crowded. Drink is hotly called for at reeking bars; waiters and chambermaids pass to and fro, with dishes, and tankards, and bottles in their hands. All is noise and bustle, and eating and swilling, and disputation and slang, wild glee, and wilder despair, amongst those who come back from the race-course to the inns in the county town. At one of these taverns, neither the best nor the worst, and in a small narrow slice of a room that seemed robbed from the landing-place, sate Mrs. Crane, in her iron-grey silk gown. She was seated close by the open window, as carriages, chaises, flies, carts, vans, and horsemen succeeded each other thick and fast, watching the scene with a soured, scornful look. For human joy, as for human grief, she had little sympathy. Life had

no Saturnalian holidays left for her. Some memory in her past had poisoned the well-springs of her social being. Hopes and objects she had still, but out of the wrecks of the natural and healthful existence of womanhood, those objects and hopes stood forth exaggerated, intense, as are the ruling passions in monomania. A bad woman is popularly said to be worse than a wicked man. If so, partly because women, being more solitary, brood more unceasingly over cherished ideas, whether good or evil; partly also, for the same reason that makes a wicked gentleman, who has lost caste and character, more ir reclaimable than a wicked clown, low-born and low-bred, viz. that in proportion to the loss of shame is the gain in recklessness; but principally, perhaps, because in extreme wickedness there is necessarily a distortion of the reasoning faculty; and man, accustomed from the cradle rather to reason than to feel, has that faculty more firm against abrupt twists and lesions than it is in woman; where virtue may have left him, logic may still linger, and he may decline to push evil to a point at which it is clear to his understanding that profit vanishes and punishment rests; while woman, once abandoned to ill, finds sufficient charm in its mere excitement; and, regardless of consequences, where the man asks, "Can I?" raves out, "I will!" Thus man may be criminal through cupidity, vanity, love, jealousy, fear, ambition, rarely in civilised, that is, reasoning life, through hate and revenge; for hate is a profitless investment, and revenge a ruinous speculation. But when women are thoroughly depraved and hardened, nine times out of ten it is hatred or revenge that makes them so. Arabella Crane had not, however, attained to that last state

of wickedness, which, consistent in evil, is callous to remorse; she was not yet unsexed. In her nature was still that essence, "varying and mutable," which distinguishes woman while womanhood is left to her. And now, as she sat gazing on the throng below, her haggard mind recoiled perhaps, from the conscious shadow of the Evil Principle which, invoked as an ally, remains as a destroyer. Her dark front relaxed: she moved in her seat uneasily. "Must it be always thus!" she muttered—"always this hell here! Even now, if in one large pardon I could include the undoer, the earth, myself, and again be human—human, even as those slight triflers or coarse brawlers that pass yonder! Oh for something in common with common life!"

Her lips closed, and her eyes again fell upon the crowded street. At that moment three or four heavy vans or waggons filled with operatives or labourers and their wives, coming back from the race-course, obstructed the way; two outriders with satin jackets were expostulating, cracking their whips, and seeking to clear space for an open carriage with four thorough-bred impatient horses. Towards that carriage every gazer from the windows was directing eager eyes; each foot-passenger on the pavement lifted his hat—evidently in that carriage some great person! Like all who are at war with the world as it is, Arabella Crane abhorred the great, and despised the small for worshipping the great. But still her own fierce dark eyes mechanically followed those of the vulgar. The carriage bore a marquess's coronet on its panels, and was filled with ladies; two other carriages bearing a similar coronet, and evidently belonging to the same party, were in the rear. Mrs. Crane started. In that first carriage, as it now slowly moved under her very window, and paused a minute or more, till the obstructing vehicles in front were marshalled into order—there flashed upon her eyes a face radiant with female beauty in its most glorious prime. Amongst the crowd at that moment was a blind man, adding to the various discords of the street by a miserable hurdy-gurdy. In the

movement of the throng to get near to a sight of the ladies in the carriage, this poor creature was thrown forward; the dog that led him, an ugly brute, on his own account or his master's, took fright, broke from the string, and ran under the horses' hoofs, snarling. The horses became restive; the blind man made a plunge after his dog, and was all but run over. The lady in the first carriage, alarmed for his safety, rose up from her seat, and made her outriders dismount, lead away the poor blind man, and restore to him his dog. Thus engaged, her face shone full upon Arabella Crane; and with that face rushed a tide of earlier memories. Long, very long, since she had seen that face,—seen it in those years when she herself, Arabella Crane, was young and handsome.

The poor man—who seemed not to realise the idea of the danger he had escaped—once more safe, the lady resumed her seat; and now that the momentary animation of human fear and womanly compassion passed from her countenance, its expression altered; it took the calm, almost the coldness, of a Greek statue. But with the calm there was a listless melancholy which Greek sculpture never gives to the Parian stone; stone cannot convey that melancholy—it is the shadow which needs for its substance a living, mortal heart.

Crack went the whips; the horses bounded on—the equipage rolled fast down the street, followed by its satellites. "Well?" said a voice in the street below. "I never saw Lady Monfort in such beauty. Ah, here comes my lord!"

Mrs. Crane heard and looked forth again. A dozen or more gentlemen on horseback rode slowly up the street; which of these was Lord Monfort?—not difficult to distinguish. As the bystanders lifted their hats to the cavalcade, the horsemen generally returned the salutation by simply touching their own—one horseman uncovered wholly. That one must be the Marquess, the greatest men in those parts, with lands stretching away on either side that town for miles and miles; a territory which in feudal times, might have alarmed a king. He, the

civilised, must be the greatest. A man still young, decidedly good-looking, wonderfully well-dressed, wonderfully well-mounted, the careless ease of high rank in his air and gesture. To the superficial gaze, just what the great Lord of Montfort should be. Look again! In that fair face is there not something that puts you in mind of a florid period which contains a feeble platitude?—something in its very prettiness that betrays a weak nature, and a sterile mind?

The cavalcade passed away—the vans and the waggons again usurped the thoroughfare. Arabella Crane left the window, and approached the little looking-glass over the mantelpiece. She gazed upon her own face bitterly—she was comparing it with the features of the dazzling Marchioness.

The door was flung open, and Jasper Losely sauntered in, whistling a French air, and flapping the dust from his boots with his kid glove.

"All right," said he, gaily. "A famous day of it!"

"You have won," said Mrs. Crane, in a tone rather of disappointment than congratulation.

"Yes. That £100 of Rugge's has been the making of me. I only wanted a capital just to start with!" He flung himself into a chair, opened his pocket-book, and scrutinised its contents. "Guess," said he, suddenly, "on whose horse I won these two *rouleaux*? Lord Montfort's! Ay, and I saw my lady!"

"So did I see her, from this window. She did not look happy!"

"Not happy!—with such an equipage! neatest turn-out I ever set eyes on; not happy, indeed! I had half a mind to ride up to her carriage and advance a claim to her gratitude."

"Gratitude! Oh for your part in that miserable affair of which you told me?"

"Not a miserable affair for her—but certainly I never got any good from it. Trouble for nothing! *Basta*. No use looking back."

"No use; but who can help it?" said Arabella Crane, sighing heavily; then as if eager to change the subject, she added abruptly, "Mr. Rugge has been here twice this morning, highly excited—the child will not act.

He says you are bound to make her do so!"

"Nonsense. That is his look out. I see after children, indeed!"

MRS. CRANE (with a visible effort).—"Listen to me, Jasper Losely, I have no reason to love that child, as you may suppose. But now that you so desert her, I think I feel compassion for her; and when, this morning, I raised my hand to strike her for her stubborn spirit, and saw her eyes unflinching, and her pale, pale, but fearless face, my arm fell to my side powerless. She will not take to this life without the old man. She will waste away and die."

LOSELY.—"How you bother me! Are you serious? What am I to do?"

MRS. CRANE.—"You have won money, you say; revoke the contract; pay Rugge back his £100. He is disappointed in his bargain; he will take the money."

LOSELY.—"I daresay he will, indeed. No—I have won to-day, it is true, but I may lose to-morrow, and, besides, I am in want of so many things; when one gets a little money, one has an immediate necessity for more—ha! ha! Still I would not have the child die; and she may grow up to be of use. I tell you what I will do; if, when the races are over, I find I have gained enough to afford it, I will see about buying her off. But £100 is too much! Rugge ought to take half the money, or a quarter, because, if she don't act, I suppose she does eat."

Odious as the man's words were, he said them with a laugh that seemed to render them less revolting—the laugh of a very handsome mouth, showing teeth still brilliantly white. More comely than usual that day, for he was in great good humour, it was difficult to conceive that a man with so healthful and fair an exterior, was really quite rotten at heart.

"Your own young laugh!" said Arabella Crane, almost tenderly. "I know not how it is, but this day I feel as if I were less old—altered though I be in face and mind. I have allowed myself to pity that child; while I speak, I can pity you. Yes! pity—when I think of what you were. Must you go on thus? To

what! Jasper Losely," she continued sharply, eagerly, clasping her hands—"hear me—I have an income not large, it is true, but assured; you have nothing but what, as you say, you may lose to-morrow; share my income! Fulfil your solemn promises—marry me. I will forget whose daughter that girl is—I will be a mother to her. And for yourself, give me the right to feel for you again as I once did, and I may find a way to raise you yet—higher than you can raise yourself. I have some wit, Jasper, as you know. At the worst you shall have the pastime—I, the toil. In your illness I will nurse you; in your joys I will intrude no share. Whom else can you marry? to whom else could you confide? who else could—"

She stopped short as if an adder had stung her, uttering a shriek of rage, of pain; for Jasper Losely, who had hitherto listened to her, stupified, astounded, here burst into a fit of merriment, in which there was such undisguised contempt, such an enjoyment of the ludicrous, provoked by the idea of the marriage pressed upon him, that the insult pierced the woman to her very soul.

Continuing his laugh, despite that cry of wrathful agony it had caused, Jasper rose, holding his sides, and surveying himself in the glass, with very different feelings at the sight from those that had made his companion's gaze there a few minutes before so mournful.

"My dear good friend," he said, composing himself at last, and wiping his eyes, "excuse me, but really when you said whom else could I marry—ha! ha!—it did seem such a capital joke! Marry you, my fair Crane! No—put that idea out of your head—we know each other too well for conjugal felicity. You love me now;

you always did, and always will—that is, while we are not tied to each other. Women who once love me, always love me—can't help themselves. I am sure I don't know why, except that I am what they call a villain! Ha! the clock striking seven—I dine with a set of fellows I have picked up on the race-ground; they don't know me, nor I them; we shall be better acquainted after the third bottle. Cheer up, Crane; go and scold Sophy, and make her act if you can; if not, scold Ragge into letting her alone. Scold somebody—nothing like it, to keep other folks quiet, and oneself busy. Adieu! and pray, no more matrimonial solicitations—they frighten me! Gad," added Losely, as he banged the door, "such overtures would frighten Old Nick himself!"

Did Arabella Crane hear those last words—or had she not heard enough? If Losely had turned and beheld her face, would it have startled back his trivial laugh? Possibly; but it would have caused only a momentary uneasiness. If Alecto herself had seared over him her brow horrent with vipers, Jasper Losely would have thought he had only to look handsome, and say coaxingly, "Alecto, my dear," and the Fury would have pawned her head-dress to pay his washing-bill.

After all, in the face of the grim woman he had thus so wantonly incensed, there was not so much menace as resolve. And that resolve was yet more shown in the movement of the hands than in the aspect of the countenance; those hands,—lean, firm, nervous hands,—slowly expanded; then as slowly clenched, as if her own thought had taken substance, and she was locking it in a clasp—tightly, tightly—never to be loosened till the pulse was still.

THE WORKS AND GENIUS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

A LIFE of Michael Angelo, if not actually wanted, is at least welcome. A subject so great in itself, and so varied in its relations, may always be thrown into new aspects, and admit of originality in treatment; if already well worn, it can never perhaps be wholly worn out. Roscoe incidentally adorned it; Duppa placed it some degree on a sound critical basis; Reynolds threw around it the garland of flowery passages; Fusili, with the bold master-hand of Michael Angelo himself, built into the structure some rough-hewn blocks of granite thought; and now, lastly, comes Mr. Harford, and by careful compilation from all authorities, British as well as foreign, adds completeness and finish to a work which from the hands of the many had been left somewhat rude and fragmentary. Mr. Harford's execution, however, though careful, is feeble; though elaborate, his work wants the grasp of thought and mastery of handling specially needed in the treatment of the life, works, and genius of a man so vigorous, stern, and gigantic as Michael Angelo. In like manner, Mr. Harford's criticism, in its scope and purpose, though perfectly just, is wholly wanting in vital energy and searching insight; and precisely where originality is specially attempted, and unborrowed strength required for the striking out of new paths over unbeaten ground, does the enterprise break down, and the reader find himself at length landed nowhere. Much material is accordingly thrown together without grouping, connection, or result. Thus, the life of Savonarola is thrust in, and stands apart as a mere disconnected Protestant digression; the charms of Vittoria Colonna were too alluring to be resisted, and so are cast into a romantic episode; and in like manner, the revived Platonic school was a topic tempting to hacknied philo-

sophic disquisition; and accordingly the direct subject in hand is laid aside for the sake of unexceptionable moralising on the truth of the Bible and the purity of the Christian religion. All this is penned with taste and elegance; yet in the meanwhile the life of the hero suffers suspense, and these several digressions are with tedious length brought to a close without purpose or result—it being throughout evident that Michael Angelo was not tainted by Protestantism, under the sway of Savonarola, himself no Protestant—was not softened into the lover under the charms of Vittoria—was not one whit less rugged or independent from having falling into fleeting dreams in Platonic groves. Yet Mr. Harford's life, we are bound to admit, is redeemed by some more negative merits. We must, at least, acknowledge, that we have not found a single sentence wanting in good taste, scarcely a criticism which ventures to depart from long-established results; the work, throughout, indeed manifests care, diligence, research, and accomplished elegance. If it contain no facts, if it lead to no results which might not equally well have been compiled in the last or preceding centuries, it is, at all events, free from the affectation, exaggeration, and high-flown rhapsody of the present popular school of art-criticism. In its tone it is calm, dignified, truthful. These more negative merits undoubtedly claim for the work respect, though they cannot save it from oblivion. In short, this portrait of Michael Angelo has all the feeble elegance of a Carlo Dolce execution; all the painstaking elaboration of a Denner detail, and as such wholly wants the vigour and the genius of the great original.

Yet, as we have said, this *Life of Michael Angelo*, if not absolutely wanted, is not wholly unwelcome.

The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also, Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna. By JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. In 2 vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman & Roberts, 1857.

who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labour that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces; with a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick, and so close upon his mark, that had he passed it, even in the slightest degree, there would have been a danger of ruining the whole."—Vol. ii., p. 64.

As a further example of his energy and will we quote the following well-known anecdote as given by Mr. Harford,—

"He required but little sleep, and often rose in the dead of night to pursue his artistic occupations. At such times, if employed in sculpture, he would put on a paper cap or casque so constructed as to bear in its front a candle, by means of which his hands were left at liberty while pursuing his work."—Vol. ii., p. 210.

Again the pride and the independence with which Michael Angelo met the studied insult of his patron, Pope Julius, strikingly manifest those elements of will, power, and energy, on which we are now insisting. We avail ourselves of the words of Mr. Harford,—

"The repulse, it now became clear, was a studied one; and Michael Angelo, indignant at this treatment, turning upon his heel, exclaimed: 'You may tell the Pope that, should he wish to see me again, he will have to seek me elsewhere.' Returning home he impetuously ordered his two servants to sell his household furniture, and after securing the money, to follow him to Florence. Then taking horse, he quitted Rome in high displeasure, and pushing on for Poggibonsi, within the Florentine territory, where he arrived at two o'clock the ensuing morning. Here he felt personally safe, and stopped to take some rest. In the meantime no less than five couriers had been despatched after him by Julius, with orders to bring him back wherever they might find him; but none of them dared attempt such violence beyond the precincts of the Roman state; they therefore quickly passed from menaces to entreaties, and finding both equally vain, they at length requested, as a favour, that he would, at least, commit to paper a few lines stating that he had passed the Roman frontiers before they overtook him. The Pope's written order which they exhibited was a summons, directing him instantly to return to Rome, on pain of his high dis-

pleasure. Michael Angelo, after reading it, briefly expressed his resolution never to return, seeing that his zealous and faithful services had been required by a contumelious repulse from the papal presence."—Vol. i., p. 248.

We have thus attempted to show, however imperfectly, the common unity which binds together the apparently discrepant architecture and poetry, sculpture and painting, of Michael Angelo. Not that any words, as we have said, can set metes and bounds to that tumultuous tide of genius which rose in this great man to such grandeur, and manifested such unwonted power, a spring-tide tempest tossed, breaking over accustomed barriers, carrying away prescribed landmarks. Hence such bare words as power, will, energy, most inadequately express the volume and the intensity of that flooding and overflowing genius which, transcending nature, rose out from the level of humanity. Therefore power is here not a mere capacity to adapt and remould, but a faculty which actually creates. In like manner the will which presides in these works is not that faculty which in man governs with a doubtful or divided authority, but is iron and stern as destiny itself. Again, the executive energy is no ordinary active force, but an intensity so terrible that, as we have seen, the marble trembled under its stroke, and the hand which essayed creation seemed to threaten with destruction. The result, as we have said, is the extreme of grandeur, or, to borrow the words of Agostino Carracci, "*la terribile via*;" and this majesty was not so much the last effort of completed labour: it characterises equally each dash of the chisel, every stroke of the brush; it seems, indeed, inherent in the man himself: when he walked, the earth trembled; and when he spoke, thunder echoed among the hills. It is scarcely needful that we should adduce from his works instances of this superhuman grandeur. The figures in San Lorenzo are all eminently grand. They may want grace and beauty; they have, of course, no pretence to finish; and their allegory may be far from intelligible; but of their inherent grandeur, unintelligible, monstrous, and uncouth though

it be, there can assuredly be no doubt. Take again the Moses. He may, perhaps, instead of the Jewish Law-giver, be stigmatised as a river god, with a flowing mane, or a tyrant despot ready to enforce his will with strength of muscle and weight of limb. Grave exception may thus doubtless be taken to its positive faults as well as to its negative deficiencies; but at least, of its mighty grandeur there can surely be no question. The works of Michael Angelo seem indeed true to himself, just in proportion as they thus rise in majesty. The David, accordingly, we cannot receive as characteristic of his genius, because it is comparatively wanting in this great element. For like reason, the Bacchus takes but a secondary rank; and on the same ground we prefer the figures in San Lorenzo, mannered though they be, to the more truly simple Pieta of St. Peter's. Hence, while these earlier works of youth are thus comparatively undeveloped, the mature creations of his manhood, on the contrary, are examples of grandeur without a rival. The ceiling of the Sistine, accordingly, as the fullest and therefore the grandest expression of power, is likewise the highest consummation of his genius. Here, indeed, the dignity, we do not say the purity, of the classic is almost reached. The heads of Jupiter, the torso Belvidere, and the Farnese Hercules, are here rivalled in so-called Christian art. Muscle stands for mind, physical energy takes on the rapture of inspiration, and thus the types and manner of classic models are transmuted into the prophets and the sibyls of the Christian faith. These works rise in grandeur with the greatness of the subject, until are reached the being and the attributes of God himself. The attempt was bold, perhaps irreverent; yet success in some measure justified the effort. Fired and filled with the greatness of the thought, as if no other theme had ever yet afforded adequate scope for the vastness of his genius, as if actuated by noble rivalry and ambition to render his own God supreme above the heathen, Michael Angelo here rises to the limits of the sublime, giving the utmost manifestation of his own

power, will, energy in embodying forth the omnipotent power, the divine will, and the creative energy of God himself. This grand conception—perhaps the very grandest in the whole range of Christian art—was adopted by Raphael in the Loggia, has in our days been amplified by Cornelius in Munich; it may have been copied, but has never been surpassed; like Michael Angelo himself it stands the essential type of the grand, the creative, and the terrible, unapproached and unapproachable. We hope that in some measure, it is now evident wherein consists the connecting and essential unity of these apparently disunited works; we trust it is now manifest that one and all manifest the same power, will, energy, and that they thus alike stand forth as examples of "the grand," "the vast," "the terrible," and "the sublime." Fusili, whose words at least were consonant with the genius of Michael Angelo, has in some well-known passages, such as the following, seized upon these ruling characteristics:—

"His line," he says, speaking of Michael Angelo, "is uniformly grand; character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. The beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty, the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation, his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants."—*Lecture II.*

Could Michael Angelo have restrained his powers within the limits of moderation, his works would have become models for our imitation instead of mere monuments for our wonder. But the elements of his great success became, through exaggeration, the causes of his failure. Power degenerated into the monstrous; will became a mannered self-will; and energy took on the spirit of bullying dogmatism. Take, for example, the Moses; power has here wholly overstepped the bounds of nature and moderation; a giant has become a monster, strength of will has grown into a tyranny in which the marble itself seems to suffer vio-

lence, and the rightful energy of a lawgiver becomes the thunder of a despot. Yet who shall deny the genius of this great work? As we have said, it wants but the restraint of moderation to become a model of imitation instead of a mere object for amazement. Such examples might be indefinitely multiplied. Take as a further and extreme instance, the Christ of the Last Judgment; unlike Raphael's St. Michael subduing by a divine spiritual power, we have here exaggerated physical strength, infuriated will, and destructive energy. Michael Angelo's genius was to itself, and in his works, an unmitigated tyranny. He walked among nature to trample on her; a tyrant making of his subjects slaves. Marble with violence he tortured; whole territories of vacant wall he oppressed: limbs and the human frame he twisted and clenched in defiance: he came to nature to command rather than to obey, to dictate rather than to be taught. And thus it is that his works are nature violated; an art which, standing aloof in dogged disdain, disavows its nature-parenthood, and despises the companion sympathy of man.

It is manifest, then, that the works of Michael Angelo cannot be judged by ordinary rules. Brought to the test of simple nature, they are often monstrous; referred to the average productions and standards of creative genius, they are not less startling and anomalous. To be tolerated, notwithstanding their extravagance, even to be received by virtue of their greatness, they must be taken as the manifestations of a special and marked idiosyncrasy. No other examples can perhaps be adduced wherein it is so imperatively needful to fix the point of view from within, rather than from without; to discard the mere measurement of callipers and the outward evidence of the eye, and, penetrating beneath the surface, to come into close relation with the inward life and purpose, taking the bodily forms as evidence chiefly of mental phenomena. It is, as we have just said, the special idiosyncrasy of Michael Angelo's genius which gives to these forms their value and power. It is this which constitutes their life

and character; and ~~which~~ such forms became, in the ~~view~~ of imitators and scholars, ~~more~~ and nothing more. According to referring the creations of Michael Angelo to the ultimate elements of power, will, energy, it has ~~an~~ purpose to strike at once beneath the outward surface, and thus to reach the inner, the fundamental principle of their greatness. It will ~~now~~ ever, be evident that it is not ~~to~~ to rest in the vague abstraction of these terms. Something precise, characteristic, and individual is needed. Power, will, energy, the abstract, are not sufficiently specific; it is necessary that these elements should be cast into a personal and individual mould, that we may comprehend, and more accurately define, the exceptional character of Michael Angelo himself, and the anomalous grandeur of his works.

In the solution of this difficult problem, Mr. Harford affords us assistance. He rightly insists on the importance of Michael Angelo's poems; but we think he has failed in seizing their just interpretation. He dwells on "their platonic sentiment and tendency;" on the "intimate connection" subsisting between Michael Angelo and "the Platonic Academy of Florence." He tells us that Michael Angelo was familiar "with some of the finest parts of Plato's writings," and would wish to discover a close alliance between this resuscitated philosophy and the arts of the revival. Now, we do not pretend to determine what bodily form Platonism might assume were it thrown into painting or sculpture; but so far as we may presume to judge on a question so subtle and recondite, we must confess that, between the substantial and stern art of Michael Angelo and the dreams of Platonism, we trace not even the most remote connection. We may by possibility imagine an artist lost in all the intricacies of involved speculation, guessing at the soul's enigma, weaving cobweb tissues, or floating cloud-like among airy nothings; we can, we say, by some effort of fancy, imagine an artist thus marrying good philosophy, and spoiling clean canvases, but we must confess that between an art of such

origin and the works of Michael Angelo there is nothing in common. Why, indeed, should not the critic, ambitious of a philosophic theory, start and stoutly maintain a converse proposition? Why, for example, should he not write as follows: In an age specially the victim of platonic mania, it is not a little remarkable that Michael Angelo, by the strong independence of genius, preserved his works from this morbid contamination. It would appear, indeed, that he not only kept himself aloof from the alluring snares of this specious philosophy, but actually allied himself with the opposing school of Aristotle. Of the wisdom and advantage of such a course we need no stronger proof than is afforded by the vigour and decision of his incomparable works. Had they been expressly executed to confute and overthrow the vague dreams of the Platonist, they scarcely could have aimed the fatal blow with greater force or more deadly precision. And had they been actually designed to substantiate the sound teachings of Aristotle, they could scarcely have planted a firmer foot upon earth—could scarcely have spurned with the pride of greater strength all access to weak sympathy and sentiment—could scarcely have become more enduring monuments of the truth and value of that sound and practical philosophy, which was indeed their inspiration and their origin. Now we submit, for Mr. Harford's consideration, whether the above passage is not just as conclusive as anything he has adduced on the Platonic supposition. For ourselves, we believe that the one interpretation is as valuable, or rather, just as worthless, as the other; we believe that Michael Angelo was in himself, for the most part, so undeceived and unborrowed, so especially self-originated, that he took not on the fashion of the times, nor moulded himself after the types of great historic systems, but making himself the starting-point of a new historic period, boldly struck out for himself a career and manner such as the world had not then seen, nor has been since repeated. The character and the works must, as we have already suggested, be their own in-

terpreters, and that criticism is alone sound and solving which, referring for the most part all the phenomena to the idiosyncrasy of a genius specially independent, shall set itself to analyse, and then to grasp that genius, both in its detail and its vastness, and to mark how far it may have observed the laws common to humanity, and how far aberrant it broke loose upon an orbit exclusively erratic and individual.

We do not, however, assert that these poems present no difficulties, or that they are wholly free from Platonic inspiration; what we have asserted is, that while that philosophy might casually creep into the leisure thoughts of Michael Angelo, it in no way constituted the basis of his mental system, and that accordingly his sculpture, painting, and architecture are wholly foreign to its doctrines and its spirit. Without pretending wholly to solve kindred difficulties which might readily be raised, there is at least one marked discrepancy between the poems and the other works of Michael Angelo, of which we shall now venture to speak. Beauty we had certainly never deemed a leading attribute in his mind. We had indeed imagined that the sternness of his genius was directly inimical to that tenderness and delicate sensibility which turns to beauty for affection. We had, in truth, taken his works as convincing proof that the grand school of art is capable of being raised to so lofty an elevation, to such strength of heroism, such intensity of power and height of sublimity, that simple beauty—gentle, lovely, graceful—would have shrunk timidly away from so stern an alliance. Yet, strange to say, it appears on the evidence of poems, from which we make the following extracts, that this same beauty was to Michael Angelo the phantom of his eager pursuit, the idol of his earnest worship.

"And if thy beauty fires my inward soul,
 'Tis the first step whereby that soul ascends
 To heaven, and arms itself for highest deeds.
 Nor does God manifest himself elsewhere
 More, than through some such light and mortal
 veil,
 Through which, on the pure eye, His brightness
 shines."

"Deep in that source whence our existence
flows,
Beauty's transcendent forms are all com-
bined
Beyond aught other attributes of mind."

"As heat from fire is not divisible,
Thus with the eternal blends the Beautiful,
And I their emanations ever hail."

"Far other love points to Eternal Day,
Imperishable Beauty leads me there."

"Beauty perception bright to me was
given,
When first I drew the vital breath of heaven,
O'er my vocation destined to preside,
Its great exemplar, and its faithful guide;
My light and mirror in two sister Arts;
He who her counsel spurns from truth de-
parts;
Here is the power to exalt the mental eye
With steadfastness of aim, and purpose
high,
To that Sublime, which in my works I've
sought,
In marble, or in glowing colours wrought.
From Truth and Reason, then they greatly
err,
Who Beauty's generation would refer
To sense ignoble; loftier far the goal
To compass which she prompts the aspiring
soul;
The ascent from mortal to divine, dazzles
a feeble sight,
Naught but celestial grace can nerve its powers
for such a flight."

From these extracts it is evident that a heaven-born ideal had taken possession of the soul of Michael Angelo, purifying and exalting his mental eye, ennobling to the highest thoughts, nerving to the boldest action. That his works, accordingly, reach to the utmost grandeur, we have already admitted. That they strive after, and, in some measure, attain, that ideal to which, from these poems, it is evident his thoughts and deeds were constantly aspiring, may likewise readily be granted. But what special aspect that ideal assumed, may well be reserved as a subject for debate. Now, in one sense, whatever is ideal, or better than ordinary nature, is beautiful. An Alpine range of mountains is, in some sense, beautiful: a tempest, the flash of the lightning, the roar of the thunder, are perhaps, to some minds, beautiful; but, by general consent, these forms and phenomena are termed, not beautiful, but grand. In like manner the works of Michael Angelo are not strictly beautiful, but supremely grand. That, consequently, they take a lower position, we do not for a moment assert; on the

contrary, it will be generally admitted that they are thereby entitled to an eminence the more commanding. Alpine summits are probably nobler, and fuller manifestations of nature's attributes, than fertile and smiling valleys; and the terror of the tempest may rouse to higher thoughts than the tranquillity of the calm. But whichever be entitled to pre-eminence, it is sufficient, at least for our present purpose, that the one is admitted to be different from the other. In like manner it must be conceded that the ideal loftiness of Michael Angelo is different from the more lowly beauty which adorns the works of artists less terrible in strength. Michael Angelo, it would appear, prayed for beauty, and God, instead thereof, gave him grandeur; and the gift, certainly not less worthy, was assuredly much more rare. Nature the most humble, is, in her daily garb, and simple unpretending walk, ever clothed in beauty; but only on occasional demonstrations of her dignity and power does she robe herself in grandeur, rear her head in Alpine summits, or raise her voice in storm. So, likewise, is it in the empire of mind. In modern times beauty—gentle, loving, alluring—has been given by Heaven to many, grandeur not even to a few—nay, supremely only to one, and that one was Michael Angelo. In asserting, then, that his works were grand and not beautiful, we do the greater honour to his genius. Both, we take it, they could not be: we must select between the grandeur of the tempest and the tranquil beauty of the calm—take that aspect which delights us most, for both cannot be granted us. We may choose between Michael Angelo and Raphael, but the genius of both, united in one man, cannot be conceded: nature herself has never made the attempt, because the union is incompatible and impossible.

We, therefore, in reading the poems already quoted, adopt that interpretation of the word beauty which Michael Angelo, throughout his other works, has himself given. We might indeed have taken it for granted, even without the evidence of his poems, that, in common with all minds of high striving and great deeds, he

continuously sought to exalt and render still more perfect that ideal towards which the noblest aspect of his genius was ever prompting. Whether he or others should choose to designate that ideal by the name of beauty, is perhaps of little consequence, if not misled by a term we succeed in understanding and defining with clearness and precision the thing itself. That this ideal was naturally and necessarily moulded into a counterpart of his individual genius; that it was the consummation of that for which his better, or at least stronger nature, hoped and prayed, we might well take for granted. We then, once more, recur to the question, what were the characteristics of that genius? Having shown that his works are the special exponents of power, will, energy, and that these were manifested in the form of grandeur, we will now endeavour, as before said, to assign to these terms of somewhat vague abstraction, that personality which belonged to Michael Angelo himself. He fortunately assists us in this inquiry by the following confessional lines, in which he has delineated the stern and severe aspect of a mind something more than grand,—

"Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks to
please
The worthless world—ill hath he chosen his
part,
For often must he wear the look of ease,
When grief is in his heart;
And often in his hours of happier feeling,
With sorrow must his countenance be hung;
And ever his own better thoughts conceal-
ing,
Must he in stupid grandeur's praise be loud,
And to the errors of the ignorant crowd
Assent with lying tongue.
Thus much would I conceal, that none should
know
What secret cause I have for silent woe;
And taught by many a melancholy proof
That those whom fortune favours it pol-
lutes,
I, from the blind and faithless world aloof,
Nor fear its envy nor desire its praise,
But choose my path through solitary ways."

These lines, we think, afford the final solution to what remained still unexplained in the character and works of Michael Angelo. The figures, for example, on the Sistine roof, are not merely grand, they are austere and forbidding. They seem to stand proudly aloof from all human

sympathy—to seek an isolated solitude rather than solicit kindred society. And thus, in accordance with the spirit of these works, Michael Angelo tells us in the preceding lines that he himself, "from the blind and faithless world" stands aloof, and takes his course "through solitary ways." His strong massive figures seem to heave and swell under a conscious sense of a nature above the common weakness and littleness of humanity: as if they were numbered among the higher orders of creation, and could not, without degradation, descend to the inferior herd which calls itself the world. Accordingly he tells us, in the lines just quoted, that the man who seeks "to please the worthless world" has chosen an ill part; that a man with such intent must conceal his better thoughts, and give a false assent "to the errors of the ignorant crowd;" that, for his own part, none "should know what secret cause" he had for silent woe; and that, therefore, as we have seen, he took, in the self-sustained strength of proud independence, his "path through solitary ways." We are now, then, in possession of all the elements needful for the full appreciation and analysis of his works. Their power we can now individualise—it becomes part of Michael Angelo himself—a power solitary, independent, proud, because strong and self-sustained. Their will and energy, in like manner, are no longer mere general abstractions, but interwoven portions of a character eminently self-willed, and supreme in self-aided energy; a will and an energy, in fact, like unto the power, and like to Michael Angelo himself—solitary, independent, proud. The grand mystery of his works, then, admit, as we have seen, of solution. An analysis of his character and of his art, lead, as we have seen, to identical results—conclusions at the same time checking and confirming each other; and thus his life, poems, sculptures, paintings, architecture, are reduced to one and the same unity, being but the varying phases of one originating genius. In confirmation of these results we quote the following admirable passage from Duppa's *Life*, in which the conclusions we have endeavoured to

work out, step by step, are summed up in these words,—

"The works of Michael Angelo have always a strong and marked character of their own. His thoughts are elevated, and his figures are conceived with dignity; and if he wants the beauty and correctness of the antique, which he certainly does in an eminent degree, his faults never degrade him into feebleness. When he is not sublime he is not insipid—the sentiment of aggrandising a subject ever prevails; and, however he may fail in execution, his works are still entitled to the first rank among the modern productions of sculpture."

The Platonic theory having broken down, Mr. Harford is left without a basis for his critical operations, which, therefore, almost of necessity open without purpose and close without result. His epithets throughout are likewise wanting in that force needful for any definite conclusion; whether, indeed, Michael Angelo or Raphael, Milton or Wordsworth, be their object, they are equally without discriminative point or decisive character. For example, such words as "*interesting*," "*charming*," "*delightful*," which we hoped had become extinct with albums and annuals, are here the staple terms of criticism. Raphael is designated as "*the amiable and highly gifted painter*;" and we are told of his "*pursuing a glorious course within the precincts of the Vatican, decorating its interior by the noble productions of his enchanting pencil*." Names of renown in our own land are, in like manner, honoured with passing tribute, such as "*the immortal Milton*," and, "*so eminent a poet as Wordsworth*." Weak, time-trodden epithets such as these sink a noble subject into the merest commonplace, and degrade the great names they intend to adorn and honour. In such criticisms these volumes abound, yet in justice we must at the same time acknowledge that occasional passages are found of greater vigour, and not destitute of literary skill. Take, for example, the following exceptional paragraph, which we had marked for commendation,—

"Day and Night skirt the sarcophagus of Giuliano de Medici. The figure of Day is that of a giant refreshed, majestically raising his head from sleep into renewed existence. The attitude is grand and easy; the anatomy of the whole figure is magnificently developed, the limbs appearing to be almost animated by muscular action and energy, and yet the execution is sketchy throughout, the head in particular is left in the rough; but every stroke of the chisel has so told, that excepting on close examination, it scarcely seems to require more finish."—Vol. ii, p. 30.

Having thus endeavoured rightly to estimate the character and the works of Michael Angelo, we will now briefly assign to those works their just position in the history of art; firstly, as regards Michael Angelo's historical predecessors; secondly, as relates to his historical contemporaries; and lastly, as respects our own times.

His predecessors in fact led the way to his own achievements. The onward and progressive movement in art commenced with Nicolo Pisano, and was finally consummated by Michael Angelo. The connecting links binding together these three centuries of development were close and consecutive—we had almost said logical. This progressive art-movement, it is well known, was an inroad made on the earlier Christian epoch by the still earlier, though almost forgotten, classic works. In this middle age revival anatomy became the direct object of study; the difficulties of drawing were mastered; and all which relates to the bodily materialism of art was advanced to full maturity. Among the works which immediately preceded, and, so to say, inaugurated the school of Michael Angelo, two specially should have claimed from Mr. Harford prominent notice. The one at Arezzo is the "*Overthrow of the Rebel Angels*," by Spinello, which possesses, if we may safely judge from the engravings of Lasinio* much of the power, the grandeur, and the terror of Michael Angelo himself. The other is that grand series of frescoes, executed by Luca Signorelli, in the Cathedral of

* The subject and treatment of this work have much in common with Michael Angelo, but the fragmentary portion of this picture exhibited in Manchester, manifested an earlier style in art than we had anticipated.

Orvietto. They comprise "the Fall of Antichrist," "the Resurrection," "the Inferno," and "the Paradiso." In their knowledge of anatomy carried even to excess—in the somewhat mannered boldness of their drawing, and their mastery over forced difficulties of attitude, as well as in the range and the character of their subjects—these works attain to many of the merits, and anticipate most of the defects, of Michael Angelo himself. The chain of sequence was now complete. History had for three centuries been zealously preparing the way for the advent of Michael Angelo; she had resolved on the trial of a bold experimental problem in the arts; had accordingly scattered along her path great men as the precursors and pioneers of the greatest, and then when the consummated moment had arrived she brought forward Michael Angelo as her chosen champion, and put the merits of the bold experiment to the decisive proof of single combat. Strange to say, though the battle was won, the cause itself was lost—Michael Angelo himself triumphed, but after his triumph there followed a defeat. The attempt to found a Christian school of art, of which anatomy, bone, sinew, and muscle, should be the paramount, and indeed all but the exclusive, element, for a time succeeded under the dominion of a genius great as that of Michael Angelo; but when that genius was withdrawn the fabric fell. Michael Angelo, it is said, dissected and studied anatomy for seven years; it is therefore not strange that his figures are oppressed with articulations borrowed from the dissecting-room rather than adorned with the graces of the artist's studio. Yet while in his works anatomy and muscle are forced to violent excess, they have none of the flaccid anatomy of death; but rather the nerve of vigorous life and action. Thus, as we have already shown, these works contained so much of power, will, energy, that the art-school of dissected anatomy could not fail, under such a master, for a time at least to triumph. The world was astonished and taken by surprise at the manifestation of a genius so vast; it wondered where it could not approve; it acquiesced, though not persuaded. In

the Last Judgment we cannot but think that Michael Angelo himself suffered some reverse. The school of nude anatomy was here pushed to unwonted excess; and the vast work, though a prodigy of genius, has in after times created dismay, nay even filled with disgust, just in proportion as a mere technical knowledge of art might be wanting, and the spectator approached the picture with no other preparation than a deep reverence for the subject, and a hallowed sense of the purity and sanctity of his religion. Heaven is indeed here turned into a school of anatomy; the general resurrection is made a mere feat in gymnastics; the saints are gladiators, and the Christian judge a bodily compound of Mars, Jupiter, and Hercules. The school of which this picture was the last great effort could hardly survive the opprobrium of a work so ultra and ill-judged; and thus this its last great triumph was perhaps the occasion of its final overthrow.

Michael Angelo must, we imagine, after all that analysis and criticism can accomplish, ever remain a startling anomaly. His subjects are Christian, and yet there is little, we had almost said nothing, Christian in his art; he was borne forward on the topmost wave of a classic flood, and yet his works are almost anti-classic in spirit. He stands, as we have seen, alone, and his art, like himself, takes a course "through solitary ways." In the museum at Frankfort, some of our readers may remember that great work by Overbeck, "The triumph of Religion in the Arts." In the midst rises a pure fountain, the emblem of high and holy Christian Art. Around this soaring fountain Giotto, Angelico, Da Vinci, Raphael, and other heaven-aspiring artists are gathered in mutual converse or in upward gaze. On the ground beneath is a large basin of mirrored waters, towards whose deceptive, seductive depths, the masters of lower aims, and more alluring charms, are wistfully bending. Overbeck, coming to Michael Angelo, evidently felt some difficulty in assigning him a fitting position—to place him in social converse would have been untrue to his character; to throw his eye upwards in humble teachable reverence towards the fountain in mid-air, or the Madonna :

mid-heaven, would in no way mark the individuality of his mind and works; to place him reclining in languid voluptuous ease on the water's edge with Titian of the Danaë, and Corregio of the Jupiter, and Io, would have been manifestly unjust. He therefore is found sitting in moody solitude, holding converse with none among his brethren, neither gazing towards the upward fountain, nor looking beneath into the mirror of earth-born art, but, lost in abstraction, he turns inward thought upon himself, concealing from the world, in the pride of sufficing strength, "what secret cause" he had "for silent woe." In first seeing this picture, we thought that Michael Angelo had been treated with some severity; but though the verdict be severe, it is yet substantially just, and is indeed precisely that judgment which we ourselves have endeavoured to substantiate.

We have stated that the works of Michael Angelo are anti-classic; the statement demands perhaps some explanation. Classic sculpture, it is known, is widely diversified in character, and at least with the Romans represented and comprised the entire circuit of life and of human nature. The arts with this people were certainly not exclusively ideal; on the contrary, the large majority of their works were close transcripts of actual existence, and often the mere literal portraiture of individual character. Art in those days, as indeed in all times, treated of the prose of life no less than of its poetry: of literal history not less than of fictions in Mythology. But whatever it touched, it in some way ennobled: age it rendered venerable, youth lovely; to repose it gave the beatitude of beauty, to action its last intensity; and from the heights of tragedy it could descend into lower comedy, yet suffer no degradation. Now taking the antique in this full manifestation, it would indeed be difficult to assert that Michael Angelo, or indeed any other sculptor, was anti-classic. In making the assertion, however, we employed the word classic in its more restricted signification. Now the special significance and boast of Greek sculpture is its

abstract and elevated ideal; a pure and perfect beauty not to be found in any one individual man, but that beauty and that perfection which seem to have been nature's central idea in the creation of the species. Of this noblest form of humanity—this highest achievement of art, the Greek and the better Roman statues afford us a few signal examples. Among these the Elgin Marbles, the Apollo, the Venus of Milo, and the so-called Genius of the Vatican, stand pre-eminent. When then we asserted that the works of Michael Angelo were anti-classic, it was intended merely to imply that in spirit and expression they were wholly opposed to these great examples. There are, however, other remains of classic art to which Michael Angelo is more closely allied. Among these, of course, we must place as foremost the grand Belvidere Torso of the Vatican, upon which it is well known his own style of art was closely modelled. This Torso, we need scarcely say, is a mutilated fragment of Hercules in repose, and in manner must be classed with the Farnese Hercules in Naples, and the central figure of the Laocoon. Now to this group of works, the character of which is massive power and mighty energy, active or dormant, the works and genius of Michael Angelo have necessarily much in common. Still the great and constant difficulty which beset Michael Angelo, whether he went to nature for a model or to the antique for a master, was that unyielding dogmatism of genius which seemed to be sufficient in itself both for model and for master. The classic was close upon nature, but the works of Michael Angelo were close only upon himself. Hence, as we have before said, it becomes primarily imperative that we should understand the characteristics of that self, which thus stands in isolation even from those special classic examples which it expressly set itself to imitate, making of his art an anomaly in history as he himself was a discrepancy in nature. Hence our countryman Mr. Gibson, who on classic art may be taken as the first living authority; speaking of Michael Angelo, expressed himself to the follow-

ing effect: "I wonder what the Greeks might have said to this modern barbarian; I think they would have been startled could they have seen his works."

It has sometimes been stated that Michael Angelo was the greatest of Christian sculptors. Now to the interpretation he put upon Christianity, we urge precisely the same objections as those just advanced against his treatment of the classic. His *Pieta* in St. Peter's, indeed, so simple and heartfelt, free in great measure from his subsequent mannerisms, is sufficient to prove that he could so far have subdued and softened the ultra violence of his nature, as to have brought himself within the range of Christian expression. From this point forward, however, he appears to have deviated at each step still more widely from Christian art, just in proportion as the impetuosity and mannerism of his genius grew into exclusive dominance. Christian art has been, and in great measure ever must be, specially the expression of the passive virtues. Faith, hope and charity, although not wholly severed from action and conflict, are certainly far removed from the battles of the giants, and from such labour as those of Hercules. Prayer, humility, relying trust, patience, and resignation under affliction are, indeed, equally the great virtues of the Christian life, and the chief characteristics of Christian art. Accordingly it would, we anticipate, be found that those artists who have successfully portrayed the emotions, aspirations, and virtues of the Christian life, have belonged to that order of minds which are specially recipient and expectant, sensitive to receive impressions, rather than strong to resist; refined and delicate, rather than rude and vigorous. Now Michael Angelo was emphatically a man not for passive endurance, but for effort, resistance, and conquest; he could perhaps better have defended the church by his sword, than give expression to her faith with his pencil. His *Prophets*, accordingly, are warrior heroes, and his *Sibyls* inspired amazons; his *Deity* is the God who spake out of the whirlwind, or thundered from Sinai, rather than the Son of mercy who came to save. His *Last Judgment* is

a day of vengeance; terror, except in one solitary group, seeks in vain for the sheltering arm of love; and Christ, to quote the words of Mr. Harford, "far from uniting the mild majesty of the Redeemer with the sublime dignity of the judge, is menacing and repulsive in its aspect, and is cast in an ungraceful and satanic mould." Yet in keeping with that strange and contradictory anomaly, which runs throughout the works of Michael Angelo, his later poems incontestably prove that while he had failed to infuse the Christian spirit into the creations of his art, he had yet fervently embraced its faith as the guide of his life, and his hope in death. Nevertheless his works have so little of the essence of Christianity, that we doubt whether he could ever steadfastly have set himself to comprehend its spirit, in order to give to that spirit an expression through the instrumentality of art. It has often struck us, that the upbraidings of a conscience guilty of unfaithfulness to this his highest duty as an artist, with, it may be, some inability fully to estimate the loftiness of that duty, could alone have rendered it possible that in one of his later sonnets he should have spoken in tone of disparagement of those two great arts which constitute the glory of his memory, and should have given him, as death drew nigh, the assurance of a twofold immortality. This sonnet we give as translated by Wordsworth,—

●

Wellnigh the voyage, now is overpast,
And my frail bark, through troubled seas
and rude,
Draws near that common haven where at
last,
Of every action be it evil or good,
Must due account be rendered. Well I
know
How vain will then appear that favoured
art,
Bole idol long and monarch of my heart,
For all is vain that man desires below,
And now remorseful thoughts the past
upbraid,
And fear of twofold death my soul alarms,
That which must come, and that beyond the
grave
Picture and sculpture, lose their feeble
charms,
And to that Love Divine I turn for aid,
Who from the cross extends his arms to
save."

While we see in this sonnet sufficient proof that the character of Michael

Angelo had come under the dominion of Christianity, it affords evidence scarcely less convincing, that his art had, on the contrary, not been dedicated to that faith which became his trust in death. What is the earnest practice of Christian art, but the preaching of the Christian religion—what were the fervent Christian painters, but missionaries for its diffusion, and ministers in its solemn functions? To no men does the church owe so deep a debt of gratitude as to artists such as Giotto, Fra Angelo and Raphael, together with the builders of those noble churches which, throughout Europe, attest the power of faith, and the glory of the Christian religion. How much of that glory and renown, how much of spell on the imagination, of power over the affections, does that religion owe to the creations and the triumphs of Christian art! Surely had Michael Angelo throughout life more directly aided in these triumphs, had his vast genius taken on the types of Christian art, he might, at the approach of death, have thanked God who had given him power to labour in so great a work.

We have thus endeavoured to show the position held by Michael Angelo in the history of art; we have seen that the school of forced anatomy and muscle achieved through him its greatest victory, and received from his hands likewise its final overthrow. We have shown that while he studied classic sculpture, he violated its spirit, and that into Christian works he threw more of his own dogmatic genius than of the humility of the Christian religion. We have thus in some measure answered two of the three questions already put,—firstly, the historical position of Michael Angelo as regards his predecessors; secondly, his historical position as regards his cotemporaries. Of one among these cotemporaries it is needful, however, that we should now speak more at large.

History would seem, at certain epochs of special effort, to throw great men together, sometimes to work out vast results by antagonism, often to accomplish a united end, through mutual co-operation, always perhaps to complete a great cycle of operations and phenomena, compen-

sating the shortcomings of some by the redundant powers bestowed on others. Thus was it specially that great period when Michael Angelo and Raphael were brought together, the more perfectly to accomplish and describe the wide and completed circuit of a great art-cycle. The genius of the one formed a complementary arc to that of the other, that whether taken as antagonistic or consecutive quantities, the circle in its entire and continuous circumference was fully described, and the domain of art thus enclosed within the sweep of a ring-fence. Nature finding it not possible to unite the conflicting powers of a Michael Angelo and a Raphael into one and the same mind apportioned to each a distinct labor and function, trusting that the result when worked out, might not prove inharmonious or nugatory. The wisdom of this plan was justified in the sequence. The universality of genius thereby suffered limitation, in order that the universality of art might be established, and thus the gentle harmonies of Raphael came in to soften the abrupt dissonance of Michael Angelo; while again the terrible power of Michael Angelo threw vigour and intensity into the seraphic strains of Raphael's muse, and so within the circuit of the Vatican it found a completed art, out of which the student may form his perfected ideal—an art which seems to represent in its fulness the highest forms and faculties of man, and then rising above earth to people heaven itself.

And this result was attained in the union of opposing genius. Not indeed that these great men laboured in concerted union, not that Michael Angelo fell under the influence of Raphael, or that Raphael would have been less than divine had he not felt cause to thank God that he had lived in the days of Michael Angelo. On the contrary, these two men moved in distinct orbits; their works were likewise for the most part equally independent, yet to us, looking across three centuries, they coalesce as double stars, and though the light may be diverse, and their position far apart, they yet shine in the distant firmament with a united lustre.

And yet the unity is, as we have

said, in diversity; it is in fact like that unity which is the bond of art—unity in the midst of variety—harmony resolved out of discord. Nature first struck out a Michael Angelo, and spared no effort to make him perfect after his kind. She then set herself to frame his opposite, and the result was Raphael. The first labour, as might be anticipated, was more bold, striking, and original, the last the most carefully elaborated, with fewer slips and flaws. Michael Angelo was roughly hewn in the opening days of creation, when huge vast blocks were boldly struck out from the rough quarries of chaos, and nature still in throes was giving violent birth to giants and monsters. Raphael came in those more gentle hours, when earth budded in flowers, and burst into song; love fostered him in childhood, and beauty caressed his youth. Michael Angelo, like the primal rocks, rose in the rugged bold defiance of mountain masses, and throughout life proudly spurning intercourse with humble dwellers in the valleys, shrouded himself in the solitary clouds, or sought companionship in the storm. Raphael, shunning solitude, sought the society of pupils, associate friends, and patron princes; the sympathy and love of a tender nature, not less than his genius, brought around him that close and finer fellowship his nature so much needed. The works of these two men afford, accordingly, the like contrast. The figures of Michael Angelo are, as we have seen, rough-hewn like himself, proud, defiant, solitary. The best works of Raphael, on the other hand, are careful and elaborate in finish, humble, sensitive, and sympathetic. Again, the works of Michael Angelo were intensely egotistic; like the character of Byron, they are nothing more than variations on that great original himself: living shrouded in the isolation of that self, his figures were necessarily unable to take on those mental states, those bodily types from which by innate antipathy he held himself aloof. In the works of Raphael, on the other hand, while his own self is blended to soften and to beautify, yet all egotistic and dominant selfishness is excluded; to his works, no less

than around his life, all men flock in sympathy—the Christian prophet and the pagan poet—youth, age, health, infirmity—deformity no less than beauty—all come to share in his love and minister to his genius. Michael Angelo was, as we have already suggested, the Aristotle of art, material and masculine. Raphael, its Plato, who discoursed on the immortality of the soul, and sought out its divine mysteries and symbols. Michael Angelo was in art the St. Peter, impetuous and bold, who denied Christ, yet held the keys of heaven. Raphael the St. John, who discoursed on the incarnate Word, and leant on the bosom of Him whom he loved. The artist Michael was like the angel Michael, who subdued the dragon; Raphael was one of those gentle messengers who glided from heaven on a sunbeam with tidings of love and mercy. Fuseli has seized on and well portrayed the contrasted characters of these two great men in the following concise graphic words:—

“Michael Angelo came to nature, nature came to Raphael; he transmitted her features like a lucid glass, unstained, unmodified. We stand in awe before Michael Angelo, and tremble at the height to which he elevates us—we embrace Raphael, and follow him wherever he leads us.”—*Lecture II.*

We shall conclude our present notice by an estimate of the influence for evil and for good exercised by the genius of Michael Angelo on posterity and upon ourselves. The analysis of his character and of his works already given will sufficiently indicate and account for the relation in which he stands to after generations. Himself essentially an exceptional and isolated mental power and phenomenon, too strong to need accessory support, too proudly independent to seek for or to obtain personal disciples, too unapproachable in forbidding grandeur for vital and successful imitation, he lived without followers, and died without descendants. He came into the world without ancestry, departed without progeny, leaving a void in nature and in art, an anarchy like that which fell on the great Assyrian Empire when Alexander died and none of his generals could assume his

sceptre. We have endeavoured to trace back the works of Michael Angelo, not so much to the classic, still less to the Christian, but chiefly and especially to his own marked idiosyncrasy, that idiosyncrasy which necessarily came and died with him alone, which was too exceptional to be again repeated, too vast to admit of imitation by inferiors. Accordingly his genius and works served not as corner-stones but as stumbling-blocks. His imitators fell into and even exaggerated his defects; unable to seize on the vital grandeur of his manner, they sank as servile victims of his mannerism, giving to muscle preternatural size, yet failing of even natural strength; torturing and twisting the human frame into forced attitudes, without, however, attaining force or purpose; violating grace yet not reaching vigour. Then ensued still worse confusion in the vain attempt to unite incompatibilities. Parmegianino, who was probably destined by nature to reduce the grace of Corregio into elegant and pleasing affectation, falsely aspired to the grand outline of Michael Angelo, and thus lost himself without finding a substitute. The Caracci, again, vainly essayed to unite "*la terribile via*" of Michael Angelo with the purity of Corregio and the just symmetry of Raphael. The attempt of Tintoretto, however, it must be granted, met with greater success. He placed over the door of his studio these words, "the drawing of Michael Angelo with the colouring of Titian," and the attempted eclecticism was successful, just in proportion as his own individual greatness saved him from abject servility. In sculpture, as far as our knowledge extends, the same pernicious results ensued. The genius of Michael Angelo was, in fact, so overpowering that it overwhelmed rather than inspired; and his own career, and the ignoble fate of his followers, serve as marked examples of the assertion that the greatest men are the least understood; that their imitators perpetrate parodies, and their disciples degenerate into slaves. The closing words in Duppa's "Life" well express what we have here endeavoured to enforce.

"By studying his works alone Michael Angelo is thoroughly to be known. His genius was vast and wild, by turns extravagant and capricious, rarely to be implicitly followed, but always to be studied with advantage. Those who have hitherto taken him for their guide, seized what came within the sphere of gross representation, and caricature was the only result of their feeble efforts. Eccentricity, not borrowed from nature, nor the result of feeling, may, for a time, astonish vulgar minds; but that which is like nothing that can be seen or understood will perish with the author, by whatever ingenious means it may be made to assail the public taste. Spranger and Goltzius have been long dead, and wherever such artists may arise, they will now no longer serve to disgrace the genius of Michael Angelo, who has been but too often censured for this extravagance."

Reynolds, in his closing discourse, speaks to the same effect, as follows:—

"That Michael Angelo was capricious in his inventions cannot be denied, and this may make some circumspection necessary in studying his works, for though they appear to become him, as imitation of them is always dangerous, and will prove sometimes ridiculous within that circle none durst walk but he."

Raphael, like Michael Angelo, was unable to bequeath his genius to posterity. Yet we believe the influence of Raphael has been, and always must be, for good; his genius, as we have shown, was communicative and sympathetic; it was specially, and in the highest sense, representative of the best elements in human nature, and found expression in forms eloquent and exalted. We believe, then, that the works of Raphael, both literally in themselves and still more in their animating spirit, remain as models for all time, and that, making due allowance for the altered requirements of succeeding ages, and granting to creative mind now as ever an originating freedom, his works still remain to this our own day the best and surest teachers in the school of high art. With Michael Angelo it is widely different. Unapproachable, and in no sense representative of humanity, but on the contrary, as we have seen, wholly exceptional, his works admitting of comparatively

easy imitation in their mannered defects yet most difficult to comprehend in their more recondite genius, he becomes to the student and to the infant school of art, a besetting danger rather than a helpful guide. Truly he may inspire with fire and enthusiasm, and become the subject of wonder and distant admiration; but he can scarcely constitute a model for direct imitation. Yet strange to say, Reynolds, throughout his discourses, repeatedly directs the student to the works of Michael Angelo as the surest means by which the lost grandeur of art may be again restored.

"The style of Michael Angelo," says Reynolds, "which I have compared to language, and which may, poetically speaking, be called the language of the gods, now no longer exists, as it did in the fifteenth century. . . . Some examples of this kind we have in the Academy; and I sincerely wish there were more, that the younger students might, in their first nourishment, imbibe this taste; whilst others, though settled in the practice of the commonplace style of painters, might infuse, by this means, a grandeur into their works. I shall now make some remarks on the course which I think most proper to be pursued in such study. . . . To recover this lost taste, I would recommend young artists to study the works of Michael Angelo, as he himself did the works of the ancient sculptors. . . . I would recommend to the young artist, when he first attempts invention, to select every figure, if possible, from the inventions of Michael Angelo. . . . His taste will by this means be naturally initiated and nursed in the lap of grandeur. . . . he will sooner perceive what constitutes this grand style . . . and will, in some sort, procure to himself that advantage which, in these later ages, has been denied him—the advantage of having the greatest of artists for his master and instructor."—*Fifteenth Discourse.*

We unwillingly take exception to any teaching which, aiming to rescue art from "the commonplace," strives to ennoble its purpose and extend its sphere; such teaching we would at most modify, not wholly reverse. Taken literally, the above passage is too servile; and we are persuaded that the general verdict and practice of Europe is not accordant with the education here inculcated. We believe it may be asserted, that over

the present art of Europe Michael Angelo has little appreciable influence. The existing school of sculpture in Italy is, with few exceptions, something still more weak and affected than the style of Canova, which certainly was wholly foreign to the grand manner of Michael Angelo. The school of painting in that unhappy country has become the counterpart of its political condition, prostrated in strength, and lost to independence. Again, the art of France, though vastly more vital and national than existing art in Italy, has, with some insignificant exceptions, nothing in common with the style of Michael Angelo. In Germany, where high art has been cultivated with much ambition and considerable success, the works of Cornelius are perhaps the only examples which manifest the paramount influence of Michael Angelo. In England, we need scarcely say that the above teaching by Reynolds has led to no result. We have had an honourable school of portrait-painters, over whom Vandyck has naturally exerted much influence, Michael Angelo none whatever. We rightly boast of the Wilkie and Webster school owing a descent from the Dutch. We are proud of Etty, who derived much from Venetian colour, but nothing from the grandeur of Roman form. Referring thus to the walls of our Academy in past and present years, we can with some pride recall honourable examples of a national school, certainly, at all events, most diversified in its aim—a school which has sometimes chronicled the great deeds of history, oftener rescued the humble incidents of domestic life from threatened oblivion, then revelled in the colours of Venice, or become rapt in the halo visions of Turner—a school which now again pries into the literal details of nature with the truth-seeking curiosity of the naturalist;—we can trace, we say, in this our national school, the direct influence of every nation, art, epoch, and great master—Dutch, Italian, and early German; Vandyck, and then Van Eyck; the Caracci, Titian, Carlo Dolci, and Raphael; but in all this wide-stretching art, to one great man alone is no allegiance owed, and

that man is Michael Angelo. This we state as a fact; the explanation we have already given. Michael Angelo in life stood aloof and alone, and now, as then, men gaze in distant wonder, but approach not for fellowship.

Yet in this complete severance from a man so noble in conception, so large and heroic in his treatment, the world may suffer some loss. Direct imitation of his forms and figures, as inculcated by Reynolds, may be unwise and pernicious; but if the student could raise his mind to the same pitch of grandeur—if, while eschewing the actual exaggeration of these great works, he could catch their spirit, surrendering himself to their impulse, and partaking of their power—if, thus imbued by the great style, he then should go to nature to be taught simplicity and truth, Art would gain in dignity, without losing in independence. It is scarcely possible, were it even desirable, that, in our days, a second Michael Angelo should be born and nurtured. Nature may repeat a Raphael, but will hardly again bring forth a Michael Angelo. Men as great may arise, but they will be cast into different moulds, according to the pressure and need of their age and country. Still, a man so truly great as Michael Angelo lives through all ages, belongs alike to all countries; he is a witness in the past of the greatness to which human nature may yet possibly attain; his works communicate to our thoughts a measure of their own grandeur, and give to our own labours a commensurate scale; in the retrospect of a genius thus reaching towards a noble universality, the evolving progress of high art receives its best assurance.

The task we have endeavoured to execute has been one of difficulty, and the course we have taken open to misconstruction. We trust, however, it will not be said that we have cavilled at minor faults because we could not estimate greater excellencies. He who can ignore the genius of Michael Angelo will remain himself deservedly unknown. This great man who, during a life protracted almost to ninety years, was

giving constant and incontestable proofs of universality and of greatness—who, amidst a historic throng of popes, poets, artists, each great and memorable, stands out himself in strong individual relief;—a life and genius so prominent and important, in a country so illustrious, and an epoch so brilliant, can scarcely be further exalted by eulogy, or suffer diminution through censure or detracton. The object of our criticism, however, has scarcely been either to exalt or to diminish, but rather to elucidate what may have been obscure, to reconcile what is anomalous; and this we have endeavored to accomplish, by reducing the apparent discrepancies of multifarious works to a common unity in their originating genius. We have seen that these works often do violence to the simplicity of nature, to the æsthetic beauty of the antique, and to the spirituality of the Christian faith; yet we have likewise seen and shown that, thus encompassed in failure and excess, they still signally triumph by the incontestable power of individual genius. That genius we have attempted to analyse to its elements, and so to understand its originating cause, as well as its manifold phenomena. That genius it is certainly not needful we should here extol, but it is perhaps desirable that this much should have been written in order that our admiration, henceforth the result of light and knowledge, may no longer be shrouded in darkness, or take refuge in ignorance. And now, in closing this present criticism, one sentiment we desire to remain paramount in ourselves and with our readers—that sentiment expressed in the last words of Reynolds—a feeling of “self-congratulation in knowing” ourselves “capable of such sensations” as this great artist “intended to incite.” We desire, in fine, that our pages should bear testimony to our admiration “of that truly divine man,” and cannot but envy the fortune of the illustrious President, whose last words, in the presence of the Academy, closed, as he himself desired, with “the name of Michael Angelo.”

AFOOT.

PART IV.—CHAPTER VII.

A FAIR! When and where was the first fair? History, tradition, give no record of it. It must have been soon after the great Babel dispersion. And we believe ourself that the first impulse to this assemblage of men and women was not that of traffic or barter, but the desire to look in one another's faces, and hear one another's tongues; to keep up, by word, look, and greeting, the intercourse and communion which scrolls, printing-presses, telegraphs, and railways have since made so easy. We can fancy at the first fair how curiously the men, whose fathers had been thus suddenly divided into races and tribes, must have regarded each other—how earnestly and how rudely they must have striven to recover the commune which the confusion of tongues had broken—how strangely on ear and eye must have fallen the little differences which the separation had caused to spring up among them. Very soon commerce obtruded itself. The merchant's bale, the pedlar's pack, and the costly boxes of gold, spikenard, frankincense, and myrrh, appeared among the congregations of men, and became in time the principal causes and objects of their meetings. Still these gatherings were in large spaces, and in the open air, and the various classes and nations met and mingled; and still the social spirit held its own against the invasion of traffic. There were buyers and sellers, money-changers, and "the seats of them that sold doves;" and there were, besides, minstrels with their songs, story-tellers with their legends, quacks with their nostrums, mimes, dancers, and masquers. Merchandise and products passed on art and skill from nation to nation. Story, legend, and custom, passed on thought and feeling from man to man. Then came beeves and flocks, and opposite them stood mountebanks, fire-eaters, peep-shows, and menageries. It is only now, in the present, that trade has obtained a complete victory. In our youth the

forces were equal. The fair was a divided field. In the morning it was given up to oxen and sheep, fleeces and corn-sacks; after mid-day, conjurors, cheap-Johns, gingerbread-stalls, nut-barrows, and dancing-booths, held full sway. We remember watching eagerly the departing droves, and longing to impart a progressive impulse to the juvenile bumpkins, who were generally charged with the exodus; and we remember, too, admiring the enterprise of the man who, ere the retreating herds had vanished, presumed to set up his standard, and blow his trumpet, and appreciating vastly the condescension of the peep-show man, who volunteered to us an improvised performance. It was our lot—and we consider it a fortunate one—to catch the shadows of a retreating generation—to glimpse the skirts of men who were passing away. With them habit, association, was a sort of second religion; and we remember how certain customs were attached to certain fairs, which it would have been deemed a heresy to violate. There was held in a neighbouring village, about Michaelmas, a fair, at which it was the invariable custom to eat roast goose. In our days the observance of this rite had devolved on a veteran brotherhood, whom the intermediate generation—the generation betwixt us and them—had denominated "the old cocks." They were four. We remember well being attracted every Sunday to the window by the parental exclamation, "By Jove, there are the old cocks!" and there they were, four old men, all clad in spencers and gaiters, all wearing bob-wigs, save one, who still stuck to the queue—it was the last whose glories we saw waving upon earth—all carrying Indian canes sloped like fire-locks on their shoulders. Slowly, silently, and in stately row, they advanced; then at intervals there would be a pause, the canes would be ordered, and the heads would be turned

bought; and then the onward march would be resumed. At this said fair it was the custom of this brotherhood—a custom perhaps derived from their fathers—to meet in congregation at some particular booth, having previously selected a fat bird and a mild brew of ale, and then and there to feast thereon. On one such occasion they had assembled: the goose was on the table; little globules of moistures lay on the crisp brown skin; a savoury odour of fat, and sage, and onions exuded from it; a large tankard held a foaming draught from the little cask in the corner; a goodly company of potatoes, bursting and splitting their skins, were piled in a lordly dish. The senior brother had uplifted his carving-knife for a first incision when the corner of the tent was lifted, and a wild dishevelled man rushed in, shouting out, "Wait, gentlemen, and hear my story before you dine; I'm a miserable injured man." The knives and forks of the brotherhood remained uplifted, their mouths agape. "This morning I came to this fair. I had a box with me containing gold and precious things. A man came up to me, and laid his hand on the box, as I might thrust this fork into the goose (suited the action to the word), ran away with it, and I saw it no more." Again the action was suited to the word; the man and goose disappeared; and, as the last of the cocks used to tell the story, "Our goose, our goose, sir, vanished, and we never saw it more." Whether this adventure broke up the feast—for men in those days did not bear being driven out of the old grooves—we know not, but death soon dissolved the club. We recollect the last of "the old cocks." Perhaps, Lucullus-like, he kept up the old feast; had the cask tapped, and the goose served, and sat down to the old banquet with the shades of the old comrades hovering around him. Certainly he kept to the old walk. Every Sunday a solitary figure might be seen wending the old way—pausing at the old halts; but it was not for long. Soon there was the tolling of bells, the waving of

in the closet, and the last of a generation was borne to the company of his own. It must be a melancholy thing to find oneself thus the last of a type, the last of a race, the last of an age or generation—to see loved and familiar faces pass away—to see old feelings, old thoughts, old customs, old faiths depart, and all things become new—to remain as the sole relic of a past age. There must be in it somewhat of the mournfulness, if not of the grandeur, which the poet's imagination ascribes to the last man,—

"The last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime."

All ages, all generations, have had their fairs—all fairs have had their goose, or some other type of feasting—all have had their fashion of merriment. We know that there is an illusion about these fairs. Taken in the abstract, stripped to their naked materialism, there is not much about them to kindle mirth or joviality; but the gregarious instinct is still strong in men, and they love to laugh, to dance, to feast, and be merry in masses. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." And man hath chosen the fair as a season and time to be merry in congregation, to pour forth the issues of joyfulness in fellowship. Their own hearts throw the illusion of their joy over the materials, however poor they be, radiating a richness on tinsel, calico, and sawdust—a delicacy on gingerbread, toffy, and alicumpance—a freshness on clown's paint and Punch's fun, and shedding even gentle touches on the beaters of big drums, the players of panpipes, and the holders of tambourines.

The capacity for this illusion is to us a characteristic of a people or a time. The natures and tempers, strong in endeavour, strong in purpose, strong in brotherhood, will be strong and hearty also in the impulses of gladness. From the hearty workers, the hearty thinkers, and the hearty fighters, have come the strongest and most natural expres-

sion of mirth, conviviality, and fellowship. Back through the long vista of years, we see groups of men shouting, carolling, revelling lustily, eating largely, quaffing largely, greeting loudly, rejoicing heartily at their gatherings and meetings in the fairs of old. As we go downwards, men are more congregated and mixed, the need for these assemblages becomes less, and the shoutings, and revellings, and feastings, and greetings grow less hearty, until culture and refinement wear out the old illusion altogether, and the fair appears in its coarse reality: the gingerbread is a nasty mixture daubed with gilt-leaf—the clown a low fellow with painted face—the woman with the tambourine a dirty harridan, and the owner of the giant and pink-eyed lady a knavish impostor. They find other sources of mirth and rejoicing. Still the fair, like all other customs common to man, will often mark the stages of a nation. Let us see how the brown hues of Portugal colour it, and how it shows forth under the sombre tone of the country.

Not far from Lisbon, but just far enough to be clear of the crowded thoroughfares and unwholesome airs, stands a large plain called the Campo Grandé. It is fenced in from the dusty road, and, though in the midst of highways, stands aloof in a sort of seclusion; avenues of trees intersect it up and down; turf such as we meet with here, not green and springy, but still refreshing, lies between them; no daisies, no buttercups grow on it, yet the eye finds relief there after the hard stony roads. In the midst, too, of the Campo, within the shadow of the trees, is a garden laid out with the fairest and freshest flowers. Here and there are bowers formed of creepers and evergreens, and at intervals fountains play, and shower their waters into the air. Bees hum about among the sweets, and a pleasant odour rises from the beds, and mingles with the soft light breeze. Altogether it is a fair spot. Here the great fair was held—a fair which lasted fourteen days. 'Twas a scene of festivity, an example of the people's capacity for enjoyment. In externals it was much like other fairs: tents

and booths rose amid the trees; wares of all kinds were spread on the stalls; all the wealth and glitter of the famous Gold Street had been transferred thither. Toys, bijouterie, and sweetmeats, tempting and fantastic in shape and colour, lured the eye and taste. There were viands, too, in plenty—not the huge joint, or the savoury round, or the foaming tankard, but there were dishes of fish swimming in oil, little pats of cheese, messes of garlic, and pig-skins swelling with fresh wine. At the corners, too, and scattered here, there, and everywhere, were old crones, withered, wrinkled, weird-like, sitting over earthen pipkins filled with chestnuts; and beneath was a charcoal fire, which they kept ever alive by the active motion of a small fan. These old crones and their pipkins are an institution in the land. They and their wares are a national necessity. They are everywhere—at the corners of streets, by the wine-shops in villages, and under a tree near the roadside venda. They are great artistes too. From habit and association, we always help ourselves to chestnuts under the snowy napkin, when handed round at dessert; and often have we tried, on the top of grates and in fire-shovel, to prepare them for our palate; but there was ever on these occasions a crudity, a rawness, a cold unripe flavour, which convinced us that the roasting of chestnuts was a science, and that these old crones were high-priestesses of the mystery. Yes! it is a science. See how gently they simmer and bubble in the pipkin, bobbing and dancing with a quiet sort of minuet step, not bouncing out suddenly like a shot from a pop-gun, or bursting with a loud crack, as they do under a less matured process. Sweet to the ear is the gentle crackling of the skins, sweet the fumes of the roasting nuts. We have paid our pence—they are in our hands now; the skin warmed and loosed, but not blackened or charred, parts with a yielding coyness from the soft pulp, which, once in the mouth, melts and diffuses itself in a mellow, marrowy taste, delicate, though satisfying. 'Tis a poor rogue's delicacy, too; and like the hot

"taters" and the sassafras of London streets, and other such things, is, after all, a real luxury; more real, perchance, than turtle, venison, or any *extravagance culinaire*. They are to us a luxury. What an unction have they—an unction antidotive to the pain of the scalding skin to that urchin who goes off with both hands full, deposits them in a heap under a tree, and, there feasting like a Lucullus, peels one after another and munches them with a satisfaction which betrays itself in the complacent look, the twinkling eye, and moistened lip.

Youth has ever its chestnuts: sometimes they are eaten with more gusto, sometimes with more fraternity; there may be in divers countries a trifle of salt more or less, a difference in the roasting; but let them be eaten as they will, sweet they are to touch and palate. Youth! why, we have all our chestnuts, and exhibit them, as that old crone does, in every stage and diversity of process. Some are yet raw, only out ready for the fire; some are crackling, hissing, and spluttering over the charcoal; some lie black and cold in the basket; they are the rejected, the failures which no purchasers have tendered for, which have been roasted to no purpose, and are then thrown aside to be cast away as refuse, or sold to the unfortunates whose finances are only of the cold-meat capacity. Yes! we have all our chestnuts—boys—youths—men—old men; only to one they are fresh, green, and luscious; to another softening, bursting, and mellowing under the influence of the fire beneath; to another growing cold, tasteless, and charred. Yea, such are our pleasures; ill fares it with him who has naught besides in his house of feasting when the day is closing. We are in the midst of the *festa* now, in the very heart of the revelry, and are looking for the fun.

There was a traditionary story handed down from the generation before us, of an elderly gentleman, who, to kill his idleness, undertook the building of a pig-sty with his own hands. After some months' toil the work was done, and the partner of his life called upon to behold the perfection of his labours.

The dame looked on at first admiringly, but at length bore down on the *amour propre* of the amateur architect with the exclamation, "La! it is a very fine pig's house, my dear. a very fine pig's house; but where is the door for the pig to go in?" There was no door! So was it with us. It was a very fine fair, very complete in all the elements and materials, but where was the door through which the heart might enter with its fan and illusions? There are the booths in front of us—the booths of the mountebank, the fire-eater, and the conjuror; the sound of the drum and the panpipes are in our ears. But what are these before us, these melancholy rogues in tinsel and motley, those woe-begone damsels in dirty muslin and threadbare taffeta? Surely these are not of the beings which once laid such a spell on us—which used to carry us away into a dream-land, and make themselves seem unto our vision wizards, fire-kings, houris, indeed, spite of rags, burnt cork, and slang. Years or country have wrought a great change for us in these things—perhaps both. Age hath anointed our eyes, that we see men and things more really, but country hath done much also. These cannot be of the same type as the merry reckless vagabonds who used to spout fire, change rings into serpents, and rant in good Cambyzes' vein for our amusement. Vagabondism hath not the smack, the same racy relish, that it hath in our own land. It has not that picturesqueness or manliness which makes it appear there like a good, stalwart, flourishing, healthy-looking weed, rising amid corn-stalks or grass-blades. Vagabondism, like everything else, requires to be done with energy. Stay! here is a procession! The Choephori have come forth among the vulgar. As they pass, we are reminded of the cold lifeless figures in friezes, so slowly and solemnly do they move, especially that man leading a goat; we could almost see the horns gilded for sacrifice. Why, they do not even act! They have not even the mask of a laugh or a joke; their poverty and wretchedness and dulness peep forth beneath the thin disguise of paint and tinsel, leaving not a point

on which fancy may hang an illusion. Out upon it! these are poor knaves indeed—very impostors! The poor ape, who rides along in state on a young donkey, seems to have imbibed their tone. Jacko does not crack his nuts or jabber like a monkey of spirit, but has a *blase* bored look, as though he were ashamed of the whole affair. We are glad to see that our friend Punch is not here. He would doubtlessly have appeared with a baton of straw, and instead of his old "root-toot-too-too," would have trilled a bravura or canzone, and would have saluted Judy with a grave artistic bow, instead of with his usual twack, twack. The spectators, too, are they capable of better things? The shades of our boyhood rise up in judgment against the generation of youngsters who stand there with their artificial unenthusiastic manner, seeing no romance in the whole thing, nought beyond tumblers, cheats, and buffoons. That one especially, with the well-brushed hat, the neat coat, strapped-down trousers, and well-plastered locks, hath grossly insulted the spirit of our past. It would much appease the manes too cuff him soundly.

The spectators, too! how different are they from the figures which made up the festive drama of our youth. Where is the bumpkin, standing, with open eyes and mouth agape, full of wonder and belief, throwing his whole heart into a world of enjoyment, admiration, and astonishment? where the country lass, coarse and buxom, tricked out in her best, and looking so honestly desirous of admiration, so thoroughly determined, by dint of sights, fairings, and sweethearts, to make the most of her holiday? These, and a dozen others of the like, where are they? There are, instead, the Lisbon dandy, with his Parisian gloves, his gold-headed cane, and his polished boots, listless, fashionable, and immovable, the very image of well-dressed satiety; the peasant, with his brown jacket and smart sash—his wife, with her showy kirtle and snow-white kerchief, coiffured over the head, both well-looking, well-costumed, but toil-worn and apathetic. There are, too, the fathers of the men,—the children, like their

seniors, in all save size and years, not a whit younger in tastes or feeling. Amid all this crowd of indifferent idlers, who lounge up and down through stalls, and fruit-baskets, and booths, without excitement, without a smile, we look in vain for a look or a gesture which would betoken that their hearts were relaxing or rejoicing in the house of feasting. Even that boy passes the tempting array of lollipops without a watering mouth. That girl stops, indeed, lingeringly to examine the glittering heaps of bracelets, rings, brooches, &c., which lie in profusion on the stalls of the jewellers, but it is with the practised eye of a connoisseur, not with the rapt gaze of an unsophisticated child, looking on these things with the same feelings as she would read of Aladdin's gems.

All is cold, sober, and sombre here—brown is your only wear. Away! away! this is but a mockery tenfold more saddening than the funeral pageant—a house of feasting without a joyous face or a joyous heart, without a ray or a motion of nature to light up or stir that mass of human life.

Alas for the people who cannot mourn!—but alas! alas! tenfold for them who cannot rejoice!

Let us see how they mourn. A great captain had fallen in Israel—one of the magnates of the land had died in the fulness of years and honours. In life he had shown, more than his class do generally, a recognition of the duties and responsibilities of his order, had done good service to the State, kept an open hand for the poor, and lived in charity and honour with all men. Such virtues demanded a national mourning. It is a grand sight—the grandest perhaps arising from man's relations with man—when a great man is thus carried to his rest—

"With an empire's lamentation,
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall;
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall."

It is good to enter such a house of mourning—good to see how the acts of a life are registered in the hearts of a people, and how the homage of

their sorrow will follow one who has laboured in their behalf—good to see how well they recognise the beauty of a true and faithful mission, gathering, like children for a father, round the last home of one who had lived for their weal. Something like this we expected to see: we expected to see the poor who had been fed by his hand, the soldiers who had followed him to the field, the citizens whose rights he had defended, forming the ranks of his mourners. And such, in truth, would have made a house of mourning, into which the heart might have gone as into a temple. It was not so. This was a state spectacle, not a national pageant—the funeral of a noble followed by his peers, not of a chief buried by a sorrowing people. Masses were said, and long processions, swollen with state carriages, liveried menials and glittering uniforms, amid the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon, made the funeral train. “With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,” was the chief and founder of the Palmella line borne to his rest in the tomb—in the stately splendid tomb which had been built in expectation of the event. All was there that belonged to a great man’s burial save “a nation weeping.” The drama was acted with all the usual properties, costumes, and effects. The spectacle was complete, but there was no sign of a people. There, in that tomb, they laid him down in a chapel hung with rich tapestry; tapers burning around; a few prayers were muttered, and then the coffin, followed by a glittering careless throng, was hurried down to the vaults, and there they placed the first duke of his race by the side of the wife, and in the midst of the children, who had gone before him. And there was no emotion or sign in the vulgar impassive countenances of the priests, in the wearied look of ambassadors and courtiers, in the cold mechanical deportment of the soldiers, as they bade a last adieu to a great chief of their nation.

Such was the mourning of the rich. The house of the poor, in their hour of sorrow, is other than this, we thought. With them there can be no fiction, no drama of grief. There sor-

row will stand before us in its nakedness and simplicity. It has there no forms, no clothing, no accessories—the heart, with its chastisements, its consolations, its anguish, and its hope, lies like an open volume before us. The creature and the affliction are seen unveiled by pomp and unrealities, unobscured by mockeries or semblances; and we can read, without fear or suspicion, the lesson which God has been conveying to the heart. So we moralised, suffering the impulses of thought to lead us away from the truth, that the influences which debase the rich will not leave the poor unscathed—that the corruption which makes a tree rotten at the core, will spread to the uttermost twigs. It is a fallacy of philanthropy—a dream of philosophy—that simplicity is a natural adjunct of the low estate, and that virtue is necessarily an attribute of the poor. Our lesson was coming. On our way from the obsequies of the magnate, we passed through a small hamlet, and through the open door of one of the poorest of its houses saw a little altar erected in the centre of the floor, tricked out with tinsel and coloured paper, and flanked by lighted candles. This was so common a thing that we imagined it to be one of the usual festas or saints’ days, and were passing on, when a woman beckoned us in. Her smiling face made us expect a different spectacle from that which awaited us. There, on the floor in front of the altar, lay the dead body of a young girl—her head crowned with artificial flowers, her face shaded with laces, and her whole form bedizened with the tawdriest of finery. And there seemed in the heart of the mother—for mother she was—more of pride at having achieved so much display, than of sorrow for the little one who had been taken from her. Was this the truth or simplicity of mourning? Here was death, not clad even in the trappings which had belonged to its humanity, but paraded and masqueraded in a gewgaw show, which even in life would have mocked its state, and now cast a mockery tenfold on that poor dead form, even now changing with the hues of decay. The funeral pageant of the noble was less a mockery than this. In that

there was only a giving to death what had belonged to life; here death, with its alien ornaments, was setting itself in contrast with the poverty and lowness of actual being.

Both with rich and poor the house of mourning was a pageant and a spectacle.

We are soaring into sentimentalism. Let us take a flight closer to earth and its humanities, and dive down these old alleys in search of the quaint or the curious. We have groped up some odd places, let us see if there be not odd things and people. Lisbon is great in quacks. Quackery is there a legitimatised vocation, stamped, labelled, and patented. There are quacks of all kinds and degrees. We will particularise two—the one, a quack spite of himself; the other, self-constituted and elected—one who had kept regular terms and won a diploma. The quack *malgré lui* was an old crow who had been quartered for centuries—what is a century or two in the life of a crow!—in the cathedral church. He had been there so long that tradition was rather hazy relative to the deed by which he had won his sanctity. Even the priests were divided on the subject: some said that he was one of two who had piloted Vasco de Gama into the port during a thick fog; others, that he and his comrades had done the like office for a ship laden with corn during a famine, and thereby saved the city from starvation. Be the deed what it may, as an agent of the saints he was deemed worthy of a sanctuary, and of being placed, as a sort of lay brother, on the establishment. The fatness of the church would seem to have its limits. A church-mouse is a proverb of poverty; and this old crow, save for the honour of the thing, might perhaps have bettered his condition by cawing in his own trees and finding his own carrion. How he had found his way to his present niche was a part of the mystery of his life. Whether the honour of sanctity had been thrust upon him, or whether he had volunteered for it, a corvine stylites, tradition says not. Eremitic glories should not be seen too near. He was not certainly a comely or happy bird to look at.

Black as a crow no longer applied to him. His coat was very dingy, and rusty, and piebald with little bare spots; his tail had dwindled to a very scrubby stump; there was a large bare sore circle round his eyes, and his head was very bald. He had, too, a very undignified way of standing on one leg and blinking at spectators, as though conscious of being an impostor. Neither was his caw any longer impressive; it had lost its power and volume, and become a very wheezy feeble sort of croak. Altogether he was a used-up bird, a very poor outward sign of quackery. Could this crow be in any way a caricatured type of other impostures, which mock holy things so closely that they cast their shadows across the boundaries of sacredness?

The man-quack had fared no better on his imposture than the bird. Quackery did not thrive in this city; it was ever mate-fellow with dirt, dinginess, and squalor. It had not there arrived at the purple and fine linen, or found its way into the palaces of princes, save by the back-stair, but still groped and burrowed in odd corners, and had a twilight existence in by-streets and little dark odd shops and closets. It is only under the high pressure of civilisation that quackery comes forth in the broad daylight, has joint-stock banks, forms leagues, builds churches, and achieves railway-directorships. Our quack was not wise enough in his generation, or lucky enough in his location, for such things. He was of the old school, and played his game with the old cards—philtres, potions, secrets—

"Of nature naturalised 'gainst all infections,
Curing all diseases, coming of all causes;
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors;"

"Elixirs which, by their virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life—
Give safety, valour—yea, and victory,

In eight-and-twenty days
Will make an old man of fourscore a child—
Restore his years, renew him like an eagle,
To the fifth age."

His were also old-world cheats and delusions, but his wares found a good market, it was thought, with noble *roués* and dames of the court even. He was a humourist as well as quack, and was noble forsooth. The Baron

Catana was his title. His baronial castle and estates may have been, no one knew where—in the neighbouring country perhaps, Châteaux d'España. The Baron was a gaunt grim man, with a long hard-favoured face, covered with a grizzled stubbly beard growing up to his eyebrows, beneath which peered forth sharp grey eyes; his nose was long and hooked. The baronial wardrobe was rather scanty, it is to be presumed, for we never saw him in any other attire than a long brown cloak, which, patched and seedy as it was, covered perchance the greater sins beneath, though at times the decayed glories of a green coat and white kerseys, relics probably of a *costume de chasse*, might be glimpsed betwixt the folds. The invariable head-gear was a large hat, white and pluffy, the rim lined with green plush. Out of doors, a pair of green spectacles completed the outward guise of the man. The château in which the baronial dignity at present abided, was not pretentious nor imposing. Folding-doors half unhinged opened into a court, smelling strongly of the wild and tame animals which lived in and around it. The walls and ceiling were frescoed with damp stains and rain-tricklings; the staircase was rickety, which led to the reception-room on the first floor. There the Baron might generally be found in the midst of his *ménage*, apparently trying to prove by experiment the problem which anti-geologists are demonstrating by calculation, as to how the living creatures of the earth could be stowed, pair by pair, within the compass of the Ark. He had only attempted the fowls of the air and the small deer which run on the earth, and his packing was certainly very successful. There were feathered fowls of every kind and variety, all tied by the leg with more or less tether; rabbits nibbled lettuces in hutches around the walls; pigeons flew from cupboards and from behind drawers, and whirled round the room, perching indiscriminately on all pieces of furniture; in one corner lay a fox with glistening eyes and white snarling teeth; in another was an old raven, in some of its attitudes and side-views very like his master. These last,

perhaps, were his familiars. In the midst of all sat the sage, calm and philosophic, studying an old book on herbals. With all the cooings, crows, cacklings, croakings, and snarlings, conversation was not easy; neither did the varied odours make the Baron's at home pleasant to the olfactories; yet we went there, for where besides could the gossipry of Lisbon be heard so fully or rarely? The on-dits: and all the scan-mags were on his tongue-tip; he knew where each noble's or señor's shoe pinched, and could tell in what part of the house the skeleton's cupboard was. Vague and mysterious were the hints he threw out of the secret history of this and that family, but the great adventure of his quackery, according to his own showing, related to royalty. The king-consort, the first husband of Donna Maria, was ill—dying, 'twas said, of some strange disease. He heard the symptoms described, recognised in them the effects of a subtle poison, and in the pride of his art proclaimed, *at ease and public gardens his knowledge* of an antidote which would ensure a certain and speedy cure. At night, after he had made this imprudent revelation, his door opened suddenly; a band of men rushed into his room, threw a cloak over him, bundled him down stairs, and thrust him into a carriage, in which he was jolted for days over the roads of Portugal, stopping now and then to halt or rest, without, however, being allowed to recognise place or person. At the end of a week he was restored to his penates. The prince meanwhile had died. Shortly another marriage was in project, "and the funeral-baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables." Whether this was an entire romance, a dream, a hoax, an exaggeration, or a mixture of all, God knows, but he told the story confidently, and as it chimed in with the suspicions of the times, there were some who deemed it not so marvelous. The many laughed at it as a legend of quackery. Poor old quack! he died in his dirt and poverty. How the high-priest charlatans of our time, who played for such prizes as country-houses, conservatories,

parks, luxurious carriages, Parliament houses, and ministerial dinners, would scoff at this their poor brother! And yet amid the filth of his den there were heaped no poor man's earnings, no orphans' pittance; amid its discordant noises there was not heard the curses of plundered friends and the sighs of beggared widows. His was a harmless, profitless quackery. To some men it is a nature; it has a peculiar unction for them. Though it neither feeds, clothes, nor keeps them clean, they will cling to it—parade its poor pretences before the world—blow their trumpet, and proclaim aloud "I am wiser than you all."

Let us make another dive, and see if we cannot find an antidote to this quackery, and something with an honest relish to take away the taste of knavery and imposture.

Near Belem, with its castle and palaces, stands in a sequestered nook a convent, inhabited by Irish nuns. Girls of the old Romish families came thither to be educated; some stayed and took the vows, some went forth again into the world. It was a house of refuge from the Emerald Isle for the unprotected, the devout, and the stricken. The lady abbess had spent the best part of a life there, as novice, sister, and superior. When our own step was springier, and whilst there was yet down on our chin, we remember her as Sister Theresa. Romance had then woven itself around her. She was love-stricken; so went the story. Her lover had been killed or exiled during the Rebellion—had fallen in a duel—fled to America or Australia from duns or debts—or come to some other untimely and Irish end—and she had retired hither to bury a broken heart. We gained admission to the convent under the wing of a hakim, our friend, who visited the sick sisters. If you would be admitted into the world's pene-tralia, hang on the skirts of a hakim. His vocation is everywhere an open sesame. We have sat an honoured and fêted guest in a Druse village, under the shadow of a hakim who was dealing out little packages of Epsom salts to all comers, and have smoked our chibouque in the zenana of a Maronite family, chatting with

the fair inmates, whilst he felt the pulse and examined the tongue of every member of the household. It was thus we caught glimpses of Sister Theresa's pale face through the gratings, and therewith imagined we saw grief feeding on her damask cheeks, and detected all the signs of consumption and a broken heart. A little boy, the son of the doctor, had accompanied us, and was left with us in an ante-chamber whilst his father had an interview with his patients. In the wall was a round-about—common in convents—by which things might be conveyed from the room we were in to the next, without persons being seen. We had heard much talking and bustling for some time, when presently the round-about turned, and presented to us plates of sweet cake and a bottle of wine. An idea seized us, and we thereupon acted on it, by seizing our young friend, popping him into the round-about, and giving it a sudden turn. The presence of this mannikin in the place of empty plates and glasses was greeted at first by the sisterhood with little shrieks and screams, which were soon succeeded by kisses, caresses, exclamations, pettings, pattings, and chirpings. Long after, our young friend reappeared, very much crushed and tumbled, looking as if he had had a severe bout of it—his mouth smeared with sweetmeats or kisses, and his pockets stuffed with dried fruits.

After the lapse of many years we saw Sister—now Mother—Theresa again. She was then a cheery old woman, fond of fun, very fond of snuff, and owning a brogue which might have passed current in Tipperary. The love-story, it seemed, was a fudge—the broken heart had carried itself on to a green old age. She was then out of canonicals, unrobed and un-abbessed—in *mufti*, as a wag said—enjoying the country air of a neighbouring village. We had many a chat, and she used to talk pleasantly of her life and its experiences. There are the young-old and the old-young. She was of the former; her heart, fresh and hearty, swelling with kindly impulses and sympathies. We reminded her of the child and the roundabout.

She laughed and said "Ay, sure, girls must be kissing something, if not men—children, or birds, or puppies, or some pets." She then told us how that many young girls from Lisbon and Ireland came to the convent as scholars and lay sisters merely, how that these were never suffered to be dull or depressed, but had in the evenings their dances, and songs, and plays in the cloisters and court; and how she and the elder sisterhood sat looking at the

young forms as they passed the beams or shadows betwixt the arches and listening to their voices and laughter, rejoicing in the joy of the young hearts, and dreaming of their own youth. As she spoke, we saw not the wrinkles, the snuff, or the homely garb, and heard not the brogue. The love and charity of the heart had clothed her so with the beauty of benignancy, and given to her voice modulations sweeter than the notes of Grisi.

CHAPTER VIII.

World-citizenship is a grand thing—grand, indeed, when it has been won by the energies, enterprise, and intellect of a race, which has planted in every land some record of itself, and given to its children a wide possession in sacred spots and hallowed ground. In few parts of this great earth of ours does the Englishman feel himself an alien. In almost all, some action or memory of his race—the hero deed, the poet's thought, the high-souled mission, the explorer's adventure—connects him with the soil, and begets the tie of naturalisation. He feels that he has a birth-right and a heritage there—a birth-right and heritage far above mere alluvial possession, and giving him a higher ownership than belongs to those who have planted their vineyards and placed their homes in the land; whose cattle feed in the valleys and drink in the rivers; but whose spirits have never created for it the beauty of the grand thought and the strength of the great deed; and when this action, with which he claims kinship, is not that merely of adventurous impulse or chivalrous heroism, but an action with an aim higher than glory, with a source deeper than ambition or enthusiasm, an action strong, true, and generous, charged with deep purpose and lofty principle, and marking the character of a people who recognise an obligation beyond individual interest, and a greatness beyond that of national aggrandisement, he may rightly deem the spot whereon it was exhibited sacred as a fatherland.

Nowhere will this feeling be

stronger than in Portugal. The all of glory which belongs to its later age is his—his by inheritance. He looks through the length and breadth of the land; he sees others gathering the grapes and plucking the figs; others working the plough and wielding the sickle, building homesteads, and fixing landmarks; but he feels that in every spot a nobler ownership is his—the ownership of the glory of that noble strife which was fought in every hill and valley for the world's liberty. The greatness of the policy which designed that strife, the genius of the leader who directed it, the courage of the men who waged it, are his—his by inheritance, by the right of race. The graves, the battle-fields, the victories, are his title-deeds. Of this strife there exists no greater record than

"The treble works, the vast designs
Of those laboured rampart-lines
Where we greatly stood at bay,
Whence we issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms."

As monuments of military skill and foresight, of national patience and endurance, of individual genius, these Lines will ever give to the Englishman a property in the land. Ever! Yes, they are constructed out of the indestructible features of the country. All that is perishable in them will perish and decay like the things around; the forts and redoubts are already crumbling and falling into ruin; the roads are broken and rutted; but the scarped ridges, the

valleys, the dark passes, will be the same even in that dim futurity when the New Zealander shall stand on London Bridge. Other generations of men may possess the land, but these will remain, like Thermopylæ and Marathon, to tell a wondrous tale of soldiership, and show how a great city thus treble-girt was saved, and the flood of invasion turned back from the land. Based on the river and the sea, crossing and connecting the great roads, and identified with the great landmarks, they will not pass away from the knowledge of men, but, endure as deep-graven foot-marks of a people, and share the imperishability of their glory.

We are not about to inflict on thee, oh reader! a military dissertation on the Lines. Are not these things written in Napier and Jones? Our visit to them was part a study, part a pilgrimage, part a ramble. The past and the present, nature and heroism, the Duke and his Saxons, Massena and his Gauls, peasants, muleteers, beggars and vendas, redoubts and ravines, forts and orange-gardens, all mingled, blended, contrasted, and harmonised, as things do in the "afoot" vision and "afoot" philosophy. The inmost of the treble works was round the city itself, and was intended to cover a retreat. It was a dernier resource—a providence of genius. It was never wanted. We never traced, or cared to trace, these inner lines studiously, or with an eye to art, for we had seen the outer, and knew they could never have been needed. We have sauntered along them, as we would ever saunter through environs, idly, carelessly, and luxuriously breathing the sweet air which came from field and garden; looking down from the ridges on the suburban beauties of Bemfica; on the valley arched by the gigantic aqueduct; on the red sides of the Alcantara ravine—stopping to pluck an orange at the wayside groves; halting to banter with those nymphs who are washing linen in the pool, dancing, laughing, and splashing the puddle-waters into a dirty foam. There are many things we would not wish to be in Portugal; above all, we would not like to be a shirt, to be stamped and danced upon by brawny

feet; to be rubbed and scrubbed betwixt two stones; to be beaten vindictively with sticks; to be wrung ruthlessly by brawny arms; and then cast recklessly to dry on rocks or sand. We doubt not that the mangling and laundress process is equally heartless. Cotton and linen could not stand this. It is well that the chemises and dickeys of the Beau Tibbs and Swiveller tribe are not exposed to such an ordeal. We enter into converse with these nymphs in the "afoot" tongue—a sort of bastard medley of Spanish, Italian, and French, with here and there a Saxon or Celtic word well emphasized or naturalised with an "O" or "E" termination. Where the speech fails, we resort to pantomime, and eke out our words with laugh, smile, and gesture. Laughs, smiles, pleasant tones, good-humoured looks, they are not set down in dictionaries or vocabularies, yet they have a world-wide interpretation. They are a language which even the great Babel dispersion did not confound. We evidently get the worst of the dialogue, yet keep our ground, and depart at last in a triumph of "Vivas," "Adios," "Vayas," and little chaffs, which are not orally intelligible, but chorus after us a sense of fun and badinage. We are not quite sure how we crossed these sandy hillocks to Fort St. Julian, the termination of the inner defence and point of the supposed debarkation; we scarcely remember, but we always reached it somehow, for we have looked often and often thence up on the rock of Lisbon, dark, rugged, and frowning, and out on the sea, surging against rocks, breaking over sand-bars, and lapping idly in bays of yellow sand.

The outer Lines are *uns outre chose*. To visit them we gird up our loins, take up our staff, and strap on our knapsack after the true afoot fashion. That old knapsack! how often have we buckled and unbuckled it! How often have we thought it a curse as it pressed on our shoulders at the end of long journeyings, and a blessing as we laid it down on a couch or chair, and took therefrom sponges, soaps, and other luxuries! It hangs before us

now a very veteran, marked with dint, and scar, and wrinkle. There are the patches and rough stitches, consequences of chance collisions with corners, carts, and protruding stumps; there are the frayings from our having made it a cushion in our leanings against walls, or a pillow in our restings and siestas on rocks; there are little burnt streaks where we have desperately striven to light our lucifers. There might, too, be stains of fat sausages, of wine-drops and beer-dribblings, for we have made it ere now a table and a salver; but these things only stain the delicate garniture of stay-at-home banquets, and soon rub out from the afoot material. Were we a Roman, we should hang it up at the shrine of St. Vagabondius, St. Scallopious, or some patron of pilgrims and wanderers. As it is, it hangs, amid other relics, beside the old staff, the old hat, and the old boots. We keep it *in memoriam*, not wistfully weeping over it in tender elegiacs, but cheerfully recalling and rejoicing over its association with pleasant faces, pleasant scenes, pleasant places, long rough trampings, pleasant haltings, sun-beatings, twilight wanderings, bivouacs in groves and by fountains, rests at inns, ventas, albergos, and caravan-series. Like its master, it bears signs of rubs, jostlings, and wayfarings, but there may be work in it yet. It is a *passie* though not used-up knapsack. We make our first start up the river by steamer, and try to take an early breakfast in its close and cramped saloon. Such places are seldom odorous; this had an especial exemption from savouriness or sweetness. The atmosphere was oily and garlicky, thick and heavy with the steam of breath, cookery, and cigar-fumes. Through the dimness we catch glimpses of our fellow-voyagers all busy with chocolate, stews, and omelettes. Clatterings of plates and cups, clashings of knives, sips, sighs, and gutturals from the ladies struggling with the difficulties of the meal, tell that the work of refreshment goes on bravely. We are at Alhendra, the point where the river meets the river. A short

stand in the first redoubt, and look forth on the scene beyond. The picturesque, the scenic, are for the time in abeyance; the past is with us. That scarped ridge and line of redoubts are once more alive with the vitality of war; the guns are ready, the battalions stand in calm and firm array. The squadrons of the foe are topping the opposite heights in hot pursuit; his columns are advancing in the confidence and insolence of triumph; his trumpets are sounding, his eagles are uplifted; he is driving his enemy to his ship. Suddenly a barrier rises before him, bristling with guns and lined with that terrible infantry; the war-horses are reined in, the trumpets stilled, and the eagles planted; baffled and foiled, he halts before that impregnability.

Now the Saxon soldiers see the deep, grand design of their leader, and understand, in the result before them, why their ardour had been so long restrained, and their chivalrous spirit curbed. Now that leader sees—proud sight and glorious thought—the purpose so long contemplated, so long planned, so long persevered in, so much opposed, grandly fulfilled; sees the destiny of his nation rising superior and ascendant; sees—for the highest human mind cannot wholly sink its individualism—his own judgment confirmed; his schemes, which no personal glory, no difficulties or obstructions, could induce him to swerve from, at last attested by their issue, and feels that he has established for himself the Fabian fame of knowing how to wait, and when and where to fight. Before his vision must have stretched this in glorious panorama, that advance, that onward march of battles, sieges, and victories, "which followed up in valley and glen," "past the Pyrenean pines," had its close in the enemy's own land. Portugal saved, Spain redeemed, France defeated, England triumphant, were the epochs of that vision. From Alhendra runs a steep ragged ridge, extending for five miles in a line almost parallel with the high-road. Along it were constructed thirteen redoubts at the different salient points. Opposite are corresponding heights in front of the village of Villa Franca. This ridge

made the extreme right of the first and second lines. It was deeply scarped, and was altogether an ugly thing to look at—a desperate thing to dare. In rear of the line of redoubts a broad road had been constructed, connecting them with each other and with the river. The road and forts were broken and ruinous. It is strange to see how quick are the processes of decay here—how soon walls crumble, how rapidly weeds grow, how rats widen into pits, and stones loosen. In all the redoubts was the same picture of dilapidation. The embrasures had fallen in, the platforms were torn up, the magazines were choked with rubbish, and in the centre grew a wilderness of nettles and gigantic thistles. The lizards crept amid the stones, and rabbits had burrowed in and around them. The military road had become a mule-path, and was scarcely passable for bullock-carts. At the head of the ridge was the valley of Calandria, opening over the flats and salt-pans to the river. Here Mas-sena reconnoitred long and anxiously. It was the weak point, the opportunity of the position. The stout abbatis planted there, and the stalwart men who would be posted behind, gave it, however, an awkward look; and he turned back reluctantly and despairingly, a foiled and baffled chief. Hence by the Aruda pass the first line is continued; the second turns to the left, across the valley and along a steep and almost mountainous ridge, towards Bucellas. Our way is here. We descend into a valley, and lose for a while the military tone and thought. Nature claims us now—claims us by the beauty of flowers growing wildly and in masses on hedge and field, and of creepers—our own honeysuckle clustering thickly among the rest;—claims us by the fresh and pleasant sound of water, trickling over a broken rock and then running in rills through orange-groves bright with blossom, and vineyards fresh with the touch of industry;—claims us by a still softer and sweeter sound—because so rare in this land—the gushing thrill of a birdie's song. Our own thrush we thought must be the author of the melody, but it

was a much smaller songster which was favouring us with the solo, though not less indefatigable in its efforts, for the little throat seemed to swell almost to bursting at each note. We would fain have bent our steps through these pleasant places, but our comrade, who had crammed well from maps, plans, and histories, would stick religiously to the line of defence, searching out every point, and examining every detail with the undeviating perseverance of an Arab on a pilgrimage. There were some star-forts which we went blundering and grumbling about to find, and when found, did not make much of; and then we trudged over the broken rugged ground of the bare ridge, with the sun beating on our heads, stumbling over the heavy clods, and looking longingly on the verdure and shade and luxuriance of the valley below, rich with many a patch of young vines just shooting forth their branches; with many an enclosure of garden ground, with orange-groves, the trees planted in straight lines, and throwing out their dark straight shades over the rich red loam beneath, and here and there a village nestling at the foot of a hillock, with its church and convent towering over the clusters of small huts. The ridge, and our discontent, had at last an end, in a steep and abrupt descent into a narrow valley, or rather pass. Though its character was so soft, so peaceful, so redeemed by cultivation from sternness or barrenness that it was hard to imagine it as the scene of conflict and bloodshed; yet this was the key of the position—the strong point where men must have met in the death-struggle. There the main road led, and there, in the bend where road and river are winding side by side through gardens and orchards, the iron shower must have fallen on hundreds who were boldly marching on to death at the impulse of duty and honor. There, on yon slope, where the young vines are growing now, was the battery placed which was to pour it forth; and that rustic bridge, across which a long string of mules, with their burdens, are passing, and where two or three peasants are loitering, looking down into the clear stream below, or gos-

siping with the muleteers, had been mined, that it might be blown into the air when its defenders could no longer maintain it. It was a fair scene—too fair to harmonise with a thought of war; and yet it is among such many of its most terrible dramas have been acted. Again and again have men, in the fierceness of their wrath, trampled down the budding vines beneath their feet; trodden the ripe corn stalks into the ground; thickened the clear quiet stream with blood! and with beauty around them, and the bright sun shining on their heads, have stood foot to foot, firm and resolute, to take or render life.

The evening shades and the evening calm were falling now on the valley, deepening its softness, and harmonising with its peacefulness, and we severed it for the time from our thoughts as a part of the Lines, and linked it with gentler themes and tenderer memories. The materialism of a supper and a bed soon dispelled roughly, as things of the flesh always do, the poetry of meditation, and bade us think where these were to be found. In front, and in the mouth of the pass, was the small town of Bucellas. Thither we turned our steps as to a city of refuge, though with no hopeful anticipations of good quarters or good viands. Our prospects did not improve much as we proceeded through the dirty narrow street, and spied inquiringly into each venda or house which seemed to promise shelter or pass-able entertainment for two weary men afoot. The large chafaris in the square, with its spouting streams and cool basin, seemed the only resting-place likely to offer itself, and it made one shudder to think of a night spent on its cold steps, sans bed, sans supper. At last a good Samaritan came up, and volunteered to conduct us to the *hospelaria*—a name whose hostelry sound raised our hopes and spirits anew. The house scarcely answered its grand-sounding title. It was one of the wine-shops or vendas of the country, but in consequence of possessing a sleeping-apartment, was dignified with the more imposing denomination. One or more places of this kind are found

in every cluster of houses, and are almost all similar. They are the oases of muleteer and carter. The bar or guest-room is generally small, and open to the street, and is always divided in the centre by a long counter, on the corner of which stands a cask, or generally a pig's skin, belled out by the wine within to a most ridiculous caricature of the living animal in a rampant state, from whence is drawn the precious fluid, which is to moisten the throat of muleteer and water-carrier, and make glad the sons of toil. A small shelf along the wall holds the tumblers, or rather goblets, out of which the wine is drunk; and sometimes a heap of small cheeses, made in pats like butter, which are regarded as a most toothsome accompaniment to the black bread and garlic. A bench or two and a table complete the furniture. One certain inmate, too, is a lean hungry-looking car, who hark most furiously and incessantly at all passers-by, but smooths his crest and subdues his growl instantly at our crossing the threshold announces us as a customer. In our veins were several peasants; one, an old man, whose furrowed cheeks, sunburnt toil-worn form, and ragged dress, marked him as one of the humblest sons of labour, was sitting in a corner discussing a morsel of beans and black bread with a gusto which reproached the fastidiousness of our hunger. The delight, too, which shone in his eye, as he stretched forth his hard bony hand to grasp a proffered glass, and extended his hard-veined embrowned neck that the contents might pass freely down in one grateful draught, was one which they who lie softly and feed sumptuously can only feel vicariously in the keener sense of others. The rest of the company were quaffing their wine and smoking their paper cigars with that well-to-do air which, with us, belongs only to those who have risen and striven above labour, but here is assumed by all who earn their bread by any other means than the lowest drudgery. The half-smuggler, half muleteer, the portly miller or oil merchant, all claim this superiority over mere dependency, this aristocratic consciousness of the quan-

tum sufficit. We were greeted with salaams as we entered. Our cigar-case, and our comrade's snuff-box, soon set us on an easy footing. Oh, the conciliatory power of the tobacco! How does the spirit of courtesy rise when the light is offered and the hat lifted; how does it kindle and glow as the smoke curls gracefully from the mouth; how does it grow into friendship ere the first ashes be knocked off!

For our repast was served a delicacy called *carne di porco*, which was a number of pieces of fat pork floating about in a large brown dish, amid a sea of oil and grease. Our coming, and the savour of our repast, attracted a little crowd around the door. Among them was an old blind beggar, his head shaking and his beard wagging with age. He stood fixed on the threshold, his sightless eyes turned towards our supper, but never obtruded himself by word or gesture; his silence alone solicited our charity. The men, as they passed to and fro, patted him on the back, and thrust him forward as an object of notice. He had been a soldier, they said, and had stood in that battle array behind the Lines. This made comradeship at once. We brought him forward, and placed our dish of pork in his hands. For a time he could not understand it. Wine was evidently a common charity; meat was a novelty. The delight with which he fingered the unctuous morsels, and murmured softly as he sucked and munched them, the quiet enjoyment with which he sopped up the fat with crusts of bread, and slobbered it into his mouth and over his beard, showed that he was revelling in savoury food, which had long been strange to him, and which his soul loved.

Our bedroom was an upper chamber, the only furniture of which was a large carved and massive oak chest, with massive iron bindings. Here was our lodging for the night, and we groaned inwardly at the thought of having the hard plank for our bed; but after a while the chest disgorged its contents in the shape of two comfortable mattresses, with pillows and blankets to match. We had lain down, and were softly doz-

ing, watching, as we went off, the shadows falling on the church wall opposite, when the apparition of a giant figure, robed in a brown gown, glided mysteriously by us and passed on to the great ark, took therefrom something which was mysteriously placed beneath the robe, and then glided away as silently as it had come. A gleam of moonlight enabled us to recognise our hostess, and in the morning we had the curiosity to examine the ark, which appeared to be the general depot for all the family valuables, edibles, apparel, culinary utensils, &c., and exhibited a greater variety than any old curiosity-shop. These chests were made, it was said, during the French invasion, were filled with all the valuables, and buried in the gardens, to escape the hand of the spoilers.

The morn saw us again afoot, again prosecuting our journey amid the same description of scenes and the same elements, only that this day they were bolder and grander. Instead of heights there were towering hills, and in place of valleys deep gorges; yet did the same character prevail throughout. The pass of Monte Chique, dark and grand, with its precipitous sides and towering cabesa or hill-top, was a change on the softness of Bucellis. This again was one of the central points through which a high-road passed; but so impregnable was it by nature, that, though it entered into the defences, there was no thought of its being attacked. Onwards we passed from it, searching and hunting for forts and lines amid thick brushwood and on woody mounds, and had ever difficulty in tracing them, so overgrown were they by trees and shrubs.

The evening came, and we were on our homeward path. The sun was fast sinking beneath the hills, and that half-golden, half-purple light so common in these southern lands, yet so beautiful, was softly tinting the landscape as we passed on from a barren tract of sand, moor, and hill, into one of those rich valleys which so often surprise the traveller here and in Spain, running like a golden thread through a woof of dark colours.

A long bright wavy line of rich luxuriance ran betwixt the shadow of two dark ridges, with here and there a tributary shooting away to the spurs of the hills; and there forming a sort of amphitheatre, where the massed foliage brought its bright live hues into direct and defiant contrast with the hard sullen barrenness of hill and rock. Here the pale light would concentrate, ever seeming to shun with sympathetic antipathy the dull mountain colours, and to throw its rays lovingly and playfully into the midst of things soft, bright, and beautiful as itself. The time suited the scene; the time also suited the human life moving amidst it. The sons of the south are seen ever to most advantage during their recreation. Pleasure, or rather ease, is their sphere, not toil. Labour had now ceased, or all save that light easy labour which sits more gracefully on them than the stress and burden of mid-day toil. Such labour still kept many a foot from the dance, and many a hand from the guitar. Amid the young vines a line of figures would be seen moving cautiously, gently hoeing the weeds from the roots, and plucking the dead leaves from the branches, sometimes stopping altogether to look at the setting sun, or to exchange greeting with passers by. Beneath the thick foliage of an orange-grove, massed like a roof over the pillar-like trunks, would stand the owner, and perchance his portly wife, watching the progress of the blossom, or paying little delicate attentions to each tree in succession. Farther on we pass a bridge, and then at a sudden and picturesque turn of the stream a group of girls would present themselves, their naked legs glancing in the water, their arms tossing and beating linen, their tongues of course keeping time with their action. Sometimes a donkey or two, almost covered with a burden of green herbage, in charge of an old lady and boy, would

pass us, hurrying on impatiently as if conscious that the hour of rest and supper was at hand.

But for one instance of labour there were a dozen of recreation; for one group engaged in lightsome toil there were a dozen relaxed altogether in enjoyment. The *venda* was always the centre of such assemblies. There the labourers lounged on benches happy in the society of their equals. There the muleteers, halting to feed their beasts, passed the wine-cup round, and shouted lusty vivas to the passers-by. There the cit, on his smiling mule and well-stuffed saddle stopped a while to gossip with his host, and try the merits of the vintage. But elsewhere, too, the *dramas personæ* of the evening scene were thickly strewn. Childhood, caricatured in diminutive jack-boots and woollen nightcaps, sported by the road-side. Old ladies sat at the doorways enjoying the cool air, with their spindles lying idly on their laps. Young girls stood in the balconies or congregated round the fountains lazily filling their pitchers, chatting gaily with one another, or coquetting with some passing peasant. As the shadows deepened, the out-door scenes became less frequent, but still an open door or window would reveal a crowd of quiet revellers in the *venda*, or a family party assembled round the supper-table. Still darker it became, and then all signs of life vanished save where a candle was seen in a window, or a train of bullock-carts stopped at the inn door, or a sleepless dog rushed out to bark at the stranger. Silent and still was everything, and the large white palaces and quincies had in the moonlight a look of dreary solitude and desertion. It was night when we entered Lisbon, and our tread echoed solemnly in the silent streets, and our shadows had a strange look as they fell on the moonlit pavement. So finished our visit to the Lines.

BOSCABEL.

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

DEAR IRENÆUS,—Is there such a thing among us at the present day as loyalty? I have my doubts. Dare I express them in the now time-honoured columns of *Maga*? If I do, I shall probably raise an awful reproachful phantom in the shape of the writer of the *Court Circular*, puffing and blowing, and snorting with rage (if so polite a personage is capable of vulgar emotions), at the vile imputation. "What!" he may say, "do I not regularly register the incomings and outgoings of Majesty and Principedom? Do I not tell how the Royal Pair walked on the slopes yesterday morning? Do I not tell how the Prince of Wales went to the Glacier des Bossons, attended by Albert Smith—or how he clomb the height of the Drachenfels, attended by General Codrington? Do I not even venture to listen in spirit behind the drawing-room curtains at Osborne, while a certain foreign Royal Highness is whispering sweet nothings in the ear of a certain native Royal Highness? And do I not ride on the pilot-engine to Balmoral, and there record how her Majesty condescended to worship God last Sunday, like any other Christian, in the parish church of Crathie—and how many guests she invites to dine with her each day, and what their favoured names are? And do I not faithfully jot down how the Scottish mist—which wets a Southron to the skin, and, like Canute's disobedient sea, is no respecter of persons—prevented the Royal party from taking their accustomed airing—and how the Prince Consort went out deer-stalking nevertheless, and instead of finding Landseer's 'Children of the Mist,' found only the mist without its children, even Royalty being occasionally subject to bad sport? And whenever an especially interesting occasion occurs,

which used to occur annually, do I not accurately publish the bulletins of those eminent physicians, and record with heartfelt joy each day that 'the Queen and infant Prince or Princess are both doing well,' feeling most unselfish delight at the final announcement that no more bulletins will be issued? And do I not also bear testimony to the loyalty of others?—how there was a triumphal arch erected at the entrance to the High Street of Yellington or Aberflagon, under which Majesty deigned to pass; and how the banners of the lately allied armies were hung out from the windows, with a goodly show of animal and vegetable flowers; and how the Mayor and the Corporation, with chains of gold round their necks, robes of silk, and roses in their button-holes, cheeks, and noses, did then and there present the ancient keys, without which presentation, by an amiable fiction, Majesty itself might have been obliged to knock at the gate or gateway in vain, or have been driven to enter it by force of arms? And do I not record, for the benefit of the milliners, how that her Majesty wore a plain straw hat on this occasion, and patronised in her costumes the home-manufacture, thus showing at once her patriotism and her humility? And do I not, in fact—and to sum up—follow Majesty everywhere—with mute observance intrude upon its closest privacy, and register alike its most public and most domestic transactions, like its very recording angel? And if that is not a proof of loyalty, both in the abstract and in the concrete, I do not know what is." Softly and not so fast, say we, our dear writer of the *Court Circular*. If this be loyalty in the case of Royalty, it is surely loyalty in the case of William Sykes, Esquire, now lying under sentence of death at New-

The Boscobel Tracts: relating to the escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, and his subsequent Adventures. Edited by J. HUGHES, Esq., A.M. Blackwood. 1857.

Lingard's History of England.

gate prison, for murdering his father, mother, and three little brothers at a sitting, but now said to be a converted character, most interesting to the religious world. Not only are the sayings and doing of the said William Sykes minutely chronicled, the chance utterances of his mouth being gathered up like crumbs of manna by the eager caterer to public taste, but his very face is made known to the world through the illustrated papers, and carried by the colonial post through dominions where the sun never sets. We cannot see how this microscopic spirit can be loyalty in the case of the Queen and her family, and not loyalty in the case of William Sykes, Esquire, convict-at-law. In both cases we should be inclined to pronounce it a far different thing—not loyalty, but Paul Pryism—the mere official and officious expression of idle and vulgar curiosity. Then what is loyalty, rightly and properly so called? If we would form an idea, we must consult the meaning of the word. It is the feeling of obedience in contradistinction to the feeling of independence; the feeling of law, and order, and duty, in contradistinction to the feeling of license, disorder, and self-will. The general order, "England expects every man to do his duty," embodies this feeling of loyalty as well as it can be done in words. In a monarchical country, loyalty expresses the respect which every good subject ought to feel for the Sovereign, distinct from affection for the person, notwithstanding that the two sentiments are generally combined, as the fountain of law, and the expression of the Divine government on earth; in a republican country like America, loyalty might be used—we know not if it is—to mean attachment in the citizen to the Constitution. It is to me a right lovely word, however rare in its applicability. It is much to the credit of the Scottish dialect that in the North it is synonymous with goodness, and that "the land of the leal" is but another expression for Paradise. Loyalty is the feeling of which duty is the practical application. These twin graces form the basis of all human happiness: they are rays emanating from hea-

ven; while such things as honour, glory, freedom, wealth, fame, are but earthly lamplights in comparison. Happy alone are they who walk by the heavenly lights, for where they shine, alone is there certainty about the causeway of life. Obedience, which is the child of Loyalty, is evermore to be preferred to the vagueness of independent action; it is far more lovable and loving; and those who have passed that spring-time of life to which it belongs as a right and a privilege, may well bear a sigh over the stern necessity. The child is fairer than the parent—the woman than the man; to him a certain degree of freedom is a duty, not to be boasted of, but to be regarded in the light of a terrible trust—as awful responsibility; in fact, nothing less than part of the punishment exacted on the race by the Fall. Read the countenances of the freest nations of the world, and say whether they are also the happiest; and read the countenance of the middle-aged man, whose brow is clouded with caring for many things, and say whether he is happier than the virgin of nineteen—whose darkest hour is the May thunderstorm of a lover's quarrel, with freshness and fragrance as its result. It is much to be feared that the antique feeling of loyalty to the Sovereign has passed away from us as a nation for ever. There was a time when the sanctuary of the royal presence was planted round with a grove of respectful observance of ancient growth and solemn aspect, secured from impertinent intrusion by the religion of the spot; now we have been obliged to substitute a quick-set hedge of etiquette, which vulgarly delights to peep over, and occasional audacity to clear at a bound. The Sovereign can only be approached or addressed by proxy, and by the interposition of a ceremonial which is irksome and distressing to all who are not initiated in the complicated mysteries of a democratic Court. The priests of this ceremonial are a race of official mediators who have sprung up from the corruption of the kingly authority, and who correspond in position to the class of human mediators, which the corruption of religion interposes in

certain churches between man and his Maker, indicating less a devout faith than a widely-spread infidelity. The spell has been broken by revolution. In France, the feeling of loyalty has never survived the shock of the guillotine which struck off the head of the sixteenth Louis. It was revoked in vain to throw a halo round the throne of the Citizen King, which vanished at the first angry breath of the Power that called it into being. The two Napoleons, knowing it vain to hope to resuscitate it, threw away the hollow pretence, and preferred to fence the imperial purple with the palpable strength of some half a million of bayonets. In England, the feeling of loyalty received a mortal wound on the awful 30th of January, when a king was brought up for judgment before a self-constituted tribunal, and condemned to death contrary to the laws of the realm, in the midst of ominous and melancholy circumstances; the people an unwilling witness of the parricide—helpless, and groaning—uttering vain cries at intervals, in spite of the brutal soldiery, of "God save your Majesty;" the arch-rebel Cromwell insulting with his high spirits the universal gloom, and with school-boy wantonness daubing the face of his fellow-regicide with ink, unconsciously symbolising the blackness of his guilt; and after the judicial murder had been consummated, the soft, thick, snow-shower covering the pall of the royal dead, and seeming to the simple-minded bystanders a Heaven-sent declaration of the innocence of the sufferer. Truly, the passing bell of Charles I. was the knell of virgin loyalty in these kingdoms; and it seems in some sense true to us, that from that moment the unconscious and youthful happiness of "Merry England" passed for ever.

Δὲ ἡμᾶς ἐκποθενθὲν χόρου τρέφον
Τίτας φόνος πέπηνεν, οὐ διαφύδων.

In the indignant reaction against Puritan tyranny, of which the Restoration was the first fruits, a reaction which naturally led to extravagancies in the other direction, Loyalty appeared for a time to flourish anew; but its profession was disfigured by theatrical exaggeration. It was made

to appear ridiculous in the assertion by the High Church divines of the non-resistance principle, and the interpretation of the Divine Right of kings in the servitude of the subject, which they found it impossible to adhere to when James II. persecuted their own body; although it was invested with no ordinary dignity by the heroic death of Montrose, and later by the devotion of Claverhouse. It was well that Loyalty, like the first Cæsar, met its doom with nobleness and decency. It expired in the hour of victory in the pass of Killiecrankie, and was buried in the military cloak that enwrapt the body of Dundee.

Fortunately, from the fact of the present sovereign of the British empire being a woman, we are less able to appreciate at this day such a collapse of loyalty. Devotion to her sex, and a well-founded attachment to her virtues and graces supply, the void which the abstract idea has deserted, and all men shout with one accord, "God bless her!" But it was otherwise in the case of the last George and the last William. The Tories were then the only loyal party. They stuck to both those kings, as kings, through good report and evil. But generally George IV. was unpopular, and William IV. only saved his popularity by playing, in his simplicity, with the dangerous fire of Reform, and at the price of great part of his dignity. It is to be hoped that our Queen may reign long enough for loyalty to grow up again from its roots to something of its pristine stature.

In reading the records of the ever-memorable wars of Cavaliers and Roundheads, it is interesting to observe how distinct is the sentiment of religious loyalty, from the fawning obsequiousness of a slave for his master, or a blindness to the faults and weaknesses of the personages who are its objects. To this Macaulay bears an honest, though perhaps unwilling, testimony. Many of the Royalists, who boldly met death or confiscation of estates in the cause of Charles I. in his latter days, had distinguished themselves by opposition to those arbitrary acts which were the immediate causes of the breach between King and Parliament. They,

and not his fanatical enemies, formed a correct estimate of the King's character. They saw that it was necessary for the happiness both of King and people that the limits of the power of each should be correctly understood and defined, and they were anxious to bring about a proper balance of the Constitution, by which, once settled, it might be able to work on without impediment. It must well be remembered that such limits had never been determined before; so that, in considering the history of the Civil Wars, we must not be forward to charge either party with a breach of the Constitution in its aggressions or measures of defence. The King had abundant precedents for occasional acts of arbitrary power; the Parliament had also precedents for resisting them peacefully. But when it came to this pass, that the Parliamentary leaders, seeing the opportunity of their selfish ambition in an extraordinary political and religious fermentation, evidently aimed at the subversion, not only of the Crown, but of the House of Lords,—then it at once became the manifest duty of all good men and true to range themselves under the banner of the King—which was first set up at Nottingham; and we find, indeed, that they actually did so, and underwent the vicissitudes of his fortunes, and those of his son, with an earnestness and heartiness which left nothing to be desired but a superior intelligence with regard to the means of success.

I cannot see how any generous man of the present day, whatever his present political leanings may be, can do otherwise than side in his sympathies with the Cavaliers. Only consider for a moment the two kinds of courage which animated the rival armies. What had the Cavaliers to gain by espousing the cause of Charles? Absolutely nothing. His grateful promises, in case of success, could not have been distributed among so many; in case of failure, they had everything to lose, for they were the great bulk of the landholders of the country. Their courage was the courage of duty, springing from that spontaneous obedience to the powers that be which animates every

healthily-constituted mind. They knew that a King would not have been placed over them without the will of God, and they felt that in supporting the King they were doing God's will, without considering the profit and loss to themselves in time or in eternity. On the other hand, the courage of the Roundheads was, in the case of the leaders—such as Cromwell—that animal courage with which designing men are endued to enable them, for some inscrutable purpose, to carry out their ambitious designs; in the case of the followers, it was, either in a political or religious sense, the fury of cowardice. The political fanatics of the day feared, or affected to fear, the threatened destruction of Magna Charta in the increasing demands of the Crown for supplies, springing from its necessities; but they feared more those wholesome restrictions which would have prevented the liberty of the subject from degenerating into democratic licentiousness. But this class was soon merged in the more formidable body of the religious fanatics. These men, after, in all probability, leading disreputable lives in their youth, and systematically neglecting the means of grace provided by the Church of their fathers, threw the blame of their own shortcomings on the Church herself; fancied that in her they could discover no salvation; jumped to the conclusion that her services were idolatrous and impure; and, in a slavish and selfish apprehension for the safety of their private souls, broke all the chains of public duty, and trusted to make themselves meet for heaven by turning their backs on the religion of their baptism, and doing that which was right in their own eyes. In the arrogance of their own conceit they adopted the darkest and most uncharitable tenets of the sect of Loyola. The Jesuit always leaves a loophole for charity in "invincible ignorance;" and will tell you, when uttering denunciations against those who do not hold his creed, that he is but an echo of the voice of the universal Church, so that his bigotry invests itself with a certain respectability, and his worst wish for his spiritual enemies is, that their bodies may be burnt with fire, for the salvation of their souls.

The Puritan, on the other hand, pretends, on the strength of his wretched reason, to "justify the ways of God to man;" blasphemes holy names, in calling the aberrations of his own intellect, the promptings of the Holy Spirit; and, holding himself and the frantic few who think with him as the elect of God, consigns all the rest of the world, without pity, mercy, or remorse, to eternal perdition. So we find that, with the holiest and purest of all religions for their excuse, these Roundheads of the Civil Wars perpetrated the same enormities which have lately been practised by the fanatics of the debased Hindoo superstition. They had but to learn to look upon themselves as the children of Israel, and to fancy themselves under divine guidance, and their political enemies at once became Amalekites, Ammonites, and Philistines; and any outrage committed upon them was not only justifiable, but praiseworthy. If they destroyed them utterly, root and branch, they were only doing their duty; if they spared any, even the women and children, they were guilty of culpable negligence, and made themselves partakers of the sin of Saul when he forbore to hew Agag in pieces. In fact, Agag was the very name by which they chose to designate the amiable and unfortunate Prince whom they succeeded in destroying.

Would you know what has brought back my thoughts from the very stirring times in which we live, to the times of our great great-grandfathers, and induced me to muse and prose on the subject of loyalty? I have received Mr. Hughes' new edition of the *Boscobel Tracts*, a republication of the papers relating to one of the most interesting episodes in English history—the escape of King Charles II. after the disastrous battle of Worcester. The volume is prefaced with a capital Introduction, which takes a masterly grasp of the circumstances of the time, embodied in the shape of an answer to a letter from the late Bishop of Llandaff, whose letter, also published, is full of valuable remarks. The Introduction is followed by a Diary, in which the facts are given in their historical order, very carefully arranged; and

then come the Tracts themselves. The editor makes a comparison between Charles II. and Charles Edward, unfavourable to the latter; and he seems balanced in his opinions of the former King, thinking that, on the whole, there was much to be said for his public character. I presume, from the way in which the editor has done his work, that it was a labour of love. In these days of mitigated speaking, there is something intensely refreshing in the hearty outspoken Toryism of these Tracts, the most important of which are written by one Thomas Blount (one of those names which seems to carry loyalty on the face of it, as Bradshaw and others carry disaffection, although some of those who bear such names may be innocent of the imputation). Devotion to the royal authority and affection for the royal person is the life-blood of these spirited papers, coupled with a delicacy in consulting the private feelings of the Sovereign, far different from the machine-like stiffness of nineteenth-century etiquette. Setting aside the deeply-rooted and ancient feeling of loyalty which the rude tempests of the time had shattered but not yet eradicated, the Sovereigns of the house of Stuart seem to have been gifted with a singularly fascinating presence, which made, by conversation, friends into devotees, and often enemies into friends. It is not very difficult to form a tolerably correct estimate of the character of Charles I., from his portraits by Vandyke. His tastes were evidently refined, even to fastidiousness: this we may judge from his delicate hands, his dress, and bearing. His carriage seems indicative of languor rather than of energy; and in spite of the general nobleness and generosity of his traits, there is an expression of obstinacy distinct from resolution, and quite consistent with its opposite, in the lines about his mouth and the sockets of his eyes. The whole countenance tells of fine feeling, conjoined with mental capacity by no means above the average. All is shaded by a cloud of melancholy, yet far removed from asceticism; a temper which, without being genial itself, was quite

isation, at short notice, of an army numerically overwhelming. Let us turn to the first page of the Diary of those events, placed first in order among the *Boscobel Papers*, which also contain a Journal written by the King himself :—

"In the beginning of August 1651, Charles II. decided on the bold measure which for a time perplexed the calculations of the Protector; and, evading the vigilance of the Parliamentary army, marched over the Scottish frontier, with a force amounting to about 8000 foot and 3000 horse—provided, it should seem, with no better artillery than sixteen leather guns. As the troops, consisting chiefly of Scots Covenanters, stood in a situation of peculiar delicacy with the Royalists of the English counties, the strictest discipline was observed, as a necessary measure of conciliation. In one case, some stragglers had robbed an orchard; in another, a soldier had refused payment at a publican's on the road. In both instances the offenders were punished with death; and it is probable that these harsh measures produced their effect in the unmolested progress of the army as far as Warrington. At this place Lambert and Harrison, whose troops had hitherto formed a flying corps of observation, concentrated 7000 men, with a view of disputing the passage of the river, the bridge over which had been broken down. The passage was soon made practicable by means of planks laid across the broken piers; and Charles, leading on his men with great gallantry, effected his purpose in the face of the enemy, who, pursuant to the orders of Cromwell, offered no very obstinate resistance, and withdrew their forces without risking a general engagement. On August 22d the King arrived before the loyal town of Worcester, where it had been his intention to establish his first permanent headquarters. The ruinous fortifications of the city were speedily abandoned by the enemy's garrison of 500 horse; and Charles, making his triumphal entry forthwith, was proclaimed on the 23d. The next two or three days were spent in preparations for the grand muster, which was to take place on the 26th, as well as in the usual ceremonials and rejoicings, and the refreshment of the wearied army, who, nevertheless, with true covenanting zeal, found leisure to quarrel with certain expressions used in a sermon preached by Mr. Crosby, an eminent divine of the town, as attributing an undue spiritual

authority to the King as head of the Church."

In the midst of this short heyday at Worcester came in Lord Derby to join the King, but in the same state in which Mazeppa came to join Charles XII. of Sweden before the fatal battle of Pultowa. He brought no reinforcements with him, as expected, from the northern counties; for the parliamentary colonel, Lilburn, had completely routed his undisciplined levies, and he himself was wounded in the engagement, and forced to fly for his life. On his way he was fain to shelter himself at that very Boscobel House which afterwards became so famous in history as the asylum of the King. Things looked bad. The 26th August must have been an anxious day for the King. This was the day appointed for the muster in Pitchcroft Meadow of all the forces that had answered to his summons.

"Many cavaliers of high family came in with small levies of horse—among them, Lord Talbot, and Sir Walter, with three other gentlemen of the ancient and chivalrous name of Blount. This comparatively slight accession of force, however, was not sufficient to encourage the King in his original project of marching to London, where on this very day his proclamation was burnt by the hangman, and a counter manifesto of the most threatening nature promulgated. In the mean time, the Parliamentary main army, whose numbers, varying according to different reports, certainly trebled the muster-roll of the Royal forces, began to push their outposts round the city, and everything seemed to portend the approach of a decisive action."

We must well remark here the great disparity of force on the two sides. Accounts differ, but all agree that the Parliamentary army was vastly superior in numbers. Considering the coldness of part of the King's forces, this throws the strongest light on the valour of the true Cavaliers, who long and hotly disputed the victory, though with an enemy in the highest state of discipline and efficiency, and succeeded, after the battle was lost, in covering the retreat of the King. It was easy to see from this action alone on which side lay the superiority in courage.

"Perceiving themselves hemmed in gradually by a disciplined force trebling their own, the Royalists immediately determined on trying the chance of a spirited and desperate measure. In the night, from 1200 to 1500 men, under General Middleton, attacked Cromwell's headquarters, wearing their shirts over their armour for the better distinction of their own forces. Owing, however, to secret intelligence obtained by the enemy from Guise, or Gives, a tailor of Worcester, who was discovered and executed the next day, they were repulsed with loss."

It is some consolation, in reading the account of this disaster, which in fact was the ruin of the Royal army, to find that Snip's goose was effectually cooked.

On the 8d of September the decisive battle of Worcester was fought. Its circumstances are well known and its disastrous issue. The Royalists performed miracles of valour. Montgomery maintained Powick Bridge, which crosses the Teme, a tributary of the Severn, till his ammunition was expended, against a vastly superior force; and Colonel Pitscottie, with but 300 Highlanders, disputed for a long time with desperate gallantry the passage of the Severn, with Cromwell in person, and a whole regiment at his back. Again, the King, when the day was decidedly going against him,

"Boldly marched out to attack Cromwell in his intrenchments, with the Highlanders and his best infantry, seconded by the English cavaliers. So resolute was the onset of the Royalists, led by Charles in person, that the republicans at first gave way before them, abandoning a part of their cannon. 'One hour of Montrose,' at the head of the 3000 horse whom a few minutes might have brought to the charge, had perhaps retrieved the fortunes of the day; but Lesley, who commanded this important force, induced either by treachery or distrust, kept them stationary in the rear, until the infantry, having expended their ammunition, and being reduced to fight with the but-ends of their muskets, gave way before the reserves poured in by the Protector, and fell back into the city with the loss of their best leaders."

The battle of Worcester was lost. Charles tried to persuade the cav-

alry to face about once more, but their hearts were broken by the failure of the gathering, and they were paralysed. However, the valour of Lord Rothes and Sir William Hamilton, in defending the Castle Hill, shed a lustre on defeat; and the desperate valour of Lord Cleveland, Colonel Wogan, Major Carlis, and other Royalist gentlemen, in repeatedly charging the victors in the streets with a few resolute troopers, took the bloom off their laurels, and was mainly instrumental in securing the safety of the royal person. Of Major Carlis it is quaintly said in Blount's account, that he saw "not the last man born, but the last man killed at Worcester."

Nothing is more lamentable, in reading the account of this battle, than its sad illustration of the national mistake, that courage is to effect anything in war without professional knowledge or professional discipline. The Cavaliers were too fine gentlemen to take the trouble to make themselves into soldiers. They knew that the feudal levies of England in bygone times, chiefly by means of the archer-yeomen, had triumphed over the proudest armies of the Continent. They shut their eyes to the fact that an entirely new system had sprung up, and that regular armies were in their time a necessary element of victory. The whole secret of the success of Cromwell was in keeping himself *au fait* of the progress of the world in the art of war, and adapting it to his own levies. Yet in these very days Brown Bess has had her defenders against the Minié or Enfield rifle, just as the ancient bow had doubtless at one time its advocates in opposition to the new-fangled match-lock-musket, and with much better reason. Why were the Royalists always falling short of ammunition at some important crisis? It was an anticipation on a small scale of the Crimean business. It seems a decree of fate or Providence that in all cases but where there is a master-mind like Cromwell's to superintend, British valour is destined to be ill-found and at first unfortunate. At the battle of Worcester,

comparatively speaking, the Roundheads were a pack of cowards, for they had that evil conscience which "makes cowards of us all;" and they barely managed to gain the victory, though they were Britons themselves and trebled the number of their opponents, and were polished to the keenest edge of military efficiency by the first disciplinarian in Europe. Had the tenth part of Cromwell's military capacity been possessed by any of the Royalist leaders who fought for Charles I., the battle of Worcester would have been unnecessary; for a few days like Edgehill would have crushed the insurrection in the bud long before. Charles, after this fatal blow to his hopes, actually thought of flying to London, in the desperate hope of rousing the metropolis in his cause. This seems to have been especially the advice of Lord Wilmot (afterwards the Earl of Rochester). But he was better advised, and rode northwards. At Kiver Heath, near Kidderminster, it was determined that he should take refuge at Boscobel House, which had stood Lord Derby in such good stead. His retinue passed through Stourbridge with some danger, hence to White Ladies, a house belonging to the loyal Roman Catholic family of Giffard. By the advice of Mr. Giffard he here took leave of his retinue, and proceeded to take shelter with the immortal Penderels, Mr. Giffard's tenants, who lived at Boscobel House. Have you ever seen Boscobel, Irenæus? If not, I advise you to go there in the year of our Lord 1858—if you live so long, which I hope you will—and, if possible, on the glorious twenty-ninth of May. That was about the time when I visited it. That is not the time, it is necessary to observe, though in spite of popular belief, of the King's concealment here. The twenty-ninth of May is the date of his Majesty's Restoration, not of his enthronement in the oak, which took place in autumn. The spring leaves would have scarcely hid him from the sharp eyes of the fanatic troopers who came about it to look for him. The scenery in which Boscobel House is situated is some of the loveliest in the midland counties of England.

It stands amidst swelling uplands, the highest point of which commands a view—I am afraid to say how far—but nearly as far as the Welsh mountains: it includes their outpost, the Wrekin. All around are woods, and wild pastures; and here and there, especially round the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, lovely sheets of water; and in the merry spring time the air is fragrant with the blossom of lilac and hawthorn, and vocal with all the British song-birds. The house itself is, or was when I saw it ten years ago, one of those model old English granges or forest lodges, few of which are now to be seen—with white walls, and gables, and black beams curiously and tastefully intersecting each other. Its wainscotted interior is burrowed with queer hiding-places, which were devised for the refuge of hunted priests in the days when Roman Catholics were persecuted. In fact, the neighbourhood is now, as it was at the time of King Charles's escape, a nest of Romanism. They have built themselves a little church at Brewood, under Pugin's auspices; so small that it looks like a plaything, but very pretty. All the persecutions that these people of the old fashioned creed endured in those times, even under the Stuarts, could not erase the loyalty from their bosoms; for it was by the members of this communion alone that the heart of the Church of England, and representative of the triple royalty of these realms, was faithfully succoured, at the risk of life, in the hour of his direst distress. Knowing this, it would not be fair for us to stigmatise, as necessarily, a bad subject, every one who acknowledges the Pope of Rome as his spiritual prince, though ultramontane Popery is undoubtedly antagonistic to the existence of any political system but its own. The King's Oak is no more, but a smooth-stemmed tree grows on its site, which is said to have sprung from one of its acorns. It is mentioned in the documents that the original was a pollard oak with a bushy top, otherwise it could not have effectually screened two men sitting among the branches, as it screened Charles and Maria. Most interesting are the minute details

connected with the King's sojourn at Boscobel House, and they appear to greatest advantage in the two Tracts called "*Boscobel*, or the History of King Charles the Second's most miraculous preservation after the battle of Worcester," written by that devoted Cavalier, Thomas Blount, to whom the narrative was evidently a sacred duty, and the spirit of whose remarks, in particular, suggested my descant on the nature of loyalty. Thomas Blount was evidently one of those good men whose merits lay rather in deeds than in words. His wit is superficial, but his humour is deep and broad. He can find no words strong enough to express his attachment to the royal cause, or abhorrence of the opposite opinions. He apologises in his preface for his peculiar style. After quaintly observing that "much of his Majesty's actions and sufferings have run parallel with those of King David," he adds: "And though the whole complex may want elegance and politeness of style (which the nature of such relations does not properly challenge), yet it cannot want truth, the chief ingredient for such undertakings; in which assurance I am not afraid to venture myself in your hands."

"Read on and wonder!"

After describing Charles's landing at Spey in the north of Scotland, from Holland, in June 1650, his march into England in August 1651, and the proclamation of amnesty which he published, excluding only "Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, John Cook (pretended solicitor), and all others who did actually sit and vote in the murder of his royal father," his indignation rises at the very natural treatment which that rather innocent proclamation received in London.

"In this interim his Majesty had sent a copy of his declaration enclosed in a gracious letter to Thomas Andrews, then Lord Mayor (who had been one of his late Majesty's judges), and the aldermen of the city of London, which, by order of the rump-rebels, then sitting at Westminster, was (on the 26th of August) publicly burnt at the Old Exchange by the hangman, and their own declaration

proclaimed there, and at Westminster, with beat of drum and sound of trumpet, by which his sacred Majesty (to whom they could afford no better title than Charles Stuart), his abettors, agents, and complices, were declared traitors, rebels, and publick enemies. Impudence and treason beyond example!"

In his account of the muster at Pitchcroft, Mr. Blount gives in full a list of the principal gentlemen, omitting himself modestly, who were willing to hazard life and property by answering the summons of the King. The merits of these are enhanced by their very select number, and the consciousness they must have had of the extremely perilous nature of the King's enterprise. To men of property who had everything to lose, adherence to any but the winning side was ruin, whereas to those of humbler condition it signified little more than the actual peril of combat. At the head of this heroic band stands the name of Francis Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, who brought about sixty horse with him. That so few Cavaliers responded to the call, must be partly attributed to the jealousy which the English felt of the King's Scottish auxiliaries. They were looked upon at that time quite as French or other foreigners would have been regarded; and there was an additional cause of suspicion in the fact of their being Covenanters, which they took care to show in their exception to Mr. Crosby's sermon at Worcester; and of disgust, in the fact that the King himself had recently adopted the Covenant, and promised to do his best to make the Presbyterian form the religion of his whole dominions. The feeling against the Scots appeared in the sequel of the battle, when most of the infantry of that nation who escaped were, it is said, knocked on the head by the country-people, their dialect in all probability having betrayed them.

In stigmatising the thirty thousand men, whom Cromwell brought into the field at Worcester, as "being generally the scum and froth of the whole kingdom," our friend Thomas Blount seems to forget that depreciation of the enemy was not the best manner of glorifying his own side. That such was the fact, was doubtless the

case. Few men of substance chose to enroll themselves as the regular soldiers of the standing army in those days; and even as late as the Peninsular War, we know of what materials the heroes of Wellington's campaigns were composed. Nevertheless, the Blackguard Eighty-eighth—as they still, I believe, affectionately call themselves—managed to earn immortal laurels at Albuera, and to gain the additional sobriquet of the “Die-hards.” The poor Scots, as Blount relates, were terribly cut up at Worcester; and all but Lesley's horse, who were ill-commanded, covered themselves with laurels. Duke Hamilton had his horse killed under him, and was himself mortally wounded. Sir John Douglas received his death-wound; and Sir Alex. Forbes (who was the first knight the king made in Scotland) was shot through the calves of both legs—lay in a wood all night, and was brought a prisoner into Worcester the next day. Blount attributes the victory, not only to the vastly superior numbers of the rebel army, but also to the fact that they first fought both with horse and foot against his Majesty's foot, the cavalry being cooped up in the town, and afterwards with both foot and horse against his Majesty's horse; and he quaintly adds, that their losses were scarcely worth mentioning, considering that they had so few persons of condition to lose,—“Quarter-master-general Mosely, and one Captain Jones,” being about the most remarkable men. The King was forwarded to Boscobel House by the advice of Lord Derby. The King went first to White Ladies, formerly a Cistercian convent, belonging to Mr. Giffard, with whom he took counsel, and by him was handed over to his dependents, the Penderels, who lived at Boscobel. The King's first notion of a disguise, was to rub his hands on the back of the chimney, and then his face, having allowed some one to “disorderly cut off his hair.”

He then, we are told, equipped himself in a noggen coarse shirt, and Richard Penderel's green suit and leathern doublet, as a prelude to a more perfect disguise. He was conducted into a place by Boscobel, called Spring Coppice, where he abode,

Blount says, as David did in the wilderness of Ziph, having parted from Lord Derby, whom he was never to see again, and who suffered on the scaffold at Bolton, on the very day of the King's subsequent embarkation, in consequence of the judgment of a court-martial held by a knot of “prodigious rebels.” When Charles was in Spring Coppice, it did not belie its name; for, says Blount, “the heavens wept bitterly at these calumnies, inasmuch as the thickest tree in the wood was not able to keep his Majesty dry, nor was there anything for him to sit on; wherefore Richard went to Francis Yates' house (a trusty neighbour, who married his wife's sister), where he borrowed a blanket, which he folded and laid on the ground under the tree, for his Majesty to sit on.”

The King made an abortive attempt to pass from Boscobel into Wales, before which he completed his disguise. His name was to be Will. Jones, and his arms a woodman's bill. This done, he started for Madeley, in Shropshire, five miles from White Ladies, and within a mile of the Severn, which lay in his way, attended by Richard Penderel. He had an uncomfortable adventure on his way to Madeley, at Evelyn Mill. The jolly miller was entertaining a party of distressed Cavaliers, and consequently on the watch at night. He hailed the King and his companion, taking them for Roundheads; and they took some trouble to escape him, being forced to wade a brook, during which performance the King pleasantly observed, that he should have lost his way in the dark but for the rustling of the calveskin breeches of his rustic guide. At Madeley he heard that the fords of the Severn and the boats were in the custody of rebels, so he was obliged to return to Boscobel. Thinking his hands and face still dangerously clean—the soot having worn off—he stained them more permanently with walnut-leaves. But the Philistines were upon him at Boscobel. Soldiers were searching the neighbourhood, having a suspicion of the King's whereabouts. Major or Colonel Carlis here appears on the stage again. He was lurking

about Boscobel, fearing, as compromised at Worcester, to return to his own estate of Brom Hall, in that neighbourhood. It is recorded that, when his Majesty found the Colonel, he first went into the house and made a hearty meal of bread and cheese, washed down by a posset of thin milk and small-beer, prepared by the notable hands of William Penderel's wife.

Here we find the worthy Colonel performing the office of groom of the bed-chamber. "The Colonel pulled off his Majesty's shoes, which were full of gravel, and stockings, which were very wet; and there being no other shoes in the house that would fit him, the good-wife put some hot embers in those to dry them, whilst his Majesty's feet were washing and his stockings shifted." The King seems to have suffered excessively from galled feet, although the distances which he walked were by no means great. The reason probably was, that in those days every gentleman was a centaur; and a dismounted Cavalier on the tramp would suffer as much in his feet as most men now would in the hands if they attempted to handle an oar for the first time. Then, by the Colonel's advice, the King mounted with him into the memorable oak,—

"Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And hummed a surly hymn."

They took care to take bread and cheese and beer up into the oak with them; for it is a remarkable circumstance that the King preserved an excellent appetite through all his troubles; and there the King stayed all day, occasionally dozing in Colonel Carlis's lap, who kept watch both against the chance of falling and the prowling enemy.

In the evening they returned to the house. His Majesty "permitted William Penderel to shave him, and cut the hair off his head, as short at top as the scissors would do it, but leaving some about the ears, according to the country mode. Colonel Carlis attending, told his Majesty—

'William was but a mean barber;' to which his Majesty answered, 'He had never been shaved by any barber before.' The King bad William burn the hair which he cut off; but William was only disobedient in that, for he kept a good part of it, where-with he has since pleased some persons of honour, and is kept as a civil relic."

"This night the good-wife (whom his Majesty was pleased to call 'my dame Joan') provided some chickens for his Majesty's supper (a dainty he had not lately been acquainted with); and a little pallet was put into the secret place for his Majesty to rest in; some of the brothers being continually upon duty, watching the avenues of the house and the road-way to prevent the danger of a surprise."

On Sunday morning the King, feeling a craving for his favourite meat, mutton, Colonel Carlis stole out and struck with his dagger a fat wether of Mr. Staunton's, who some time afterwards, hearing it had been killed for some Cavaliers in trouble, refused payment, but wished "much good it might do them."

Colonel Carlis, having thus proved his capacity as butcher as well as valet, after William Penderel had brought back the mutton on his back, and the King had performed his devotions, set to work to prepare it, in a state, no doubt, of freshness which would have taxed Soyer's ingenuity, for his Majesty's breakfast. Here, however, his Majesty appears to have been more at home than the gallant Colonel. "His Majesty called for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops, and pricked them with the knife-point; then called for a frying-pan and butter, and fried the collops himself, of which he ate heartily; Colonel Carlis the while, being but under-cook (and that honour enough, too), made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan." The King afterwards distinguished himself in a culinary capacity at Colonel Wyndham's at Trent. It having been arranged that the King should now go to Bentley, the house of Colonel Lane, in order to accompany Mistress Jane

Lane in disguise to Bristol, he took leave of Colonel Carlis here, who escaped to Holland, and brought the news of the King's preservation to his sister, the Princess of Orange. The Penderels formed the royal body-guard on this expedition, the King being mounted on a sluggish bone-setting mill-horse, of which the King, not very graciously, complained, "it was the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on," to which Humphrey (the owner of him) answered (beyond the usual capacity of a miller): "My liege, can you blame the horse to go heavily when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back." The King was safely conveyed by this gallant brotherhood to Mr. Whitgreave's house at Moseley, and there they parted with him. He lay concealed there awhile, and then proceeded to Bentley. It was there arranged that the King was to attend Mistress Jane Lane on her journey to Bristol in the capacity of a poor tenant's son in ill health, on a horse which carried double, the lady riding behind on a pillion; Lord Wilmot attending them, without a disguise, at a convenient distance, taking hawks with him as if on a sporting tour, and communicating with the King when necessary. In the second Tract written by him, which Blount calls "the second stage of the royal progress," he makes a summary of the King's subsequent adventures, till the time of his safe embarkation. His Majesty, to fit himself for the journey, had changed from a woodman into the son of a respectable yeoman—from Will. Jones into Will. Jackson.

Colonel Lane had brought him a new suit and cloak of country grey cloth, as near as could be contrived like the holiday suit of a farmer's son, which was thought fittest to carry on the disguise. Mr. Petre and his wife rode in the same party, not knowing the King, and Mr. Henry Lascelles beside them alone.

Before starting, Old Mrs. Lane, who was not in the secret, bantered the King on his awkwardness in holding out his hand the wrong way for her daughter to mount, observing "what a goodly horseman her daughter had

got to ride before her." They passed through some dangers from straggling parties of rebels, and so by Cirencester to Bristol, where they found their journey's end at Mr. Norton's house at Abbotsleigh, about three miles on the Somersetshire side of that city, an old manor-house, now represented by a Palladian structure at some little distance from the original spot, on the estate belonging to William Miles, Esq., M.P. Here the King was discovered by the brawler, by name Pope, who proved true to him. The name was of good omen after the succour afforded him by Papists. The next point to be made was Trent in Somersetshire, the residence of Colonel Wyndham, a tried loyalist. This was looked upon as a convenient spot for watching opportunities of embarkation. On this part of the journey, Will Jackson rode on a separate horse, with Mistress Jane Lane, carrying her portmanteau. She was obliged to have recourse to a pious fraud to get away from Mr. Norton's. From Trent the King made a false start for the Dorsetshire coast, narrowly escaping rebels quartered in the inns near the South coast, who were departing on an expedition to reduce the Channel Islands. Another lady, Mistress Juliana Coningsby, had the honour, as Blount says, to ride behind the King; or, as a polite American would say, the King had the honour to ride before Mistress Juliana Coningsby. At Charmouth a bitter disappointment awaited him. Alas for petticoat government! The skipper who had been handsomely paid to convey the King to France, in packing up, roused the suspicions of his wife, who, to prevent his risking his neck, locked him up in his bedroom all night, and made him lose the tide. As Blount bluntly expresses it, the grey mare proving the better horse, the King had nothing to do but to ride back to Trent again. Here he was scarcely safe at all times, for Colonel Wyndham had once to allay the suspicions of his enemies by adopting the strong and apparently unusual measure of going to church with Lord Wilmot. The Puritans thinking him a converted character, that

left him alone. Of course the church was at that time used as a conventicle. In these parts the King wandered about, in no very definite direction, for some time, meeting with all sorts of curious adventures, and narrowly escaping recognition on more than one occasion, almost as if for the sake of immortalising such places as Hele, Wincanton, and Mere, and giving the landlords of inns a right to the sign of the Royal Oak. At last, by the indefatigable exertions of his friends, a passage was secured him at Brighthelmstone, in Sussex; a place which, as it has expanded from a fishing-village into "a fantastic front, three miles along the shore," has contracted its name by seven letters, and is now better known as Brighton. On his way to this place, Mr. Jackson was taken for a Round-head, and kept up the character by rebuking a gentleman "who did by chance let fall an oath." At Brighthelmstone, a captain was secured, whom, fearing a repetition of the Charnmouth mishap, the Royalists kept drinking and smoking all night, and would not suffer to go home to his wife. From Shoreham, near Brighton, the King finally set sail, arriving safely at Fecamp in Normandy, and then travelling to Paris by way of Rouen. His mother received him in the French metropolis, where every honour was paid to his rank.

Blount thus presents us with a summary of the escape:—

"From the 3d of September at Worcester to the 15th of October at Brithemston [the spelling shows the transition to Brighton], "being one and forty days, he passed through more dangers than he travelled miles, of which yet he traversed in that time only near three hundred (not to speak of his dangers at sea, both at his coming into Scotland and his going out of England, nor of his long march from Scotland to Worcester), sometimes on foot with uneasy shoes; at other times on horseback, encumbered with a portmanteau; and which was worse, at another time, on the gall-backad, slow-paced miller's horse; some time acting one disguise in coarse linen and a leathern doublet, sometimes another of almost as bad a complexion; one day he is forced to skulk in a barn at Madely,

another day sits with Colonel Carlos in a tree, with his feet extremely galled, and at night glad to lodge with William Penderel in a secret place at Boscobel, which never was intended for the dormitory of a king.

"Sometimes he was forced to shift with coarse fare for a bellyful; another time in a wood, glad to relieve the necessities of nature with a mess of milk, served up in an homely dish by good-wife Yates, a poor country-woman; then again, for a variety of tribulation, when he thought himself almost out of danger, he directly meets some of those rebels who so greedily sought his blood, yet, by God's great providence, had not the power to discover him; and (which is more than has yet been mentioned) he sent at another time to some subjects for relief and assistance in his great necessity, who out of a pusillanimous fear of the bloody arch-rebel then reigning durst not own him."

And last, not least, in the list of his calamities, Blount mentions what he must have felt at hearing of the sad fate of Lord Derby and other friends. The King was, however, miraculously preserved for better days. Mr. Blount is ungallant, in spite of his chivalry, in what he says on this subject:—

"Consider whether it were not indeed a miracle that so many men and (which is far more) *so many women* should faithfully conceal so important and unusual a secret."

Charles the Second does not, on the evidence of these Tracts, appear to have laid himself open to the charge of neglecting those who succoured him in his distress.

Mistress Jane Lane, the Flora Macdonald of the narrative, as Mr. Hughes well observes, whose discretion appears to have been equal to her beauty, was treated by him in after times with peculiar honour. The Penderels were raised from the condition of hinds to that of substantial yeomen, and the other persons were rewarded as far as the King's means allowed, and in proportion to their conditions and services. All the Cavaliers he was, of course, unable to reward. Colonel Carlis appears to have been the one man whom the King "delighted to honour." His name was changed from Carlis to

And the King seems not to have forgotten, in giving him this coat-of-arms, to give him an income to keep it up withal. This gentleman is said to have descended from one Carlis of Coventry, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Bloody Mary. But he himself was a Roman Catholic; and for that reason one of his descendants, a clergyman, in the last generation, whose name had been corrupted into Carless, preferred bearing the arms of the Coventry martyr; and also, from disgust with a brother who had run through his land, put his own sons into positions of trade, which they filled until they retired with unimpeachable integrity. The last direct descendant of this ancient and honourable line died a few years ago at Hereford, at an advanced age, and in circumstances of opulence. But the ancestral estates, one of which was Corbyn Hall, in Staffordshire, had previously slipped through the fingers of some of the less steady members of the family, and in consequence the Royal Oak has literally no longer a place in "a Field Or."

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THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA.

INDIA is pre-eminently a Land of dols and of strange gods. Polytheism and its never-failing attendant, idolatry, which in modern times have disappeared so much from the face of the earth, still exist in pristine vigour in the Indian peninsula. Bred in our northern homes, where one or two circles of rude stone pillars—the roofless temples of the Druids—are the sole relics of a paganism almost prehistoric in date and too bald for idols, the sons of England stand aghast as for the first time they open their eyes upon the Hindoo world which Providence has placed in our keeping. Graven images and heathen temples—we had heard of such things with the hearing of the ear, and read of them in Bible story at our mother's knee; but no sooner does youthful soldier or civilian land in India, than lo! his eye beholds them everywhere around, endless in number, unchallenged in prestige, as if he had been carried back three thousand years into the past. The denunciations of the Prophets and the irony of the Psalmist of Israel rise into his memory as he sees the idol-maker at work in his shop, or the image-god led about in its painted car, with gay or frenzied crowds bowing themselves before the work of their own hands—gods that “have mouths, but speak not; eyes, but see not; ears, but hear not; noses, but smell not; hands, but handle not; feet, but walk not; neither have any breath in their mouths.” A many-coloured paganism, alike gay and terrible—mingled light and darkness—is around him, fresh and vigorous; and, startled, he asks himself—Has time stood still here? or are there indeed nations with whom existence has been stagnation for two thousand years, and which, like earth's poles, remain for ever stationary while all else whirls onward in the march of Time?

Even the stern Monotheists of the Judean hills, lofty worshippers of the viewless Jehovah, with all their intensity of hatred to idol-worship, must have wrung from poetry more fervid anathemas had their rapt gaze

extended to the peninsula of Ind. The lowlands of Tyre and Philistia might bow to the fish-god Dagon,—the banks of Abana and Pharpur and the groves of the Orontes might be gay with the licentious rites of Ashtaroth,—memories of the gods of Egypt stood recorded in the Pentateuch,—and in the dark hours of the Captivity the Hebrew looked with heightened hatred upon the nobler symbol-worship of Assyria; but not Syria, Assyria, and Egypt combined would have equalled that stupendous development of paganism and idolatry which still exists as a spectacle for Man's humiliation and instruction, upon the plains of India. Nowhere else did a polytheistic worship rear itself on so grand a scale or in such vivid colours. Greece idolised men—Egypt animals—Africa has its fetishes of stocks and stones; but India has idolised all. Only one other civilised country in the world continues pagan—namely, China; but India and the land of Confucius are the very opposites of each other in the forms and character of their religion. Roam through China, and although Buddhist pagodas dot the country, you will find that the idols—or rather the everlasting *one*, of Buddha—excite little or no veneration in the people; and Confucianism, the State and national creed, ignores idol-worship altogether. The people of the Flowery Land venerate, and present symbolic trifles to, the viewless manes of their ancestors; the Emperor, as the high-priest of the nation, offers upon an altar the fruits of the earth to the sun and other skyey influences; and a vague notion prevails of an impersonal god or divine law which they call “heaven.” It is a paganism of matter-of-fact men; and idol-worship, virtually ignored by the State, languishes amongst the people. But cross the Himalayas, and what a contrast appears! In India it is the positive, not the negative, side of paganism that presents itself. Imagination there supersedes Reason,—Personality replaces the more abstract feeling of Law,—Polytheism

supersedes Deism,—God is fractured into a thousand minor deities, representative of his various attributes,—for every god there is an idol, and for every idol myriads of worshippers! Instead of the bald humility of the reverent Confucius, who confessed that he knew little about the Supreme, in India imagination has run riot, and enveloped the gods with an atmosphere of stupendous fable, in which the sublime alternates with the grotesque, and the gigantic and superhuman is mingled with puerilities which could only have proceeded from the low imagination of rustic bards. This is not the whole truth,—a world of high speculation lies behind or soars above this crowded region of idols, monsters, and fables; but such unquestionably are the features of Indian religion which are the most obvious and universal, and hence most expressive of the national character.

How striking a proof is it of the strength of the adoring principle in human nature—what an illustration of mankind's sense of dependence upon an unseen Supreme—that the grandest works which the nations have reared are those connected with Religion! Were a Spirit from some distant world to look down upon the surface of our planet as it spins round in the solar rays, his eye would be most attracted, as the morning light passed onward, by the glittering and painted pagodas of China, Borneo, and Japan—the richly-ornamented temples and stupendous rock shrines of India—the dome-topped mosques and tall slender minarets of Western Asia—the pyramids and vast temples of Egypt, with their mile-long avenues of gigantic statues and sphinxes—the graceful shrines of classic Greece—the basilicas of Rome and Byzantium—the semi-oriental church-domes of Moscow—the Gothic cathedrals of Western Europe—and as the day closed, the light would fall dimly upon the ruins of the grand sun-temples of Mexico and Peru, where, in the infancy of reason and humanity, human sacrifices were offered up, as if the All-Father were pleased with the agony of his creatures! Nowhere has that adoring principle reared grander temples than in India. Egypt may surpass them in vastness, and

Greece outdoes them in lovely symmetry; but as exhibiting a marvellous combination of grandeur, beauty, and variety, the religious edifices of India find no parallel in any single country. The stupendous rock-temples of Bombay—the magnificent and lofty-domed topes of Ceylon—the gorgeous sculpture-covered shrines of Southern India—the tall elliptical temples of Orissa—the lovely and exquisitely finished ones of Guzerat, combine with the Mahometan mosques and minarets of Hindostan to form an unsurpassable assemblage of architectural art and skill.

Visit some of those **TEMPLES**, that we may better see their varying characters, as well as the idol-gods within them; and thereafter, when we come to the Festivals, we shall know better what to think of the adoring crowds without.

Hire a boat at Bombay in the early morning, ere the heat grows oppressive, and row seven miles across the harbour to the beautiful island of Elephanta. Ascend the path leading upwards through the narrow valley that separates the two long hills which constitute the island; and as you keep to the left along the bend of the hill, suddenly you find yourself in an open space, and before you the entrance to a rock-hewn temple, whose huge columns seem to support its whole mountain that rises above Brushwood and wild shrubs crowns the brow of the scarped face of the porphyry-like rock; beneath extends the façade of the temple 180 feet long with its massive pillars and pilasters leaving three wide openings or vistas through which the eye seeks to penetrate the gloomy grandeur of the interior. The temple fronts the north, so that the sun gives you little help; and though there are two side-fronts identical in form with the main one (but approached by different paths), still the light within is considerably more dim than religious. Light a torch, and pass in and onward beneath the flat far-spreading roof, and between the rows of pillars, whose cushion-like capitals seem pressed down by the weight of the mountain; until, passing gigantic figures sculptured in high relief on the side walls, you at length reach the back

of the cave, and behold in a recess a colossal figure, three heads on one burst, representing the god Siva. In other sculptures on the walls, appears the four-faced Brahma riding on his Swan—the elephant-headed Ganesa—and a company of nymphs or celestial choristers. But the presiding deity is Siva, the god alike of destruction and reproduction, and incidents of his life are sculptured around. In one group he appears in a hermaphrodite form, with one breast, and holding a trident; in another he appears as the destroyer, and wearing a necklace of human skulls, with the cobra beside him, and brandishing a sword, while the victim of his wrath trembles before him. The Lingam, too, symbol of generation, appears in one of the side-apartments, and serves still further to assure us that this great cave-temple was the work of a people devoted to the Saiva worship. It is polytheistic Hindooism with Siva in the ascendant.

For another type of the rock temple, let us go to Karli, and see one very different, both in form and object, from that above described. There are no idols here, no sculptured gods. Entering by a grand front, now defaced by the falling away of portions of the rock, we pass through arched doorways, beneath a gallery corresponding to an English rood-loft, and, in surprise, find ourselves as if in the interior of an early Christian church! For a hundred and thirty feet before us extends the nave or body of the temple, with rows of thick close-set pillars separating it from the narrow side-aisles—overhead a high-arching vaulted roof—and at the inner end, beneath an apex or demidome, stands the relic-shrine or altar, upon which the whole light from the large window above the entrance is made to fall at an angle with the most striking effect. No Siva, no Vishnoo, no Brahma! How opposite from modern Hindooism! Not even a Protestant church could be freer from imagery. It was the religion of Buddha—so practical in its morality, so abstract in its creed—that inspired the architects of that temple, and eighteen centuries have passed since first it was hewn imperishably in the rock. The Buddh-

ists were the main formers of the rock-structures of India; and so numerous are these, that not less than forty distinct groups of them are to be found, comprehending about a thousand individual specimens. All these rock-structures are connected with one or other of the religions of India—Buddhist, Jain, or Brahminical—but four-fifths of them are not temples, but *viharas*, or monasteries for the once numerous priesthood of Buddha. Specimens of this latter kind we find in abundance at Salsette. A twenty miles journey from Bombay brings one to the place, where, after passing through some miles of jungle, precipitous rocks are seen covering the hill-sides, and in these precipices excavations for the most part rising in stories above one another, connected by flights of steps cut in the face of the rock. Enter, and you find that these *viharas* consist of a central hall supported by from four to twenty or more pillars, with small cells all around it for the priests, and a sanctuary containing an image of Buddha. Here again, as at Karli and other places, occurs the curious apparition of a rock-hewn temple in the exact form of a Christian church, but with two colossal statues of Buddha on either side of the portico. Ajunta is another locality where these *viharas* abound. And it is pleasing to note that Art went with the Buddhist monk into his rock-halls, in some of which the fresco paintings on the walls remain fresh as the day they were limned, representing the manners and customs of India ten or fifteen hundred years ago. In some of the older rock-halls not only the walls and roof, but even the pillars, are wholly covered with stucco, and ornamented with painting. On the walls are extensive compositions of figures and landscapes; on pillars, single detached figures, representing either Buddha or Buddhist saints; while the paintings on the roof are almost invariably architectural frets and scrolls, often of extreme beauty and elegance, rivalling many of those at Pompeii and the Baths of Titus; a three-fold division which Fergusson, the highest authority in such matters, pronounces to be "the only one ad-

missible in good taste."* No eye regards those pleasant frescoes now. This frailest of the arts has here seen a whole religion pass away before it, like a scroll, from the land of its birth. Priests and worshippers have alike departed. Buddha himself is a forgotten name in India, although once he was adored from the Himalayas to Ceylon. These rock-temples have long survived the worship which inspired their constructors, and promise to outlast even Hindooism itself.

Turn southwards across the peninsula, and other kinds of temple-building, and other phases of religion, present themselves. The south of India is the stronghold of that extraordinary melange of polytheistic beliefs which is called Hindooism; and there its temples, festivals, and superstitions are to be seen on a grander scale than elsewhere. Here is the region or headquarters of the Tamul race, to which people, we incline to believe, Hindooism owes the greater part of its externals and extravagancies. There are no cave-temples in this region—they are almost entirely structural edifices, with several remarkable monoliths, or temples carved out of single rocks. Not forty miles south of Madras stands Malivaram, the ruined "city of the great Bali," close by the sea, which is swallowing up the wondrous monuments with its encroaching waves. Half-submerged, a granite column rises above the waters; close to the shore stand two monolithic temples, covered with exquisite carving, but with the sea already dashing against their walls. Five others are said to have been long ago submerged—a belief which has procured for the place, from British sailors, to whom it is a landmark, the name of "the Seven Pagodas." A wilderness of rock-temples and monoliths spreads around, sculptured on which appear some of the chief stories in Hindoo mythology. Vishnoo, Siva, Krishna, and the goddess Durga are the leading deities of the place, and figure as the

heroes or heroine of the grotesque and monstrous myths sculptured on the walls. Here we have Vishnoo lying on the great snake Shesha with the thousand heads; here also we see him in his first avatar as the fish, in his second as the tortoise, his fourth as the boar, and his fifth as the dwarf. Here, too, is Krishna, like an Apollo kicked out of Olympus, playing his tricks on the shepherdesses of Muthra, whose hearts he stole, whose butter he ran off with, and whose jars of milk it was his divine pleasure to upset; and in one sculpture we see him in a tree with the milkmaid's clothes, which he had run off with when their owners were bathing, and for the restoration of which they beseech him, standing below in various moods of bashfulness or unconcern. Siva, with his wife Parvati, and their son, are also there, with the sacred bull Nandi lying at their feet; while before them and in various places stands the Lingam. The goddess Durga or Kali appears in various of the sculptures, and most memorably in the one which represents her famous combat with the buffalo-headed monster Mahashasura, whom she attacks riding on her lion. This is the finest monument of art in these ruins, and the figures of the monster, the lion, and the goddess, are admirably arranged and full of spirit. Of this figure of Durga it has been observed, "Her whole person, the fine fall of the shoulders, the moderately luxuriant bosom, and the sudden tapering off of the leg below the knee, contrasting with the remarkable largeness of the thigh, presents the perfect picture of a beautiful Indian woman."† Yet this is Kali, the bloody goddess, represented in other places as black and terrible in appearance, and surrounded with symbols of the most ferocious cruelty!—but many such startling contradictions are to be met with in Hindoo theology. The elephant-headed Ganesa, god of wisdom—perhaps the most popular idol in India—appears fre-

* FERGUSON'S *History of Architecture*—a model work, the fruit of extraordinary labour and most costly research.

† BRUCE'S *Scenes and Sights in the East*,—a racy and clever book, containing among other things, most graphic sketches of the religious festivals of Southern India.

quently in these rock-temples, blackened by smoke and ghee; being still propitiated every Friday with lustrations of ghee, cocoa-nut oil, and certain rites and prayers. Another rock is sculptured all over with innumerable figures of gods, men, and beasts, representing the story of "the penance of Arjuna," one of the noblest and most famous in all Hindoo legend. How long those structures have stood it is hard to say,—for on some of the temples, inscriptions are to be met with in a language now unintelligible, even to scholars, in the south of India. A vast population and wealthy civilisation must once have existed there; but naught remains save the deserted temples and the luxurious beauty of the spot—thick green shrubbery, aglow with flowers of the most brilliant colours, everywhere obstructing the paths; while overhead the palm-trees wave their graceful branches, "like a beautiful woman nodding with drowsiness."

But if here, too, the worship has forsaken the shrines, it is a transference only, not (as in the case of the rock-temples of Bombay) an extinction. Though Buddhism have vanished, the worship of Siva, Vishnoo, Kali, and countless minor deities—constituting the popular religion of the Hindoos—is as prevalent as ever in Southern India. And though new temples are but rarely erected, and not a few of the old ones suffer from want of repairs, the number, magnitude, and magnificence of those existing are calculated to fill with amazement the mind of the beholder. The country, says Fergusson, "is covered with temples, which, for extent and the amount of labour bestowed on them, may rival Karnac and the most extensive temples of Egypt, and surpass even the cathedrals of the middle ages in complexity of design and variety of detail. Their relative merit as works of art is another question, which I fear must be decided against them; but as specimens of patient devotional labour, they stand as yet unrivalled in the architectural history of the world." Rising from a square base, the larger temples tower aloft story above story, in an elongated pyramid

capped by a kind of small florid dome. In the centre of the ground-story is the cube-shaped sanctuary, containing the idol or symbol of the god; the rest of the ground-story consists of pillared spaces and enclosures, for the services of the temple; while the entire external surface of these edifices is covered with elaborate carvings and sculpture, in which may be seen all the strange stories of the Hindoo pantheon. The great temple at Tanjore, the finest in the South (being almost the only one in which the *vimana* or actual temple is the principal object, round which the subordinate ones are grouped in such a manner as to make a great and consistent whole), rises through no less than fourteen stories to a height of 200 feet. These temples do not stand by themselves, but each is enclosed in a rectangular court or series of courts, sometimes covering an immense extent of ground, and enclosing lesser temples and buildings of various shape and size. The gateways to these courts (called *gopurasa*)—which quite resemble the *vimanas*, or temples, only being oblong instead of square—and the vast pillared halls within (called *choultries*), some of them comprising 1000 columns, are the most striking adjuncts to the temple, and sometimes throw it entirely into the shade. The temple at Seringham has no less than seven enclosures, adorned by twenty-three gateways—the outermost of these enclosures being nearly 1000 yards square, and its gateways being among the most stupendous buildings in the south of India—towering buildings 130 feet wide by 100 deep, pierced in the ground-story with an entrance, the jambs of which are single granite-slabs upwards of forty feet in height, roofed by others twenty-four feet long! Viewed externally, however, such a temple is a congeries of gate-pyramids without object; and on entering (as the lesser enclosures have lesser gateways), you pass from the most magnificent structures to those which are less and less so, till the minimum is reached in the temple itself. The vast colonnades or pillared halls at Tinnevely, Chillumbrum, Seringham, Ramisseram, and other places, vary in the number of their

pillars from 600 to 1000; that of Trimul Naik at Madura cost nearly a million sterling, and took twenty-two years for its erection. These pillars almost always consist of a hard close grained granite, yet are covered with sculpture from the base to the capital; and in most instances no two pillars are alike—thus combining a symmetry of general effect with an endless and bewildering variety in the detail. In these colonnades the dancing-girls attached to the temple at times dance and sing, or the idol-gods at stated seasons take an airing; but by far the most important purpose which they serve is when used as nuptial halls, in which the mystic union of the male and female divinities is celebrated once a-year!

Having seen the shrines, behold the FESTIVALS. Unlike the silent and long-forsaken temples of Egypt, Greece, and Italy, the architectural grandeur of these Hindoo pagodas is enhanced by the presence of enthusiastic crowds of worshippers. The sound of a bell or gong, or of the sacred shell, or the shrill pipe, generally indicates the hours of the priests' attendance at the temples. At such times the priests are to be seen officiating at the shrines, where, amid a din of music and the smoke of fragrant incense, they are uttering sacred invocations or incantations, and presenting the offerings of the worshippers; while attendant votaries occupy the courts and corridors, and the ghâts of the beautiful tanks are thronged with men and women engaged in their ablutions. But it is during the great festivals, which sometimes last eight or ten days, that one gets the best idea of the spirit as well as ceremonial of the Hindoo religion. On these occasions the people throng together in myriads, sometimes to the number of a hundred thousand—all dressed in their best, as for a holiday where enjoyment is devotion. To see such festivals in their full glory, one should go to Juggernaut, in Orissa, or Conjeveram, and the other holy cities of the south. In Conjeveram alone there are no less than 126 temples, small and great, of which 108 are dedicated to Siva, and the remainder

to Vishnool; and as the pretty cottages of the inhabitants are overtopped by stately trees, the whole city, at a little distance, presents to the eye a crowd of magnificent white temples, mingled with the freshly-green foliage of the palm-trees. It is worth while to journey from Madras to witness a festival in the "golden city," or a shorter drive may suffice to Trivatore or other neighbouring place. If you approach the scene of the festival at night, you find the road illuminated by lanterns hung on garlands stretched across it from tree to tree; and booths erected along the road-side, with figures and paintings of gods and goddesses in them, perhaps not of the most delicate description. Probably you are the only European amongst the crowds who, on foot or in all variety of Oriental cars, throng the way; but you have nothing to fear—your things may lie unguarded all night, and it will be unusual if even the smallest trifle be abstracted.—the natives will rather take your presence as a compliment than as an intrusion, and probably garlands of flowers will be thrown round your neck next day as you walk about to see the sights. The houses are fresh painted and decorated with garlands, while floral arches span the streets, which are crowded with the joyous worshippers. The women wear flowers, and especially the white blossoms of the jasmine, in their beautiful hair; and their arms, neck, and ankles are loaded with jewellery. The men are likewise in their gayest attire; and nowhere do the rich colours of Oriental costume appear in such brilliant variety. The main feature in these festivals is the procession of the idol-gods. The idols, decked with flowers, are carried about in gorgeously-painted cars, generally with two priests fanning them,—preceded by dancing girls, a band of noisy musicians, bareheaded Brahmins walking hand-in-hand and singing hymns in honour of the god, and the elephants of the temple, gay with crimson and orange trappings, their very trunks elaborately painted for the occasion! Sometimes cannon fire at intervals: and as the idol-god, thus escorted,

approaches, the people shout, and in long lines throw themselves down before him in reverence. Half-festival and half-fair, it's a curious scene that spreads around. Toys, luscious sweetmeats, and betel are sold at the stalls—numerous go-rounds and swinging-boats perform their evolutions, filled with beautiful and artistically-dressed children,—dancing-girls in their peculiar costume mingle in the crowd or dance before the idol,—youths leap past you with towers of flowers on their heads,—and boys, dressed up like tigers, go springing about, the crowd rushing to and fro as if threatened by the actual animal. Other spectacles there are of a less pleasing kind, but met with at almost all public assemblages in India. Fakirs go amongst the crowds with shoes stuck full of nails, but singing lustily and playing on the vina all the while,—others dance about, extinguishing torches against their bare breasts,—others swing to and fro aloft with a rope round their waist; and beggars and deformed or diseased children are to be seen, hideously painted, for the purpose of attracting notice. At night fireworks of the most beautiful kind are set off in vast quantities; rockets course through the air, and pyrotechnic devices, sometimes showing the figure of the god, blaze off in front of the temple or choultry where the idol reposes. The little temples in the middle of the tanks are illuminated as the god is carried, amid the clash of cymbals, in nocturnal procession around the basin of flashing waters; while the glare of innumerable torches, and the blaze of Indian lights—white, blue, orange, crimson, and green—change the darkness into an almost insufferable light.

Such is worship in Southern India, where Hindooism exists in greatest pomp and circumstance. The temples of India, like those of all ancient nations, are regarded as the abodes of the gods; and the Idols obtain various degrees of veneration,—some classes worshipping them as actual gods, others as full of the divine presence, and others as mere symbols or venerated accessories of devotion. Idol-shops are very

common in Hindoo towns and villages. In passing along the streets, you may see the idol-maker—perhaps a Brahmin, with the sacred cord round his neck and the sectarian marks on his forehead—sitting in his shop, smoking his hookah, and waiting for a customer, or else engaged in the actual manufacture of the images. These are of all sizes and of any material—metal, wood, stucco—the latter kind quite resembling the common painted casts sold in streets of England, and, if unconsecrated, bringing about the same price. You may buy one for a halfpenny—so that the poorest can purchase them; but the rich Hindoos spend vast sums on idols, which are frequently made of the most costly materials, inlaid with precious stones. The consecration of the idol is effected by the utterance of sacred texts, and by the touch of the priest,—also by washing the image with the water of the Ganges. The idols, or symbols, thus sanctified, are placed in the adyta of the temples, or in that part of a private house which is set apart to religion. Sometimes temporary idols are made by the worshippers themselves. A Brahmin, after squeezing a lump of the Ganges mud in his hands into something like an image, will set it up on the bank, offering it rice, fruit, flowers, and oil,—feverently bowing to it, with his hands closed together in the attitude of prayer, and with many ejaculations and invocations; and then, after a little pause, he will throw it away. In this way, also, females make a lingam for worship, and then cast it away. Such practices serve to illustrate the fact that, with a large portion of the Hindoos, idols are no more regarded as actual gods than is the crucifix in Roman Catholic countries,—sometimes less so. Doubtless there are Hindoos who imagine that the consecrated idols are transubstantiated into the very deity,—that having ears, they may be charmed with music; having eyes, they may behold the prostrations and gesticulations of the worshippers; having nostrils, they may be regaled with odours, whether of flowers or incense; and having mouths, may partake of the viands that are spread before

them. But such are not the notions of the educated and intelligent classes of the Indian population. These regard the divinity as present in the idol simply as the invisible fragrance is present in the visible flower,—as fire is present in heated metal,—as magnetic influence pervades steel. And many, like the Brahmin with his mud-idol on the banks of the Ganges, hold that the image is a mere symbol, possessed of no essential sanctity, and representing the god merely as a letter stands for an audible sound—in other words, simply by conventional usage.

The Hindoos have been called the most religious people on the face of the earth; and it is hard to deny that the feelings of devotion, and of reliance on a higher power, which constitute the very essence of religion (considered as distinct from morality), are to be found as fully developed in India as in any country in the world. The whole system of his temple-worship is regarded by the Hindoo as of divine appointment, and therefore efficacious for the ends contemplated. Just as the southern nations of Christendom, in an hour of pressing grief or danger, throw themselves down before a crucifix, a Madonna, or the image of a saint,—or repair to the solemn solitudes of their ever-open cathedrals to implore help from above in prayer; in a similar spirit, and in an almost identical form, does the Hindoo resort to his temples for divine help amidst the exigencies common to all humanity. "In the countless vicissitudes of life," says the Rev. Mr. Percival, "the Hindoo confidently relies on the unfailing and ever-present lord and guide locally present in the venerated fane. That shrine is his light in darkness, his salvation, his stay, his succour, his bliss, his all. In extremity, as when a woman is in labour, or when dangerous symptoms threaten a fatal termination to disease, some member of the family, probably its head, will even in the dead of night hasten to the village shrine—possibly a mere mud-hut—and in lowly reverence

supplicate in a hasty petition the beneficent intervention of the powerful being whom he believes to be there specially present." * Was it not the same with the Hebrews of old who went up to pray in the Temple at Jerusalem as if that were the only place in all the earth where God could be effectually addressed? It was reserved for Christianity to make the whole world a temple, and to reveal the Heavenly Father as equally near to us at all times and in all places.

Every nation has certain constitutional peculiarities, which give rise to practices and phases of thought very startling to others who are in such points differently constituted. The most remarkable peculiarity of this kind in the Hindoo character is its power of ASCETICISM, and its occasional delight in what, to ordinary humanity, would be severe self-torture. Monks and saints of Christendom have often subjected the body to grievous penance—secluding themselves from the happy communion of their fellows—fasting oft—and daily kneeling on the rocky floor of their cells before a crucifix, while they lacerated their backs with stripes. But all such triumphs over the instincts of our nature fade out of sight before the tremendous self-imposed tortures to be witnessed among the Indian population. Asceticism there counts its votaries by thousands, the greater proportion of whom perambulate the country as solitary mendicants. Some of these strange beings keep one or both arms extended above their heads till the muscles become so rigid and fixed as to be incapable of motion;—some keep their hands closed till the nails make their way through the flesh, and completely perforate the hand;—others hold up their faces to the sky till the muscles of the neck contract so as to retain the head in that position. These fanatics usually belong to the Saiva sect; they mat or twist their hair so as to make it rise above their head, and go about either in a state of nudity, or with only a small wrapper stained with ochre. The extror-

* *The Land of the Vedas.* By the Rev. P. PERCIVAL. A compendious and really admirable volume of lectures on the Hindoos.

dinary practices of these fanatics are well exemplified by what Mr. Perceval saw at Ramisseram, on occasion of one of the great periodic festivals. "Some were literally interred in an ordinary posture,—others were buried with the head downwards, and only the legs from the knees above ground; one sat on an iron frame in which were fixed iron spikes which pierced his flesh; some had a pan of burning coal on the head, and bore it along in the crowd,—while others lay prostrate on their backs, with a vessel full of burning embers placed on the breast; and one was performing the penance of the Five Fires, being seated in the midst of four, with the fifth, the burning sun, pouring its rays on his naked head. One man had an iron collar round his neck, on whose margin were planted iron spikes." Sometimes a devotee, stretching himself on the ground on his back, and placing a handful of moist earth on his under-lip, plants in it some grains of mustard-seed; and then, lying perfectly motionless, without food or drink, he exposes himself to the heat of day and dews of night, till the seed germinates, which is generally about the fourth day! The variety of these feats or penances is endless, and their nature is very astounding. But it is absurd to regard them as torture, in the ordinary meaning of the word, to those who practise them. The Hindoo of a fanatical temperament takes to such practices from a native instinct; he trains himself to them with as much satisfaction as our pugilists and athletes practise their various forms of gymnastics; and the crowds at the festivals look upon these exhibitions of the triumph of the soul over the flesh with as much hilarity and complacency as an English assembly witness the feats of the circus. We Britons do not understand how this can be; but quite as little do the quiescent Hindoos understand how reasonable beings can have a passion for running, leaping, cricketing, fox-hunting, and other violent and fatiguing pursuits, which would be worse torture to the Hindoo than an occasional turn on the swinging-hooks! As the Englishman, by native instinct, delights to develop in skilful exercise

the muscular strength of his body, so the Hindoo passionately seeks to develop the powers of the soul—of the spirit within, which he holds to be a power superior to those by which nature works in the world around him. Many of the feats performed by these *yogees* or devotees are really marvellous—indeed incredible to Europeans who have not witnessed them, or who are not conversant with the abundance of testimony by which even the most startling are attested. How may man become superhuman? how may he become God?—is, in fact, the great question which the religious philosophy of India seeks to answer; and it is amazing to what triumphs of the spirit over the flesh this idea has given birth. We cannot stop at present to show the connection between this constitutional peculiarity and the various creeds and philosophies of India; but we would suggest, in regard to such violations of one half our nature, whether it be not a necessary consequence, that when man seeks to make himself more than man, he generally sinks into something less.

It is at festivals in honour of the goddess Kali that exhibitions of devotional self-torture are most frequent. Kali is the most horrible of all the Hindoo idols. Brahma is a deity of too neutral a character to be much thought of,—Vishnoo is essentially a beneficent and joyous deity,—Siva, though a monster in his character of the Destroyer, is most useful and popular as the god of reproduction and sexualism. But Kali, as it seems to an English mind, has not one good point about her. She is usually represented as a black or dark-blue female, with blood-streaked countenance and dishevelled hair, dancing on the prostrate body of her husband Siva! One of her arms (of which she has four) holds a sword, another grasps by the hair a human head; all her three eyes (she has one in her forehead) are full of wrath—human victims dangle as ornaments from her ears, and her necklace and girdle are composed of skulls. But mankind, instead of being logical, are in the mass highly inconsequential beings; and however dismal we

may take the goddess Kali to be, it is certain that the Hindoos flock to her festivals as to scenes of enjoyment. It must be said, too, that however ferocious the appearance of her idol, it represents her fresh from the beneficent deed of slaying the giants, whose blood she has drunk; and the lolling of her tongue is held emblematic of her shame on discovering that, in her blind fury, she is trampling on her husband. The third hand of the image, too, which is spread open, indicates her bestowal of blessings upon her worshippers, while with the fourth she is forbidding fear; so that, in truth, like most of the Hindoo gods, she is better than she looks—and much need! The worship of Durga, one form of Kali, which is celebrated in autumn, ushers in a season of the greatest rejoicing amongst her followers. "Durga is then believed, to the great joy of the world, to be married; and the voluptuous and indelicate dances which are performed before her, are meant to entice her to the propagation of children, who are to fight with and overcome the evil spirits who injure mankind.*" This is the most splendid and expensive of the Hindoo festivals. Numerous animals—buffaloes, sheep, goats, &c.—are sacrificed on each of the three days of the festival; and after all the animals have been slain, the multitude daub their bodies with the mud and gore, and then dance about like Bacchanalian furies. During this festival all business is suspended throughout the country, and universal festivity, for the most part of a lascivious complexion, prevails. The houses of the wealthy Hindoos are at night splendidly illuminated, and thrown open to visitors of all kinds,—respectable Europeans being always welcomed with attention and gratitude. Immense sums of money are expended on these festivals,—much being given in charity, and in feeding and clothing priests and beggars—much in feasting—and not a little is lavished on the nautch girls, or bayadères, who dance before the idol, to satisfy the devotion and gratify the senses of the company.

The general character of the worship of Kali, however, is of a different kind. It is in her honor that the Saiva sect perform the Churrnk Pooja, or "whirling worship,"—the most common religious martyrdom in India, and which is to be witnessed nearly all over India, from the banks of the Ganges to Cape Comorin. The devotees at this festival allow two large iron hooks to be fastened into the fleshy part of their backs, immediately below the shoulder-blades; a linen bandage is then frequently (but not always) tied over the part to prevent the flesh giving way; after which the devotees are hoisted, by means of a rope attached to a high pole erected on a platform, to a fearful height in the air, and made to gyrate in wide circles. They generally remain up, swinging about, for fifteen or twenty minutes, but they are lowered at any time on their making a sign. Instances sometimes occur in which the flesh and muscles of the back give way, and the devotee is dashed to the ground with fatal violence; but accidents are rare, and the ordeal is not regarded with the apprehension or aversion which we should expect. In many cases the saints are "old hands," who perform the rite from motives of gain and reputation, and who go through their martyrdom with great cheerfulness and self-satisfaction. Seldom do even novices wince when the hooks are fastened, and the subsequent swinging in the air is invariably borne with composure, often with enthusiasm. Sometimes the devotee smokes his pipe while whirling in his lofty gyrations. It is usual for the devotee to take up with him fruits and flowers in his girdle, which he throws down to the crowd, who—especially the female portion—laughing and shouting with delight, rush eagerly to catch them in their hands, or in umbrellas inverted to receive them. Sterile women are especially anxious to obtain the fruit scattered by these devotees of Siva, as a means of wiping away their reproach; and wealthy childless ladies frequently send their servants to the festival to procure some of the an-

* *BRUCE'S Sights and Scenes in the East.*

spicious fruit for their mistresses to eat. Rewards in a future life are thought to attend the performance of this singular worship; but with the exception of what may be called the professional martyrs, the greater portion of those who go through the Churruk Pooja do so in fulfilment of a vow made to obtain some temporal good. The purely disinterested motives and tender affection displayed in many of these cases cannot fail to excite our warmest sympathy. Among the votaries at one of these festivals, we read of a man who, though childless himself, had vowed to undergo the torture in order to save the life of a younger sister's child. "The sister, with her little one in her arms, perfectly restored to health, was present; and her looks sufficiently bespoke her intense gratitude and love for the self-denying brother who thus redeemed the vow he had made for her sake." The next was "a young, delicately-formed, sweet-looking woman, who offered herself to this exposure and agony for the sake of a relative no more nearly connected with her than her husband's brother." Another votary was an aged mother, whose prayers (she believed) had saved the life of her son. "The vow had been made, and the deliverance effected, eleven years before; but the poor people had never been able till then to incur the expenses of the offering to the god, and the feast with which these solemnities are always closed. With the utmost heroism this aged woman endured the whole, shouting aloud with the spectators, and scattering her flowers with flurried enthusiasm. Her son, a man of thirty years, was present; and in a state of greater excitement than his mother, to whom he paid the most anxious attention, and to whose devotion he evidently believed he owed the continuance of his life."^{*}

A faith in penances seems deeply rooted in the human mind, departing only as our views of God become higher and holier. And while we shudder at the Churruk Pooja of India, we must not forget that it

proceeds from no other principle than that which produced the Flagellants and the many other mistaken devotees and ascetics of the Christian Church. And with this difference, that over these Indian tortures there is thrown a joyousness and enthusiasm which never characterised asceticism in Europe. In truth, as ordinarily witnessed, the Churruk Pooja savours more of sport than of martyrdom,—the votaries are cheerful, or do not complain, and the crowds look on with delight, in a more edifying and not more concerned spirit than we do in witnessing the painful gymnastic feats and dizzy gyrations of the circus. Such spectacles, however, cannot but fill the European beholder with deep regret at the existence of rites so cruel and superstitious, mingled with admiration and sympathy for the noble motives which often inspire the ignorant devotees, and with astonishment at the singular firmness and peculiar constitution which enable the Hindoo to bear so unflinchingly these many and terrible forms of self-torture.

But to understand the hideousness of the Kali worship, one must witness the proceedings which, during the Churruk Pooja festival, take place in her temple at Calcutta—the celebrated Kali Ghat. The swinging on the hooks may be a mere outburst of misguided asceticism, kindred to the penances practised of old in Europe; but the rites we are about to describe manifestly have been derived from some primitive DEMON-WORSHIP:—On entering the precincts of the temple (which has no attractions of an architectural kind), Brahmins are seen standing to receive the free-will offerings of the people, who flow past in eager crowds, receiving in return for their money consecrated flowers. Within is the hideous image of the goddess; and hard by the shrine some men stand with iron spikes, canes, rods, &c. Groups of devotees—ten or a dozen at a time—come up to these men to be operated on. One man is pierced through in either side; a couple of canes are then inserted, and, their ends being held by two of

* A personal narrative given in the *Sunday at Home*, a periodical which ably fulfils its object, and in which some very graphic sketches of Eastern life have appeared.

his companions, he dances away as if in a frenzy. Another has his tongue pierced, and passes through the aperture a living snake; another has his arm perforated, and passes through it an iron rod; and another passes an iron rod through his protruded tongue. Group after group press forward to be thus treated. At length, all the groups being conspicuously arranged on a platform, the goats for the sacrifice are decapitated, and the court swims with blood. Strange ingredients are then thrown on the fire. As the smoke and flame ascend, discordant instruments clash forth uproarious music; and in the midst of the din, the chief actors commence their gesticulations, and heighten their voluntary inflictions, by pulling the rods, canes, spikes, snakes, to and fro in the lacerated flesh, till streams of blood pour forth afresh; and the crowd become frantic with excitement, and shout, "Victory to Kali! victory to the great Kali!" Afterwards they leave the temple to parade in similar fashion in the streets; and nothing can be more unearthly than to witness these hideous processions, accompanied by a horrid din of trumpets, gongs, drums, fifes, and cymbals, parading in the chief thoroughfares of Calcutta.

This bloody rite—so different from the worship of the pure Brahminical race in northern and central India, or even of the Brahminised Tamul race in the south—seems to us to be a remnant of the virtual demon-worship of the aboriginal inhabitants of the peninsula. The Brahminical faith abhors all bloodshed; and its sacrificial offerings consist only of fruits, flowers, and other vegetable substances. And if we unhesitatingly ascribe the gorgeous pomp of modern Hindooism, especially as witnessed in the south, to the gay and pomp-loving Tamul race, we have still less hesitation in ascribing the demoniacal rites of the Kali Ghât to a still earlier race, who have left their blood as a bad leaven in the population of Lower Bengal. Kali and her worship clearly belong to the rude aborigines of India, who still linger in various parts of the country, and who almost everywhere exhibit a religion of demon-worship conjoined

with bloody and often human sacrifices. Indeed, it seems to us to be within the limits of fair conjecture that Kali, that hideous relic of savagery, is the dread Nirriti mentioned in the Vedas—goddess of the "black Asuras," whom the "white-complexioned friends of Indra" found in possession of the Gangetic valley; a deity so terrible, that even the stout-hearted Aryans have left on record such prayers as the following—"Keep far from us Nirriti with repellant looks!" "Let not the most powerful and indestructible Nirriti destroy us!"

Hindooism—we speak of its religious externals—is a strange melody, varying in complexion from province to province, and in some places exhibiting features directly opposed to its general character. Wherever the aboriginal element predominates, the religion is dark and bloody; wherever the Tamul race extends, it is cheerful, gorgeous, and licentious; wherever the pure Hindoo is in the ascendant, it is lofty in speculation and gentle in its rites, but overlaid with absurd prescriptions of ritual and social usage, which are inculcated as divine. Passing from the tinge of demon-worship in Lower Bengal, we find this grim aboriginal element deepening as we enter the hilly province of Orissa, forming the little-known border-region between the presidencies of Bengal and Madras. On the sea-coast of that region, guarded from holiday visitors by the terrible Coromandel surf, stands the famous Black Pagoda, covered from base to summit with sculptures, grossly lascivious even for India; and a little further south, on low sand-hills backed by most luxuriant woods, rise the still more celebrated temples of Juggernaut, which, when viewed from the sea, appear three lofty circular buildings surrounded by several smaller ones. Every foot of the town is holy ground; and the whole of the land for twenty miles around is held free of rent, on the tenure of performing certain services connected with the temple. Mathas, or religious establishments, having low-pillared verandas in front, line the principal street, with clumps of trees interspersed; and at the end of the street, which

is very wide, rises the grand temple within a spacious square area enclosed by a lofty wall. The enclosure is entered by a grand gateway, from which a broad flight of steps leads up to a terrace one hundred and fifty yards square; and upon this platform stands the great pagoda, thirty feet square at the base, and rising in a tapering elliptical curve to the height of two hundred feet from the ground, or one hundred and eighty from the terrace. Several other temples of all sizes, dedicated to various deities, stand within the enclosure, most of them conical in shape, and crowned with white domes. Krishna (one of the incarnations of Vishnoo) is the chief object of worship here; and from his title, Juggernaut, or Lord of the World, the great temple is denominated; but it is shared in joint tenancy with Siva and his wife and sister Subhadra, which is but another name for Kali. The three idols which represent these deities are blocks of wood about six feet high, each surmounted by a frightful human countenance—Krishna's block being painted dark-blue, Siva's white, Subhadra's yellow. Each is provided with a rude chariot, or lofty platform mounted on wheels—that of Juggernaut being eighty-four feet square and forty-four feet high, mounted on sixteen wheels; while those of the two other idols are almost as large. A dozen festivals are held here in the course of the year; but the chief one is the *Rath Jatra*, which takes place every spring, when the idols are taken on their *raths* or cars to visit their country-house, about a mile and a half distant. Thousands of men, women, and children draw them along by means of cables fastened to the cars; while Brahmins, stationed on the platforms beside the idols, sing and recite lascivious stories, accompanied by gestures, amid the shouts and applause of the multitudes. A hundred thousand people usually assemble at this festival, many of whom come from great distances; and partly from their poverty and willingness to pay all the exactions of the priests, and partly from the natural perils and hardships of the journey, no inconsiderable

number of votaries—some allege about ten thousand—annually perish in making this pilgrimage. Every year, in former times, devotees used to sacrifice their lives in honour of the idols by throwing themselves under the moving wheels; but the humanity of the British Government put a stop to such fanatical practices.

Self-immolation is not foreign to modern Brahminism; nevertheless, in order to view in their true relation the human sacrifices once prevalent at Juggernaut, it should be kept in mind that by far the greater portion of Orissa is peopled by aboriginal tribes,—the Hindoo or Brahminical race being confined to the sea-coast and some of the valleys. Indeed, the great seat of the remnants of the aboriginal races of India is in the Vindhya mountain-range, of which the Orissa hills are the eastern extremity, and which extends in a broad belt from sea to sea, separating Hindostan (northern India) from the southern and peninsular portion of the country. It is in this upland but luxuriant region that the Koles, Beels, Khonds, and other tribes are to be found, existing in peaceful and settled communities, over which the Brahminical race never acquired any ascendancy, and some of which are still unsubdued even by the all-penetrating arms and influence of the British. The religion of the Khonds, which is the best known to us, illustrates that tendency to a cruel demon-worship which we have mentioned as characteristic of the primitive population of India. No idols or temples are to be seen amongst the Khonds; they regard such things as absurd, and prefer to connect the special presence of their gods with certain groves, fountains, and rocks. The priesthood may be assumed by any one who asserts that he has been divinely called to the office, and who authenticates his pretensions by lying in a state of stupor or trance for ten or fourteen days, during which period his soul is supposed to be absent, and in the divine presence. They believe in a Supreme Being, the God of Light, who made to himself a consort, the Earth-goddess, who, on the creation of man, became so jealous that she has ever since continued to con-

tend with the power, and thwart the beneficent designs, of the Supreme. In short this rebellious deity, Tari Pennu, stands in nearly the same relation to Boora Pennu, the God of Light, as Satan does to God in the Christian theology. Kali also figures among their divinities. Animal sacrifices are offered to the Supreme; and the chief feast in honour of him is held about the time of the rice harvest, when for five days every one eats freely of fermented rice, which produces an intoxicating effect; wild dances, accompanied by stunning music, are kept up day and night, and lascivious enjoyment of all kinds is indulged in as right and pleasing in the sight of God. The worship of the evil Earth-goddess is of another sort, and embraces as its chief rite human sacrifices, which are made periodically by the tribes, and also on special occasions, in order to appease the wrath of the cruel Tari. The victims (called Meriahs) must not be Khonds, but are purchased or kidnapped, generally when children, from the lower class of the Hindoos. They may be of either sex, and, as consecrated persons, are treated with the greatest kindness. To a Meriah youth a portion of land with farming stock may be assigned, also a wife, herself a victim; or if he form an attachment for the wife or daughter of a Khond, the relatives regard it as a special favour. What a strange life is this!—reared for death, yet treated with all that usually makes life happy! The Meriahs almost never attempt to escape. When sacrificed, the victim is cut into pieces; and each head of a family obtains a shred of flesh to bury in his fields, in order to mollify the Earth-goddess, and make them fertile. Efforts have been made by the British Government to procure the discontinuance of these savage rites, and in part with success; several of the sacrificing tribes having been converted to the theology of their non-sacrificing brethren, which maintains that the Earth-goddess, though opposed to the Supreme, is so subordinated to his will that she cannot hurt those whom he protects. But several generations must probably elapse before the rude population of this extensive and secluded

hill-region can be brought fully under the controlling power and influence of British civilisation.

Having seen the worship of the *gri* Tamul race of the south, and glanced at the bloody rites which mark the presence of the aboriginal tribes, let us descend from the broad region of the Vindhya hills into the immense plain of Bengal and Upper India. Here we find ourselves in "Hindustan," the country of the pure Hindoo and native seat of BRAHMINISM. On the advance of this invading people thirty-five centuries ago, into the Gangetic plains, they appear to have gradually swept the aboriginal tribes southwards into the Vindhya hills and eastwards into the cul-de-sac of lower Bengal. We have already remarked on the tinge which the aboriginal leaven has imparted to Hindoo worship in the delta of the Ganges; so we shall at once take our way up that stream to Benares, the fountain-head of Brahminical learning, and *alma mater* of rigid Hinduism. It is a city of temples, *pundias*, and devotees. Besides 380 intrusive Mahometan mosques, there are not less than 1000 Hindoo temples, some of these of good size and imposing appearance, others stuck like shrines at the angles of the streets, and others on the ghats or broad flights of steps which for nearly three miles line the bank of the river. In the streets which are narrow as alleys, and nearly roofed in by the projecting upper stories of the houses, ever and anon one meets a Brahmin with the sacred bull; while around the shrines are posted ascetics of as revolting appearance as chalk, cow-dung, matted locks, twisted limbs, and other hideous attitudes of penance can show. Formerly this sacred city was a favourite place for the performance of *suttee*, or the burning of widows; and at the time of Heber's visit, self-immolation by drowning in the Ganges was likewise not infrequent. On many of the house-fronts, besides fantastic paintings of men, women, bulls, elephants, &c., gods and goddesses appear in gaudy colours. Here, as elsewhere, the multitude take great delight in the religious festivals; the chief of these being the Ram Lila, which represents the triumph of Rama over the giga-

tic demon Ravan, who is personated by a huge ogre-like figure, filled with explosive combustibles, and blown up at the close of the performance. At the Duwallé festival, which marks the close of the mercantile year, those engaged in commerce carefully cleanse and decorate the exteriors of their houses, and at night there is a universal illumination. "The city then appears like a creation of the Fire-king, the view from the water affording the most superb and remarkable spectacle imaginable. The outlines of the whole city are marked in streams of fire; and the coruscations of light shoot up into the dark-blue sky above, and tremble in long undulations on the rippling waves below." Muttra, on the Jumna, the birth-place of Krishna, is a still more sacred city to the Hindoo than Benares, which place it much resembles in the style of its streets and buildings. Here, as in all the famous cities of Hindoostan, the pomp and glory of Hindooism have long been on the wane, and indeed were damaged irreparably eight centuries ago on the invasion of the Mahometans. To have an idea of this sacred city in its prime, we must recur to what Mahmoud of Ghuznee wrote of it in the year 1017:—"There are here," says that arch-destroyer of Hindoo idols and temples, "1000 edifices, as firm as the faith of the faithful, most of them of marble; besides innumerable temples; nor is it likely this city has attained its present condition but at the expense of many millions of dinars; nor could such another be constructed under a period of two centuries." In the course of his plundering, Mahmoud found here five golden idols, with eyes of rubies, valued at 50,000 dinars; another image, when melted, produced 98,800 miskals of pure gold; and besides these there were about 100 idols of silver, which loaded as many camels. A century ago Muttra was again ravaged by the Affghans, so that we need not be surprised that this most sacred of Hindoo cities should not now appear equal to its reputation. Numbers of sacred bulls here go at large without owners; peacocks and parquets flutter about; and monkeys swarm in the ruins, sitting, running, or playing on the tops of the houses,

and skipping from roof to roof across the streets—these latter animals being protected and fed in honour of the monkey-god Hanuman, who assisted Rama in his conquest of Ceylon.

The Hindoo temples of Northern India are greatly inferior in number and splendour to those of the south. The conquests and long-enduring rule of the Mahometans in the former region may, to a considerable extent, account for this inferiority in religious architecture. For besides the fact that, beneath the cold shade of a hostile religion, much money and patronage that would have been devoted to the native religion would be diverted into other channels, so as to hinder the waste and accidents of time from being adequately repaired, it must be remembered that the Mahometans, when fierce in the zeal of their new faith, were fanatic destroyers of the temples of the subjugated population; and afterwards, when they came to take a calmer view of things, they saw no better way of rearing noble mosques to Allah than by reconstructing the beautiful temples which the Hindoos had erected to Vishnoo or Siva. The Hindoo builders gave to all parts of their work an unsurpassable finish. Granite and marble were the materials on which they worked; and even on the imperishably hard surface of gigantic temples of the former stone, we often find every inch covered with carvings and sculptures, every line of which is still as sharp as the day it was cut. They were a race that "built like giants, and finished like jewelers." Every block of stone in their stately buildings, whether of marble or of granite, was made to fit into the adjoining blocks with the most perfect nicety, so that mortar was hardly needed; and the pillars, friezes, domes, indeed the whole structure, might be taken down and reconstructed without difficulty. This is what the Mahometans did; and some of the finest mosques in northern India, says Fergusson, are just Hindoo temples with a new arrangement of the pillars. But apart from these causes for the inferiority of the religious architecture of Hindooism to the north of the Vindhya mountains, there is much reason

to believe that the main cause is to be found in a diversity of national character. The pure Brahminical people, who, bringing with them their Vedas, settled in Oude and the whole region between Benares and the Sutlej, had a type of mind of a much more spiritual kind than the pomp-loving race who built the gorgeous temples of the south. The typical Brahmin was a man of more abstract cast of mind than the Tamulee, more enamoured of the spirit than of the external pomps of religion, and gave more of his strength to the rearing of lofty speculations than to the building of vast temples. The Mussulman also, compared with the Tamul race, is restrained in the character of his religious architecture; and, from his intense aversion to everything like idolatry, he wholly abjures the representations of men and animals, which give so much richness to the architecture of the Hindoos.

Modern Hindooism is quite a medley. In appearance, the number of the deities worshipped is very great; but most of these are but other names for the same god, the smaller being incarnations or transformations of the greater. This peculiar feature—so characteristic of Hindooism—gives to Indian mythology a haziness and mazziness which set arrangement and strict definition at defiance. When you grasp a god, you are almost sure to find him somebody else. The very monkey-god Hanuman seems at times to be Rama—Rama is Krishna—Krishna is Vishnoo—Vishnoo a phase of the Supreme. It is the most Protean mythology in the world. It is Pantheism personified. All the attributes of the ONE, and the leading phenomena of his work the Universe, are regarded as individual deities by the multitude; but the more enlightened, better able to discern the one in the many, have fewer gods; whilst the most enlightened see in the All only the ONE—whom they style Brahm. It is wonderful how widespread in India is this knowledge of the one God, and how noble a philosophy is associated with it; but in the faith of the multitudes, the outer crust of the Indian religions, to which we at present chiefly

restrict our review, the grand admit or crowning dome of the Hindoo pantheon is the divine Triad, consisting of Brahma, Vishnoo, and Siva. The first of these is regarded as the creator, the two others as the passive or active principles by which the world is ruled; and as Brahma's work is common eyes, was long ago shelved. Although revered in a spot in Ajmere, and also at the Emperor's den, Bithoor, there are no temples erected to Brahma in any part of India, and Vishnoo and Siva alone the worship of the Hindoos. The beings or things of a neutral complexion make little impression on the world; it is ever the opposite powers or forces—the Vishnoo and Siva—the benignly beautiful and the fiercely powerful, which divide the hearts of mankind. It is remarkable that although the temples of India are distinguished by their grandeur and beauty, the idols are the most frightful and grotesque in the world. While the one should be so noble and the other so despicable, we shall not attempt to explain; but taking the temple and the idol together, we find in the religious art and architecture of India the same perplexing incongruity, the same medley of the grand and beautiful with the mean and the repulsive, which characterises its religious literature. The Hindoo is a more deeply religious being than the ancient Greek. The latter was too much impressed with the dignity of man to be so open to a sense of supernal powers as the Hindoo, whom man is but a leaf blown to and fro by the breath of Omnipotence. A mere atom of a thought in the mind of the Supreme. In his exquisite noble and beautiful idols the Greek adored the divinity of his own nature—of humanity; whereas the Hindoo's awful sense of the superman, of something unutterably superior to mortals, renders the workmanship of the idol a thing of no moment, and he bows before the painted block of wood with deeper sense of a divine presence than the Greek had when in ecstasy before his sublime Zeus or his radiant Apollo. Doubtless a decline

in the arts—a torpor of the æsthetic faculty, which has been stealing over the subjugated Hindoos for centuries—may have something to do with this; but it is quite possible that ten or twenty centuries ago, when the art of sculpture was practised with much success, the idols of the multitude, carried about on the *raths*, were just as rude and hideous as now.

The Hindoos are fond of symbolism, but in their idols it is of a rude and common-place kind. The Greek in his idol made the face and form of the god expressive of his character; but modern Hindooism tags on its symbols to the figure as accessories. A multiplicity of arms is the common form of symbolising power and divinity. All the leading gods—Brahma, Vishnoo, Siva, Kali,—are represented with four arms. Brahma has also four faces, and is generally pictured riding on a swan, holding a copy of the Veda,—his colour being red, possibly in reference to his emblem the sun. Vishnoo is represented of the colour of a dark cloud,—is ornamented with jewels and garlands—and rides on a mythical animal, half-eagle and half-man, having in his hands a lotus and other emblems. His avatars, or interpositions in human form for the benefit of mankind, are variously spoken of as ten or twenty-four; and for each of these he is differently represented. Siva is three-eyed,* wears a tiger's skin and a necklace of skulls, and is represented by the poets as delighting in warfare and blood. But, though normally regarded as the god of destruction, the homage generally paid to him is quite of a different kind—as presiding over reproduction or generation; in token of which he is represented riding on a white bull, and his emblem the Lingam receives the homage of both sexes in all parts of India. Each of these deities is re-

presented accompanied by his goddess-wife, who is always depicted sitting in his arms little bigger than a doll. Brahma, we have said, has no sect; but the followers of the two other deities distinguish themselves by sectarian marks on the forehead,—the Vaishnavas being marked with a trident, all white but the middle-prong, which is bright yellow; and the Saivas having three horizontal stripes of white, with a dark circle in the centre. In the writings of these two sects there is a good deal of mutual abuse and denunciation. “Those who profess the worship of Siva, and those who follow this doctrine, are heretics,” says the Bhagavat. “From even looking at Vishnoo the wrath of Siva is kindled, and from his wrath we fall assuredly into a horrible hell; let not, therefore, the name of Vishnoo ever be pronounced,” retorts a Purana, of the Saiva sect. But whatever hard sayings may appear in their writings, these pagan sects agree excellently,—each frequently takes part in the festivals of the other, and not a few persons wear on the forehead the sectarian marks of Vishnoo and Siva united. In truth polytheism is, by its nature, ever tolerant; monotheism, almost necessarily, is the reverse. The former recognises gods in all nature, and of every character; one more or less is of no consequence, and the polytheist lets every one (like himself) choose the deity most in consonance with his own character. You may speak of Jesus beside the car of Juggernaut. The monotheist, on the other hand, holding that there is but one God, cannot admit of any other, and seldom of any ideas of that one but his own. Thus, in India, where these two opposite faiths come in contact, we see the Mussulman, stern and rigid in his faith of the one God, looking with scowling abhorrence upon the

* “This emblem of the eye in Siva's forehead,” says Mr. Bruce, “owes its origin to an extremely fine story in the Hindoo mythology. One day Parvati, lying in the bosom of her lord, playfully placed her hands over his eyes—those eyes by which the world is illuminated. It was but for a minute. But a minute with the gods is as a thousand years with mortal men, and for a thousand years the world was buried in darkness. In mercy to mankind, and in order to prevent so frightful an occurrence in future, the destroying god—who, when it pleases him, can be as benevolent as the best-natured of the divinities—struck out a third or supplementary eye in the centre of his forehead.”—*Scenes and Sights in the East*, p. 108.

rites of the Hindoos, and ever wishing at heart that he were able to convert all those pagans at the sword's point; while the polytheistic Hindoos, although inflexible in their socio-religious system of caste, regard with perfect tolerance the worship of Allah, and often mingle in crowds in the festivities of Islam.

The ritual of Brahminism is too burdensome to be attended to by ordinary human nature. As set forth in the Code of Menoo, it appears rather an ideal model than as the actual ritual of a class, much less of a nation. Such a ritual, however, was typical of the people; for if ever there were a people possessed of the personal-self-denial and religious devotedness equal to cope with burdens so onerous, it is the Hindoos. In India, as in other countries, the services of religion are more or less attended to according to the social position and greater or less zeal on the part of its votaries. In Bengal and the northern provinces, bathing of a morning in the river, and the offering up of water to ancestors, with the reading of a portion of the Vedas, are very generally observed. Many content themselves with applying consecrated ashes to the person, or with imprinting on the forehead and other parts of the body the marks of their sect—with the offering of flowers and water to the deity whom they regard as supreme, Vishnoo or Siva, and the repetition of his name as their divine guardian. Persons in business rarely do more than form the sectarian marks with invocation and the uplifting of the hands to the invisible object of their worship. The banks of a sacred river, a portico in a temple, or the margin of a tank, are favourite places for religious exercises; and on beholding the crowds that assemble on the beautiful ghats of the rivers, we are reminded that in India, as in Mahometan countries and under the Mosaic economy, religion and cleanliness go hand-in-hand, and sanitary requirements are invested with the force of a divine law. The mystic syllable *aum*—so sacred that no Soodra dare repeat it—name of deity, and emblem of the Triad (which, contracted into *om*, is prefixed to all

prayers, and many of the writings of the Hindoos, is of special and frequent repetition in the morning ritual of the Brahmin. And the most sacred and efficacious of his prayers is the *Gagatri*, the holiest text in the Vedas, which says, "Let us meditate on the supreme splendour of the divine Sun, that he may illuminate our understandings." The deity is regarded as the great spiritual sun of the universe, who supports and enlightens every one who comes into the world. Perhaps the rite most characteristic of India and Brahminism is the morning adoration of the sun, where the worship has regard both to the orb itself and to the great Being which it symbolises. While the day is yet young, you may see the Brahmin standing on one foot, resting the other on his thigh, and holding in his hands a cup containing a lighted wick floating in clarified butter; while his calm intelligent adoring face is turned upwards to the east as he repeats inaudibly a ascription of praise to the resplendent fount of light. An oblation, consisting of flowers, barley, water, &c., in a boat-shaped vessel, is then presented by being placed on his head,—the worshipper the while repeating holy texts, and saluting the mighty luminary as the cause of day, the foe of darkness, and the destroyer of every sin. He then walks towards the south, in imitation of the sun's course, and so terminates his morning's devotion.

As may be presumed, in a country where there are so many deities to worship, and where ritualism is so esteemed, the number of holidays is excessive. In this, religion merely gives effect to the national temperament; for the Hindoo is a dreamy unenergetic being, and he willingly accepts as divine any injunction to shut his shop or quit his labour, and repair for pleasure and sight-seeing to the festivals of the temple. For, as we have said, whatever be the nature of the festival, it is always flocked to with eagerness. All the Hindoos' holy-days are holidays. And so numerous are they, that at one time the British found it difficult to get the natives in their employment to give their services for more than

two hundred days in the year. It was an indolent pleasure-seeking, however, rather than the exactions of their religion, which made so many blank days in the working year; and a Government inquiry into the subject, and subsequent threat of dismissal, enabled the Hindoo officials materially to curb their passion for devotional exercises. From seventy or eighty, the "red-letter days" have now fallen to less than twenty; the great *poojahs* ("worships") are limited to two or three; and it is only upon the occasion of the Doorga festival—called the Dusserah in western India—that several days of entire absence from public duties are permitted. Religious pilgrimages are much in vogue among the Hindoos. Besides the ordinary festivals observed in most of the temples, to which all the pious of the adjoining districts flock, there are special festivals at particular places—such as the great festivals at Ramisseram, held at intervals of twelve and sixty years respectively—to which pious Hindoos flock from a great distance. Attendance at the car-festival at Juggernaut is thought to emancipate the soul at death from the evils of future birth. Sacred spots and places are likewise made the object of pilgrimage. Such is Hurdwar, where the Ganges emerges from the Himalaya into the plains,—such are the holy cities of Benares and Allahabad,—such also is the spot in southern India where Sita, the consort of Rama, went through the ordeal of fire to test her conjugal purity. At this latter spot multitudes flock together from every part of India, on the auspicious occasions, to bathe in the sea, in the full belief of attaining special favour from heaven. There is a temple at Gungotri, far up in the Himalayas, to which pilgrims resort, though they find there no other shelter than a few wooden sheds, and caves in the adjoining cliffs. Kedernath, in the same snowy locality, is also visited by pilgrims; and here a score of devotees annually sacrifice their lives, either by precipitating themselves from a certain precipice, or by proceeding into the snowy mountain-wastes until they perish from cold and hunger.

Still higher in the mountains, and consequently deserted for half the year, is another goal of pilgrimage, the lonely temple of Badrinath,—standing with its glittering gilded spire and balls amidst the snows, with the icy peaks of Roodroo Himala towering above it to the height of twenty-three thousand feet. The annual number of pilgrims to this shrine is about fifteen thousand; and every twelfth year, when the Kumbh Melah is celebrated there, the number rises to fifty thousand. Adoration of the idol, liberal fees to the attendant Brahmins, and ablu-tion in a thermal spring formed into a bath, in which both sexes bathe indiscriminately, are believed to be efficacious in cleansing from past offences. The officiating priests are Brahmins from the Deccan, of which caste there are no women at Badri-nath, so that they cannot marry; but, like not a few priestly celibats, they are a very profligate set. The great object of all Hindoo pilgrimages is to obtain purification from past sins, and exemption in the future life from transmigration. These pilgrimages often occupy months in the performance, and to meet their expenses, the Hindoo sometimes borrows money at high interest, pledges his jewels, &c., and becomes impoverished for life. Thousands never return, perishing by the way, and leaving their bodies to be devoured by the vulture and the jackal. But their fate deters no one,—so great is the glory of those who return in safety. Shaving all the hair off their heads and bodies, and rubbing themselves with holy ashes, the returned pilgrim-devotees march stark-naked through the town, accompanied by flags and music, and followed by crowds of admiring young people of both sexes, who offer to them incense and presents, say prayers to them, and regard them as superior beings. To the Hindoos, it has been truly said, immortality is not so much a belief as a *certainty*. In consequence, the present life appears a smaller thing to them than to any people in the world; and what is it to risk the fleeting breath of earthly life in pilgrimages, when the spiritual recompense is believed to be so great, and when the personal ovation

upon return is so excessively flattering and full of worldly advantage?

Next to its asceticism, the external feature of the Hindoo religion which most startles and shocks a European is its lasciviousness. Greek mythology is certainly not very pure, but its amorous tales of the gods of Olympus appear refined when compared with the wanton mythology of the Hindoo Pantheon. Krishna and the Shepherdesses might have figured in the lax but graceful myths of the Hellenic race; but there is an abundance of such gross pruriency in the popular sacred tales of the Hindoos as never has been paralleled elsewhere. These legends, among others, form the subject of the sculptures with which most of the Indian temples are covered from head to foot; and the priests often chant or recite them during the processions of the idols, and the great car-festivals. In truth—as might be inferred from this state of matters—the Indian mind regards the passion of sex from a point of view the very opposite of that adopted by the British conquerors. It is not merely a difference of conventionality. It is not merely that amongst a people wearing the scantiest clothing the notions of propriety must be widely different from those of a northern race who go buttoned or mantled up to the throat. When that is all the difference, we must beware of forming harsh and absurd judgments,—as if the rule of righteousness for all humanity was to be circumscribed by the climatic conditions and social usage of any one particular country. Yet the generality of mankind judge in this way; and hence the Indo-Mahometan is as much shocked by the frank relationship which exists between the sexes in the British race as the latter are at witnessing the indecent sculptures and recitations not infrequent in India. The Mahometan, who shuts up his own women, and who never lets them out unless carefully guarded, and veiled up to the eyes, thinks all English women “no better than they should be,” when he sees their outdoor habits and frank intercourse with the male sex; and as for low gowns and bare arms, not to speak of the waltz and polka, a Mussulman

regards them as signs of most unblushing profligacy. Such is conventionality. But there is far more than a conventional difference between our views and those of the Hindoos upon this subject. They see nothing wrong or strange in the sculptured or other displays of the sexual passion. They simply regard that passion as they would any other great fact or law of nature. And the most convincing proof of this is the manner in which it is connected with their religion. Forgetting the analogous practice amongst the ancient Assyrians, we stand aghast to find that the dancing-girls of the temples called “the daughters of the idol” are the prostitutes of India. Such is the melancholy case. But we are all better at denouncing our neighbours’ sins than confessing our own; and truly it is a humiliating and distressing thought that, in our own Christian country, there are myriads of females living in what we should not to call the most degraded form in which sexual profligacy appears anywhere in the world; and with this fearful difference, that almost all these unfortunates are convinced that their profession is as sinful as well as degraded one, whereas the same class in India regard it in no such light.

These extraordinary ideas and social usages can only be explained by reference to the joint influence of polytheism and CASTE. India is truly a land of marvels, but the greatest wonder of all is the gigantic system of social subdivision and exclusiveness, by which the national unity has been fractured, individual action fettered, and community of feeling rendered impossible. Rich and poor, noble and *roturier*, in all countries have been chary of intermingling; but nowhere can be found anything in the least degree parallel to the system of caste as it exists in India. Its ramifications spread over the whole country; no one is too great or too small not to be embraced by its fetters. It seems a national monomania—for even the Pariahs, or outcasts, have instituted castes for themselves! In origin and essence, caste is not a religious but a social usage; nevertheless, for thirty centuries its social character has been

lost sight of in the religious character which has been superimposed upon it. When they settled in India as conquerors, the Hindoos, like most ancient nations, consisted of three well-defined classes — priests, warriors, and the industrial class; while below them spread the conquered Soodra race, whom they regarded much as the Frankish barons of the middle ages regarded the villains or serfs of the countries which they entered as lords. As it was convenient for the dominant Hindoos, and especially for the priestly class, to perpetuate and intensify this social gradus, in due time the Brahmins, by wresting texts and inventing fables, succeeded in giving to this classification a sanction expressly divine. Brahma, they feigned, created four distinct kinds of men: first, the Brahmins, who came from his mouth; second, the military class who emanated from his arms; third, the agricultural and mercantile classes, who originated from his body; and fourth, the labouring classes, who were produced from his feet. All history is full of examples of such procedure. In a certain stage of society, wherever any social usage or distinction is found to work well for the dominant or priestly class, an effort is always made (sometimes in perfect good faith) to procure for it a divine authority, and so put the usage or principle beyond the reach of cavil and opinion: just as the divine right of kings, the infallibility of the Pope, the celibacy of the Romish priesthood, &c., are points or principles which the greater part of enlightened Europe still believes to be founded on the Scriptures, and thus enjoined by God himself. The first divisions of caste established in India were wide and simple, and though tyrannical towards the Soodras or conquered people, not very fettering. But in the thirty centuries which have elapsed since then, the system has increased most fatally in its complexity,—and this in circumstances which might have been expected to produce a different result, and which consequently prove that the system finds some strong echo in the Hindoo character. Two of the original castes, the second and third, have almost

disappeared; and for all practical purposes the entire Hindoo race might now be divided into the two great castes of Brahmins and Soodras. Whence, then, the complexity? The caste of the Brahmins, although now comprising about forty modifications, in some respects preserves its unity; but the Soodras have split up into an endless number of subdivisions, each of which considers itself, and is considered by the others, quite as divinely sanctioned as were the original castes. The preservation of caste by each and all of these manifold subdivisions of the population, is now the most practical point in the Hindoo religion. It is true that the religious character of caste is a mere fiction,—but the Hindoo does not so regard it; and a Roman Catholic may as soon be argued out of his belief in the infallibility of the Pope, or of the divine sanction for priestly celibacy, as the Hindoo be convinced that caste is of merely human origin, and therefore to be maintained or rejected according to the dictates of his own reason or choice. Moral guilt has no effect in producing loss of caste; but each caste is fettered by rules of the most absurd kind, any transgression of which makes a man an outcast, and is esteemed a more heinous crime than even murder.

Like other usages of Indian life, the prescriptions of caste are modified by locality. To the Brahmins all animal food, except that of fishes and kids, is forbidden; yet in some districts they will eat the flesh of any animal, if only (as is the case with all Hindoos) it is not killed with their own hands. In southern India, too, they partake, [without scruple, of spirituous liquors, although these are in general only allowed to Pariahs. Hindoos consider themselves defiled by contact with feathers; but among the tribes at the foot of the Himalayas, who are in other respects strict Hindoos, this prejudice does not exist. Where every little class is resolved to hedge itself in by particular distinctions, many of these distinctions must be of the most arbitrary and trivial character. Many castes are only to be known from one another by the cut and colour of their clothes, the shape

and arrangement of their trinkets, or some other equally frivolous and unimportant distinction. The Rajpoots, and many other castes, eat mutton, venison, and fish; while beef, pork, and fowls, are held by them in abomination; but with some castes pork is the favourite diet, and beef only is prohibited. "The Rohillas will submit to be flogged within an inch of their lives with a leathern martingale, but to be struck with a whip or cane would be an indelible disgrace, and very likely to be resented with a bullet or a stab. Coolies will carry any load, however offensive, upon their heads; bid them carry a man for a few paces, and though it be a matter of life and death, they will answer you that it is the business of another caste."*

As further specimens of the absurd and vexatious character of caste-regulations, take the following:—

"A native carpenter must not use grease to his saw; a native smith must only work with his body in a particular position; a native sawyer must only cut wood according to a certain fashion; they must only eat a particular kind of food, cooked in a particular manner and at a particular time, and in a particular kind of vessel; the lowest caste man will not allow another of his fellows to see him eat; no man will drink even water out of another's vessel, and every one carries about with him his own little brass pot. No stranger must cross the threshold of his little hut for fear of defiling it, and low caste men must not approach nearer than a certain number of paces to persons of higher caste; his miserable garments must be worn only in a particular manner; he will not take a morsel of any kind of refreshment from a person of a different creed, even if ever so destitute; he will not allow a man of inferior caste to take water from the same well as himself. If of high caste, he will never drink water from a public pump or fountain; he will not touch a dead body, or the bone of an animal; he will not allow salt or vinegar, or any kind of spirit, to enter his mouth; neither will he eat anything that has life. In many places whole villages are set apart for particular castes, and no stranger is allowed even to walk into the village, if they can prevent him. If he meets with any accident, he cannot go to the European hospitals, nor allow a European doctor

to enter his house. He must not enter a new workshop, nor even a new shed, nor use a new tool, without the performance of a ceremony, such as sacrificing a black sheep, and smearing its blood upon all around."†

Caste is the great incubus upon India. It is the most serious barrier to the inroad of new ideas, and the inauguration of a better state of society. Caste, such as it now prevails, could only have grown up in a country where the means of locomotion were rare, and where tribal diversities of race fostered the spirit of isolation; and the spread of railways, the growth of free thinking, and increased intercommunion, which are marking the British rule, must in the end prove subversive of this pernicious and most obstructive system. Probably a perception of this truth had no small influence in inciting the Brahmins, who benefit most by the principle of caste, to the late revolt, as the only means of averting the subversion of their social status and privileges. But this revolt, by directing special attention to the subject of caste, cannot fail to accelerate its overthrow. It is the greatest obstacle which European civilisation encounters in India, and it will be a happy day for the Hindoos themselves when they abandon it. But how to proceed against it is, we confess, a difficult and serious question; for every part of the system is regarded as equally divine, and myriads of the Hindoos would perish rather than violate it.

The Indian peninsula is a huge *cul-de-sac*, into which race after race, or at least tribe after tribe has poured in succession from immemorial times, without the possibility of any egression. None of these peoples appear to have wholly perished. All of them belong to the same generic stock—even the rudest aborigines showing some affinity to the Indo-European race,—so that there has not arisen amongst them that internecine contest which always occurs when very opposite races (such as the British and Red Indians or Kaffirs) come into contact. And so they remain in widely different proportions whether as regards numbers or influence, imparting to the popu-

* See *Irving on Caste*.

† Correspondent of *Daily News*, Nov. 1857.

lation of India a tessellated character,—or rather the appearance of a mosaic, in which analogous colours are grouped together, and from which time has in some places effaced the sharp outlines. These racial diversities are reflected in the character of the religion, which, as we have seen, varies from region to region, both in spirit and in externals. And if we examine these religious phases, we will find that Hindooism becomes grosser and more overlaid, or indeed identified, with externalism and extravagance, as we approach the south; while, conversely, as we proceed northwards from Cape Comorin to Calcutta, and thence north-westwards to the Affghan mountains, we find externalism diminishing, and the creed growing purer—(the Vindhyan chain forming a dark belt across the middle, in which, though there be little pomp or ritual, there is much blood). In accordance with this gradus, further to the north-west than the Brahminical nation, we find a kindred but later-arrived people, the Jats, who form the flower of the confederated tribes who profess the Sikh religion,—a faith which is by far the purest and freest from the burden of forms and ritual of any in India. It is only four centuries old—a mere infant of days compared even to that theological and chronological medley, existing Hindooism. It was originally a pure deism, inculcating the widest charity and a pure morality; but it has degenerated in so far that the Sikhs now consider their founder, Nanak, as a mediator with God, and entitled to divine honours. They agree with their fellow Hindoos in believing in the transmigration of souls, either as a punishment or as a means of moral purification, and in regarding it as a horrible impiety to kill kine. But Nanak, like Buddha, was a strong protester against the system of caste, which is repudiated by the Sikhs—a circumstance which has proved of the greatest service to us during the terrible crisis of the Sepoy revolt, throughout which the Sikh regiments as a body have remained faithful amidst the universal defection of their Hindoo comrades. We may add that the rise of the pure creed

of Nanak, in defiance of the religious monstrosities and social absurdities of Hindooism, gives a cheering hope of what, in course of time, may yet be accomplished in Hindostan by the preaching of the Gospel.

Still farther to the north-west we find the Patana, immigrants from the Affghan mountains, the latest wave of population (except the British) that has forced its way into the Indian territories, who line the banks of the Indus, permeate the Punjaub, and form the bulk of the population in the region around Mooltan. Other waves of Mahometan immigration—Arab and Mongol—preceded them, commencing soon after the Hejira, and assuming formidable proportions in the eleventh century, when Mahmoud of Ghuznee led the way into the golden realms of Hindostan. From that time down to the period of the British conquest, Mahometanism was the religion of the sovereigns of India; and at various times efforts were made to convert the Hindoos to that faith at the point of the sword. Partly owing to this compulsion, and partly from motives of worldly advancement, a considerable body of the native population became Mahometans, so that a large proportion of the Mussulmans of India are in no way related to the Mussulman conquerors of that country, but are pure Hindoos, descended from ancestors who embraced the foreign faith. But religion, like everything else, varies in complexion with the country and people amidst which it is established. Christianity in the British Isles wears a different look from what it does in Italy. Spain and Germany are hardly less diverse in their respective phases of the same faith; and in France and Russia Christianity notably differs in complexion. Plant the identically same creed in different countries or peoples, and the result will be different in each. This is the case with Mahometanism in India. The worshippers of Allah in that country are different from their co-religionists in other parts of the world. They are *Indo-Mahometans*, and the practice of their faith is tinged with the peculiarities of the Indian race. It

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